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# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXXIV., No. 1 — "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. — JANUARY, 1903

**THE YEAR'S WORK**

The year which closes has been notable for nothing more than the disturbances originating below the surface of the earth. By this is not meant the subway terrors of New York streets, or the coal strike, but the remarkable natural phenomena whose visible and outward token are to be seen in the mouths of volcanoes. The famous eruption of Krakatoa, a decade or more ago, was perhaps more terrible than that of Mt. Pelée, but it was comparatively isolated. There were no other great or unusual commotions preceding or following it, as there have been this year. To quote from a list of these calamities in 1902: The destructive Guatemalan earthquake of last April was followed closely by the stupendous belchings forth of Mt. Pelée, and that by the activity of Soconusco in Mexico, and the eruption of La Soufrière and Mt. En Law, while, synchronously, in far-off Alaska, Mt. Blackburn and Mt. Redoubt both disembogued smoke and ashes. Kilauea and Mauna Loa have subsequently burst forth, three Alaskan mountains have again been reported active, and within the past few weeks Santa Maria has ejected millions of tons of ashes, clouding the sun over hundreds of square miles, and terrifying the people of all Central America. Stromboli, near Sicily, a volcano whose normal activity is insignificant, is said to have been in "fearful eruption" on November 17th, while Kilauea, Hawaii, is reported to have broken out in the "most violent eruption in twenty years," and an earthquake has left not a single stone building standing on the island of Guam. According to a cable from New Zealand, the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, is buried beneath ashes from a recent eruption, and a dispatch from Salt Lake City, dated November 18th, reports the activity of supposedly extinct volcanoes in the Wasatch Range.

From this it seems as if there must be some connection between these monsters of the subterranean world. We have periods of comparative volcanic quietness when for years there is little heard of them. And then, as if by a preconcerted signal, the dead cones come to life and the smoldering fires of others start by a preconcerted signal to belch forth from widely separated parts of the earth. From what depths below the surface of the earth do they come? Are we simply treading upon a crust of earth which floats upon a red-hot sea of lava below us? If so what strange and sudden change of the face of things may or may not be our lot to witness. The separation of continents would be but a small matter to the pent up forces beneath us. While mankind is spending millions to cut a waterway from Atlantic to Pacific, and while years of labor and effort are put into the undertaking, that labor would be but the work of a few minutes for the forces that send forth streams of lava like that in the Shoshone river valley, which is a mile in thickness. That tremendous outpouring occurred back in the tertiary period, and while we need not lose sleep over the possibility of a repetition of such a flood, we are perhaps less certain about the unknown seas a few miles beneath us than we are about worlds that are millions of miles above us. It is a sad thing that we cannot get these hidden forces to do some of the work of the modern world which presses, to disrupt continents, to flood the barren deserts, and shift the ocean currents to our better satisfaction.

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**RAILROADS VS. REGIMENTS**

In the North American Review for December Captain J. M. Palmer, U. S. A., presents an argument for the building of railroads as an effective mode of warfare that must appeal to humanitarians as well as to tacticians. Setting out from the well-established fact as a premise that ease of communication with its base gives an army in the field a far greater radius of action and greater efficiency in its operations against an uncivilized foe, he reduces this improved efficiency to a mathematical formula, and shows that the cost of maintaining a regiment about equals the maintenance of 300

miles of railroad, including the interest charge on the cost of building and equipment. "A railway from Manila to both ends of Luzon would be less than 700 miles long. A system of 1,000 miles would bring every important point of Luzon within a day's journey of Manila. This service would cost but $3,000,000 per annum, but a small percentage of the present cost of military occupation. . . . It seems almost certain that as a mere military measure, and with no idea of investment, a government system of railroads in Luzon would pay . . . even if no commercial business were carried. It would enormously increase the efficiency of the military garrison and would greatly decrease the cost of the transport of supplies." But a thousand miles of railroad for Luzon would be less than one-tenth the mileage in the single State of Illinois, where the population is but one million in excess of that of the chief Philippine island. The commercial revenue from such a railway system must therefore be considerable, and its influence on the peaceful development of the island would be worth the prestige of many regiments in maintaining order. The inference from Captain Palmer's argument and from the facts he presents is irresistible that the building of railroads is the cheapest as well as the most effective mode of conquest, and that while our Government continues to shoulder the responsibility for maintaining order in tropic islands, its most economical expenditure will be in the direction of railroad building. This "mode of warfare" certainly commends itself to American sentiment as more enlightened and humane than that which calls for large army appropriations and quells insurrection by the force of big battalions; and it is of interest to find such a policy advocated by an officer of the United States Army.

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**SUBMARINE INVENTIONS**

That curious inlet of the ocean that enters the head of Long Island like a wedge driven in by a mallet, Peconic Bay, was the scene during the month of November of several interesting tests of two important acquisitions of the navy, the submarine torpedo boats, Adder and Moccasin, both of the Holland type. The tests seem to have been wholly successful, both boats rising and sinking at will, manœuvering under water with great precision, meeting all requirements as to speed and endurance, and in every way fulfilling the expectations of their builders. There was a time when the proved success of a submarine torpedo boat was looked upon as certain to put an end to the construction of battleships. Familiarity with this new arm, however, for submarines have been in successful operation abroad for several years, has shown its limitations. It is regarded now as a useful adjunct of the coast artillery in harbor defense rather than as a factor in purely naval warfare, and the battleship has not yet been supplanted. Indeed, it is reasonably certain that an effective defense of the battleship against submarines will soon be devised, if it is not already nearing completion. While American interest is centered in this new achievement of its own shipyards, word comes to us from abroad of the invention by an Italian engineer, Cavaliere Guiseppe Piero, of a "hydroscope" that will illuminate the depths of the sea so brilliantly that any object moving within a radius of 500 meters of the light can be plainly seen at any desired depth, and may even be photographed below the surface of the sea. The Contemporary Review for November gives an account of this invention, which must rob the submarine torpedo boat of most of its terrors, and so will contribute to the peace of mind of naval officers everywhere. A more important contribution to science and industry is the contrivance by the same inventor of a "working submarine boat," fitted to explore the bottom of the sea at greater depths than any diving apparatus heretofore made use of. By the ingenious contrivance of a "mechanical arm" attached to this boat the work of wrecking has been greatly facilitated. Operating on a larger scale, with the flexibility and precision of the human arm submarine cables may be laid, cut, or repaired by it on the floor of the ocean. Employed in connection with the hydroscope above mentioned, it would seem as if deep-sea explorations might be carried on on a much vaster scale and with far more satisfactory results than formerly, and that our knowledge of the lower depths of ocean would be greatly increased.

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**THE TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER**

Some persons, doubtless, have been surprised that the Austrians have stolen a march upon us and have earned the credit of inaugurating the Telephone Newspaper. Such is the claim of Budapest, the capital of Hungary. The newspaper, says Pearson's Magazine, is called the Telefon-Hirmondo, or Telephone News-teller and is a journal with all the equipment of

first-class newspaper. It has 7,000 subscribers in a population of 700,000, and carries the news of the world into the very homes of these subscribers at a cost of two cents per day. The transmission is effected by six "stentors" sitting in the editorial rooms, who, with strong, clear voices, speak carefully edited news of all the various kinds that fill the best daily journals, with advertisements interspersed between interesting items. From eight o'clock in the morning until eleven at night the News-teller is at work, the stentors relieving each other at intervals of ten minutes.

An examination of the daily programme shows that from 9 A. M. until 4.30 P. M., the time is divided into periods of generally half an hour, and that during each of these some subject, announced at the beginning of the day's work, is the sole topic of the stentor. At 4.30, however, there follows a concert of regimental bands, lasting two hours. From 7 P. M. to 9.30 P. M. is given to opera, a quarter of an hour after the first act being devoted to the latest intelligence, both foreign and domestic. Twice in the day astronomical time is announced.

There can be no doubt that such an institution is a marvelous novelty, interesting in its inception and its working, valuable to many who, for various reasons, cannot read the daily journals or visit the theater or opera. To such, as well as to the sick, the blind, persons who have to wait in doctors' offices, at barbers, at restaurants, etc., the telephone newspaper must certainly be a boon. As far as its general utility as a disseminator of news is concerned, however, it has its drawbacks. Busy men will not care to wait for a certain hour for a certain portion of the day's intelligence, when a short glance at a printed journal will give it in a moment. Granted that the telephone news-teller will transmit its news occasionally, several hours before the newspapers can reach readers, the business man will still ask: Is the game worth the candle?

As a curiosity, undoubtedly, the Telefon-Hirmondo is a noteworthy achievement and a striking indication of the progressive character of the days in which we live. But, although it is a boon to the few, it could scarcely suffice for the hurry and bustle of the practical life of our large cities. This probably is the reason why America, as yet, cannot boast of a similar news-teller. It may be questioned, also, whether the entertainment part of the Telefon-Hirmondo's programme while extremely valuable for those confined at home, would be found to be popular with the many for whom a large part of the pleasure frequently lies in the concomitants of the music. We are interested in the success of such an experiment, but not jealous of Budapest.

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**WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY**

Recent reports regarding wireless telegraphy are not quite as sanguine as those of earlier in the season. At the outset Signor Marconi was made responsible for the assertion that messages would before long be flashed across the Atlantic and that messages sent from one station to another could not be intercepted or deflected in their journey. Mr. Marconi has just made good a part of this statement by the wonderful achievement of transmitting a message across the Atlantic. But the other part seems yet to be proven. The London Saturday Review says that, contrary to reports, wireless telegraphy in the recent manœuvers in the Mediterranean proved a "total failure." To continue, the Review says:

It was found impossible to prevent every signal from being obliterated by the interference of wilfully obstructive signals sent out by an invisible enemy. The same verdict is passed by the Italian navy on the attempts to use wireless communication in their manœuvers at sea. The signaling from the wireless station at Poldhu in Cornwall to the flagship Carlo Alberto in the Mediterranean, which has been advertised through the press as a perfect triumph, appears to have been, on the contrary, a deplorable fiasco; for the message of the Italian Embassy, received on September 9 off Cagliari, had in reality been sent off on September 6, and repeated fruitlessly many times. No one reading the published report would infer that this short message of ten words only had to be repeated over and over again, and for a period of an hour and forty minutes; and that all the replies were telegraphed back to England by the ordinary cable routes! Yet this is set forth with clear technical precision in last week's issue of the Electrician by Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, whose experiments for the Eastern Telegraph Company at Porthcurnow have been interfered with by the regular intrusion of the signals of the Wireless Telegraph Company. All the rubbish that has been written about privacy and freedom from interference is absolutely swept away by the simple narrative of facts. An ordinary coherer apparatus, with a 25-foot collecting circuit raised on a common scaffold-pole, or on a mast, taps the whole of the Poldhu signals. There is probably no place within 200 miles of the Lizard where they cannot be read off by any experienced telegraphist. Mr. Maskelyne points out how seriously they may imperil the ship signaling which is of some service to incoming liners.

This report will be read with some surprise by Americans and with considerable regret. Wireless telegraphy is, however, only in its infancy. Modern ingenuity is not daunted

by the failure of experiments, but takes new courage from defeat, and triumphs in the end.

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**THE TELEPHONE IN COUNTRY LIFE** Rev. E. P. Powell, in a most readable article in the Christian Register, brings out very vividly the changes that are being wrought in the social life of rural communities by the recent extensions of the telephone system. The telephone, he says, is now much more widely used by the farmers of our Northern States than by the city people, and in illustration of this condition he refers to one city in New York State with 60,000 people that has only one telephone for every six families, while in an adjacent rural township there are two hundred telephone subscribers in a population of only five hundred families. Through the telephone the farmer is enabled to know the prices of all his products and to make his bargains in a full knowledge of the situation, without the trouble of going to the towns. He is also enabled to make many of his purchases in the same way; but all this has reference to the economic side of the rural telephone service rather than the social side, and it is the latter that Mr. Powell especially dwells upon. "In my own house," he says, "my sons frequently play the violin for a group of a dozen or more families scattered over a radius of two or three miles. The music is heard as perfectly in the most remote house as in the nearest. In the same way the women of a circuit have established telephone tea parties. At a certain hour they sit down to their 'phones, drink their own tea, and distribute the gossip. We imagine that news is softened that goes over the 'phone. At any rate the town will lose its rapid gait, each person will have a hearing. Such a party requires no special dressing, no labor of walking nor waste of time. There is no reason why this sort of service may not cover much club work."

From Indiana word comes of the establishment of a telephone news service. Once each day the word "Attention" calls each subscriber to take his place at the 'phone. "Now set your watches or clocks; it is exactly 5 o'clock" Then follows a summary of the news of the day from all over the world. This is followed by a brief statement of local events, and then of market reports. The service covers a whole county, and is limited to exactly half an hour. When the time is up "Good night" closes the session.

These county telephone systems, it may be said, generally furnish service at rates that seem incredibly small to city patrons of the telephone. It appears that in Ohio one dollar a month is a frequent charge for service covering an entire county.

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**THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE** Dr. Bode, director of the Berlin Museum, has written lately of the "American Peril" in art, and takes occasion to say that it is no peril at all. Much has been made abroad of the peril to Europe of impoverishment through Yankee competition. When it comes to the matters of art, however, Dr. Bode feels that there is little danger that Americans will impoverish Europe by the purchase and removal of art treasures, owing to the want of knowledge on the part of our captains of industry and multi-millionaires. The Evening Post, of New York, calls for the establishment, in view of this, of schools in the university extension movement for the "ill-informed rich." These people, it avers, accept nowadays opinions of dealers as expert opinions, when they actually know nothing about art, or are misguided by pretensions of ignorant friends, or are frankly the victims of trickery and fraud. It is well to distinguish in these matters between the American of to-day and of a generation ago. Men like Wm. T. Walters and Henry G. Marquand were collectors of art through intimate personal knowledge of its history and a more than superficial knowledge of its laws. This intimate knowledge is essential to a collector, or else he will fall into the sad plight of the gentleman who recently purchased the Massaranti collection from Rome. Rumor has it that he paid about a million for this complete assortment of paintings. Dr. Bode, whose authority no one will care to question, says that it would be hard to name a collection in Europe that is so void of good things as the Massaranti collection. The Italian government levied an export tax on it of $8,000—so that its valuation of the collection, based on a 20 per cent. tax, was not over $40,000. Again reference is made to Mr. Morgan's purchase of a Raphael which is said to have been offered to "all the great European galleries at a fraction of the price that he paid for it." Here are two recent instances in which it may be admitted that Americans have paid more than they should. Americans are perhaps liberal buyers, and they are quite apt to fall into the hands of Philistines and mountebanks, or to be so guileless as to be imposed upon by scheming vendors of worthless things. This is inevit-

able in a country like this where wealth is so rapidly amassed. When even the heads of museums of art are sometimes taken in by fraudulent wares, it is hardly to be expected that men without the first art instinct should not suffer in the same way. If the Massaranti collection is a fraud, it is a great misfortune to the owner—but costly as the experiment has been, he may have other millions to spend in proving that he has learned something since he spent the first one. He does not need to go to school with other millionaires to learn this.

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**A NEW PIGMENT**

Painting in oil is so old an art, and has been so highly developed, that one hardly looks in these days for any serious change of method in its application. We still apply it with the brush, as Van Dyck used to do centuries ago. The color is ground and mixed as it used to be, and, struggle as we may, we fail to equal the skill with which Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens, or the wonderful old masters of Italy applied the pigment to the canvas. The recent discovery of an oil pastel is, however, something new. Rafaelli, the impressionist, a Parisian artist who is not unknown to Americans, has discovered a method of preparing sticks of oil paint similar to the crayons used in pastel, which give new and satisfactory results in the making of pictures. Pastels, as most people know, are little chalk pencils of various color, compressed and held together so lightly that the least pressure on the canvas or paper leaves a trace of the pencil there. After application to the canvas, pastels are often manipulated with the fingers or with a "stump," as it is called, and gradations of color are thus effected. There is no method of coloring which is easier to apply, and none which is easier to injure. Sometimes a jolt will cause the insecure dust of the chalk to fall, so that it is not regarded as a safe or permanent vehicle for the expression of a great artist's ideas. The pastel has a peculiar softness and a delicate quality all its own, but being ephemeral, its charms are little known. When oil, on the other hand, is mixed with the color, the oil acts as a preservative and will last, under ordinary care, for centuries. To have found a means, therefore, of imitating the dry pastel with oil colors means something of permanent value, and, if all that is said of it is true, we shall have new charms added soon to the art of to-day. There is now an exhibition in Paris of paintings made by the new process. They are said to possess the radiant beauty of pastels with the permanency of oils. We have yet to hear whether they possess one charm of oil paintings to which all other charms are subservient, that is the charm of transparence, which is the keynote of the true coloring, the richness and intensity of the undying work of the great old masters.

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**UNIVERSITY TRAINING FOR ARTISTS**

Mr. Will H. Low contributes to the December Scribner's some reflections on the new Department of Art at Columbia University that deserve to be considered by the faculty of that important institution. The danger that lurks in all such attempts to encourage the academical pursuit of art training is that they afford to mediocre talent a certain unindividual proficiency of technical equipment, with the result of creating a body of artists often unendowed with the first prerequisite of undoubted temperament. Even the École des Beaux Arts of Paris has been attacked on this ground by advanced thinkers among French artists, some of whom have urged its abolition. The great influence of this school on the development of French art has been due to the encouragement it has afforded to the expression of individual temperament through research devoted to nature outside the walls of the academy. The influence and example of the men who thus sought truths of light and atmosphere in the open day has permeated all painting. It is to be questioned, however, whether that influence may not be better transmitted to the student directly in the workshop of the master rather than through the medium of an academy. The faculty of imitation is most strongly developed in the very young. The art student should, therefore, begin his training long before he reaches the university age. If after the preliminary training he has had in the art schools, or the studio of a master, the university is able to offer him further instruction in the theory and history of art, its work will be of value to him, but it should not attempt to replace this personal individual training that he must receive in early youth by academical instruction. The broad field of effort open to the university lies, however, in the direction of educating the public to a proper appreciation of art and a proper valuation of artistic effort. Many art students after completing their course of training are at present unable to earn a living in the practice of their art because of an unappreciative and unsympathetic public. If the result of Columbia's new departure is but to add to the number of those who are

thus striving fruitlessly for recognition in a world of Philistines, the good accomplished will be small. In all universities, in public lecture courses, and in all efforts toward popular education, there are opportunities for the creation and education of public interest in art that should not be neglected. The training of the artist may be relied upon to keep pace with the public demand for his works.

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**ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN NEW YORKERS**

Traveling on the Century Limited some time since was a New York commercial "drummer," who had been boasting of his successful tour through all that wide expanse of territory that stretches between the Alleghanies and the Missouri River. Success and prosperity were written all over his beaming countenance and rotund figure—a success and a prosperity due almost wholly, as he confessed, to his cordial relations with buyers and dealers of the Middle West; yet as the train neared Albany a sigh escaped him and he exclaimed in the presence of several Western travelers, "Ah! Now we are getting back to God's country, gentlemen." This cool assumption, made so often by residents of the metropolis, that only dwellers on the Atlantic borderland are "made in the image of God," was recalled with some humorous side comments by his fellow-passengers as they emerged from the Grand Central Station and encountered a rabble of revelers returning from a "Devery picnic." Mr. Booth Tarkington relates a similar experience in the opening paragraphs of an interesting article on the social customs of the Middle West that appears in the December Harper's.

"I am sure, Mr. McWhirter," remarks a New York lady to a Western gentleman in her party, "that you are too broad-minded to resent what I am about to say. It is only that I have decided that my sons must go to Harvard, because at Princeton or Yale (McWhirter's alma mater was Princeton) they might be thrown in contact with Westerners."

With excellent temper and unyielding pride in his section Mr. Tarkington replies to this and similar aspersions on the people of the broad central plains of the American continent by giving a truthful and not too highly colored picture of their social life. He notes the absence of "professional society people" of the class that is conspicuous at Newport and Saratoga. The ease and freedom of social intercourse, the absence of pretension and exclusivenesss, the genuine good fellowship that prevails among people of widely varying fortunes, are all pointed out in this article. It is quite true that the silk hat and the dinner coat are less in evidence in Indianapolis than in New York; but so, too, is the liveried coat of the butler and the coachman. The simple manners of the West are not conducive to the growth of that spirit of flunkeyism that is the most unattractive feature of New York life. The plain men of New England and the Middle States, whose sons now dominate the business and social life of the West, carried with them few of the habits of luxury so conspicuous in Eastern society at the present time. Republican simplicity still survives in the West, although it may often be found coupled with the graces and arts of good breeding. Mr. Tarkington writes of his section *con amore*, yet he has not exhausted a theme that deserves fuller treatment.

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**SMITHSONIAN PUBLICATIONS**

The publication of the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution is an event of general interest, apart from the scientific value of the papers included in it. At no point does the government of the United States come in contact with so many learned and scientific societies as through the medium of this institution. The best and highest intellects of Europe examine its publications, and to many they form the standard by which to measure the intellectual progress of our government and people. Useful as the Smithsonian is in many directions, and capable as its administration is, it must be said that the Annual Reports of the Institution do not commend themselves to the critical as wholly admirable specimens of the bookmaker's art. There is a certain miscellaneous character to these publications, a want of editorial plan and clearly defined purpose in them, that impresses the reader as at variance with the scientific attitude and standing of the Institution. The variety of the contents would not be objectionable if they were better ordered and more conveniently arranged; but the sources from which some of the papers have been reproduced seem incongruous with the character of the publication. The reprinting of an article from St. Nicholas, and of others from popular magazines, seems hardly in keeping with the purpose of such a report. There is, moreover, an unevenness of scholarship and an uncertainty of authority in some of the papers reproduced that leave an unpleasant impression on the reader. In fact, the general

effect of the publication is one of hastiness and lack of discrimination in the editing—not a very trifling blemish in a collection such as this purports to be of scientific treatises. One might form a different ideal of such a work that included the preparation of an annual encyclopedia of scientific research and achievement, all of whose papers had been contributed by specialists of reputation, and all of whose statements had been verified by competent authorities. So conducted, the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution would be of exceeding value to the student; but it is to be feared that the preparation of such a work would be far too costly for the limited funds at the disposal of its director.

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**PEOPLE'S THEATERS IN RUSSIA**

The Nineteenth Century for November gives an interesting account from the pen of R. E. C. Long of a movement begun nearly a generation ago in Russia to provide the working-people of the cities and towns, and later of the villages, with innocent amusement. An unsuccessful beginning was made some thirty years ago in Odessa. Two years later Moscow opened its Everybody's Theater, differing from other theaters only in its low charges; but the first genuine workman's theater to be successfully established was in the remote city of Tomsk in Siberia. It was founded by the local society of Friends of Education. In 1884, aided by a liberal check from an uneducated but wealthy merchant, M. Valgunoff, an institute was founded to which was attached a small theater for workingmen. The experiment proved so successful that the revenue of the society was trebled, the theater doubled in size, and a museum and a number of classrooms added to the institute. The Neva Society in St. Petersburg was the next to engage in similar work. After a year's trial it was able to produce Ostrovsky's comedies by professional actors, and at the end of three years a permanent stone theater was built. This was pulled down in 1897 and a large building costing 300,000 roubles, and holding 1,500 people, was erected. In 1900 the society had a reserve capital of 174,000 roubles after paying all its debts. The manufacturers on Vassili Ostrof built the next workman's theater capable of seating 800 people.

The success of these and similar experiments under private management led the Guardians of Public Sobriety or temperance boards, founded by M. de Witte in 1894 to check the drink evil, to establish many similar institutions in different towns and villages. Municipalities and provincial Zemstvos lent their aid to these institutions, and the movement spread far and wide until many hundred popular theaters were established under government aid and encouragement. Finally, in 1900, was opened the great People's Palace of Nicholas the Second, with its theater, libraries, lecture halls, and dining-rooms capable of seating 1,500 people.

The charge for admission to all such theaters is in proportion to the general poverty of the people. In the cities and towns, where wages are better than in the rural districts, a fee of four or five cents is exacted. In the villages one kopeck, about half a cent, is the standard price. The usefulness of this popular extension of government has been fully demonstrated. Intemperance, which has been for generations the most widespread evil of Russian life, has sensibly diminished in those communities where the theaters have been for some years established, and the monotony of peasant life during the long Russian winter has been greatly relieved. Although the people of Western Europe and America are not accustomed to look to Russia for progressive ideas in government, this feature of Russian paternalism might be imitated with good results in more advanced communities.

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**WINTER NATURE STUDY**

Although winter is upon us with its full force, it must not be supposed that the lover of nature is condemned to idleness and ennui. The long evenings are a boon to him, for now is the time to examine collections, remodel them where necessary, correct classification when desirable. It is always advisable to look over such treasures carefully and critically, not merely for the purpose of study or of refreshing the memory, but to make sure that all is as it should be. There is no more delightful occupation for winter evenings than to go through the hortus siccus, the collections of butterflies, moths, beetles, spiders, land and fresh-water shells, and the like.

If the student of nature is the happy possessor of a microscope, he may spend hours profitably for himself or entertainingly for others with that instrument, which brings before him a new world and its wonders and mysteries. Preparations can be examined at leisure; material collected, but laid aside for want of time, can be mounted; cover glasses can be scanned with reference to security, and the cabinet of objects arranged according to

perfect classification. In fact, if it were not for these long evenings, we should indeed be in bad case. When outdoor life is possible, we are busy keeping pace with nature's "world's fair," and we need a cessation from activity in order to digest the pabulum we have accumulated.

But it must not be supposed, again, that winter is without its charm of outdoor observation. A ramble by wood and field is full of interest. Birds can be observed, perhaps, more effectively than in summer. Moreover, although the summer visitants are gone, others replace them in abundance. Let us take just one example of a ramble, and that a very commonplace one. Wander slowly through the trees of the wood on a bright day. Woodpeckers and nuthatches crowd around you, hunting insects in the crannies of the bark, keeping up their calls incessantly, as if they feared to lose each other; snow-birds flit across the path, examining every spray of withered herbage; meadow larks whistle around the edges of the fields; a butterfly, startled out of its winter sleep by a warmer gleam than common, darts down the sunbeam; a squirrel also steals out of winter quarters to visit some remembered hoard.

There are charms also for the botanist. What if flowers are gone? Seeds remain, and it is not uninteresting work to collect and identify seeds. Trees are bare skeletons, it is true, but the leaf-scars remain, the arrangement of buds, both of leaf and flower, can be noted with the pocket lens. The model upon which each denuded tree is built up can be studied, for each species has its own peculiarities. He who is gifted with the "observing eye," that most precious gift, will never lack abundance of material for observation, thought and study.

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**WINTER SPORTS**

Of all seasons in the year, winter is the best for the social side of sport. At other times many games flourish and become "all the rage," but the mass of the people take but little part, except as observers. Winter breaks up the crowd and turns high and low, rich and poor, into the arena, each one bent on taking his part in the general rivalry. Skating stands first among winter's amusements. From the time when man first bound the shinbone of an animal to his feet and slid across the frozen lake this has been a universal mode of locomotion. And few sports are more healthy. The keen air is invigorating; the rhythmic motion is exhilarating, and the blood circles more rapidly from fresh air and excitement. Moreover, muscles but little used on ordinary occasions are now called into action, to the great benefit of the physical well-being. It is, however, to be regretted that figure skating is not more practised than it is, for in this the body is far better trained than it can ever be by going straight ahead or circling round a pond.

Hockey on the ice is one of the best adjuncts of skating, if (mark the "if") you are on private grounds without any other companions than those engaged in the game. Quick action, perfect balance, and control are essential features of its requirements. Sleighing and tobogganing are enjoyable, and he who would appreciate the beauty and inspiration of swift motion cannot do better than try the latter, even though it be on a simple sled down a hill side covered with an inch of packed snow. The old folks may demur, but they will at least confess that few pictures are prettier and better to look upon than a band of children indulging in sport, their laughter, cheers, jests, and mockery filling the air with merriment. Snow-shoeing is essentially an American sport, but few dare indulge in it for it calls for annual practise; the art is a difficult one to attain, the exercise is violent at the best of times, and—well, disasters are degrading.

There is a movement to introduce the Norwegian skee, and from accounts which have appeared in several journals a pair of skees are very desirable aids to locomotion on snow-covered ground, while the feats of leaping are astounding. But you have to be skilful in the use of the unwieldy, but inexpensive foot-gear. Curling, that game which it is said none but a Scotsman can play properly, may invade this country, even as that "royal" game of golf has bewitched so many Americans. It is in every way a worthy importation, judging by some opportunities of seeing Scotch enthusiasm over it. Moreover, paterfamilias can indulge in it without loss of dignity. It is essentially a dignified game, but then, Scotsmen add dignity to anything.

Why is it, however, that the old-fashioned snow-balling match has gone out of date—the hastily-squeezed ball which went to its mark without injuring its recipient, not the hard pressed bullet which might kill? Is it that human nature cannot trust itself in the mimic warfare? Is it that there are no "records" to be made in its enjoyment? If so, if rivalry cannot be indulged in without a desire to injure or gain the supremacy, let rivalry perish. Sport, for sport's sake, ought to be the rule.

**MAGAZINE ADVERTISING**

It is certain that the publishers of our magazines are not in the business, to use a slang but very expressive phrase, for the good of their health. No one who realizes the immense influence for good which these periodicals wield in the education of the nation would desire for one moment to deprive their enterprising owners of the smallest fraction of the profits which may accrue to them. But we may reasonably ask whether commercialism is not carried too far in the habit of which many are guilty—the placing of advertisements in the text of the book. Few things are more annoying to a lover of books than finding a whole page in the middle of an interesting article devoted, let us say, to the advertising some special shoe, or semi-digested patent food. At times, even, we find a page divided into three columns, the center one filled with the text, the side ones with advertisements of articles which not one in a hundred of the readers would dream of purchasing. It may be, it probably is, the case that advertisers who secure such a position pay a premium upon the usual charges, but is this sufficient reason why valuable matter should be disfigured? Is it probable that a reader interested in some able article will divert his attention from the subject to matter entirely foreign? It is certain that the art of advertising has become one of the most important in the conduct of business, but it is not reasonable that the art should be foisted upon the face of the literature of which magazines are such able exponents. Many questions of like nature might be urged, but one other will suffice. Is it fair to the subscriber to such periodicals to be compelled to have these things thrust upon him permanently, whether he will or not? Many persons desire to possess their magazines in permanent form and delight in a row of them on their book-shelves. It can be no additional pleasure in after days to see a copy of a book in the library interlarded with pages which are utterly useless and a positive disfigurement to the volume. Nor is the subscriber the only one injured. The presence of advertisements among legitimate matter of the magazine depreciates its value without increasing its usefulness; imparts to it a decidedly ephemeral character; and lowers its dignity to the level of the daily sheet whose final fate it may be to be wrapped around a pound of nails in some obscure country store. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when all reputable magazines, of which no country in the world has so many to be proud as this country has, will relegate all extraneous matter to the part rightly devoted to it, and so leave us a body of permanent literature which can form an artistic, as well as valuable, record of the nation's progress and literary tastes.

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**BEST SELLING BOOKS**

It is a common practice with some periodicals to publish regularly a list of "best selling books." The very phrase is a suspicious one. From one point of view we may regard such a list as an indication of the public taste of the moment; from another we may suppose that it is a criterion of the relative values of the works mentioned. The first view may be right. The second is by no means a logical one. Moreover, in each case there underlies the action of the purchasers the fact that books nowadays are largely advertised, often extravagantly, and one is led to suspect that in this, as in many other things, there is an element of speculation—dropping a coin into a slot machine in the hope that we may gain a prize.

It certainly is not true that the fact that a certain book shows the largest sales in a given season, is a proof that it is the best of that season. Follow the story further, and you may find that the "record" book has dropped out of the running the next season, while one of the others, it may even be one not recorded in the list, is creeping up slowly but surely, and when the observation is continued for, not a season, but a period of years, the latter has been relegated to the shelves at the back of the book-store, while the other holds a worthy position in the sanctum of the book-lover.

The truth is that there is too great a desire to create a sensation, and sensations always attract crowds. Authors are not content to regard their progeny as objects of loving care and favor, to be molded for future glory and eternal service, putting into that molding all their best affections for their art and their fellow-men. They would rather be a meteor flashing through a November sky than a steadily gleaming planet that shines through the ages. There is, in fact, too much "pot-boiling," as painters are fond of calling one phase of their art. But "selling" is no criterion of the merit of a work; it is but the indication of a fad. It is a curious thing that the best works have grown into favor gradually.

Perhaps, after all, the best comment on this matter is the story of Milton's Paradise Lost.

The copyright was sold outright for five pounds sterling down and five pounds when an edition of 1,300 copies had been sold, together with a promise of two similar sums after the sale of two other such editions. That is, Milton received twenty pounds sterling for the selling of 3,900 copies. Multiplying by four gives us rather more than the equivalent in modern money value; and this amounts to $400. And yet Paradise Lost was, and still is, and will remain so as long as English is read, one of the greatest works in the English tongue. Nay, Dryden, who had no mean opinion of his own merits, said: "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." Such lists as are alluded to here are indeed a melancholy indication of the commercialism which at present pervades the sphere of literature, in all its phases. There is no more fatal canker eating its way into the very vitals of art.

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**PUBLISHERS' PUFFS**

These are the days of giant enterprises, such as damming up the Nile, harnessing Niagara, cutting canals between oceans; founding an immense department store, and financing a billion dollar trust which controls the manufacture of only one kind of material; pushing a newspaper until it has a daily circulation of half a million, and bringing out an edition of a hundred thousand copies of a book that has n[illegible]n read outside the publishing hous[illegible] the last-mentioned undertaking that causes these reflections. How is it man[illegible]? Simply by means of publishers' p[illegible]tisements of the forthcoming work appear, the publisher's reader has examined the manuscript and discovered that the work marks a new era in literature, that the author is endowed with the quintessence of all genius and dramatic power, that he is veritably "the heir of all the ages." His history is published in detail, and his portrait is given in attractive half-tones; for, of course you cannot understand a book until you know thoroughly the personality of the writer. At least that is the inference. Now, it may or may not turn out that the book is all that the publisher says. The public, perhaps, in accordance with Barnum's dictum, accepts it on his recommendation, and demands for copies flow in magically. These demands are duly paraded before the world at large, and thus the advent of the work is heralded with such a blare of trumpets as would put to shame the approach of the most royal of royal processions. Really, this picture is scarcely exaggerated in a single point.

But all this is very undignified, from a literary standpoint, however it may sound from a commercial one. The publisher is a necessary and important official in the republic of letters, and his work should be for the good of the commonwealth. So long as that work is done adequately he has full security for the forthcoming of his salary. His duty is not to tell the public what they want, nor to proclaim the fact that he has the best article suited to their needs. The publisher's reader is not required to pass upon a work with a view of forming or directing public opinion. His function is fulfilled when, having gauged the tendency of public requirements, he decides whether the book in question is a safe investment for the publisher. The public and the public only are the final judges of the capability of a given book to satisfy the public need.

In this respect the positions of the publisher's reader and the reviewer are diametrically opposed. The first represents the interests of an individual, the second ventures to represent the body of expectant readers. Although each ought to possess the same high qualities of acumen, scholarship and literary perception, the one must regard the matter submitted to him entirely from the standpoint of value to the reading public, the other mainly from the commercial side as affecting an individual. While nothing can excuse the too frequent extravagant laudation of a work by those who send it forth to the world, figuratively to earn its living, nothing but praise ought to be given to a clear, concise and pointed summary of its contents, together with an intimation of its drift and the need it sets out to supply. Beyond this the trumpeter should not go.

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**THE VALUE OF METER IN VERSE**

If we take poetry to be, along with other qualities not involved in these remarks, an expression of human thought in emotional and rhythmical language, it is painfully manifest that much which attempts to pass for poetry nowadays falls very short of the mark. One thing most certainly the study of Greek and Latin literature in former days inculcated. That was the necessity of scansion in Greek and Latin verse.

The old-fashioned "non-sense verses" were not useless in this respect, much as it has pleased some modern educationists to sneer at them. If quantity had been replaced by accent in the English language, that property of scansion is none the less necessary, although it appears to be greatly ignored as a qualifi-

cation of poetry. To realize this you have only to ask yourself how frequently you have to read over repeatedly a few lines of some modern so-called poem before your voice will fall into the rhythm, and how often, when you have caught that rhythm, and the current of thought and sound moves musically along, you strike some false meter which at once breaks up the harmony. It is evident that the prosody of the grammars of other days has been dropped out of the curriculum with these would-be poets, and that we are pushing into oblivion those technical terms which enabled us to enjoy to the full the old treasures of the sonorous verse of the Greeks and Romans. The iambus, the trochee, the spondee, the dactyl, the anapaest, are forgotten, and words, instead of being associated according to the standard measure, are massed together haphazard. The expression may be as emotional as you please, but rhythmical rarely. Emotional language, however, such is the force of unwritten law, if expressed without rhythm, is unpleasing if long continued.

It may be well in this connection, to ask whether a painter would attain success if he neglected the laws of light and shade; whether a musical composer's work would live if he violated the laws of key and time. Rhythm stands to poetry in somewhat the same relation as light and shade and key and time do to the respective arts which deal with them, and this is saying the very least. Now rhythm when reduced to law becomes meter. Just as form and color arranged in accordance with the law of light and shade make the charming picture; just as musical sounds associated according to the law of key and time adapted to the motif make the pleasing tune; so emotional language rhythmically arranged according to the laws of meter becomes the poem. There is a closer connection between painting, music and poetry than many would even suspect. To some painters and musicians the rendering of their conceptions in suitable form comes instinctively; and it is certain that the true poet also instinctively fits his meters to his expression. He will never seek to express sorrow in trochaics, nor sing in iambics the song of the summer zephyrs. By virtue of his poetic genius he feels that the music of the iambus is very different to that of the trochee, and that the dactyl expresses something very different to the anapaest. This instinctive feeling, however, incites him to analyze the modes of expression, and often he will arrange the "feet" to form a measure to suit his own purpose. Each "foot" will be of true dimensions, perfect in accent, and the measure will be adapted to the motif. It is to this that we owe such modes as the ode, the lyric, the sonnet, the ballad, the epic and the majestic Alexandrine. The poet who is a poet and not a poetaster never forgets that metrical "feet" of standard dimensions are the stones with which he must build up the artistic dwelling-place of his thought and, possibly, his own monument. It needs but little study of the great poets of the English language to see the bearing of all this, and we may be assured that until some radical change takes place in that language the present laws of rhythm, as implied in meter, will hold good and be accepted as an essential in poetry, for they are founded in the genius of the English tongue.

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**THE SERIAL NOVEL**

It would be interesting to trace out the history of the serial publication of novels. There probably was a time, nay, undoubtedly there was a time, when, the production of books being much slower and much more expensive, and the number of readers much smaller than at present, a novel issued in "numbers" was excusable. We know that some, now permanent, classics of the library were so published. Things are different to-day, and it is a fair question to ask whether, under present conditions, there is any reason why the serial novel should any longer be tolerated. The manuscript, complete even to the last word, is probably in the hands of the magazine editor long before the first instalment is sent to the press. Few, if any, authors write novels nowadays as Dickens did many of his.

Of all forms of reading, that of the serial novel is the most unsatisfactory. Novels are not like lesson books or golden treasuries of meditations—marked out into daily portions for study. "Daily" did we say? Monthly, rather, or weekly at the best, the portions are to be digested. How many readers of serials would care to confess that they enjoy this periodical dose of excitement? How many would not rather say that by the time each instalment reaches them the previous one is only a very shadowy memory? In fact, the editors of magazines in which these instalments appear tacitly acknowledge this by supplying "synopses" of the previous chapters. In so doing they distinctly imply that the story, not the literary merit, is the thing to be considered. Who can gather up all the refinement

of a well-drawn plot and the evolution of a well-conceived character from a "synopsis?" The serial novel, in this light, is an offense to literature, for it is an impossibility to enjoy literary study from such "*disjecta membra.*" It may be urged that this may come when we have the novel completed. That argument is weak, for few care to read a novel a second time, and fewer still would take the trouble to hunt out the chapters through a ponderous volume. And, moreover, the truth is that the novel is almost certain to be issued in compact book form some weeks, or even months, before the last chapter is reached in the serial. This process is manifestly unfair to the subscriber, for, if he knew the story was to appear in this manner, he would probably prefer to wait for it.

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**THE CULT OF THE COOK BOOK**

Charles Lamb, in that inimitable essay of his, A Dissertation on Roast Pig, avers, on the strength of the authority of a Chinese manuscript, that "for the first seventy thousand ages mankind ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day." This period, he also tells us, was designated by Confucius as a kind of golden age under the name of Cho-fang, or The Cook's Holiday. No future historian will so characterize the present age, for cooks to-day have but little holiday. In fact, they are forever adding to their work by devising new and ever newer methods of preparing our food. In one thing only are they at all conservative, for, although they are prolific in inventing new dishes, they rarely add a new element to the ingredients.

It would be interesting to know when primitive man first discovered that cooked food was more palatable than raw. It is to be feared, for the sake of Charles Lamb's accuracy, that it was before the age of his Ho-ti and Bo-bo, who lived near Pekin, then already grown into a considerable assize town, with a court of justice presided over by a shrewd judge. Mr. Lamb, however, has kindly disposed of the Ussherian chronology by allowing seventy thousand ages, so that we may ignore the precise number of years. Certain it is that the man of the Neo-lithic age, whenever that might have been, had learnt to cook food. Mr. Clodd assures us that the cave-men cooked their meat "by putting it on a rough spit, or direct on the glowing embers or red-hot stones, or by dropping the stones into water poured into stone cavities, or into holes lined with clay or hide, and then popping in the meat when the water boiled," a method practised by American Indians well within the historic period.

What a marvelous advance was made, even up to the time of our great-great-grandfathers, who piled up the board with solid joints, both roast and boiled, with solid puddings and pies, not forgetting the wonderful pumpkin concoction! And the effect of this solid cookery was very manifest, for, "if we read Dan O'Connell aright, beef and plum-pudding made Britons fight." But what would our great-great-grandmothers say to the advances made since their day, short as is the period compared with the dim past? Fancy a Colonial Dame of Washington's time placed in one of our modern kitchens with all its array of utensils, including a bain-marie. Then take her into my lady's boudoir and show her the dainty silver chafing-dish, wherein can be prepared a savory or sweet omelette, or that indigestible *bonne-bouche*, a Welsh rarebit, potent to call up nightmares from "the vasty deep."

Time was when cooking recipes were handed on traditionally and were regarded as sacred heirlooms, only to be communicated to the most favored intimates; but now——. On the shelves above this writing table stands a massive volume of 1,178 pages, filled with awesome directions for preparing dishes. The misfortune is that it is already antiquated. Every year sees some new cook book; nay, month by month, week by week, day by day, our cookery is improved. Magazines devoted to the culinary art multiply, daily newspapers are not complete without a column devoted to the ways of conjuring simple food-materials into dishes of mysterious flavor and questionable digestibility. How many ways of cooking eggs are there? would be a good question to put in a competitive examination of candidates aspiring to "housekeeping."

And to what is all this tending? We are becoming every day more accomplished epicures. Once upon a time, as all good fairy tales begin, man ate to live. Times are changed—man now lives to eat. Cooking has risen from the lowly position of a mere domestic operation, such as scrubbing, washing and darning, to high art with its own peculiar mysteries. We may not be able to equal the artistic genius of Phidias, but our wives and daughters can at least out-cook the chef of Pericles.

# The Origin of Species in Sociology

By J. Collier*

Sociological species consist of family types, forms of government, industrial and ecclesiastical organizations, games and sports, manners and fashions, languages, sentiments and beliefs, philosophies and sciences, literatures and arts. They possess all the characters of vegetal and animal species, and have the same kind of reality. They transmit those characters from generation to generation. They yet develop in definite directions, from a less to a greater degree of perfection. They have a local habitat, even when it belts the world. They battle with one another for existence, and the fittest survive. They have likewise peaceful intercourse with one another, and exhibit all the phenomena of cross-fertilization. What concerns us now, they spring up as new species of animals and plants spring up. The law of constant variation in all species and in every organ is as operative in sociology as in biology. Some slight accidental or involuntary modification of an existing usage hardens into a practice, from individual and private becomes public and general, and in course of time assumes a shape wholly unlike its first form, and perhaps contrary to the intentions of its originator. We shall give a few examples from various branches of sociology:

1. The origin of the feudal system, as it has been infelicitously termed, was the crux of constitutional history throughout the last century. Reeves, the historian of English law, asserts that two statutes enacted by William the Conqueror definitely established it all over England. That is an example of the doctrine of special creations in history. No accredited writer would now express himself so loosely, but it is a specimen of hundreds of opinions that still prevail about the origin of social institutions. When the theory of special creations has been dislodged, its place is taken by the hypothesis of social deluges and cataclysms. The eminent German or Germanizing writers who have lately reconstructed the constitutional history of the Middle Ages—Waitz, Roth, von Maurer and Sohm, Freeman and Stubbs—explain the origin of sociological species as Cuvier explained the origin of animal species. Feudalism was the outcome of what a scholar like Brachet, with the uniform development of the French language before his eyes, does not hesitate to call "the inundations of the fifth century." The invading Germans took possession of Gaul, England, Spain, and northern Italy as conquered countries. In each they found thousands of farmers in occupation of the soil. Exercising the right of eminent domain claimed by all conquerors, they confiscated the entire fee simple, and converted the occupiers into serfs. Certain usages, the benefice and companionship were transported bodily from Germany, and formed the pillars of the new social system. A whole set of national institutions was submerged, and a complete new set was founded on their ruins. To the anthropologist and the antiquarian this revolutionary theorizing has long been a stumbling block, and to the sociologist foolishness. The new school maintains, on the contrary, that there were no real invasions. Small commandoes (sometimes coalescing) filtered across the frontiers and slowly blended with the native populations. There were neither victors nor vanquished. The Germans came on the invitation of the Roman rulers, and were gradually Romanized. They scarcely changed the ethnical composition of the various peoples, but at the most reinforced the blonde, long-headed element. The political transmutation was slow and imperceptible. No new régime was founded. There were no radical changes in the status of persons or property. There was no expropriation. Nevertheless, between the fifth and the ninth centuries, a slow transformation of manners, usages, and ideas took place throughout western Europe. Founded by no public laws or degrees, but built up stone by stone as the result of hundreds or thousands of isolated private acts, turning insensibly into habits which were at length firmly rooted, that astonishing feudal structure was reared which it took the energies of a whole people to overthrow in 1789.

We can here follow this very complex evolution only along a single line. What was the origin of one of the most characteristic features of feudalism—medieval serfage? No article of the Digest, no law of the Codes, no account by any historian, records its birth. Serfage was

* Knowledge.

formed slowly, obscurely, and without being observed. It began as a slight variation of existing usages; its first rudiment was a tiny germ deposited in the bosom of ancient slavery? The late Fustel de Coulanges detected its rise in a brief statement made by an ancient Roman writer on agriculture. The voluminous Varro alleges that the master who was satisfied with a slave sometimes granted him a piece of land, together with a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle. Varro adds (and the addition is important): "bestow on him this boon; he will be the more firmly bound to your domain." This short reference contains in summary the chief rules of medieval serfage. The slave was allowed to live apart, to till the field that had been assigned him, to tend his flock or herd. He was still obliged to labor on his master's estate some days in every week; and this provision differences Roman serfage from Greek or German, but identifies it with medieval serfage, and seems to prove the affiliation. The rest of the time the slave, thus segregated from the troop, was his own master, he was to that extent a serf, no longer a slave, his plot was held by a tenure.

The serf, whose humble beginnings we thus witness, soon acquired a more defined status. The jurists of the second and third centuries mention the slave who pays a due to the proprietor, like a farmer. Ulpian even names him a quasi-farmer. The jurist Paul signalizes the slave who tills land at his own risk, and pays a rent fixed in advance. Two other jurists speak of a "lease of land" made to a slave.

The status of the individual was not changed. He was still legally a slave. He had no rights as against the master; the plot could at any time be resumed. At his death the owner did resume it. The slave's children could not inherit it. Nevertheless, the master found it to his advantage to leave the slave in occupation of it; he worked harder on land that was almost his own, and it yielded a larger return. When the slave died, it might be also to the master's advantage to leave his family in possession of it. The servile tenure would thus become permanent, and almost hereditary.

At the end of the third century a new step was taken. A fresh roll of all throughout the empire who were liable to pay the land-tax was compiled. Finding many slaves settled on land, and residing in houses by themselves, the enumerators enrolled them as *servi ascripti*—inscribed or enrolled slaves—the manifest ancestors of the "serfs ascribed to the glebe", or serfs of the soil, who bulk so largely in the medieval rolls. To register them, though it may have increased their burdens, was to make a legal recognition of their status, and give them a title to the occupation of their land. The law took another step: it forbade a master to sell his slaves unless at the same time he sold the land which they cultivated, nor could he sell his land unless he sold his slaves along with it. A family of slaves was thus allowed to live for several generations on the land originally assigned to them; insensibly they came to be looked upon not as slaves of a master, but as serfs of the soil. It was a great advance. The serf had a house of his own and a family. He was almost a freeman, and might well believe that he was one.

2. How two radically different social species may branch out from a single stem is well illustrated by a century's growth of the British and the American constitutions. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century these two were substantially alike. The constitution of the United States is known to have been modeled on that of England, but less, as it might have been observed, in its practical working than as it was theoretically expounded. There were two visible differences, of no apparent magnitude, and from these two small variations descend a whole host of differences that have made the two constitutions as mutually unlike as are the constitutions of Germany and Russia. First, the American Executive and the Legislature were rigidly separated. This was partly intentional, but it involved the absence of the Ministry from the legislative chambers, and this was so far from being designed that, after the constitution came into operation, it was for some time debated whether Ministers should be present in either House. It was decided to exclude them, and the exclusion has reacted equally on the Executive and the Legislature. While the English Executive has gradually become the nation acting, and the English Parliament has been slowly transformed into the nation legislating, the Legislature and the Executive in the United States have year by year been drifting further away from identification with the people. The realization of abstractions has proved as fatal in politics as in philosophy. The Executive acts like an independent organ, and is sometimes (as under Johnson) in flagrant opposition to the popular will, or (as under Cleveland) in but partial sympathy with it. The Legislature has likewise developed along lines of its own. Occult and irresponsible standing committees have bit by bit wrested from Congress the

entire power of legislation. In 1790, to obviate some practical difficulties, the House of Representatives assigned the nomination of these committees to the Speaker. This innocent-looking provision made that functionary a true dictator, wielding a more absolute authority than the Czar while the committees may be compared, for their secrecy and autocracy, to the Venetian Council of Ten. A loyal American, Eugene Schuyler, defines the government of his country as an absolute and irresponsible despotism exercised, under the mask of constitutional forms, by half-a-dozen individuals—the President and two of his ministers, and the Speaker and two chairmen of his nominee committees; in fact, by two individuals.

Nor is this all; a second original variation has been as fruitful of consequences. The President of the Republic, the counterpart of the King, had necessarily to be elected, and the method of election gave rise to the nominating convention. The establishment and growth of this convention are held by so high an authority as E. L. Godkin to "constitute the capital fact of modern democracy in America." Yet there is no record of its origin. None of the earlier or later writers on the constitution allude to it. It was hidden from profound observers like Tocqueville. It came without observation and grew up in silence and darkness. Its influence was masked in the forties and fifties by the overpowering personalities of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, who seemed to thwart its behests, and were yet, all of them, its victims. During the excitement of the anti-slavery conflict it was but the minister of the popular will. After the war was over it rose into prominence and power. Step by step, it laid an iron grasp on all the machinery of government, and nominated the President, Vice-President, and the federal legislators, the governors and legislators and officers of the States. It was itself then transformed, and, having been omnipotent, it became impotent, surrendering its prerogatives to "the machine," which abandons them to the boss. In most of the States, and in all the larger cities, the boss is king. Here is a second metamorphosis which, together with the first, has made the working constitution radically different from the constitution on paper, and thus created a new polictical species.

3. The modern newspaper had a twofold origin. It was a continuation of the manuscript letters composed by professional gossips, and circulated in the provinces, as these letters were the expansion and regularization of family and coterie letters that had been circulated beyond their first destination. It was also an incorporation of the placards from which people all over Europe derived their knowledge of trade, commerce, amusements, and the odds and ends of life. These soon acquired (at least in France) a vehicle of their own—a printed sheet that was circulated gratis or among subscribers, as merely advertising journals, like the North British Advertiser, were circulated forty years ago. In course of time the two were amalgamated, and together they formed the advertising and literary halves of the modern journal.

The part that placards or inscriptions played in the old Roman world is well known. They were the chief organ of publicity. There the emperors inscribed their rescripts, the Senate its laws, and the magistrates their decrees; on them the citizens witnessed their piety towards the gods, their devotion to their sovereigns, and their gratitude to their benefactors; religious corporations thus recorded their fulfilment of their vows, and private individuals registered their contracts. They were graven on brass, marble, or stone, according to their dignity or importance. Over 210,000 of them have been discovered, and by their means historians have revived the life and reconstructed the constitution, the laws, and the religions of the empire. On walls whitened with chalk more perishable memorials of the daily life of the people were traced. It would seem that, in order to create the Roman journal, some enterprising Renaudot (as happened in France) had but to copy and collect the posters of the day. No such evolution took place. Not till B. C. 59, when Julius Cæsar, who had just been elected consul, directed that the minutes of the meetings of the Senate and of the assemblies of the people should be daily placarded, do we find any evidence of the existence of a journal. The Roman Gazette was this poster reduced to writing. Educated slaves or freedmen, many of them Greeks—the ancestors of our reporters—went everywhere in quest of the news eagerly sought for by officials and citizens absent in the provinces. These, it is presumed, were the copyists of the official placards posted daily in the Forum by order of the first and greatest of the Cæsars. By means of the Imperial post the rolls were spread over the vast surface of the Roman world. They were greedily read, and were copiously used by naturalists and historians like Pliny and Tacitus. From fragments of it scattered through Latin writers, Hübner and Boissier have put together that

oldest of newspapers, as a naturalist builds up an extinct species. Now mark its evolution. At first solely a report of proceedings in the aristocratic and popular branches of the Roman legislature, as we may call them, it next included the letters and speeches of the emperors and the decrees of the magistrates. A semi-official portion, resembling our Court Circular, and mentioning such facts as Cæsar's refusal of a crown and the Imperial receptions on the Palatine, was speedily added. It was soon swelled by accounts of such portions and incidents as a shower of bricks in the Forum, the fidelity of a dog to its master, the suicide of a charioteer, public benefactions, births, deaths marriages, and divorces—the last at the rate of one per diem. Meanwhile, the original *raison d'être* of the journal had disappeared. The assemblies of the people ceasing to be held, of them there could be no report. Then Augustus forbade the minutes of the Senate to be published. Thus the accessory portion of the journal became its sole constituent, and the original design of the Dictator was both defeated and transformed. Out of a bald record of proceedings had grown a fair similitude of the modern newspaper. The name changed with the thing. At first, The Acts of the Senate and the People, it became The Daily Acts of the Roman People, and was currently referred to as the Daily—diurna or journal. It lasted as long as the empire flourished, but it was an example of arrested development, and it died without leaving offspring.

4. Literary criticism is still a stronghold of the special-creation theory. So instructed a critic as F. Brunetière alleges that, at a determinable period, and, as it were, at a given signal, the sense of art entered into French literary productions and transmuted them. People wrote prose without art, like Comynes and Margaret; then, all of a sudden, they wrote it with art, like Rabelais. They composed verse naively, like Marot and Saint-Gelais; all of a sudden, like Ronsard, they composed it consciously and like artists. An accomplished dillettante, Th. de Wyzewa, presumably after Mr. Gosse, makes Lodge out to be the "inventor" of five distinct literary species. Similarly, the romance of real life is commonly believed to have sprung suddenly into existence with Defoe. There are sports in literature as among plants and animals, but the modern novel is a species with a long pedigree, which has been traced by a profound student of the English Renaissance—J. J. Jusserand. Its remote sources are the heroic romance and the tale, and is issued from the fusion of the two. In Malory's famous work there is all that we now look for in the novel except living characters and psychological analysis. Yet of the latter there is a glimmering in a dissection of the passion to which the novel owes its existence—the first (says Jusserand) to be found in the prose romance. With Lyly we leave behind us the romance of chivalry and approach the romance of contemporary manners. In Euphues the characters have some resemblance to real beings. The tone of conversation is not unsuccessfully imitated. Lyly's opinions on men and life and his analyses of the feelings are ill-fused with the narrative and exhibit the awkwardness of a first attempt, but they are there. The hero of the story is the direct ancestor of Sir Charles Grandison and his numerous lineage; and he anticipates, on nobility, love, and the education of children, the ideas that Richardson lends to his characters. Lastly, Euphues is the earliest example of that literature of the drawing-room and the parlor to which the contemporary novel is the chief contributor. Lodge and Greene continue the development. Sydney's Gynecia is perhaps the first genuine creation in English prose literature. From this story Richardson borrows the name of Pamela and a romantic situation.

If Richardson is the lineal descendent of Lyly and Sydney, Thomas Nash is the direct ancestor of Fielding. He, first in England, narrated the history of the picaresque hero, who was born in medieval Germany as Master Reynard, grew up in Spain as Larazillo and Guzman, came to perfection in France as Gil Blas, and passed over to England as Tom Jones and Roderick Random. With his imaginary characters Nash (like Thackeray) mingles historical figures, and he describes real places and scenes.

Yet we cannot help perceiving that between Nash and Defoe a whole century lies blank. Shall we say (with Jusserand) that there was only an interruption of fecundity, or (with Brunetière) that there was a breach of continuity? Like the Australian River Darling, some of whose branches flow underground for hundreds of miles, and come to the surface at long distances only by means of artesian bores, the spiritual germplasm unwinds its chain through silent generations or centuries, embodying itself at rare intervals in some individual or production which is not so much the descendant of some earlier production or individual as, like them, the outcome of a common line of development,

# Contemporary Celebrities

**AN AMERICAN VICE-QUEEN**

During the coming Durbar at Delhi, India, on January 1st and for the week following it, an American girl will be, in all probability, one of the most conspicuous women in the world. That woman is Lady Curzon, the Vice-Reine of India, who was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, of Chicago. Lady Curzon has borne well the high honors which her husband's exalted position has brought her. In official distinction she is second to no other woman in the British realm except Queen Alexandra. In India she is virtually queen, and the homage paid to her is hardly less than that which is paid her London sovereign, while if the semi-barbaric magnificence and gorgeous official display of the Durbar make for regality she will be, during the first week in January, among the most regal women in the world.

*Courtesy of N. Y. American and Journal*
LADY CURZON, VICE-REINE OF INDIA

When Lord Curzon assumed the responsibilities of Viceroy, succeeding Lord Elgin, he found himself confronted with many problems of great difficulty, not one of the least of which was the social status of his court. In this matter Lady Curzon gave great assistance, and by insisting upon the utmost respect, and the strictest official etiquette, she has maintained a plane for the conduct of the realm's social affairs so high as to be above criticism. When all India was suffering from the effects of the terrible famine of a few years back, she came to the aid of the famished districts with the Leiter millions, and pouring in her wealth like water, relieved much suffering. Besides, the Vice-Reine had herself inoculated, and modestly, anxously, mixed freely among her suffering subjects (for they are that in all but name), and participated in the hospital and relief work. Lady Curzon is well educated and is accomplished. She is an exceptionally clever linguist, well read, and a brilliant conversationalist. Beautiful, gifted, beloved of her countrymen, happy in her domestic life, Lady Curzon is indeed a woman of whom Americans may feel proud and to whom they may point as typifying both the American democracy and that true aristocracy which ever belongs to nobility of character. But is it not a sidelight upon the increasing democracy of the world when a typical representative of the most democratic country on the globe is seen in the light of such regality?

**DR. HENRY PEREIRA MENDES**

Pre-eminent amongst the Israelites of America stands Dr. Henry Pereira Mendes, minister of the ancient Spanish and Portuguese Congregation Shearith Israel—the oldest Jewish ministry in America. Dr. Mendes was born in England and was educated at the University College, London, where he was distinguished by the brilliant stand he took. He studied for the ministry, and in 1873 officiated for the first time. The next year he took charge of a new congregation formed in Manchester,

*Photo by Bradley*

REV. PEREIRA MENDES

England, and three years after came to America, having been invited by the Congregation Shearith Israel. He was appointed rabbi at once, and assumed also the duties of Reader, that official having fallen sick; these two positions, usually held by as many men, were confirmed to him as a permanency. Dr. Mendes at once set about that work of congregational and charitable organization which has placed him as the leader of Jewish orthodoxy in America. His classes for the study of the Hebrew language and history have had marked success. In 1880 he helped found the Training School for Nurses in New York, and in 1884 started the movement which resulted in the erection of that splendid memorial to Sir Moses Montefiore—the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids. In 1886 he was a prime factor in the establishment of the Jewish Seminary in New York, himself becoming its Secretary for some time. He also became its Professor of History, and later President of the Board of Trustees. He has held numerous other positions of honor, among them that of Secretary to the New York Ministers' Association, to the New York Branch of the Alliance Israelite Universelle, to the Board of Jewish Ministers for twenty-five years, having recently become its President; President of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of the United States and Canada; Founder of the Jewish Endeavor Sabbath Services; and one of the Board of Editors of the Jewish Encyclopedia. In 1884 Dr. Mendes was selected to open the Senate in Washington with prayer, and that same year graduated as a Doctor of Medicine from the University of the City of New York. In 1892 he was appointed Grand Chaplain of the State of New York, F. A. M., being the first Hebrew ever to receive this distinction. Dr. Mendes's writings include The Hebrew Primer, Hebrew Grammar Notes, The Bible Ethically Presented, Jewish Hymns for Jewish Schools, England and America, Looking Ahead, Esther, Judas Maccabeus, Why I Am a Jew, The Solution of War, Historical Judaism, Lifting the Veil, and minor works. He is one of the founders of The American Hebrew, a Jewish weekly. There is perhaps no Hebrew in America who is more respected or better loved than is Dr. Mendes.

**THE KRUPP DYNASTY**

With the death in Berlin about a month ago of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, the wonderful Krupp dynasty, at least the male portion of it, has passed away. The dynasty was not a long one. It began with Friedrich, the grandfather of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, the man who has just died. This hard, unlettered man founded the dynasty, dying about 1830, and leaving to his son Alfred his modest fortune and a stubborn persistency. Alfred was the true founder of the present Krupp works, starting with a small workshop and two assistants. The Crystal Palace Exposition in London in 1851 brought the first recognition to the Krupp steel works. He had succeeded in casting huge blocks of finest steel and orders poured upon him. The plant pro

pered, grew, absorbed other plants, and finally Krupp became so wealthy that he owned his own ore diggings and coal mines. Then Alfred turned his attention to the manufacture of arms and armor plate. There were many, long continued, failures, but the grim German persisted. Finally success came, and it was the Krupp guns no less than Von Moltke's prestige that won the brillant victories of the Franco-Prussian war. When Alfred died he left a fortune of $17,500,000; he had started with two workmen. Essen he left a city of 100,000 inhabitants; when he started the Krupp works it had 10,000.

Friedrich Alfred, the last of the Krupp ironmasters, inherited his father's enormous fortune, all the steel works and the mines. He also inherited his father's inventive genius, love of work, and determination. Friedrich was a wonderful manager and a most astute judge of men. He collected around him the ablest workmen that he could find anywhere, the matter of payment being of no consideration to him. It is interesting to note that there was almost perfect sympathy between employer and employee and that trades-unionism is almost unknown in Essen. The differences which occasionally arose were always arbitrated. Following the example

THE LATE FRIEDRICH ALFRED KRUPP

*Courtesy of Harper's Weekly*
ST. LEO STRACHEY, EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR

set by his father, Krupp held himself free to sell the products of his gun works to any country that would pay for them, always excepting France, Germany's old enemy. It is true, however, that the present Kaiser, through his influence with Krupp, retained for Germany's exclusive use a greater portion of the Krupp productions than the government had secured during Alfred's lifetime. Friedrich Alfred Krupp was delicate in body and so became something of a traveler, the Essen winters being too severe for him. While traveling in his yacht he became interested in deep-sea exploration, and before his death had amassed one of the finest collections in existence.

**THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR**

Mr. St. Leo Strachey, the editor of the London Spectator, has just paid his first visit to the United States, and it would be hard to find anyone to whom Americans could more gladly give a hearty welcome. As editor of one of the most famous journals of the world, Mr. Strachey has been one of the most consistent and unchanging friends which the United States has on the other side of the water. And this friendship is to be prized the more highly because of the prestige and prominence which Mr. Strachey enjoys in England. Just, broad and forceful, he is accounted among the ablest editors of the British realm, and certainly he is one of the most influential. The disinterestedness of

*Courtesy of Dr. P. Fitzhugh*
DR. ADOLF LORENZ

his point of view and the purity of his motives are not questioned, and Mr. Strachey enjoys to-day the admiration, the respect and the confidence of the English-speaking public.

**DR. ADOLF LORENZ**

The interest taken by the public in the professional visit to this country of Dr. Adolf Lorenz, of Vienna, is an indication of a great humanitarian interest in this country and a matter of congratulation. Dr. Lorenz was called over by a wealthy American to perform an operation on his little daughter, to correct congenital dislocation of the hip. Having performed this operation—which might more correctly be styled manipulation, since Dr. Lorenz's work is bloodless—the famous physician has remained in this country giving clinics and treating, as an act of charity, whatever cases have been brought to his attention. Dr. Lorenz was at one time one of the principal exponents of what has been termed the bloody method of treating congenital hip diseases, and the results obtained by Lorenz of Vienna, and Hoffa of Wurzburg, made profound sensations in the world of surgery. This method included actual operation, incision, and it was accepted as the best known to science. But Dr. Lorenz himself became dissatisfied with this "bloody" method, and after the closest investigation and analysis of its results, abandoned it for his now famous bloodless method. This method is described as "the forcible stretching of all the soft parts about the hip, sometimes even to the breaking of the skin (which is rare), until the head of the bone can be brought to the place where the socket should be." Bandages, plaster of paris, or other appliances are then used to keep the bone in place, until a socket can form itself about its head.

Dr. Lorenz has been particularly successful with this method of which he is the ablest exponent. The method has been known to medical science for about ten years and has been used during that time in Europe and America with varying success. The debt which posterity may owe to the patience, science and skill of this eminent Viennese is scarcely conceivable.

**RICHARD MANSFIELD**

From the comic opera stage, from Koko in the Mikado to Brutus in Julius Cæsar, from the man willing to take any part in almost any play to the foremost actor in America, this is a connotation at once upon the vicissitudes of life and especially upon the career of Mr. Richard Mansfield. His first real success came with the assumption of the rôle of Baron Chevrial, which was supposed to be a minor character in The Parisian Romance. This was in the days of A. M. Palmer's Stock Company. The success was as instantaneous as it was unquestionable. Baron Chevrial became one of the greatest characterizations upon the American stage. The first appearance of Mr. Mansfield as a star was as Prince Karl, in 1886. Since that time a wide range of plays give evidence to the versatility of his art, the seriousness of his purpose, and the greatness of his genius. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Beau Brummel, Don Juan, Nero, Arthur Dimsdale in The Scarlet Letter, Shylock in The Merchant of Venice, Capt. Blumschli in Arms and the Man, Napoleon Bonaparte, Eugen Courvoisier in The First Violin, Cyrano de Bergerac, M. Beaucaire, King Henry V., and this last, Brutus, in Julius Cæsar. In all, during the period of sixteen years, he has assumed twenty-one rôles of diverse character and intensity.

There is no other actor on the American stage who even approaches Mr. Mansfield in the work which he has done. There is no other actor in America, and probably not more than three in all the world, who possess his scope and power and versatility. He has attempted and succeeded in all sorts of plays—the comic, the romantic, the realistic and the tragic. As one

calls up a memory of the characters in which one has seen him, one sees a strange procession of kings and beggars, poets and murderers, of dandies and tyrants, of soldiers and gentlemen. Mr. Mansfield, does, indeed, stand high upon the summit, and for his equal one must summon up such names as Forbes Robertson, Sir Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree.

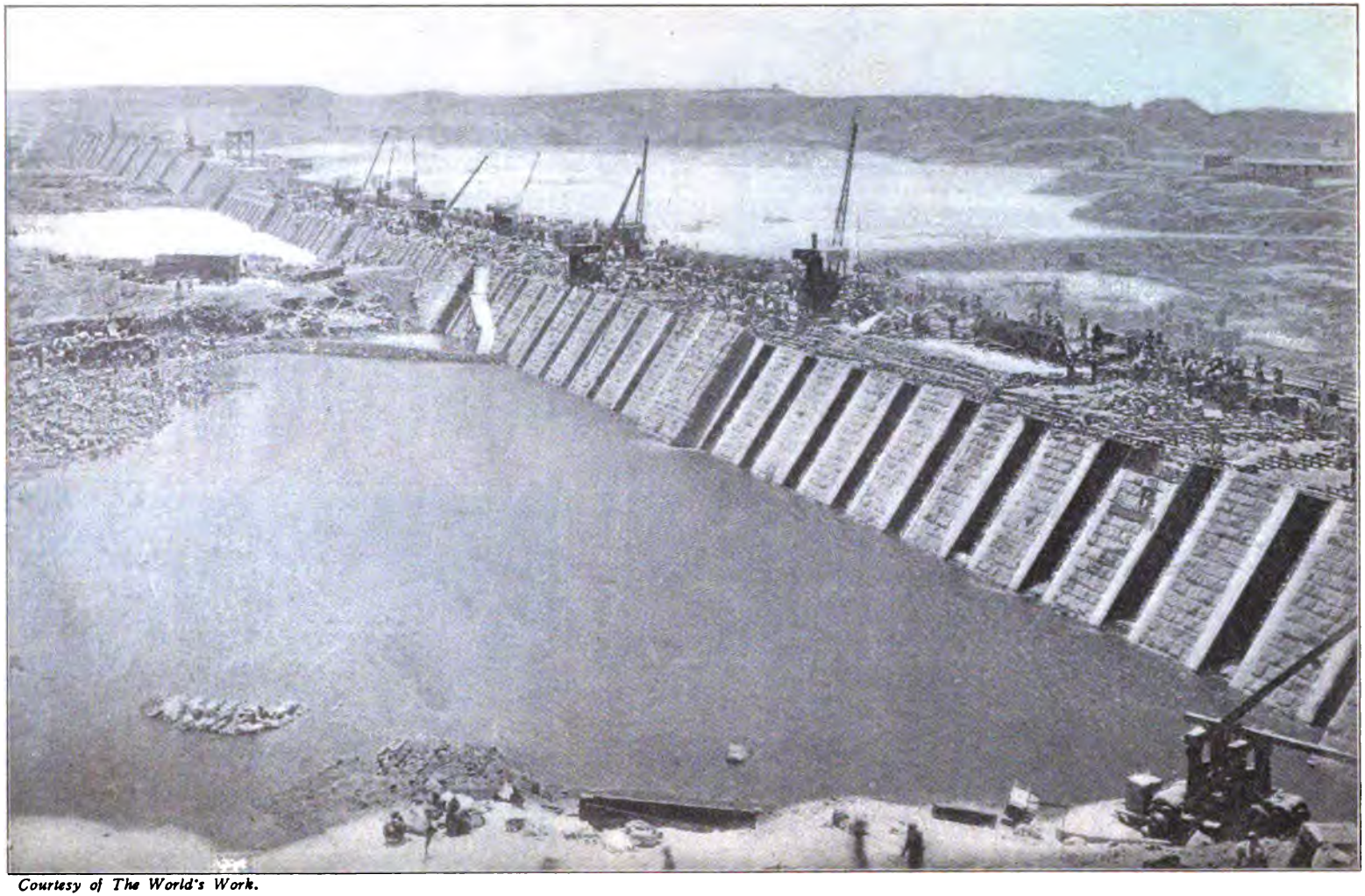
**AN ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHER**

For a woman to succeed in professional life is still, for all the betterment of woman's chances in the business world, a result marked more by its unusualness than by its frequency. Therefore it is all the more remarkable when a woman makes a success in her business or profession when she has done so by departing from the old lines and making innovations. Miss Zaida Ben-Yusuf's success as a photographer is due in a large part to her having done this very thing—to her having struck out along new paths in commercial photography and dared to carry out in her business her ideals. The photography of Miss Ben-Yusuf is artistic in the extreme: her success is probably due to this. Of a thoroughly artistic temperament, the photographer brought to her work the enthusiasm, the imagination, the ideals of an artist. Miss Ben-Yusuf dares to make photographs which have an artistic value. They are much prized. She is one of the few women (and indeed there are scarcely more men) who treats each piece of work as an artistic possibility. The soft tones, shadowy outlines, and exquisite detail of her photographs speak of an art conception rather than of a mechanical process. Miss Ben-Yusuf was born in England, but all of her photographic work has been done in America, she having come to this country at the start of her career. To her studio, which is suggestive more of the artist's workshop than of the photographer's, have come many of the prominent men and women of public life, and her exhibitions, given not only in this country, but in the larger cities abroad, have drawn forth unstinted praise from critics.

MISS ZAIDA BEN-YUSUF

RICHARD MANSFIELD

In the work of Miss Ben-Yusuf one thing comes out above all else—how far photography has drawn away from the mere reproduction of likeness and has approached real art. In the management of shadows and high lights, in the treatment of subject with regard to artistic appropriateness, in the very mechanical processes, photography has taken great strides. The effect of this has been far reaching. In many ways it has acted and reacted upon art. Its influence upon such a thing as book illustrating has been great. On the other hand, studying the methods of the old portrait painters, the modern photographer is pushing hard the modern painter of portraits.



*Courtesy of The World's Work.*

THE ASSOUAN DAM WHEN HALF COMPLETED

# 'he Great Nile Dam at Assouan

## Wonderful Feat of Engineering

he building of the great Nile dam is by far the test achievement of the kind ever produced. completion is at once a triumph of engineering a political and economic event of the first nitude. The bare figures in the case will convey ething of the vastness of this undertaking. riter in the Scientific American thus speaks ie facts:

he Assouan dam is not a solid wall, but is ed with sluice openings of sufficient area ie flood discharge of the river, which may nt to 15,000 tons of water per second. e are 180 such openings, mostly 23 feet by 6 feet 6 inches wide; and where subject vy pressure when being moved they are well-known Stoney roller pattern.

e total length of the dam is about des; the maximum height from foundation, it 130 feet; the difference of level water ve and below, 67 feet; and the total weight masonry over one million tons. Navigation provided for by a "ladder" of four locks, each 260 feet long by 32 feet wide.

The masonry of the dam is of local granite, set in British Portland cement mortar. The interior is of rubble set by hand with about 40 per cent. of the bulk in cement mortar, four of sand to one of cement. All the face work is of coarse rock-faced ashlar, except the sluice linings, which are finely dressed. This was steam crane and Italian masons' work. There was a great pressure at times to get a section completed before the inevitable rise of the Nile, and as much as 3,600 tons of masonry was executed per day, chiefly at one point in the dam. A triple line of railway and numerous trucks and locomotives were provided to convey the materials from quarries and stores to every part of the work. The maximum number of men employed was 11,000, of whom 1,000 were European masons and other skilled men. Mr. Wilfred Stokes, chief engineer and managing director of Messrs. Ransomes & Rapier, was responsible for the detailed designing and manufacture of the sluices and lock gates; 140 of the sluices are 23 feet high by 6 feet 6 inches wide, and 40 of them half that height; 130 of the sluices are on the "Stoney" principle with rollers, and the remainder move on sliding surfaces. The larger of the Stoney sluices weigh 14 tons, and are capable of being moved by hand under a head of water producing a pressure of 450 tons against the sluice.

There are five lock gates, 32 feet wide, and varying in height up to 60 feet. They are of an entirely different type from ordinary folding lock gates, being hung from the top on rollers, and moving like a sliding coach house door. This arrangement was adopted for safety, as 1,000,000,000 tons of water are stored up above the lock gates, and each of the two upper gates is made strong enough to hold up the water, assuming the four other gates were destroyed.

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This is stupendous in its suggestion. The value which will accrue to Egypt, the wonderful development which to that country is bound to come, are, however, even vaster. Chalmers Roberts, in an article in The World's Work, gives a very good idea of this, together with something of the romance and labor of the building of the dam:

The wonderful success which has so far attended the British occupation of Egypt in the financial, educational, hygienic, military, and also the general political branches of the government is to be extended to its great engineering schemes. The new Egypt, whose rise has been so strange and unexpected, is about to leave a record as monumental and material as any for which old Egypt is famous. And this achievement in its manifold phases has come under the supervision and should lie to the credit of the man who has made modern Egypt what it is. In a recent address upon the great dam at Assouan, the constructing engineer, Sir Benjamin Baker, said: "When the rotten rock in the bed of the river was first discovered I told Lord Cromer frankly that I could not say what the extra cost or time involved by this and other unforeseen conditions would be, and that all I could say was that, however bad the conditions, the job would be done. He replied that he must be satisfied with this assurance and would say that the dam had to be completed whatever the time and cost. With such a strong man at the head of affairs, both engineers and contractors—who are often suffering more anxiety than they care to show—are encouraged, and works however difficult have a habit of getting

completed, and sometimes, as in the present case, in less than the original contract time."

The world, which has always heard of the granaries of Egypt, seldom realizes that the 400,000 square miles of Egypt are, all but 10,500 square miles, arid desert. The narrow ribbon-like strip of arable land upon either side of the Nile is barely as large as Vermont and Rhode Island put together. A visitor to Egypt can see directly across the whole of the cultivated land from the edge of the desert on one side to great opalescent sand-hills on the other. For years engineers in the Khedival service, particularly the engineers of the English occupation, have urged the building of reservoirs that would give a system of irrigation to Egypt not wholly dependent upon the uncertain Nile floods. It was agreed that the natural advantages of the Assouan site, six hundred miles above Cairo, with its bed of granite beneath the river, the high granite banks on either side, and the inexhaustible supply of stone near by, offered advantages not equaled elsewhere. The plans which were soon made were unique. No dam for irrigation purposes, or indeed for a permanent reservoir, had ever been made on a river the size of the Nile. This, too, was to be both a dam, a bridge and a waterway—a rare and difficult combination. It would be useless to try to confine the Nile in flood, and therefore the river must have right of way to run unimpeded through the dam during several months of the year. The dam is for use when the flood subsides, but while it is still too high for irrigation purposes. The dam will hold the water for use in the parching summer. Therefore the structure has been divided into a large number of piers, with openings that can be closed at will by gates. Each pier must be capable of supporting its own weight and the pressure of water against the adjoining sluice gates, and the piers must be able to pass the torrent without damage. As the velocity of the escaping flood water will be very great, the piers are enormously massive. Locks for steamers and other craft navigating the Nile are nearing completion on the west side. Already camel trains and desert caravans are marching over the broad top of the dam, and on Dcember 9 the Duke of Connaught formally opened the dam.

*Courtesy of The World's Work.*

THE TRADITIONAL IRRIGATION METHOD. FOR CENTURIES THE EGYPTIANS HAVE RAISED WATER FROM THE NILE WITH PRIMITIVE WHEELS

As the particles of soil contributed to the river by the wash of the mountains and hills in Abyssinia enrich the fields, the dam is so designed that the water released daily for irrigation will be drawn from near the bottom of the reservoir. Egyptian farmers ask always for "red water"—far richer as a fertilizer than clear water. In the autumn, after the silt-laden water has passed, the sluice gates will be closed gradually until the reservoir is full. This will be in January and February. From April to the end of August, when the Nile runs low and the demand for water for the crops is at its highest, the gates will be systematically opened and the summer supply of the river supplemented by stored water from the dam.

It is estimated that this irrigation will add 2,500 square miles of arable land to Egypt, and that the permanent benefit resulting will reach $100,000,000. There will be added to the revenue from the sale of water and from taxation on the irrigated lands £2,000,000. The government will further realize considerable sums from the sale of reclaimed public lands and indirect revenues traceable to the country's augmented producing capacity.

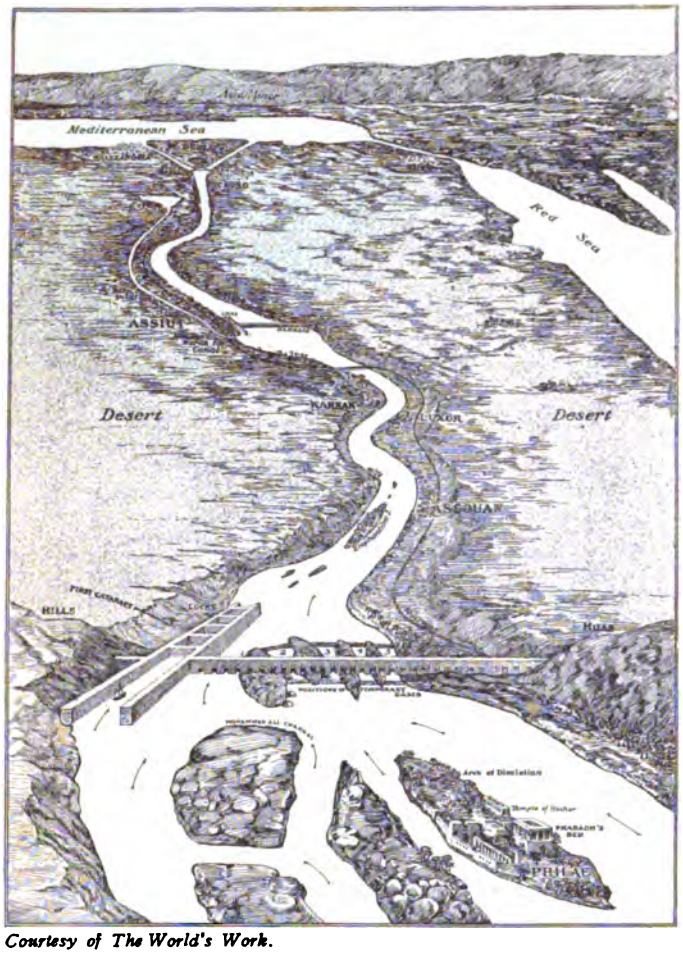
Egypt is virtually rainless, but wherever the Nile water can be regularly supplied to the soil, the most bountiful crops follow, which, like cotton and sugar, command high prices because of their excellence. With a reliable water supply, farming in Egypt can be pursued with practically certain success. Four or five hundredweight of long staple cotton per acre may be expected, which, owing to its excellence, easily sells for two cents a pound more than American cotton sells for, which in its turn does not average two hundredweight to the acre. Even with the general depression of sugar in the world's markets, Egyptian agriculture is confident of obtaining similar advantages for its cane products.

It is very difficult to bring to the average mind any comprehension of the magnitude of this scheme. It is useless to tell most people that the reservoir at Assouan will contain 1,000,000,000 tons of water. This reservoir, according to Sir Benjamin Baker, will hold more than enough water to make one year's full domestic supply to every city, town and village in the United Kingdom with its 42,000,000 inhabitants. During the three or four summer months when the Nile is low and the needs of cultivators are greatest the flow from the reservoir will be equivalent to a river double the size of the Thames in mean annual flood condition. No one who has ever seen the century-old irrigation machines along the Nile by which the water is lifted on a bucket and pole system, or by an oxen-driven chain of buckets, can fail to recognize the advantage of this increase in water supply. The watering of an acre of land means raising by manual power about 400 tons of water to varying heights up to twenty-five feet. Four or five waterings are required to raise a summer crop. The great Nile reservoir and dam at Assouan, the Barrage at Assiut, and various supplementary distributing canals are designed to supply in summer a larger volume of water at a higher level in the canal, so that not only can more land be irrigated, but labor in lifting water will be saved.

The total length of the dam at Assouan is about one and one-quarter miles; the maximum height from foundation is about 130 feet; the difference of level of water above and below is 67 feet; and the total weight of masonry over 1,000,000 tons. Navigation is provided for by a ladder of four locks, each 260 feet long by 32 feet wide. No practical man standing on the edge of one of the cataract channels, hearing and seeing the apparently irresistible torrent of foaming water thundering

Courtesy of The World's Work

THE MODERN IRRIGATION METHOD




*Courtesy of The World's Work.*
MAP SHOWING THE ASSOUAN DAM

down, would regard the putting in of foundations to a depth of forty feet below the bed of the cataract in the short season available each year as anything but an appalling undertaking. On February 12, 1899, when the foundation stone of the dam was laid, it was planned that the work should be completed by July 1, 1903. It is greatly to the credit of the contractors, Sir John Aird & Company, that they have finished before the contract time. The dam is built of granite ashlar, much of which has been quarried from the Assouan side of the river, coming from the same ledges that furnished the obelisks now standing in London, New York and Paris.

The government let the contract for this work without advancing a single pound—a testimonial to the soundness of Egyptian finances. After the work is completed they are to receive $800,000 a year for thirty years, aggregating about $24,000,000. This is a long credit, and its present actuarial value cannot be much in excess of $10,000,000. Indirectly, the fact that English capital has furnished the money, and that English engineers, surveyors and contractors have carried out the work, points to Great Britain's intention to retain indefinitely her present position upon the banks of the Nile.

Here will be created in the heart of the African desert a lake having two or three times the superficial area of Lake Geneva in Switzerland and throwing back water for a distance of 140 miles, crossing the Tropic of Cancer and extending a goodly step on the way to Wady Halfa. It will be controlled by scientific precision, so that the impounded flood may be turned into distant channels at will. The engineers have estimated the exact cost of the dam, and have computed almost to the gallon the volume of water that will be imprisoned and the necessary resistance to be provided at every point of the masonry. In Cairo the experts of the Ministries of Public Works and Finance have calculated to a nicety the sum from taxation that will come into the public treasury through augmented productiveness.

Subordinate to the great dam a smaller one, not unlike the Barrage at the apex of the Delta, ten miles to the north of Cairo, is to be made at Assiut, to give a sufficient head to force water into the system of irrigation canals that water thousands of acres between Assiut and Cairo. The completion of the old Barrage above Cairo (it was begun by Mehemet Ali Pasha from the plans of a French engineer, but was not made effective till England took the country in hand) so developed the cotton culture as to add to the public revenue of the country at least $10,000,000 annually. It may be safely concluded, therefore, that the Assouan reservoir is but one of a series that will be constructed southward to Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Mr. Frederick Penfield, former United States Consul General in Cairo, who has become such an authority upon Egyptian subjects, says of the enterprise: "Successful in an unexpected degree in augmenting the population of the

*Courtesy of The World's Work*
ONE OF THE MANY SLUICES

ancient land of the Pharaohs by enforcing hygienic measures, the British administrators at Cairo are recognizing the necessity for proportionately increasing the area of 'practical' Egypt. When the British occupation began Egypt's population was about 7,000,000. According to an official census just completed (1899), it has risen to 9,750,000, as the result of the caring for child life and teaching the common people to observe rational rules of cleanliness and order. According to this census, practical Egypt has a population of 928 to the square mile, a density far in excess of any European country, even Belgium, and not to be equaled outside of Asiatic communities. It will no doubt surprise most readers to be told that a fair estimate of the value of Egypt's 10,500 square miles of cultivable territory is $115 an acre. It is a fact as well that the foreign bonded indebtedness, naturally based upon the intrinsic value of the country, averages $75.75 per acre, while the per capita proportion of the external debt burden is no less than $52.20. The average land tax of Egypt is something in excess of $4.00 per acre. These vital statistics are mentioned to reflect in its fullest importance what the building of the great dam at Assouan means to the people of Egypt and their European creditors."

It cannot be definitely stated who first planned this reservoir. Mr. Willcocks, one of the ablest engineers of the Public Works Department of Egypt, who was instructed by Sir William Garstin to survey various suggested sites for the dam between Cairo and Wady Halfa, unhesitatingly decided that the Assouan site was the best, and the majority of the International Commission who visited the sites in 1894 agreed. But Sir Samuel Baker, more than forty years ago, had anticipated their conclusion. The single dam proposed by him is in effect the one now on the point of completion. Mr. Willcock's original design consisted practically of a group of independent dams, curved on plan, the arrangement differing considerably from that of the executed work. The single dam, one and one-quarter miles long, constitutes a more imposing work than a series of detached dams, and could be more easily built; and, further, a straight dam is better able to resist temperature stresses from the extreme heat without cracking. There are 180 openings, all twenty-three feet high by six feet six inches wide, which can let out 15,000 tons of water a second. Contrary to original reports of a sound rock bottom, the rock proved very unsound in many places, necessitating foundations some-

*Courtesy of The Scientific American.*
THE NAVIGATION CHANNEL
ENTRANCE TO LOCKS FROM THE NORTH

times more than forty feet deeper than was originally anticipated. As the thickness of the dam is nearly one hundred feet at the base, this misapprehension involved a very large increase in the contract quantity and cost of the granite masonry.

To put in the foundation across the roaring cataract channels, temporary rubble dams were built across the rear of the channel below the site of the great dam, so as to get a pond of comparatively still water to work in. Stones from one to twelve tons in weight were tipped into the cataract until finally a rubble mound appeared above the surface of the water. The first channel was successfully closed on May 17, 1899, the depth being about thirty feet and the velocity of current nearly fifteen miles an hour. In the case of another channel the closing had to be helped by tipping in freight cars, loaded with heavy stones and bound together with wire ropes, making a mass of about fifty tons to resist displacement by the torrent.

These rubble dams were well tested when the high flood ran over them; and when work was resumed in the following November, on the fall of the river, watertight sandbag dams or sudds were made around the site of the dam foundation in the still waters above the rubble dams, and pumps were fixed to lay dry most of the river. This was the exciting moment, for no one could predict whether the thing could be done. Twenty-four 12-inch centrifugal pumps were provided to deal with one small channel; but happily the sandbags and gravel and sand embankments staunched the fissures in the rocks and interstices between the great boulders covering the bottom of this channel, and a couple of 12-inch pumps sufficed.

There was great pressure at times to get a section completed before the inevitable rise of the Nile, and as much as 3,600 tons of masonry were executed in one day, chiefly at one point in the dam. The maximum number of men employed was 11,000, of whom 1,000 were European masons and other skilled men.

When the International Commission in 1894 recommended the construction of the reservoir, Sir Benjamin Baker was desirous of knowing what would be the opinion of a real old-fashioned native land-owner. He was introduced to one—a descendant of the prophet, very rich, who had been twice warned by the government that he would probably be hanged if the bodies of any more of his servants with whom he had quarreled were found floating in the Nile. He was a very stout old man, and, between paroxysms of bronchial coughing, he assured Sir Benjamin that there could be nothing in the project of a Nile reservoir, or it would have been built at least 4,000 years ago. In striking contrast to this, Sir Benjamin quotes the most modern and enlightened of all the rulers of Egypt, the present Khedive, who, when visiting the dam, said that he was proud that the great work was being caried out during his reign.

*Courtesy of The World's Work*

GENERAL VIEW OF THE DAM

# Hakadah's First Offering

## By Charles A. Eastman

This tale is taken from Mr. Eastman's recital of his boyhood.* Mr. Eastman is a full-blooded Sioux Indian.

"Hakadah, coowah!" was the sonorous call that came from a large tepee in the midst of the Indian encampment. In answer to the summons there emerged from the woods, which were only a few steps away, a boy, accompanied by a splendid black dog. There was little in the appearance of the little fellow to distinguish him from the other Sioux boys. He hastened to the tent from which he had been summoned, carrying in his hands a bow and arrows gorgeously painted, while the small birds and squirrels that he had killed with these weapons dangled from his belt.

Within the tent sat two old women, one on each side of the fire. Uncheedah was the boy's grandmother, who had brought up the motherless child. Wahchewin was only a caller, but she had been invited to remain and assist in the first personal offering of Hakadah to the "Great Mystery."

This was a matter which had, for several days, pretty much monopolized Uncheedah's mind. It was her custom to see to this when each of her children attained the age of eight summers. They had all been celebrated as warriors and hunters among their tribe, and she had not hesitated to claim for herself a good share of the honors they had achieved, because she had brought them early to the notice of the "Great Mystery."

She believed that her influence had helped to regulate and develop the characters of her sons to the height of savage nobility and strength of manhood.

It had been whispered through the tepee village that Uncheedah intended to give a feast in honor of her grandchild's first sacrificial offering. This was mere speculation, however, for the clear-sighted old woman had determined to keep this part of the matter secret until the offering should be completed, believing that the "Great Mystery" should be met in silence and dignity.

The boy came rushing into the lodge followed by his dog Ohitika, who was wagging his tail promiscuously, as if to say: "Master and I are really hunters!"

Hakadah breathlessly gave a descriptive narrative of the killing of each bird and squirrel as he pulled them off his belt and threw them before his grandmother.

"This blunt-headed arrow," said he, "actually had eyes this morning. Before the squirrel can dodge around the tree it strikes him in the head, and, as he falls to the ground, my Ohitika is upon him."

He knelt upon one knee as he talked, his black eyes shining like evening stars.

"Sit down here," said Uncheedah to the boy; "I have something to say to you. You see that you are now almost a man. Observe the game you have brought me! It will not be long before you will leave me, for a warrior must seek opportunities to make him great among his people.

"You must endeavor to equal your fathe-

* Indian Boyhood. Charles A. Eastman. N. Y. McClure Phillips & Co. Copyright 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

and grandfather," she went on. "They were warriors and feast-makers. But it is not the poor hunter who makes many feasts. Do you not remember the 'Legend of the Feast-Maker,' who gave forty feasts in twelve moons? And have you forgotten the story of the warrior who sought the will of the Great Mystery? To day you will make your first offering to him."

The concluding sentence fairly dilated the eyes of the young hunter, for he felt that a great event was about to occur, in which he would be the principal actor. But Uncheedah resumed her speech.

"You must give up one of your belongings —whichever is dearest to you—for this is to be a sacrificial offering."

This somewhat confused the boy; not that he was selfish, but rather uncertain as to what would be the most appropriate thing to give. Then, too, he supposed that his grandmother referred to his ornaments and playthings only. So he volunteered:

"I can give up my best bow and arrows, and all the paints I have, and—and my bear's claws necklace, grandmother!"

"Are these the dearest things to you?" she demanded.

"Not the bow and arrows, but the paints will be very hard to get, for there are no white people near; and the necklace—it is not easy to get one like it again. I will also give up my otter-skin head-dress, if you think that is not enough."

"But think, my boy, you have not yet mentioned the thing that will be a pleasant offering to the Great Mystery."

The boy looked into the woman's face with a puzzled expression.

"I have nothing else as good as those things I have named, grandmother, unless it is my spotted pony; and I am sure that the Great Mystery will not require a little boy to make him so large a gift. Besides, my uncle gave three otter-skins and five eagle-feathers for him, and I promised to keep him a long while, if the Blackfeet or the Crows do not steal him."

Uncheedah was not fully satisfied with the boy's free offerings. Perhaps it had not occurred to him what she really wanted. But Uncheedah knew where his affection was vested. His faithful dog, his pet and companion—Hakadah was almost inseparable from the loving beast.

She was sure that it would be difficult to obtain his consent to sacrifice the animal, but she ventured upon a final appeal.

"You must remember," she said, "that in this offering you will call upon him who looks at you from every creation. In the wind you hear him whisper to you. He gives his war-whoop in the thunder. He watches you by day with his eye, the sun; at night, he gazes upon your sleeping countenance through the moon. In short, it is the Mystery of Mysteries, who controls all things, to whom you will make your first offering. By this act, you will ask him to grant to you what he has granted to few men. I know you wish to be a great warrior and hunter. I am not prepared to see my Hakadah show any cowardice, for the love of possessions is a woman's trait and not a brave's."

During this speech, the boy had been completely aroused to the spirit of manliness, and in his excitement was willing to give up anything he had—even his pony! But he was unmindful of his friend and companion, Ohitika, the dog! So scarcely had Uncheedah finished speaking, when he almost shouted:

"Grandmother, I will give up any of my possessions for the offering to the Great Mystery! You may select what you think will be most pleasant to Him."

There were two silent spectators of this little dialogue. One was Wahchewin; the other was Ohitika. The woman had been invited to stay, although only a neighbor. The dog, by force of habit, had taken up his usual position by the side of his master when they entered the tepee. Without moving a muscle, save those those of his eyes, he had been a very close observer of what passed.

Had the dog but moved once to attract the

attention of his little friend, he might have been dissuaded from that impetuous exclamation: "Grandmother, I will give up any of my possessions!"

It was hard for Uncheedah to tell the boy that he must part with his dog, but she was equal to the situation.

"Hakadah," she proceeded cautiously, "you are a young brave. I know, though young, your heart is strong and your courage is great. You will be pleased to give up the dearest thing you have for your first offering. You must give up Ohitika. He is brave; and you, too, are brave. He will not fear death; you will bear his loss bravely. Come—here are four bundles of paints and a filled pipe—let us go to the place."

When the last words were uttered, Hakadah did not seem to hear them. He was simply unable to speak. To a civilized eye, he would have appeared at that moment like a little copper statue. His bright black eyes were fast melting in floods of tears, when he caught his grandmother's eye and recollected her oft-repeated adage: "Tears for woman and the war-whoop for man to drown sorrow."

He swallowed two or three big mouthfuls of heartache and the little warrior was master of the situation.

"Grandmother, my Brave will have to die! Let me tie together two of the prettiest tails of the squirrels that he and I killed this morning, to show to the Great Mystery what a hunter he has been. Let me paint him myself."

This request Uncheedah could not refuse, and she left the pair alone for a few minutes, while she went to ask Wacoota to execute Ohitika.

Every Indian boy knows that, when a warrior is about to meet death, he must sing a death dirge. Hakadah thought of his Ohitika as a person who would meet his death without a struggle, so he began to sing a dirge for him, at the same time hugging him tight to himself. As if he were a human being, he whispered in his ear:

"Be brave, my Ohitika! I shall remember you the first time I am upon the war-path in the Ojibway country."

At last he heard Uncheedah talking with a man outside tepee, so he quickly took up his the paints. Ohitika was a jet-black dog, with a silver tip on the end of his tail and on his nose, besides one white paw and a white star upon a protuberance between his ears. Hakadah knew that a man who prepares for death usually paints with red and black. Nature had partially provided Ohitika in this respect, so that only red was required, and this Hakadah supplied generously.

Then he took off a piece of red cloth and tied it around the dog's neck; to this he fastened two of the squirrel's tails and a wing from the oriole they had killed that morning.

Just then it occurred to him that good warriors always mourn for their departed friends, and the usual mourning was black paint. He loosened his black braided locks, ground a dead coal, mixed it with bear's oil and rubbed it on his entire face.

During this time every hole in the tent was occupied with an eye. Among the lookers-on was his grandmother. She was very near relenting. Had she not feared the wrath of the Great Mystery, she would have been happy to call out to the boy: "Keep your dear dog, my child!"

As it was, Hakadah came out of the teepee with his face looking like an eclipsed moon, leading his beautiful dog, who was even handsomer than ever with the red touches on his specks of white.

It was now Uncheedah's turn to struggle with the storm and burden in her soul. But the boy was emboldened by the people's admiration of his bravery, and did not shed a tear. As soon as she was able to speak, the loving grandmother said:

"No, my young brave, not so! You must not mourn for your first offering. Wash your face and then we will go."

The boy obeyed, submitted Ohitika to Wacoota with a smile, and walked off with his grandmother and Wahchewin.

They followed a well-beaten foot-path leading along the bank of the Assiniboine river, through a beautiful grove of oak, and finally around and under a very high cliff. The murmuring of the river came up from just below. On the opposite side was a perpendicular white cliff, from which extended back a gradual slope of land, clothed with the majestic mountain oak. The scene was impressive and wild

Wahchewin had paused without a word when the little party reached the edge of the cliff. It had been arranged between her and Uncheedah that she should wait there for Wacoota, who was to bring as far as that the portion of the offering with which he had been entrusted.

The boy and his grandmother descended the bank, following a tortuous foot-path until they reached the water's edge. Then they proceeded to the mouth of an immense cave, some fifty feet above the river under the cliff. A little stream of limpid water trickled down from a spring within the cave. The little water course served as a sort of natural staircase for the visitors. A cool, pleasant atmosphere exhaled from the mouth of the cavern. Really it was a shrine of nature, and it is not strange that it was so regarded by the tribe.

A feeling of awe and reverence came to the boy. "It is the home of the Great Mystery," he thought to himself; and the impressiveness of his surroundings made him forget his sorrow.

Very soon Wahchewin came with some difficulty to the steps. She placed the body of Ohitika upon the ground in a lifelike position and again left the two alone.

As soon as she disappeared from view, Uncheedah, with all solemnity and reverence, unfastened the leather strings that held the four small bundles of paints and one of tobacco, while the filled pipe was laid beside the dead Ohitika.

She scattered paints and tobacco all about. Again they stood a few minutes silently; then she drew a deep breath and began her prayer to the Great Mystery:

"O, Great Mystery, we hear thy voice in the rushing waters below us! We hear thy whisper in the great oaks above! Our spirits are refreshed with thy breath from within this cave! O, hear our prayer! Behold this little boy and bless him! Make him a warrior and a hunter as great as thou didst make his father and grandfather."

And with this prayer the little warrior had completed his first offering.

# The Man of the Past

## By E. Kay Robinson*

Science has not yet thrown her searchlights to the uttermost horizon of that misty landscape, and mortal vision still has limits which prevent us from seeing what the ancestor of humanity was like before he became an entity. Even the outlines of his earliest being within our scientific ken are a trifle blurred and indistinct. We must therefore be content with the general assurance that the original man, the ancestor of the human race, was what would in modern language be loosely described as a microscopic dab of mud.

Now let us return to our ancestor, the prehistoric dab of mud which retrospective vision dimly discerns seated on the surface of an as yet inchoate world.

What constituted this prehistoric particle of matter, our penultimate parent, so far as our present family knowledge extends? Not having one to place upon the field of Professor Ptthmllnsprts') microscope, we cannot dogmatize upon its constituent elements; but, leaving this to the professors of the future, we may be content with knowing, from our acquaintance with the general law of attraction, that a particle of homogeneous matter large enough to be retained in the meshes of a commonplace mind must be composed of minor atoms sticking together.

How tightly they adhered does not matter either; the fact that they adhered is sufficient, because it means that they showed life, and with the commencement of life commenced their struggle for continued and improved existence, and their upward march toward the top-hatted and kid-gloved style now affected by their descendants.

Viewed across so vast a stretch of time, with its innumerable milestones graduating almost to invisible infinity, the progress our ancestors had so far made may not appear extensive. But the first step of the journey is the most important; they had made a start and in the right direction. They had individualized themselves among the surrounding slime, and had acquired a new status and new power. One step necessitates another, and the position of

*The Nineteenth Century.

our ancestors, in the surface of the slough which the world of the past resembled, subjected them to the inevitable process of knocking against other things and each other whenever natural movements agitated their surrounding slime. In such conditions it was inevitable that they should, like pebbles upon a wave-washed beach, tend to assume a rounded or oval outline; and with the conservatism that is the marked characteristic of the animal and vegetable kingdom this early shape of our common ancestors is retained in the beginning of all life, as in the eggs of birds, reptiles and insects, and the seeds of plants. The first triumph, then, of our ancestors was to be able to maintain their position at the top of things, generally by their superior size and what we may call in a prophetic sense their agility, and the second was the accidental acquisition of an oval shape, which enabled them to survive the buffetings of their neighbors. But if they imagined that the struggle for existence was finally decided by those two achievements, the subsequent experiences of us, their descendants, show how vastly they were mistaken. In what way, then, did this struggle for existence next spur them on to self-improvement? It is obvious that those were most favorably circumstanced who possessed, in addition to relative size and regularity of outline, a special power of cohesion beyond the ordinary attraction of matter to matter. The various forms and degrees of special attraction may, therefore, be described as affinity; and our ancestors certainly belonged to that section of the upper classes of the upper past whose constituent parts possessed marked affinity for each other. A particle otherwise composed would have within it a force constantly tending to disruption, and in the long run this tendency to decomposition would prove a decisive disadvantage in the struggle for existence. And among the survivors new subtle distinctions were soon observable—just as among their successors of the present day there is always an élite of the élite owing to the birth of the discriminating faculty. In proportion to the affinity of the elements composing these early beings would be their position in its substance. Those which were the more strongly attracted would be drawn to the center; those less privileged would stand in a ring outside, getting as near the center as they could; the unattractive detrimentals would be severely dropped. Thus each of our ancestors was, as one of their wise descendants has discovered of modern man, a microcosm in himself, with satellites in their orbits round his center. And even as suitable atoms came within the radius of his attraction they took their proper place, and the larger he grew the more attractive he seemed and the ring of outsiders grew closer. Thus, although to the eye of fact our ancestor was still scarcely, if at all, distinguishable from the slime in which he continued to reside, he had made a great stride up the ladder of evolution. He had mastered the secret of assimilation and of growth.

The faculty which next calls for notice, though all matter had possessed it from the first: is that of motion. Everything which was attracted to anything else moved toward it; but our ancestor belonged to that fortunate class of beings whose complex attractions were so evenly balanced that he was always drawn whither it was advantageous to be. He was neither too earthly, nor too spiritual, in his affinities: he was a man of the world, and as such kept himself always in evidence. When the sun rose in the heavens he rose toward it and appeared in public; when the sun set he consoled himself during the hours of darkness with less distinguished society, and, descending to the lower strata of the upper life of the period, often found himself at night in company of which he would have been ashamed in daylight had he possessed the faculty of shame. Besides his affinity to earth and sun, our ancestor owned allegiance to the moon—which appears to have had the greatest influence upon his career, and to be directly resposible for the achievements of many men of science, as will be hereafter shown—and also to other things. As he attracted attractive particles to his inside, so was he drawn in the direction where attractive particles were thickest. Thus early was developed that faculty of mankind during social entertainment to cluster round the bars and supper tables. Oh! man was getting on! And here it is to be observed that the attraction, we may call it the yearning, of our ancestor for his food proceeded directly from his inside—that is to say, the central part of him, which had the strongest attraction for the stuff he wanted, was the part which drew him toward it. We, his superior descendants, have a brain which polices our actions, and we do not reach after a sandwich with our stomachs. But we need not be proud. Our relatives, the amœba and the star-fish and others, do this thing still, and the habit is one to which we owe much. In defaults of organs of prehension, mastication, and so on, it was something for our

ancestor to be able to reach out, as it were, with something for his dinner. Not that, in all probability, he greedily extruded his simple internal arrangements. It sufficed if their tendency was to gravitate toward that margin of his ovoid person near which the food was situated. The rest was simple, for the outer ring-rind (or skin we might call it nowadays) of semi-attractive atoms with which he had clothed himself had no such cohesion as to refuse admittance to a favored morsel. It was against our first parent's claim to very high rank, as rank goes in modern times, that he took in his food at any part of his person; but here, again, the amœba—what evolutionists would have done without the amœba I cannot say—comes to our rescue. The amœba does it, unblushingly, in the glare of this so-called twentieth century.

And here we come to the penultimate triumph of life; namely, the faculty of reproduction. Hitherto the life of the individual was indefinite. The influence of the sun was necessary to produce that equipoise of conflicting attractions—the earliest "balance of power" known in mundane politics—which enabled our honest ancestor to hold his own among others, as may be seen from the diurnal rotation of our elementary functions. The influence of the moon had much to say in the matter also: witness the lunar periods in the life of many animals. And that we are of the earth, earthy, goes without saying: else we would not be glued to it by our feet all our lives. Those creatures survived (our ancestor among the number) who were able to accommodate themselves to the changing conditions created by these conflicting influences. I am inclined to believe that it was at the close of an unusually hot day in spring that he got left high and dry above the high-water mark of the period. Not very dry, because everything, including the air, was wet in those days, but still out of his element rather. And it is always this factor of novel, and apparently unsuitable, environment which has brought out the highest qualities of the human race. The achievement of our ancestor, who was left high and damp by a retiring spring tide, throws the conquest of India and the administration of Ceylon into the shade. He invented reproduction. Let us think what this means. Hitherto the life of a species, or a genus, or a kingdom, had been the life of the individual. It did not matter how cleverly our ancestor or any of the other persons who might have become the ancestors of beings totally different from ourselves adapted themselves to their surroundings: without reproduction, the world would have been filled only with the original individuals who were once microscopic dabs of mud. All that was needed for everlasting existence was the faculty of adaptation to the various forces of attraction.

Well, our ancestor might have had the good, or bad, luck to find himself so adapted to surrounding circumstances that he continued to expand and grow, swallowing everything he had a mind to, until his slimy, shapeless bulk covered what we call continents and oceans, and became in a size a worthy rival of the air and the water, and an example to the various minerals cramped down below in their restricted areas. But in that case he would not have been our ancestor, because it was only owing to the fact that he met with an accident in being cast up beyond the reach of ordinary tides that he was compelled to invent reproduction. He may not have seemed happy at first. The air scoffingly passed over his surface and dried his skin: but he took what he wanted, all the same, from the air as it passed. His more fluid portions displayed an unworthy inclination to sink into the ground, but he got something out of the ground, too. And when the sun rose next morning, it shone upon something just a little different from anything which it had seen before. Shriveled somewhat, and as deplorable as a stranded jelly-fish, our ancestor boldly met the gaze of the sun, and he took what he wanted from the sunlight. So the day passed and the night, and other days and nights to follow, until another high tide came at the full moon and washed over our parent once more. And what happened then? During his long rest between high-water marks he had got stuck too tightly to the ground to leave it again. Some of him had indeed sunk into crevices between the particles of the soil—a habit which the roots of the vegetable kingdom have inherited and improved upon—and held him where he was. But the bulk of him strove to loyally obey the old impulse that used to draw him upward to the sunlight when he was what naturalists would call a free-swimming embryo of his present self. The attraction of food was strong upon him also, and the moon that drew up the tides strained him, too, toward her. Thus for the first time in his life he felt, as Britain felt when the American colonies claimed the right to independence, that he must part with a portion of himself. It stretched upward, and the bond that held

them together grew thinner and weaker. His rind—may I call it "skin?"—assumed an elongated shape, with an hour-glass constriction between the part which held to the earth and the part that would float through the water. At last, with a wrench almost like that of dissolution, it parted; and a fragment of him, small, globular, and free, as once he was himself, rose upward to the sunlight or to bask in the moon's rays. It is unfortunate that we cannot decide which was the attraction; but from the lunar periods connected with reproduction, I am inclined to think that the moon was the governing influence. At any rate, what was left of our ancestor settled down again, contentedly, for he had borne a son. Nor was that the only one. The changing seasons brought him new opportunities of growth, and at favorable periods he cast off in the same way other fragments of himself; and continued doing so to a very great age, until perhaps his great-great-great and so on grandchildren who had risen in the world would have been ashamed to recognize the simple old fellow, with no organs and no specialized functions whatever, as their ancestor. We are not so proud. But our concern is with our ancestor and his progeny only. These might not have survived, and quite a different being to myself might now be speculating upon the origin of the world's inhabitants but for the fact that our ancestor's children proved themselves to be true chips of the old block. He had invented "reproduction"; they responded with "heredity."

All this while insensible variations were being introduced into this hereditary type. Infinitely small departures by accident from the original were found to give new generations the slight determining advantage which decides the struggle for existence: and of these two ultimately survived. One was a type of creature which attracted within itself such elements as were needed for the sustenance of life through infinitely small apertures or pores in its skin, and the other, the bolder type, which drew within it by the same force of attraction other entire creatures, subsequently separating the desired elements from those which were not required.

The first type became the parent of all vegetables, which draw their sustenance in microscopic solution from earth, water, air, or decomposed organisms; and from the second type originated the animal world, which captures its food in the shape of other organized beings, animal or vegetable, and assimilates the parts required for sustenance, rejecting the residuum. With the first type we have no concern here save to notice that it has proved to the advantage of this class to remain usually in a fixed position, in the shape of trees and seaweeds, which draw nourishment from their surroundings, being content with very modest arrangements for the mobility of their offspring, in the shape of spores or seeds.

The second type of creature—the ancestor of the animal kingdom—preferred the life of motion. Some, indeed, as corals or sea anemones, retain the stationary habit, and many molluscs attach themselves to fixed spots: but the habit of living upon organic creatures, while it materially assisted development, necessitated in most cases free motion, either to fresh fields and new pastures or to happier hunting grounds when the old ones were exhausted. And the development of the higher classes of the animal kingdom depended entirely upon the habit of locomotion adopted. They all started from the common accidental device of excrescences protruding beyond the outline of the body, against which floating bodies lodged and were thence absorbed: but in one type the tendency was developed to produce these excrescences impartially on all sides of the body, thus producing ultimately radiate creatures like starfish and polypi, while another type had the advantage, as it has proved, of acquiring the habit of annexing its food "end on," so to speak. As ages passed innumerable variations of this type were doubtless produced, but it seems that, again, two only survived. One of these attained mobility and safety—for at a very early period those only began to survive who could protect themselves against the absorptive faculties of their neighbors—in a jointed and hardened integument; while the other type had the joints and the stiffening inside. From the former type have descended all such creatures as worms, woodlice, lobsters, and insects; and with these we have no further concern. Our ancestor belonged to the other type; for he was undoubtedly a person with his stiffening inside, else what should we be doing for backbones? He still lived in the shallows of the vast sea, propelling himself through the water by the waggling of his body; but as ages passed, one member of the family acquired the habit of scrambling over the mud by means of projections, which in succeeding generations were improved into rudimentary limbs, stiffened by lateral prolongations of the stiffening inside. That is why our legs and arms are jointed to our backbones.

At every subsequent parting of the branches of the genealogical tree of humanity we can see how by chance our ancestors always had forced upon them that which was the best for the future. But the highest evolution arises from the successful negotiation of the greatest obstacles; as we may see in the superiority of our hardy Northern races, who have always been compelled to labor in order to live, over the uncivilized inhabitants of luxuriant regions where the problem of livelihood presents no difficulties. So long as monkeys can live like monkeys they will remain monkeys; but the hard struggle for existence may teach them, too, as it has taught us, to acquire new powers in order to escape extinction, and then they will cease to be monkeys, though they will not be men. They parted company from us at the last corner in our difficult journey, and there are no short-cuts to recover lost ground in evolution. And we cannot help feeling sorry for the monkeys, because it really seems as if this particular turning was the only one of real importance since our common ancestor elected by accident to have his stiffening inside instead of outside. Between the eating, fighting, and love-making of the crocodile, the eagle, the lion, or the whale, and that of the monkey, there does not seem much difference; and what other joy in life has he which they have not? He has, in fact, gained nothing by belonging to our branch of the family when we discarded our tails as means of locomotion; retained our four limbs for the purpose of running on the ground instead of flapping two of them like birds; and learned to use our toes for the purpose of grasping. The originator of the monkey family may indeed have considered, if he thought about the matter at all, that our ancestor was much to be pitied when he began to abandon the use of his hind toes in this way, for the greater convenience of a flat foot in running or walking. And no doubt the abandonment was quite involuntary on our part. It may be that our ancestor was driven forth to find his living in a treeless land, where he acquired the habit of running hungrily after the prey on which he was forced to subsist, in place of fruit plucked without effort in the primeval forests. Perhaps it was in some such chase that—possibly in a fit of anger such as balked monkeys fall into—he seized his first missile and flung it, with the happiest effect, at his escaping dinner. Hence the art of hunting and the use of weapons. And familiarity with the weapon in time suggested its use as a tool—the earliest application of the tool being doubtless analogous to carving-knife or hammer, to divide a slaughtered animal among the family, or to smash through the hard shell of turtle or mollusc. Speech was first evolved by the necessities of combination to guard against enemies: for an animal which had learned to use lethal weapons, missiles, and tools, ceased to be dependent upon either his personal agility or powerful teeth for the purpose of offense and defense. It was doubtless by combination that our ancestors excavated their cave fortress; and from the necessities of watch and ward, as well as the constant companionship within, arose the habit of speech, rising from mere signals to action, such as grunts of anger and cries of warning, to notes of encouragement, admonition, approval, and so on. Thence language would naturally develop in the direction of expressing domestic needs and wishes: then communal instructions and words of command, with expressions of assent, dissent, or criticism. Thus by degrees speech was built up, and by combined labor and the communication of ideas, man was enabled so to protect and perhaps to fortify his cave dwelling that the species acquired its characteristic of slow development. The young hare, brought forth in a tuft of grass, can see and run as soon as born. The young rabbit, born in a safe burrow, is blind and helpless for days. So cave-dwelling man acquired the habit, which he still possesses, of slower development from birth than any other creature, because in addition to the natural safety of his dwelling, he had learned the art of protecting it, by combination and distribution of work, against all enemies. The tool of utility he learned to use as an implement for the adornment of himself and his belongings. He scratched the outlines of the beasts he had slain upon the weapon that slew them; he decked himself and his mate in their spoils. His powerful canine teeth decreased, the useless hair upon his body disappeared, the multiplying problems of his many acquired habits developed his powers of thought; and when he strode forth from his cave and viewed the animal and vegetable world around him, he felt that he was their king. Forces mightier than himself he recognized in the wind and the thunder and the blazing sun. These he feared and called them superior beings: and, lest they should slay him in wrath some day, he strove to propitiate them. Thus arose religion, which, being gradually changed and softened by knowledge, has lost most of its terrifying aspects for civilized men.

# The Mystery of the Universe

## By F. Legge*

It is stated that a distinguished physicist once dreamed that he had discovered the mystery of the universe, and before he was thoroughly awake, jumped out of bed and wrote it down. Returning to bed he slept again till the morning only to find, on finally waking up, that he had written two lines of doggerel which could convey no meaning to anybody. It is certainly not by this method that Prof. Osborne Reynolds has approached the problem of which he announced the solution in the Rede Lecture delivered at Cambridge last June; for he tells us that his researches on the subject began twenty years ago, and his principal theory of dilatancy was demonstrated at the Royal Institution as far back as 1891. Yet when we consider how complete an inversion—to use his own phrase—of the popular conception of the universe his new discovery involves, it may well appear to us likely that it will be at least another twenty years before it becomes thinkable by the man in the street.

First, however, let us try to formulate to ourselves what the popular idea of the universe really is. I suppose most people would nowadays agree that the sun is the center of our system and that the earth is one of the eight planets which revolve round it, each spinning meanwhile on its own axis. Those of us whose acquaintance with the elementary ideas of physics goes a little further might be inclined to guess that the sun and the whole solar system in like manner revolve round one of the stars which we see on most fine nights in the year, which is sometimes stated to be Sirius and sometimes one of the stars of the Pleiades; while others, who have followed the controversies which have sprung up in the learned world during the last half century, may be acquainted with the theory that the space between us and the other stars, as well as the interstices between the molecules of terrestrial matter, is filled with a substance called "ether," which has been figured for us as an incompressible elastic jelly of almost inconceivable tenuity, the quivering of which produces light. But we have no sooner got those theories firmly in our heads than the unsolved problems begin to appear. If the earth revolves on its own axis and we are, therefore, as Prof. Reynolds reminds us, standing all our lives on a floor moving at the rate of twenty miles a second, how is it that we do not fall off? And if light, whether coming to us from the sun or from some artificial source like a candle, is only due to undulations in the ether, how comes it that it is reflected from polished surfaces and absorbed by rough ones? And if both these questions could be answered satisfactorily, how could we account for the existence of the phenomenon we call electricity, which, so far as we know, has no recognized place in the solar system at all, but which appears as if it were a fluid—which we are told on good authority it is not—flowing from some place and towards some place of the existence of which we have never yet been able to form even a conception? Such are only a few of the problems that Prof. Reynolds sets himself seriously to answer.

This he does by drawing our attention to a property of certain forms of matter which has hitherto received little attention and which he calls, as we have seen, dilatancy. If a sponge be filled with water—to take his fundamental experiment—and squeezed between two boards, water, as we can all see without repeating the process, will be squeezed out; but this is not true of all forms of matter. If the matter to be squeezed be what he calls granular, that is to say consisting of a number of rigid spheres in free contact with each other, as for instance in the case of a quantity of shot or sand enclosed in an india-rubber envelope, the effect of squeezing in contact with water will be that instead of the water being expelled, it will be drawn in. To put it in more general terms, granular matter "possesses the apparently paradoxical or anti-sponge property of swelling in bulk as its shape is altered."

From this Prof. Reynolds goes on to explain the different problems of the universe in terms

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which certainly involve, as he admits, a complete inversion of all our former ideas upon it. Let us imagine, he says in effect, the ether, which we are just beginning to think of as filling all otherwise unoccupied space, as being, not a jelly, but a mass of grains inconceivably small, but absolutely unconfined as to its boundary. We shall find, he tells us, that it will reproduce all the qualities of elasticity and incompressibility with which we have endowed the ether when we supposed it to be a jelly, with a density which may be if we please ten thousand times that of water. But how then can we think of matter, as we have hitherto called it, in distinction from the ether? It is quite possible to conceive that, although the constituents of any portion of matter may be constantly changing, its outward appearance may remain the same. Such a phenomenon presents itself when several billiard balls are arrayed on a table or, still better, suspended in a row and another is propelled rapidly on to one end of the group with the result that it adds itself to it, and causes one of those already there to be detached with equal rapidity from the other end. Hence we can think of the constituents of each group of matter as being in rapid motion among themselves at even the rate of twenty miles a second without causing it to lose its outward form, and this, if I read Prof. Reynolds rightly, is pretty much what is happening. But what then are the molecules or smallest constituents of matter? Merely, he says, waves in the medium which, although they may cohere, cannot pass through each other. To conceive this, he has to suppose that the medium is stationary and the molecules are moving with the velocity of the earth, "the grains," as he says, "within the surfaces being continuously replaced by other grains by the absorption of other grains in front, and the detachment of the original ones behind without any mean effect on the motion of the grains." Yet this seems to me to raise the further question: What causes the rotation of the earth? and to this I do not see that Prof. Reynolds's lecture affords an answer.

However that may be, if we once allow his premises, which he claims to have inductively verified and supports by experiments which I regret I cannot reproduce here, there seems to be no doubt that his conclusions follow from them logically enough. Gravitation is explained by him as being due to the variation of the inward strains "caused by curvature in the normal piling of the medium," and the explanation, although rugged from its brevity, seems to be sufficient. Electricity is in the same way accounted for as being due to the "effort to revert" of irregularly piled groups of grains, and the explanation has the additional advantage of disposing once and for all of the eternal question whether positive and negative electricity are two things or only different aspects of the same thing. By similar means, we get the explanation of light which is said, without apparently doing violence to Clerk-Maxwell's theory, to be the result of electric discharges "the recoil from which sets up a vibration in the medium which is exhausted in initiating waves of light and heat." Thus at one swoop we get rid of most of the principal problems that have hitherto vexed us in our attempts to form a rational conception of the universe.

Which things may be, and although most people have an instinctive distrust of keys which are said to unlock all doors, it is fair to say that one argument which Prof. Reynolds brings forward should appeal strongly to those who argue, as most of us do in such transcendent matters, by analogy. He began his lecture to the Royal Institution by reminding his hearers that Nature has hitherto appeared to act like the diplomatist in Poe's story of the Purloined Letter, who, knowing that strenuous attempts would be made to steal a particular document, left it exposed to view unsealed. All our great discoveries have come to us through means that have been lying, so to speak, under our noses since the beginning of time. The possibilities of the steam engine seem now to have been perfectly patent to everybody since the experiments of Hero of Alexandria, yet for nearly twenty centuries they remained unnoticed. So the first experiment in electricity was made, if legend can be trusted, by Thales of Miletus some five centuries B. C., but the second step in the matter was not taken until so recent a period that we are even now debating what electricity is, and whence it comes? Hence it is quite possible to suppose that the solution of this and other high problems has really been lying ready to our hands, and written, so to speak, in such common matters as sand and billiard balls until the insight of Prof. Reynolds has read it for us. And this may well be, although the "equal validity for all normally constituted minds," which is the ultimate aim of all scientific theories, is yet a long way off.

# A Side Light on American Greatness:
## Some of Our "Infant Industries"

The purpose of this compiled department is to give some idea of all the American industries. These are interesting in themselves and, moreover, in light of the renewed agitation upon the tariff question, they have a present importance. We mean therefore to give, from time to time as shall seem expedient, a résumé of these so-called "infant industries."

**PROGRESS IN MATERIAL INDUSTRIES.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**

A moving picture of conditions in the United States at decennial intervals from 1800 to 1850 and annually from 1850 to 1902 is presented in a monograph issued by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics entitled "Progress of the United States in Its Material Industries." This monograph consists of a series of tables showing area, population, wealth, debt, money in circulation, banks and bank clearings and depositors, farms and farm values, manufactures and their value, revenues, expenditures, imports, exports, railways and their business, the shipping industry, and many other features of national development, in the census years from 1800 to 1850 and annually from 1850 to 1902. The figures presented, regarding more than one hundred subjects, show an interesting, and in many cases a phenomenal, growth in the industries, finances, production and transportation of the country. The area has grown from 827,844 square miles in 1800 to 3,025,600 square miles in 1902, exclusive of Alaska and the islands belonging to the United States. The population per square mile, which was 3.6 in 1810, was 26.1 in 1902, notwithstanding the great increase in area meantime. The total wealth has grown from $7,000,000,000 in 1850 to an estimated $94,000,000,000 in 1900, and the per capita wealth from $307 in 1857 to $1,235 in 1900. In no feature has there been greater fluctuation perhaps than in the public debt and interest charge. In 1800 the public debt was $15 per capita; in 1840 it had fallen to 21 cents per capita; in 1852 it was $2.67 per capita; in 1861, before the beginning of the war, $2.74, and then mounted rapidly until it became $76.98 per capita in 1865, gradually falling again after the war to $38.27 in 1880, $14.22 in 1890, $12.64 in 1893, $13.60 in 1896, and $12.97 in 1902. The money in circulation amounted to $13.85 per capita in 1860, touched $20.57 during the period of paper currency near the close of the war, but again fell below the $20 mark until 1881, when it rose to $21.71 per capita. By 1892 it had reached $24.60 per capita; in 1896 it was $21.44, in 1900 $26.93, and in 1902 $28.40 per capita, the highest point that it has ever reached. Deposits in savings banks amounted to $1,138,576 in 1820, $6,973,304 in 1830, $43,431,130 in 1850, $149,277,504 in 1860, $549,874,358 in 1870, $819,106,973 in 1880, $1,524,844,506 in 1890, $1,810,597,023 in 1895, and $2,597,094,580 in 1901. Meantime the individual deposits in national banks had grown from $500,910,873 in 1865 to $3,111,690,196 in 1902.

The cause of these financial conditions above noted—the increase of currency, bank deposits, etc.—is found in other tables showing the development of farms, manufactures, and of the various industries. The number of farms increased from 1,449,073 in 1850 to 5,739,657 in 1900, the value of farms and farm property from $4,000,000,000 in 1850 to $20,000,000,000 in 1900, and the value of their product, which was not measured until 1870, grew from $1,958,000,000 in that year to $3,764,000,000 in 1900. The value of farm animals increased from $544,000,000 in 1850 to $2,981,000,000 in 1900. The value of the product of the manufacturing industries grew from $1,000,000,000 in 1850 to $13,000,000,000 in 1900, while the number of people employed therein grew from less than 1,000,000 in 1850 to 6,750,000 in 1900.

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**AMERICAN TOOLS IN ENGLAND..C. CHURCHILL..AM. MACHINIST**

The advent of American tools and machinery into Great Britain began as a business about the year 1865. Previous to that date a few tools had been imported by engineers who had visited America, had there seen tools that were suitable for some special work, and had purchased some for their individual needs, but no importer had brought the tools here for sale or had endeavored to introduce them as a commercial business.

The writer has been in England since 1862, having come here in charge of some special machinery for covering steel wire used in the manufacture of crinolines or hoop skirts, which

were worn so generally by the ladies at that period. In that connection certain tools were required, and not finding them on this side of the ocean, they had to be imported from the United States. The knowledge of such tools that the writer possessed led to the belief that a good market could be found here if they were introduced to the British engineers, and all of my time and efforts have since been devoted to that work.

The first tools thus introduced were American chucks made by the Cushman Chuck Company and E. Horton & Son Company. To these lines followed the Morse twist drills and, later on, the small tools of the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company and other makers. The introduction of such tools did not meet with much favor generally. In many places they were looked upon as an attempt to introduce "American rubbish," and provoked the taunt that we were "bringing coals to Newcastle."

The period following the American Civil War, when there was much unkind feeling toward the States, was especially trying, and made the task all the more difficult; consequently the business was at that time slow and almost discouraging, but persistent pushing and the fact that the goods were all that they were represented to be gradually overcame prejudice. The ten years first spent in that way showed sufficient advance to indicate the eventual success which is now familiar to all who are interested in tools. Having brought the small-tool business to a successful issue, we then began to introduce machine tools and to find a market for lathes, drills, planers, shapers, milling and grinding machines and other (special) machines. These tools met with a good deal of opposition from the workmen, who did not readily change from their old and fixed views of what a machine should be. The work of overcoming this opposition has not been light or easy, and, in fact, it is not yet entirely overcome, though there is so much less of it these days that, by contrast, if not otherwise, our task seems easy. As we look back upon the work now we see that steady progress has been made; a curious feature of the growth of the business being that, if we disregard the "hump" in the curve of our progress, caused by the bicycle boom of 1896–97 the curve is generally regular and steadily upward.

One of the first plants of American machine tools placed here was for the Gatling Gun Company, whose works were started in Birmingham in the year 1889, under the management of an American, and this plant, when in successful operation, began to attract the attention of other works, and opened the way for other plants. Seeing is believing, and many doubters who could not be otherwise convinced that good tools could come from America, nor, in fact, from anywhere else except from British workshops, were compelled to believe the evidence of their own eyes.

The great bicycle-making boom gave a fresh impetus to the demand, and the introduction of automatic machines which were previously working in America attracted the attention of all the new works. Orders for all kinds of American machine tools flowed in freely, and their successful working indicated to engineers generally that tools which were so valuable in that line must be equally good for engineering work, and from that date the demand has steadily increased, so that to-day the output of the American shops is recognized as the up-to-date equipment, and though there are, of course, still some who stoutly assert what they seem to regard as the necessary superiority of British-built machinery, there are many who think differently, and, on the whole, Americans tools are fairly treated, most of the difficulties that now arise in connection with their use here springing from the fact that what is known as the "shop practice" of the two countries still differs considerably, so that for what at first may appear to be the same work the requirements may be entirely different.

When the writer began to introduce American tools there was not a place in Great Britain where they were on sale. To-day the small tools can be found in the shop of nearly every dealer in Great Britain, and they and the machine tools as well meet with universal favor among users.

With the increased use of American machinery here, and the reflex influence such use has exerted, and still exerts, upon American design, it seems as though the shop practice of the two countries will eventually become more or less amalgamated, so to speak, and this will of course, tend toward a constantly better understanding.

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**IRON** ..... **NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT**

With the exception of a few scattering ships which are running on belated trips on the lower lakes, the season of navigation on the Great Lakes of North America is over. It has been

the heaviest ever known. Over 27,000,000 tons of iron ore have come out of the mines of the Lake Superior country and have been dumped on the docks of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan, by far the greater portion coming to Lake Erie. The story of this traffic has no parallel in the history of commerce. Taking this traffic in iron ore alone it is three times as great as the commerce of the Suez canal; and greater than the commerce of Suez and the port of New York put together. Every pound of it passes through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie where it is measured to the ounce. Were it not for the supervision of the government officials at Sault Ste. Marie there would be no measure of commerce whatever on the great lakes. Yet how essential it is that this commerce should be actually gauged and known. Twenty-seven million tons of iron ore. That is three-quarters of all the iron ore that is produced in the United States. The balance of the country produced last year 7,000,000 tons, making a grand total for the United States of 34,000,000 tons. It can therefore be seen how completely the Lake Superior region dominates in the production of iron ore. Indeed, Mr. James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway said in a recent address that were these mines of the Lake Superior country closed to-morrow industrial supremacy of the United States would be gone forever. It is their abundance, and the cheapness with which the ore may be transported to the furnaces, that has made the United States the great industrial nation that it is. They lie close to the shores of Lake Superior and have water carriage for early 1,000 miles. The ore is transported to the furnaces for less than one-tenth of a cent per ton per mile.

Since iron ore was discovered in the Lake Superior country 219,000,000 tons have been mined and sent to the furnaces. What these 219,000,000 tons have meant all men can see. They have lifted the United States from among the least to the greatest of the manufacturing nations. They have made her supreme in her position as the world's maker of iron and steel. Unquestionably in an industrial sense the greatest blessing that has ever been conferred upon this nation was the discovery of the iron deposits of the Lake Superior region.

Iron ore was discovered in the upper peninsula of Michigan in September, 1844, by William A. Burt and his party of surveyors, who were surveying the country for the purpose of running the township lines. Mr. Burt was well along in life, and was, indeed, a wonderful old character. He was the inventor of the solar compass, and also of the first typewriter that was ever designed. He did not, however, develop his typewriting machine. In running the township lines near what is now the city of Negaunee the magnetic needle in Burt's compass began to fluctuate wildly. The old man grew tremendously excited as the needle varied from the pole, and when it actually pointed due east he cried out: "Boys, look around and see what you can find."

The three pioneer mines of the wonderful Lake Superior country were the Jackson, the Cleveland and the Lake Superior. What they went through to develop this great country would fill volumes. They all had the idea that the peninsula was the place in which to make iron. They tried it. They built little forges and smelted the ore and converted it into blooms. Of course, it was all made from charcoal, there being no coal whatever in the peninsula. As charcoal iron is a superior grade of iron, and as the ores of Lake Superior are of better quality than any found elsewhere in the United States, this was really the best iron to be had anywhere. But the cost of making it was prodigious. Kilns had to be built and trees felled for the charcoal; the ore had to be mined and wheeled by human labor to the forge; then it had to be carted in wagons to the shore of the lake fourteen miles away; then it had to be piled in small schooners and taken to Sault Ste. Marie where it had to be unloaded and portaged around the rapids, there being no canal at that time; then it had to be loaded again on another vessel and sent to the lower lakes. When it reached Pittsburg, then as now, the iron center of the country, it had cost $200. As the ruling price of iron was at that time $70 per ton, it can be seen that the companies lost money fast. In fact, the making of iron in the peninsula, or rather the attempt to make it, bankrupted all those who attempted it. About 1852 it began to dawn upon the iron companies that the real business of the peninsula was the shipping of iron ore and not the manufacture of iron. The first to reach that conclusion was the Cleveland Iron Mining Company, and it proceeded forthwith to enlist the support of the other companies in the construction of a plank road from the mines to the lake, a distance, as stated, of fourteen miles. When the plank was finished strap rails were placed upon it and the shipment of ore began. The

cars held four tons each and were hauled by horses. The grades in the road were frightful, and frequently the cars ran away, mangling the horses fearfully and finally leaving the track. As a matter of historical significance it may be noted that the first ore to leave the peninsula was shipped by the Cleveland Iron Mining Company to the Sharon Iron Company, Sharon, Pa., in 1853. It consisted of 150 tons and was the first Lake Superior ore ever to be used in a blast furnace. It was the success in smelting this ore that led the companies to build the plank road. It was quickly seen, however, that the plank road would never do, and arrangements were made to construct a steam railway to the mines. Meanwhile Congress had undertaken to assist in the construction of a canal at Sault Ste. Marie. The canal was finished in June, 1855, and the steam railway in August, 1855, or two months later. The first company to utilize the canal for the shipment of ore was the Cleveland Iron Mining Company, which sent a cargo through in August, 1855. Altogether there passed through the canal in that year 1,449 tons of ore, every pound of which was sent by the Cleveland company. The little railway had only two little locomotives on it, the Sebastapol and the Norkersley, and they were pitiful little affairs.

This commerce has grown steadily since, but it is only within the past decade that it has advanced by such leaps and bounds. In fact, the early years of the Lake Superior country were years of hardship and struggle. None of the companies declared a dividend for over ten years. The opening up of the new country was very difficult, which is almost impossible to realize in these days, when money and modern methods can conquer with ridiculous ease almost any problem that may be presented. In 1856 the ore shipped reached a total of 36,343 tons, and it continued to increase steadily until the war broke out in 1861, when it fell off. It is a significant fact that even as late as 1880 the total shipments were under 2,000,000 tons per annum, and even as late as 1896 they had only reached 9,000,000 tons per annum. It is within the past six years that the enormous development has taken place in this region. The great increase has been due to the discovery of the great Mesabi range in Minnesota, which was stumbled upon in 1892 and has 1,000,000,000 tons of ore in sight. The ore lies loose like dust in enormous piles on this range and can be shoveled like dirt upon the cars. It is the most wonderful deposit known anywhere on earth, and is largely the property of the United States Steel Corporation. More ore has, therefore, been shipped from the Lake Superior mines during the present year than was shipped from 1855 (when Sault Ste. Marie canal was first opened) until 1884, inclusive. During the first thirty years a total of 26,000,000 tons were shipped; this year 27,000,000 tons were shipped. What picture of material development could be more powerful than this? Of these 27,000,000 tons the United States Steel Corporation contributed about 17,500,000 tons, showing how completely it dominates the iron industry of the United States.

Out of these ores have come the glistening rails that span the continent from ocean to ocean, the great office structures that adorn every city, the proud fleets of steamers on the lake, the plows, the reapers, the harvesters and binders, the warships and their ordnance, the thousands of locomotives that annihilate the magnificent distances of the continent, and the innumerable things of which iron is the base. Without these deposits the United States would be industrially spineless.

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**THE COAL SUPPLY ..... NEW YORK HERALD**

Coal is king of our industries, as the coal famine has demonstrated. It supplies light and heat, from the little gas stove in the working girl's attic room to the big furnaces under the boilers of a big ocean liner. An eminent authority on coal is Mr. Frederick E. Seward, editor of the Coal Trade Journal. For thirty years he has been quoted by operators, miners, and the press. Regarding the coal supply of the future Mr. Seward says:

"Lord Kelvin says the coal supplies of the world will be exhausted in four hundred years. His figures are based on the consumption of coal in the wasteful fashion of the past; but, even without reform in this respect, I estimate that the anthracite coal supply of Pennsylvania alone will last for one hundred and fifty years, and the bituminous coal of the country will certainly last ten times as long, or fifteen centuries.

"With the economical methods of using coal that will be introduced, the life of the coal supply can be prolonged at least an extra century. The bituminous resources of the country are far beyond those of the rest of the world. We are really but scratching the surface of the coal deposits in our search for fuel, using up the coal that is found above water level in large seams and which can be mined at low cost.

"As soon as the effects of the coal strike are over we shall be producing more fuel than ever, supplying coal to foreign countries whose available supply is very much less than ours. West Virginia alone has more bituminous coal than Great Britain. Then there are the other Southern States yielding coal, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama having vast deposits that have scarcely been touched.

"A great change has come over the coal outlook. Every railroad in the country is now prospecting for new coal mines, not only to supply their own demands, but to ship abroad and supply the trade generally. The total annual output of coal in the world is figured at about 840,000,000 net tons and the quantity to be credited to the United States is about 288,900,000 net tons, while Great Britain is put down for 246,000,000 net tons, and Germany for about 155,000,000, with none of the other countries sending out more than 50,000,000 tons annually.

"The total American output of anthracite, as reported by the mine inspectors last year, was 58,819,626 tons, of which 53,568,601 were shipped to market.

"The total bituminous coal distribution of the United States is as follows: Shipments, 173,265,272; local, 7,870,592; at mines, 3,743,097; coke, 27,634,951. Pennsylvania anthracite: Shipment, 50,709,816; local, 1,208,450; at mines, 5,449,649. Grand total net tons of 2,000 pounds each: Shipment, 223,975,088; local, 9,079,042; at mines, 9,192,746; coke, 27,634,951.

"All this immense growth in coal production has been the result of developing the mines during a period of about fifty years. I remember that forty years ago the total coal output of the country was only about twenty million tons annually. Now it is nearly three hundred million tons annually.

"Bituminous coal in the United States forms the largest tonnage, but its production is spread over a wider territory than the anthracite. West Viriginia will soon reach second place as a coal-producing State, for everywhere there has been a largely increased production. In all the mines of the Central States the output has increased, and even in the far West the coal trade is expanding. Wyoming, Montana and Utah, and particularly Colorado, are increasing their tonnages from year to year. A remarkable feature of the trade has been the expansion of the export trade."

**EXTENT OF THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY .... AMERICAN EXPORTER**

The report just issued by the United States Goverment upon the condition of the electrical industry of this country has awakened widespread interest. Electricity, perhaps, of all the forces in mechanics, is looked on as being the greatest. In 1880 and 1890 the figures of electrical manufacturing were loosely collated, without any attempt to give precision beyond the round totals; but it was recognized that the growth in the art during the last ten years called for a more respectful and elaborate treatment. Aside from inquiries into electrical manufacturing, the census office has hitherto attempted little in the electrical field. A cursory investigation of telephones was made in 1880, and in 1890 there was an interesting study of street railways as well as a report on electric lighting in the State of New York; but for telegraphy in late years the telegraph companies have had to be looked to for details. The permanent census office, as now constituted, is able to prosecute inquiries into all these fields.

In the returns it is shown that 580 establishments in the United States, with a capital of $83,130,943, some 5,000 officers and 40,890 wage-earners, produced apparatus and supplies in 1900 valued at $91,348,889. There were, however, reports considered from 132 other establishments, making apparatus of an electrical character as part of their business, and, all told, these 712 concerns turned out product to the value of $104,738,719. Nor was this in reality the limit, for it is pointed out in the report that many companies, within and outside the electrical field, build a great deal of their own apparatus for themselves, but not for sale. No account, moreover, is taken of electric launches, automobiles or locomotives, these being accounted for in the respective branches of ship building, carriage building and locomotive building; while they would obviously include and duplicate some apparatus already reported otherwise by electrical manufacturers. There is also no inclusion of any electrochemical or electrometallurgical products, although well-nigh all our copper is refined electrically, and all our aluminum, carborundum, calcium, carbide, etc., is the product of electricity.

The activity revealed by this report in electrical production has not fallen off in the last two years, but has been maintained and intensified. An average increase of 20 per cent. each year would bring the total output for 1902 up to about $150,000,000. The largest

concerns have enjoyed a bigger increase. The American people are spending at least as much on electricity as on daily bread, and it would not be easy to find any one fact more typical of the temperament and progressiveness of the nation.

While electrical manufacturing is shown to be chiefly concentrated in some six Eastern and two Middle or Western States, the industry is fairly widespread, its data being furnished by no fewer than nineteen States. It is a little surprising to see Pennsylvania head the list of States, with a total of nearly 21,000,000, but New York had nearly 18,000,000, and Illinois nearly 12,000,000. It is hard to tell just what conditions determine locality for the plants, but three causes seem to be influential, viz., nearness of steel and iron; cheapness of lumber, and abundance of skilled labor. One point which emerges is the tremendous increase in the production of electric motors and their use in general manufacturing. But, after all, such motors are still only 4 per cent. of the power employed in the manufacturing industries of the country. It had seemed to reach a good deal more than that, but there are many outlets for motors.

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**BUTTON MAKING.....WORCESTER SPY**

The use of hooks and eyes and various devices for fastening clothing still leaves great demand for buttons, the making of which in the United States has been a sufficient industry to give it place in the census reports, beginning with the Third Census. It was not, however, until the Twelfth or last census that the industry was treated in a special report. In the ten years ending in 1900 an important development had taken place in button making, owing to the discovery that vast quantities of mussel shells in the Mississippi River, formerly considered of no value, could be turned into shell pearl buttons. So valuable are the shells for button making that a new and important manufacture has sprung up in Illinois and Iowa.

There were, in 1900, 238 button making establishments in the United States, representing a capital of $4,212,568, which includes the value of land, buildings, machinery, tools and implements and live capital utilized, but not the capital stock. The value of the product was $7,695,910, and the amount of wages paid was $2,826,238, exclusive of the salaries of officials and clerks.

Button making, as a recognized industry, is not so very old, dating back only to the reign of Elizabeth. The first button establishment in this country is supposed to have been founded in Philadelphia prior to 1750. Brass was the material used then. Late in the century another factory was started in Philadelphia where wooden buttons were made. It was necessary at the time of the Revolutionary war to import the buttons used by the Continental soldiers from France. The first metal button factory in Waterbury, Conn., which is now the center of the metal button industry, was established just prior to 1800.

Samuel Willston of Easthampton, Mass., founded the industry of manufacturing by machinery buttons covered with cloth. The process has been greatly improved until now nearly all the work is done automatically. Until 1892, however, the lasting and other parts used to cover buttons were imported. Now, for the most part, they are made in this country.

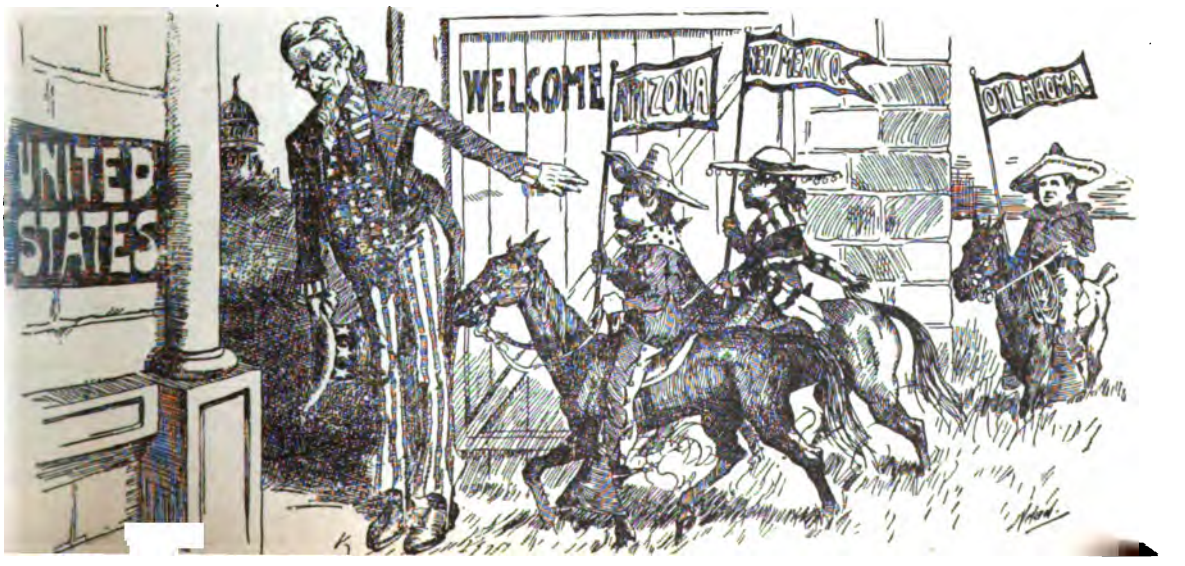
The manufacture of vegetable ivory buttons, the raw material for which is a seed of a South American palm, was introduced in 1859. These buttons, dyed in various colors and made in various patterns, are still very popular. The next step was the manufacture of composition buttons. They are made in many colors and designs. Horn and certain other materials are also used.

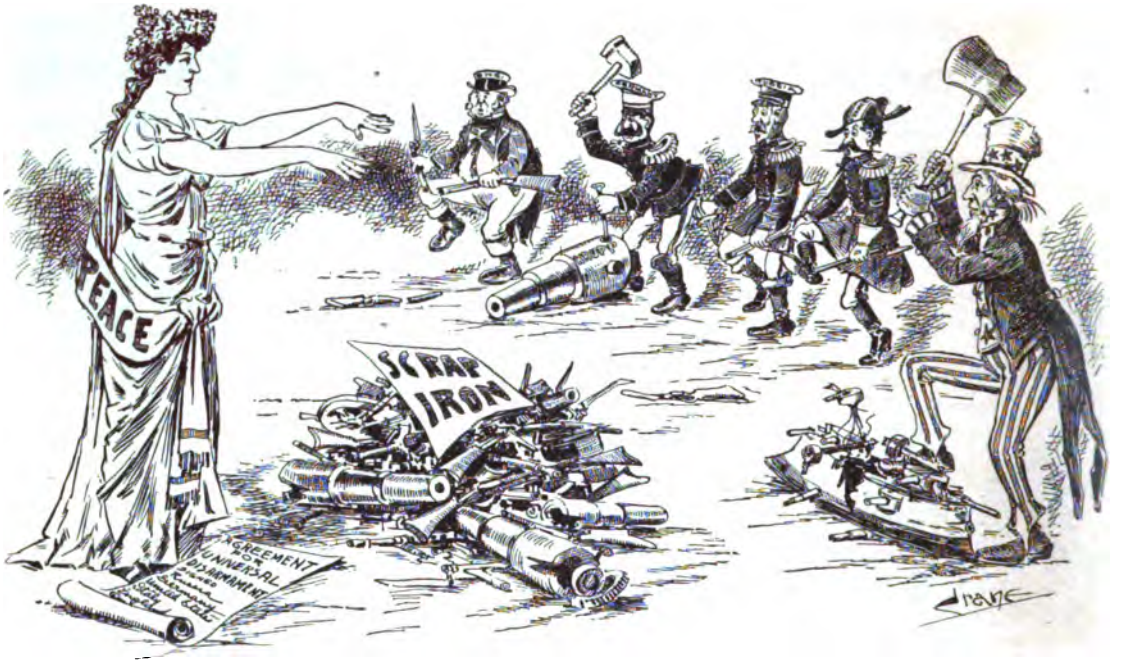
Young as the manufacture of pearl buttons in this country is, the value of the product in 1900 formed forty-eight and four-tenths per cent. of the entire value of the button output. These buttons include the mother-of-pearl buttons, made from shells brought from South Australia and the South Sea Islands, and those made from the shells of the Unio which come from the Mississippi River. These last are called fresh water pearl buttons. In 1890 there was not a single fresh water pearl button made in the United States. The making them in 1900 constituted the second most important branch of the industry. Such depredations have been made upon the mussels that in some places they have already become exterminated, and the question of protecting the Unio from extinction is being discussed. The buttons made from these shells, through the use of acids, are capable of receiving a very high polish.

The census of 1900 has compelled Massachusetts to yield first place in button making to New York. Indeed, it forced this State to sixth place, Connecticut being second; New Jersey, third; Pennsylvania, fourth; and Iowa, fifth.

# Cartoons upon Current Events

"IT WILL BE TOUGH FOR SOME, TENDER FOR OTHERS."—BOSTON HERALD






AS THE CZAR IS CONTROLLED BY HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE WHY NOT BRING THE REST OF THE POWERS IN LINE TO SOME PURPOSE?—N. Y. TIMES

LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET,
EATING HER DINNER ONE DAY;

THERE CAME A GREAT SPIDER, SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,
AND GRABBED THE REFRESHMENTS AWAY.
—N. Y. AMERICAN. Copyright, 1902, by W. R. Hearst.

LABOR'S TWO WORST ENEMIES.—N. Y. WORLD

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.—WASHINGTON STAR

NEWS BULLETIN: GERMANY AND ENGLAND HAVE DETERMINED TO TAKE JOINT ACTION AGAINST VENEZUELA.—CLEVELAND LEADER

WHO'S A-GOING TO BACK UP?—BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

WHAT THEN?

THE TOAD—"SUPPOSIN' I REFUSE TO BUDGE?"—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

THE GOSPEL OF HOPE.—CHICAGO CHRONICLE

UNCLE SAM—"ALL RIGHT, COLLECT YOUR MONEY, BUT DON'T FORGET THE MONROE DOCTRINE."—CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN

A LOT OF FUSS FOR A FEW FEATHERS.—N. Y. HERALD

# The Poetry of Frank L. Stanton

Prominent among the American lyrists of the present day is Frank L. Stanton. His verse, a great part of which is in dialect, is known from one end of the country to the other, and is widely popular. Its principal characteristics are its mellifluousness and its musical qualities, some of his poems, indeed, being true songs. A higher optimism pervades his work and gives it one of its chief charms. The examples selected are taken from his latest volume.*

### DOWN ON THE OLD PLANTATION

In spite of politics an' sich
A-worryin' of the nation,
We're doin' well in Georgy lan'
Down on the ol' plantation.
We're fixin' now fer cotton white—
To fleece the fiel's from left to right,
An' take ol' Georgy out o' sight
Down on the ol' plantation!

Ain't nothin' throws us out o' gear,
Or hinders our salvation;
We're good fer all the wear an' tear
Down on the ol' plantation.
We're workin' whilst it's called to-day
To meet the Good Times on the way,
An' life's a regular hooray!
Down on the ol' plantation.

Fer still the seasons as they go
Shout joy from every station,
The joy o' reapin' what we sow
Down on the ol' plantation.
Joy in the singin' o' the rills—
The mockin' birds, the whippoorwills;
We've struck the halleluia hills
Down on the ol' plantation!

### HERE'S HOPIN'

Year ain't been the very best—
Purty hard by trouble pressed;
But the rough way leads to rest—
Here's hopin'!

Maybe craps wuz short; the rills
Couldn't turn the silent mills;
But the light's behind the hills—
Here's hopin'!

Where we planted roses sweet
Thorns come up an' pricked the feet;
But this old world is hard to beat—
Here's hopin'!

Pr'aps the buildin' that we planned
'Gainst the cyclone couldn't stand;
But, thank God, we've got the land—
Here's hopin'!

Maybe flowers we hoped to save
Have been scattered on a grave;
But the heart's still beatin' brave—
Here's hopin'!

That we'll see the mornin' light—
That the very darkest night
Can't hide heaven from our sight—
Here's hopin'!

### WHEN JENNY CAME ALONG

Fishin' in the river, an' Jenny come along,
Apern full o' flowers, an' singin' of a song;
"Shame to ketch them fishes—cruel 'tis an' wrong!"
That wuz what she tol' me—when Jenny come along.

Fishin' pole wuz noddin'—fish a-pullin' strong;
Never had sich luck as that, when Jenny come along;
Knowed she wuz a-comin', by the blossoms roun' the place;
Water, like a lookin'-glass, showin' of her face.

Wound up that 'ere tackle—let the fishin' go:
Walked with her through meadows, with daisies white as snow;
Wind a-blowin' in my face the bright locks round her brow:—
Never did like fishin' in a river, anyhow!

### THE CALL OF FREEDOM

When freedom calls in thunder tones,
Far sea to sea replies,
And God the cause of freedom owns
And thunders from the skies.

The highest law is freedom's word,
And where her sons have bled
Each wind-swayed reed becomes a sword
To strike oppression dead.

Holy her cause and he who fights,
Contending for a clod
Where freedom mourns her ruined rights,
A Hero is to God.

### EVENING SONG

The shadows deepen in the western sky,
The birds take homeward flight;
And one must weep to see the daylight die;
For Love is not; and Memory is a sigh:
Goodnight! Goodnight!

Did any deed unkind, dear, thrill your breast—
A shadow in the light?
A look—a tone that brought a dream unblest?
Breathe sweet forgiveness ere sleep whispers "Rest;"
Goodnight! Goodnight!

One star alone in the still heaven appears—
A bloom where all seems blight;
I come to you, with trembling hopes and fears—
I hold your hand—I kiss away your tears:
Goodnight! Goodnight!

*Up from Georgia: Frank L. Stanton. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. Copyright, 1902 by D. Appleton & Co.

"HEAR WHAT OUR MASTER EVEN YESTERDAY HATH SAID: 'HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM CAST THE FIRST STONE.'"

# Mary of Magdala:
## A Dramatic Performance of Rare Interest

The drama has come to mean to the ordinary theater-goer amusement, pure and simple. To the greater or the less degree that it serves this mission, a play succeeds or fails. If it succeeds in this sense, few will ask of it whether it be true, whether it be lofty, whether it contain a single connotation on life present, past or eternal. From a daughter of Wisdom and Poetry it has become a distorted ward of Folly and Commercialism. Yet the drama has a mission. It must amuse, it is true, but it must lift, must teach at the same time, or it loses its raison d'être. And it is good to see again within these last few years a new awakening of a sense of this value in the earnest work of such men as Ibsen, Björnson, Pinero, Maeterlinck, Hervieu, and in a lesser degree, men of the character of Phillips and Rostand.

They do not follow the old drama, it is true, ·owest scope. They strike out an original scheme. They have created a new drama, allied to the old in nothing but its seriousness of treatment, its earnestness of purpose, and in many cases a strange similarity of theme. Indeed, almost every phase of the early drama can be duplicated in the modern. There is a trace of Hamlet, for example, in Mr. Phillips' Herod. There is a remarkable similarity to a play like Middleton's Changeling in Pinero's Iris. There is a distinct remembrance of the old religious drama, a curious combination of the old Greek tragedy and early miracle in such a play as Sudermann's Johannes, or the play now being produced in New York, Heyse's Mary of Magdala. The drama is slowly, but surely, coming back to its own, coming in a new guise, but fundamentally the same—truth and great teaching linked with pleasure.

Perhaps nothing will better show both the great changes and forces that have come over

the drama, and also whither it is going, than a comparison between two plays which stand at the opposite poles in treatment, but which at bottom are the same. Chance offers the opportunity in the presence of two remarkable plays now being produced in this country —Everyman, a quaint old morality, and Mary of Magdala, a fine example of the modern religious drama.

Before proceeding further it should be stated emphatically that such plays as Ben Hur, The Sign of the Cross and Quo Vadis, good or entertaining as they may be, are not the real modern treatment of religious themes. They are not in a word, great tragedies with the breadth and scope of a great truth in them. They are fine melodramas and are to be commended only in so far as they work toward the higher thing and aim to throw forth a picture and a lesson. The religious drama is either a simpler or a far more complex thing.

It was a simpler thing in the morality such as Everyman. Here everything was earnest, direct, naïve. There were no tricks of acting, no lavishness of scenery, no complexity of stage mechanism. The costuming was conventional, and where music occurred in the modern version it did not rightly belong, and was an anachronism. When originally produced it was seen on a pageant wagon, likely well acted, but acted in somewhat grandiose, stilted manner, without any idea of characterization. Where it touched upon Biblical incidents it followed them to the letter. What it had to say it said outright, without symbolism or suggestiveness, and it drew its lesson not through psychology of character, but through direct preaching. In its seriousness it was often indelicate, using characters which to the modern mind are shocking and unpleasant.

"I SAW A WOMAN—A GLORY—A CREATURE LIKE NO OTHER I HAD EVER SEEN"

In apposition to this place Heyse's play Mary of Magdala, which Mrs. Fiske is now producing at the Manhattan Theater, New York. The first impression is one of elaborateness. Every detail has been studied and worked out. Picture after picture of Jerusalem is flashed before the eyes. Infinite pains and study have been taken to make these historically correct. The interior of the houses, with their rich hangings, their lavish furniture, their very entertainments, are to be seen. Here, too, are the streets and gardens, even the country side.

In costuming the same care has been given to make the representation accurate. The different tradespeople, the rich and the poor, the priest and the soldier, the Jew and the Roman are seen in vivid contrasts and colorings. Were it for nothing else this production would be noteworthy for these views of Jerusalem at the beginning of the Christian era.

This is the first great advance that has been made. Allied to it is what is known as the "stage business." There is a mob scene in the house of Flavius, which for realism has scarcely been surpassed on the stage. The light effects are especially significant and at times, such as where Judas determines to betray Christ, full of symbolic value. And the climax of all is reached in a thunder storm so realistic that it is almost uncomfortable.

All these changes are what might be regarded as externalities, and if the modern play offered

FLAVIUS

no greater divergence it would have little cause for boastfulness. But it is in the subtler and finer qualities that the greatest changes have come. An old Coventry miracle play was simple and direct both in its stage business and—here the point—in its interpretation of Scriptures. This is where the great contrast comes. Here is where the modern drama strikingly shows the sophistication of modern thought and takes its place once for all.

This new manner of treating the Biblical narrative is not simple, but is subtle, both daring and delicate. The old miracle plays were singularly lacking in taste at times, even granting them time and condition. The idea of placing the Deity upon the stage in a garb of white leather has something grotesque and almost revolting in it. The whole treatment of sacred personages was often irreverent to the extreme.

Whatever else may be said of Mary of Magdala, it cannot be accused of irreverence. It is delicately, sincerely reverent. The principal character is really Christ. The whole play centers in and upon Him. He is the motif and whole force of the action. Yet His form is never seen, His voice is never heard; but there is not a moment when His presence is not felt. It reaches even to the home of the Magdalen. Preaching in Simon's gardens; with His disciples in Simon's house; on the cross at Calvary, that strange, weird influence hovers over every moment, bathing everything in a poetic tragedy.

Of such delicacy and refinement only the modern mind is capable. Such subtlety is wholly modern. It is this subtlety, indeed, that lifts this play to heights it would otherwise never reach. For it is not a masterpiece throughout, and it is only in certain scenes and bits of characterization that it has the ingredients of the loftiest greatness.

The character of Judas, it is, which shows the finest work-

JUDAS
"A MAN OF DARK AND LOWERING COUNTENANCE, A FALCON AMONG DOVES"

CAIAPHAS

CAIAPHAS
"WHO SEEKS THE HIGH PRIEST OF JERUSALEM?"
JUDAS
"ONE WHO BRINGS TIDINGS YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR"

manship. He is far from the conventional type. He is a man of intensity, a man distinctly of ideals, a man of loftiness, but at the same time a man of hatred and passion. Whatever else he is, he is never petty. He has in him the elements of the lover, the dreamer, the doer. He is a fitting disciple of the Master. No thirty pieces of silver entice him to the betrayal. The motives that lead him thereto are human and complex. The world empire which had been promised, which drew him from the loving embraces of Mary of Magdala, and which he thought meant an end of Roman sway, he has found to be a simple philosophy of love. This rankles in his breast, and when, in his disappointment and despair, he sees Mary whom he has loved turned from that impure love to the teachings of Christ, hatred, despair, lost hope, fill his heart, and it is then, at the urging of the High Priest, Caiaphas, that he agrees to betray his Teacher. His grief and remorse after the deed, his tragic death, all leave one with a lasting pity and sympathy for a man who has not been so much evil at heart as the sport of fate and disposition.

This realistic treatment is the keynote to the play. Take again the character of Mary. At the beginning of the play she is seen surrounded by luxury, but deserted by her lover. She has come to a place where the glitter and shimmer are found to be tinsel, and life has begun to show its true values. Experience has been her teacher and her schooling has been severe. It is something more than mere curiosity that urges her to visit Flavius's house, whence she can hear the preaching of the Nazarene. It is partly a desire to know the power of the man who could draw from her charms her lover, partly the search for a new sensation, a vague longing for something better. When at last she does see Him, when she hears His words, her life changes in a singularly true manner. Piety becomes, even as love before, a passion with her. She is enamored with it. It permeates her being and is expressed in her walk, her movements. Her eyes soften and sparkle with a new light under its power. Then the newness wears off and the passion melts into pain and the Magdalen becomes the creature of sorrow, the penitent, pitiable suffering creature, the humblest and the truest mourner at the foot of the cross.

Enough has been said to show the modern treatment of the religious theme. Psychology is its keynote. It is the portrayal of the spirit rather than the letter of the Scriptures. It is reverent, beautiful, holy—a lesson, an education, and an intellectual pleasure.

And the effect of all this upon the modern audience? A glance of some of the criticisms will give an idea.

The critic of the New York World says:

"GO BID THE MUSIC SOUND——"

Mary of Magdala will stand by itself as an example of the purely intellectual and dignified in stage undertakings as far as current theatricals in New York are concerned. It was substantial throughout; it had nothing of tinsel or the tawdry about it. It is a play for the serious minded, and by them it will be appreciated and applauded.

The New York Sun says: "The play is a moving poetic spectacle."

The New York Times, comparing Mary of Magdala with other so-called modern religious plays, comments:

Mary of Magdala is as truly religious and as truly dramatic as these are falsely religious and falsely melodramatic. Its whole atmosphere is as dignified and elevated as theirs is cheap and commonplace. Its code of esthetics is as sound as theirs is flashy and banal. If those who delight in the religious melodrama of theatrical commerce wish to see what a truly religious drama can be they have only to go to Mrs. Fiske's latest production.

One word remains to be said concerning the author and the actors. Paul Heyse, the author, is a German who has long been called the dean of German letters. He has been a very prolific writer, with a hundred or more novels and plays attached to his name. Most of these are of religious or psychological character. The combination of these two qualities is seen in this his greatest and best piece of work.

In regard to the acting, the most notable thing is the evenness of tone and purity of style. There are no divergent schools to be seen. Everything is subordinated and co-ordinated to make a single perfect harmonious picture. Three characters stand out especially—Flavius, portrayed by Mr. Woodruff; Judas, by Mr. Power; and Mary, by Mrs. Fiske. Of Mr. Power's work too much can scarcely be said. It is a perfect study, a careful analysis of a complex character in which every shade and color is nicely brought out. Side by side almost he stands with Mrs. Fiske in her portrayal of Mary. In spite of what critics have said, it seems to us that this is the finest piece of work which this great actress has given. No one on the American stage could have portrayed Mary as she did any more than any other actress could have equalled her Tess. For downright greatness both in originality of conception and clearness of portrayal, for pure art freed from trickery, she stands alone.

"ALL HER THOUGHTS ARE FIXED ON HIM"

Mary of Magdala is one of the most striking and most worthy modern plays which has been seen in America the last five years. For the seriousness of its endeavor and its loftiness of purpose it deserves the highest praise. For the perfection in which it is produced it merits the support and gratitude of the American public.

Finally, to the lover of the drama, it is full of interest and full of promise. It shows more clearly than any other recent play produced in this country in years that the serious drama is not quite a thing of the past, and that a real tragedy is still profitable from a financial as well as from an artistic standpoint. After all, in the modern ephemeral so-called "society plays," there are just so many situations which after a time become as a game of chess, the only interest being the moves and—the time limit. According to the manager, the formula for a successful play might be reduced to something like this: a laugh alternating with tears. And this formula can, indeed, be traced in most of the "successes," the laugh often being dragged in simply to produce a contrast. In other words, the appeal is entirely to the emotions; the intellect very often is all but insulted. The eternal craving for simple amusement is usually bought at any cost—whether the price be an outrage upon art or morals. But this cannot go on forever. Already the tide is turning. Among this year's productions we have seen or are to see a serious, worthy play by Mr. Pinero, and Mr. Phillip's Herod, while several Shakespearean revivals by Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Sothern and Mr. Gillette speak of better things, and show something of undercurrents.

# The Art of René Lalique

## By Irene Sargent*

In the ability to connote, to concentrate beauty and truth within narrow limits, M. Lalique is not unlike Browning who, in four lines of verse, paints in A Toccata of Galuppi's a complete picture of Venice: earth, air, sea, and so on down to Shylock's bridge with the houses standing upon it. By this power of rapid representation, which is the gift of genius alone, M. Lalique reveals his rank as an artist. And this is further shown by his fertile, ever-working creative imagination which has made him reject the old traditions of his art and craft, and caused him to turn to Nature as to the only worthy inspiring force. Of his originality a French critic has said that he devises jewels which have never been conceived since women and lovers of personal ornament have existed; that he has completely changed such ornaments, as to character, dimensions, form and color; in short, that an important art must hereafter be dated from him.

In the existence of M. Lalique, therefore, France possesses a powerful champion to aid her in maintaining her old-time supremacy; just as the quality of the artist's genius is in itself a happy indication for the future: refuting with fact the gloomy and jealous prophecies of those who are over-anxious to announce her decadence. The fresh and immediate ideas of Nature expressed in the flower-jewels of the French artist-craftsman speak volumes of hope for the continuance of the national art. In him history repeats itself. He has rejected the combinations of lines, the old meaningless symbols used by generation after generation of his predecessors, to draw inspiration from plant and animal life; just as the Gothic artists spurned the dead Byzantine decorative principles to create their own vigorous and vital ornament.

DIADEM

The originality of M. Lalique in design is matched by what may be termed his democracy in the choice of material. The flower of the Luxembourg, not intended for personal adornment, but rather executed as a *tour de force*, is, in all respects, a typical example of his work. Here, one finds the different textures of stem, calyx, ovary and petal represented by different enamels or *smalti:* used not as by the old craftsmen of Limoges, nor yet as by modern skilled goldsmiths, but after the manner of a discoverer and with the confidence of a master. The colors, especially those of the greens in stem and seed-vessel, are enchanting: having that grayish-white effect which in nature overspreads the green, and is due to what is named by botanists pubescence; that is, a covering of fine, soft hairs. The petals of the poppy are even yet more marvelous to the spectator, whether he be an unskilled admirer of the beautiful, or yet again one who, through observation and study, knows something of enamels and of the difficulties attending their production. The petals of the flower are gray; the enamel being of a translucence very nearly approaching transparency, and the color varying: passing from pale, light and somewhat cold effects up to spots or rather dashes of black; the whole being marked with a most delicate and involved system of veining resembling a minute network, and exactly counterfeiting the structural peculiarity of the field flower. By this complete mastery over a stubborn, subtle and elusive substance, gained by patience, chemical knowledge and an expenditure recalling that of the old alchemists who, never despairing,

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BROOCH

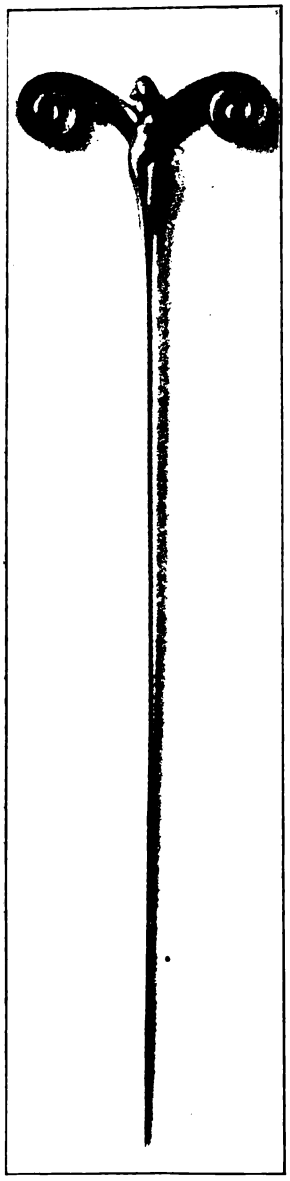
again and again threw their all into the crucible, M. Lalique has gained a freedom never before attained by an adept in his special art. Thus, no longer confined to the use of the few metals called precious, and to that of rare and costly stones, he has reacted against the excessive, one might almost say the abusive, employment of the diamond. He chooses his gems for their beauty and appropriateness, not for money value, or according to the fashion of the moment, which is in itself based upon a passing caprice of some sovereign or aristocrat. The preference of a certain king for the moonstone may send the rich idlers of Europe on a mad quest through the *rue de la Paix* for gems large and lustrous, which shall rival the radiance of the earth's satellite; or a queen may adopt designs of costly combinations, inartistic in themselves and with nothing in their favor save royal patronage. But such conditions are ignored by M. Lalique who, it cannot be too often insisted, has raised his art to a new level from which it will be most difficult to lower it. For it is not too much to predict that his lovely creations will never be found in museum collections of curios, but rather that they will rank among the works of master-artists who have added to the real glories of France. What has before been characterized as his democratic use of material is sometimes carried to a point which would be perilous for an artist of less distinction. The Luxembourg poppy contains no mineral more precious than onyx, and this is by no means an unusual simplicity for the jewels and ornaments of M. Lalique. Often to adorn and crown a marvel of workmanship he chooses a baroque pearl, which, a few years since, would have been rejected by the expert as a vagary of nature—a poor, misshapen thing, fit to form the hunch on the back of a dwarf in a toy-jewel, such as one sees in the gem-cabinets of Florence and Dresden. But he is not content with the substitution of irregular forms for the round and regular pearls prized in the world market, or with his preferences for comparatively inexpensive or semi-precious stones, chosen for their qualities of color and substance, as fitting some general scheme. His innovations extend yet further, and he has bestowed the touch of his genius upon material hitherto regarded as common or vulgar. The costly shell of yellow tint, so highly prized by goldsmiths as often to be incrusted with diamonds, he has replaced in his work by a certain kind of horn, which, instead of a surface of unvarying translucence, offers graded chromatic tones most grateful to the eye. For color also he often chooses agate, forming of its soft, opaque greens and whites a background for some exquisite piece of craftsmanship, or for some high-light made by the flashing body of a jewel. He has even forced his democracy of choice to the point of using, in his more elaborate designs requiring a wide range of colors and values, the small red pebbles found in France in the sand of gardens.

BOUQUET DE CORSAGE

The democratic spirit shown in M. Lalique's choice of material is quite paralleled by his freedom in selecting a subject for treatment. Not that he pursues vagaries, or forces himself to produce the unusual; for no artist could be more restrained or well-balanced than he shows himself to be even in his most daring schemes. He has simply enlarged the legitimate field of his art and craft by using the prerogative of genius to go beyond the conventional and the commonplace. The rose, the fleur-de-lis, the marguerite, which have satisfied generations of gem-setters and goldsmiths by affording them opportunity for massing the brilliancy of diamonds or the sheen of pearls, are set aside by him for other, oftentimes for humbler flowers, whose character, form, or texture offers possibilities hitherto unperceived by workers in the precious metals. Frequently he treats the yellow jonquil and the anemone, rendering their individuality by a bald yet chaste use of the *art nouveau* line. Again, he chooses the mistletoe for its sharply defined foliage; the wheat-ear for the variety of treatment which it permits; the thistle for the beauties of both calyx and corolla; and various aquatic plants and sea-weeds for their structural effects. These subjects, chosen simply as types amid the great variety of his work, mark him as one who has explored the infinitude of Nature, and they recall that other great French artist and craftsman, Bernard Palissy, the ceramist, who, like Lalique, as an innovator in an aristocratic art, lovingly studied and portrayed the lower and more obscure forms of plant, insect and animal life.

In the treatment of the latter class of subjects, the modern goldsmith stands alone in his art. Scarabs or beetles by reason of their symbolism, were among the most ancient objects of adornment, and the same is true of snake and dragon designs. But as symbols, they are always found in isolation, never in their proper environment. As separate pieces, M. Lalique chooses reptiles and other animal types for their charm of line and their beauty or brilliancy of coloring. Beyond this, he introduces them into his more complicated designs, because of their affinity for certain plants, or their agreement with a general scheme which, in miniature, almost assumes the character of a landscape. As a case in point, one may cite an exquisitely wrought comb, in which enameled bees with wings, transparent as in nature, are seen scaling flower-stalks and

COMB. LEAVES OF SYCAMORE, HORN AND SILVER



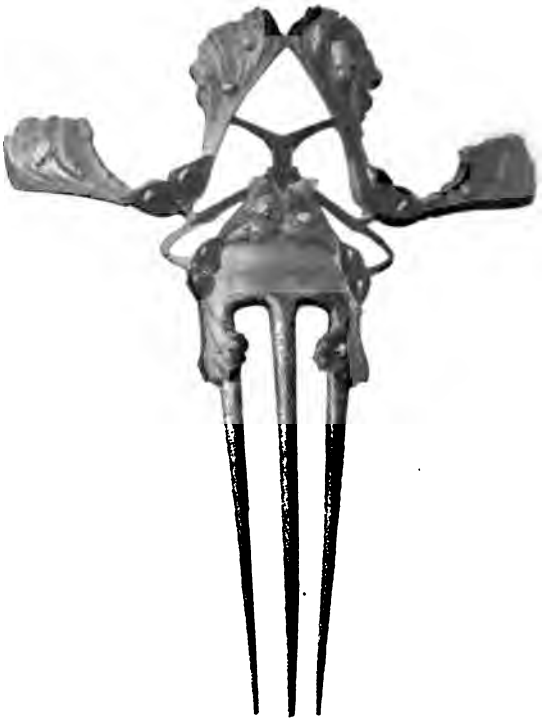
HAT PIN

gathering honey; the poise of the insects telling that they are intoxicated with perfume, unwieldy through weight, and that their legs are hindered by wax: a situation drawn to the very life and rich in the most delicate humor.

The studies of plant-life found in M. Lalique's jewels are no less admirable. They represent both flower and leaf in the successive stages of their existence: sometimes in the full beauty of bloom; sometimes in decline, when they wither and take on the color of rust; when their texture, according to the species, thickens and stiffens, or else becomes thin and hard, revealing the shrunken and contracted veins of nourishment. And here again the patient French craftsman becomes an eloquent nature-poet, receiving a powerful impression from all that is beautiful and wonderful in the world about him, and giving out again that impression scarcely diminished in force, although transmuted into unyielding substances and reflected within the narrowest limits.

Another artistic trait of M. Lalique remains to be noted. That is his quality as a decorator: his manner of transforming the real into the conventional. His process has been described by a French critic as one of simplification, of seizing and isolating the chief characteristic of an object: by which means he but follows the indications of Nature and renders his conventional flower plant, or animal, truer to its type than any given specimen of the same species, modified by accidents and subjected to special conditions.

Side by side with his great power of conventionalizing, he shows the other essential quality of the decorator, that is to say, the color sentiment. He graduates and shades, he strengthens or weakens his effects as easily as a musician regulates his sounds from *piano* to *fortissimo*. He distributes his color-elements to support, or to contrast with one another, so that no fragment is lost, and that all concur in a general harmony, rich or simple, at his will. It would seem, in fact, that his subtle eye, like the highly-trained ear of a violinist, was constantly intent upon dividing and subdividing tones, to the end of creating a delicate and infinite scale with which to play upon sensuous perception. Sometimes he



COMB IN HORN, SILVER, BLACK ENAMEL AND OBSIDIAN. INSECTS IN GOLD

SILVER VASE

composes with pearls of differing colors and tones, crossing and mingling their reflections until they become a very orchestra of color. Sometimes he selects a ruby which appears on his work like the expanse of deep-toned crimson dominating in a Venetian painting. Or again, with equal but grave effect, he constructs a harmony in which the sapphire carries the principal theme. But always he is the same master, never barely attaining his results, but by his ease and brilliancy giving assurance that his powers have not yet been exerted to their limit.

Taken thus for all in all, M. Lalique is an artist of that type—the creative—which appears most rarely in the course of time. He has given a new direction to the art which he practises, and indicates to those who shall succeed him alluring possibilities of beauty. He has raised the objects which he creates from the rank of toys and talismans up to that of true works of art. This he has accomplished by a double means: the force of genius and the force of craftsmanship. The love of Nature and the impulse to translate her beauties into artistic form were bestowed upon him at birth. The power to express what he feels more acutely than common men has been gained through an active union of brain and hand. M. Lalique is at once sculptor, painter, enameler and goldsmith. His thought gathers in the loveliness of the material world and his hand reaches out for the tool lest the heavenly vision be dissipated and the wealth of impression reduced to nothing. The tool has admitted him to the number of the immortals. Nor will it refuse a similar reward to other enthusiasts who shall follow in the path of M. Lalique. The tool for the coming century is the sign of salvation.

*Courtesy of The Craftsman*

COMB

# Some American Animals

An excellent work has been prepared by Witmer Stone and William Everett Cram, which, in its scope, includes some account of the entire American mammalia.* Not only is the text matter valuable for the purpose of the student, but it makes as well reading of unusual interest. This result is much heightened by the many fine illustrations, the great majority of which are photographs from wild life. In the following brief selections one small animal has been chosen from each of the great orders of land mammals. The sea mammals and bats are not represented. We are indebted to Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., the publishers, for both text and illustrations.

### THE OPOSSUMS; ORDER: MARSUPIALS

The marsupials form a special class to themselves, and of these we have but one representative in America:

POSSUM CAUGHT UNAWARES

The opossum is our only representative of that remarkable class of beasts in which the young are born at such an early and undeveloped stage that the mother is obliged to carry them about in her pocket for several weeks; when first born a kangaroo, an opossum, and a mouse are of very nearly the same size, about half an inch in length. A mother opossum takes her half-dozen or more infants as fast as they are born and drops them into her pouch, and for the next few weeks the little family of brothers and sisters do nothing but sleep and grow.

Opossums are anything but attractive or intelligent beasts. About the most marked exhibition of intelligence that they ever appear to display is their well-known trick of feigning death or playing possum as a last resort in danger. Even this has become so habitual with the species as to be almost or quite instinctive, and it is doubtful if they ever knowingly pretend to be dead any more than the numerous beetles and spiders which possess the same habit.

Nature most effectually assists the possum in making the ruse successful, as anyone who has ever seen it tried is bound to admit, for the long, lean, dull, white jaws and black withered ears and skinny tail bear in themselves the very semblance of death. And when the possum plays possum he invariably draws back the gums from his glittering white teeth until he looks as if he might have been dead for a month; especially as his fur has at all times the faded, colorless look and loose, wind-blown texture of hair that has been exposed to wind and weather for an entire season.

### ARMADILLOS; ORDER: EDENTATES

The first of our non-marsupial animals are the edentates. Of these likewise the Americas afford a single example:

The Edentates stand at the bottom of the series of the non-marsupial mammals. In distribution they are almost entirely restricted to South America, the best-known members of the group being the ant-eaters, sloths and armadillos.

In former ages we had in North America gigantic beasts of this order, as is shown by the fossil remains of the megalonyx and mylodon, huge sloth-like animals, which existed along with the mastodon and saber-toothed tigers, and doubtless served as the chief source of food supply for the latter.

When we think of these former giants it is disappointing to find that our only representative of the edentates within the limits of the United States to-day is a single species of armadillo which crosses the Mexican boundary into the State of Texas.

WHITE-TAILED SPERMOPHILE

*American Animals; Witmer Stone and William Everett Cram New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Copyright, 1902, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

SIX-BANDED ARMADILLO

Covered from end to end with his bony armament, the armadillo at once recalls the box tortoise; and his sudden transformation, when harassed, into a round ball of horny plates, reminds one not a little of the snapping shut of the shell of the turtle.

The armadillo is an habitual digger, making his burrows in the dry soil of the arid regions in which he lives and venturing forth mainly by night. In the matter of food he is not particular; vegetable and animal matter both appear on his bill of fare, and carrion forms no small part of his diet, while the insects and maggots which it attracts are not overlooked.

### THE PECCARIES; ORDER: UNGULATES

Passing to the ungulates or hoofed animals, the next in the ascending order of land mammals, we choose the Texas Peccary as a typical representative:

Peccaries are the American representatives of the pig family and take the place of the wild boars of Europe. Like many other products of the western hemisphere, they are an improvement upon their like in the Old World, inasmuch as they are distinctly more advanced in development. They have a complicated stomach, somewhat like that of the ruminant mammals, and have three instead of four toes on the hind feet.

In general appearance the peccary resembles a small black pig, with a mane and slender legs, and he is said to root and wallow in a truly pig-like fashion.

The home of the Texas peccary is low river bottoms with dense thickets and overgrown swamps. Here he may be found singly or in small droves feeding on the acorns, pecans and walnuts, or grubbing up roots. Spots which are particularly frequented by them usually smell strongly of the peculiar skunk-like odor which they emit.

Whatever there may be in the stories of the fierceness of the South American peccaries, our species seem to be a harmless beast, preferring to escape by flight rather than turn upon its pursuers, though its sharp teeth and well-developed tusks would make it a rather formidable enemy.

### PORCUPINES, BEAVERS, MARMOTS, SHREWS; ORDER: RODENTS

Among the rodents, the next group in American mammalia, we have chosen five representatives of the smaller animals:

The porcupine is much more interesting as a species than as an individual. Looked at either as an example of the beneficent protection which is rendered to every creature according to its needs, or as a branch of the rodent family that has succeeded in perfecting a most unique method of defense through the law of the survival of the fittest, it furnishes an interesting study.

The Canada porcupine of the present day is apparently a result of this sort of selection, stumping about the woods like a turtle in its shell, intent only on filling his stomach with the green bark of trees he hauls himself laboriously up among the branches and strips them bare, killing a tree for his meal.

The porcupine's quills are hard to avoid, and each one is fitted with numberless little barbs that, once the quill penetrates the skin, keep forcing it deeper and deeper into the sufferer's flesh with every involuntary twinge of his muscles, until a vital part is stabbed and the hunter pays high for his meal, many a porcupine avenging his own death weeks after he has been eaten; even the wily fisher is said to be occasionally killed in this manner.

The beavers are our largest gnawing animals. They are heavily built and thoroughly adapted for an aquatic life, with their wonderful broad, flat, naked tail, and webbed hind feet. Both fore and hind feet are four-toed, but the second toe of the hind foot is peculiar in having two claws.

COLLARED PECCARY

CANADIAN PORCUPINE. QUILLS THROWN FORWARD

Everyone knows that it is the beaver's custom to dam up small streams and build their thatched and mud-plastered log cabins on the margins of the pounds thus made. The dam is made of logs and trunks wattled together and filled in with stones and earth, the whole cunningly bent against the current to withstand the pressure of the water.

It is frequently reinforced by other dams just below that back up the water against the first and relieve it of a part of the pressure.

As the water rises the beavers watch the shores carefully and every depression in the bank likely to lead the water off to one side is promptly dammed and the pond at last brought to the desired level.

If, as seems probable, the woodchuck really sleeps all winter long, then his waking hours occupy an extremely small portion of his life, for during the entire summer he spends the greater part of his time in his hole, and as he never takes his meals there, it is hard to imagine how he can occupy himself at such times except in sleeping. He is, perhaps, the least industrious animal in existence except when engaged in digging his hole, when he works away at a tremendous rate until it is finished; but once it is completed, he seldom attempts to enlarge or remodel it in any way, but spends his days in luxurious ease, coming out to get his breakfast soon after sunrise, while the dew is still on the grass, at which time I fancy he makes his most substantial meal, though he may occasionally be seen feeding at any time of day. At noon he is pretty sure to make his appearance above ground for luncheon, but apparently spends more time then in sunning himself than in eating. Late in the afternoon he again shows himself, and feeds until nearly sunset, when he descends into his burrow for the night. It is not often that he is obliged to go many steps from his doorway in order to fill himself, and by autumn he has usually reached a perfectly ludicrous state of obesity.

The spermophiles, closely allied to the chipmunks, form as it were the connecting link between the squirrels and the marmots. They are restricted to the prairie regions of the West, where there are a number of species, two of which cross the Mississippi. The best known and most widely distributed form is the striped spermophile or "striped gopher" as it is also called. Vernon Bailey, in his report upon these animals, says: "Throughout the prairies of the Mississippi Valley the little striped spermophile is a familiar object as it darts through the grass to its hole or is seen standing upright on its hind feet, straight and motionless as a stick. With its short ears, smoothly-rounded head, and the forefeet drooping at its sides, there is no point about its outline to catch the eye, and at a little distance it it impossible to distinguish it from old picket

THE CANADIAN BEAVER

pin or fence stake. Standing thus the animal will often allow one to approach within a few yards, then quickly dropping on all fours it utters a shrill chatter and dives into a hole close by."

Nearly all the insectivores are terrestrial, the moles burrowing in the ground, the shrews living in burrows and also on the surface. They are mainly insectivorous, as their name implies, though some species vary their diet.

Our American species are all of small size and are clothed with very soft, silky fur. The eyes are small and rudimentary, while the teeth bear considerable resemblance to those of the carnivora.

Dr. Merriam, speaking of their voracious habits, states that he once confined three of these restless little beasts under an ordinary tumbler. "Almost immediately they commenced fighting, and in a few minutes one was slaughtered and eaten by the other two. Before night one of them killed and ate its only surviving companion, and its abdomen was much distended by the meal. Hence in less than eight hours one of these tiny wild beasts had attacked, overcome, and ravenously consumed two of its own species, each as large and heavy as itself."

I have never seen a live marsh-shrew, though I have hunted and set traps for them along various little brooks and similar moist and watery places. It would appear that they occupy much the same position among the shrews that minks and otters hold in the weasel tribe, swimming about or diving beneath the surface for minnows or water beetles, or racing along the margin to stop here and there to overturn wet leaves or dig in the mud for worms.

Tadpoles and caddis worms and the multitudinous variety of wriggling larvæ that inhabit the bottoms of little brooks must furnish them with sufficient food at all seasons. In all likelihood they also make frequent excursions to higher and drier ground, as the whim seizes them.

MARSH SHREW

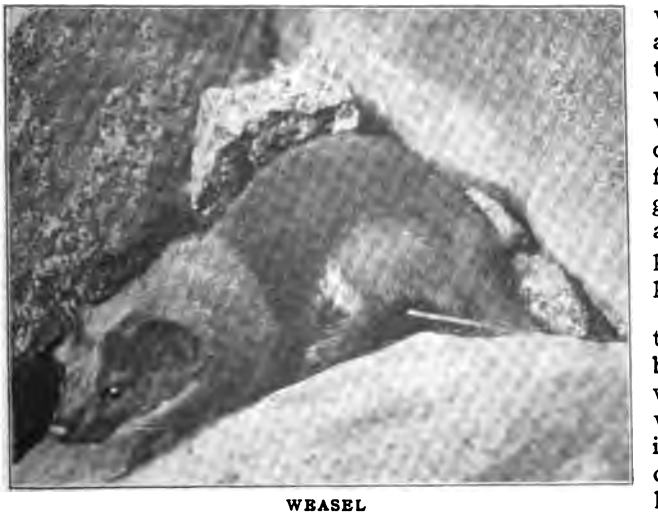
**WEASELS, LYNX; ORDER: CARNIVOROUS**

Passing over bats the next group is the carnivorous or flesh-eating group, many of which are large animals. Of the numerous smaller ones a representative of the weasels and of the cat tribe are given here:

The various kinds of weasels in this country are much alike in their habits, and there is probably as much difference to be observed between the ways of individuals of each species as between the different species. There are certain family characteristics, however, which apply to all of them. First of all, they are hunters; if they ever follow the example of the majority of the flesh-eaters and partake of beechnuts, berries, mushrooms, or herbs on occasions, they have evidently never been caught at it and reported by the student of nature.

They hunt tirelessly, following their prey by scent, and kill for the mere joy of killing, often leaving their victims uneaten and hurrying on for more; when game is abundant they content themselves with sucking the warm blood. In cold weather they frequently hide the game they are unable to eat as a provision against period of hunger.

They like best to follow old tumble-down stone walls overgrown with weeds, squeezing into every crevice that may harbor a mouse or



WEASEL

chipmunk; white-footed mice in particular furnish them no end of sport, for they are scarcely inferior to the weasels themselves in leaping powers, and once very abundant everywhere in the woods. In eating a mouse, the weasel first sucks the blood through the large veins of the neck, then bites through the skull and eats the brains, and after that, if still hungry, he eats the flesh, turning back the skin as he does so, leaving it turned inside out with the feet and tail attached.

I cannot learn of any other creature that is more thoroughly possessed of the lust for blood than are these slim-bodied little hunters.

The Canada lynx is a savage, flat-faced beast, with enormous muscular legs and paws out of all proportion to the size of its lean body and absurd retrousse tail. Its soft fur of clouded gray is so blended with various shades of pale buff and tawny as to be extremely difficult to distinguish in any light or against almost any background; even in the cruel publicity of a barred cage it is still indistinct, and one might well fancy the cage empty at a little distance.

In the northern woods the lynx travels with silent leaps, his broad paws supporting him on the snow, or alighting without a sound among brittle twigs or dry leaves of a past summer, enabling him to pounce on grouse or hare before they have time to take alarm. He can also climb trees with ease, to rob the nests of birds and squirrels, or stretch himself along a lower branch from which he can launch himself on whatever may pass beneath. Yet since every creature that he hunts is equally well fitted for the contest, and even more earnest and watchful in its endeavors to avoid him and so enjoy its own wild life in the woods a little longer, the lynx must necessarily go without food often for days together in the winter, glad enough perhaps to pull some frozen scrap of flesh or skin out of the snow, dropped there by more fortunate hunters weeks before. They hold on to life grimly through long, cold nights in the dark northern forests, believing somehow that at last spring will be in the woods again, bringing flight birds from the South, and awakening the small creatures that sleep all winter down deep in the frozen earth where the most desperate lynx can never reach them. Until then the lynxes must hunt as best they can, tireless and in splendid health, and quite unconscious of the cold, but oh, so hungry!

CANADIAN LYNX

One of the most astonishing facts in nature is the length of time that most flesh-eating animals can go without food, on long hunts through deep snow, night after night.

A PAIR OF WOODCHUCKS NEAR THEIR BURROW

# Music, Art and the Drama

**PLAYGOERS WHO POSE...ADOLPH KLAUBER..NEW YORK TIMES**

Not since that afternoon several months ago, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell brought joy to the hearts of the symbolists by enacting that weird and somber concoction, Pelleas and Melisande, generally referred to by Oscar Hammerstein as Paresis and Molasses, has there been in the theaters such a coming together of long-haired enthusiasts and short-haired emotionalists as were assembled at the Victoria on the night when Eleonora Duse exposed in all its nakedness La Citta Morta, the late frenzy of Gabriele d'Annunzio. Indeed, the audiences which Duse has succeeded in assembling are quite worthy of study, for apart from that particular element which seek out plays that bear the seal "literary," there were present on the several nights of the actress's engagement as variegated a collection of freaks as is ever likely to meet beneath one roof.

One feels instinctively on such occasions that much of the wild exhilaration is largely in the nature of "pose," for only to the very fewest number at any time is the revelation of genius patent. The great majority may recognize, at times, a particularly incompetent piece of acting; they may even be moved to applause by that which is fairly competent, but of the entire number of those who make up the regular patrons of the theater it is certainly true that only the smallest number is able to discriminate between that which is only ordinarily good and that which approximates most nearly to nature in acting. The acting of a Duse is somewhat apart from most of what is offered in theaters simply because it is most nearly a genuine simulation of reality. For that very reason it is inappreciable to the considerable majority, which does not know, never has known, and never will know life in all its varied aspects and complexities.

When Millet's Angelus was put on exhibition here people flocked to see it, stood in mute admiration, and came forth whispering about the artist's sublime achievement. But the great crowd was "faking" pure and simple, for the direct appeal of the painter's work, its simple beauty, and its spiritual suggestiveness, was as unintelligible to most of them as a sermon in a foreign tongue. So it is with Duse. The natural difficulties of appreciation that stand in the way are enhanced by the fact that the players speak a foreign language. Human emotions are perhaps the same in all languages. But the manifestation of these emotions differs largely in different races. The Italian may find it necessary to illustrate his more strenuous emotional flights with much gesticulation, and, in consequence, Hamlet's injunction, "Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand—so," may not be so applicable to him. The person ignorant of the player's language might make allowance for the different methods of expression and the national characteristics of outward manifestations of hate, and love, and rage. But it is an exceedingly limited audience that has the intelligence to make a similar allowance for the difference in mentality, view-point, and emotional capacity which distinguishes and differentiates the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races. It seems hardly probable that over one-half of one per cent. of the audience at the Victoria had the mental grasp that would justify them in going into paroxysms of joy at what was disclosed by the Italian players, and any depreciation of the acting on their part would have meant just as little as the praise they accorded.

Notwithstanding all this, the audience at the Duse performances rose en masse and proclaimed, with noisy demonstration, bravos, and much hand clapping, the presence of genius. For weeks and months, even for years, one is apt to be told of "the night I saw Duse." One meets that sort of thing all the time.

How many of these same enthusiasts would have talked about Duse's genius if she had come to some minor theater unheralded? That same one-half of one per cent. perhaps, if they had happened to drop in to see her.

There is no intention here to discredit the moving force of Duse's acting. To the sensitive auditor the mere presence of her exquisite personality is a cause for satisfaction, the sound of her voice a gratification, and the potency of her intelligence a revelation; but to how many are these things disclosed? Oh, the folly of the pose—the mockery of the cant!

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**BOOK ILLUSTRATION AS AN ART...F. J. MATHER..INDEPENDENT**

Very often graphic illustration serves not art, but utility. In a history, for example,

we are bound to reproduce with the greatest possible fidelity portraits, historic landscapes, buildings, documents and the like, quite irrespective of the beauty of the objects reproduced or of the relation of the picture to the printed page. Similarly books of travels must give a true image of the country described in portraits of the natives, their houses and utensils; in maps and charts—and all this without in any way falsifying for the sake of artistic effect photographs and drawings which may be in themselves unpleasing. There is in this documentary kind of illustration a better and a worse way of printing and arranging the plates, but the consideration of artistic effect remains secondary—and properly so—to the truthfulness of the historical record. Comparatively few books, then, lend themselves naturally and completely to the artist illustrator; and these books deal less with facts than with the imagination. In poetry, fiction, and the drama the artist illustrator finds his most congenial theme.

The methods of the illustrator depend, however—or should depend—upon the appearance of the book which he is to illustrate, or more narrowly upon the typographical character of the page in or opposite which his picture is to be placed. For the printed page has a distinct decorative character, good or bad, from which the accompanying illustration should not greatly deviate. It is to the disregard of this obvious consideration that the inadequacy of most modern illustration is due.

The printed page, decoratively speaking, is a square or oblong panel of black and white surrounded by a broad white border. The letterpress panel, again, is made up of horizontal strips, each of which is composed of combinations of straight and curved lines of some thickness. The panel is varied by blacker lines and dots (large capitals and certain marks of punctuation), and by occasional spots of white where paragraph indentation or an incomplete line occurs. The whole letterpress shows a strong contrast of black and white, and an almost equally notable alternation of straight and curved lines. The black in well made books is of a peculiar depth and sharpness which can only be obtained from the pressing of moist paper upon an inked relief block.

Illustration of a technically perfect kind should have all these characteristics of the printed page—should be composed of thick black lines contrasting sharply with the white of the page and should be printed from a relief block with relatively the same amount of blackness and pressure that serves for the letterpress. In other words, the method of the artist illustrator should be as nearly as may be typographical in character, and the highest achievement of the art is reached in the wood cuts after Dürer, Holbein, and the early Italian illustrators.

To call all book illustration done in any other medium than the black line (which includes the bolder "white line" wood cuts) inferior may seem very narrow. But the logic of such a view is impregnable. Always in comparison with the printed page, any design executed in monochrome tone is a blurred space; carried out in colored tone, a smeared space; done in solid and overlaid colors, a splotched space; traced in too thin line, a scratched space—in every case the illustration has the look of something washed or niggled—not, as it should have, of something printed. Beautiful pictures are made in all these ways; perfect books only by the use of the black line for type and illustrations.

So much for the pure doctrine of book illustration, which modern taste and commercial considerations make an impractically austere one. Among the best illustrators of to-day the theoretically best method is the least popular for the following historical reasons: The strong black line work disappeared with the decadence of the printer's art and the simultaneous improvement of copperplate engraving and etching. The various attempts to revive the better method were thwarted by the attempt to imitate in wood on the one hand the tonal effects of painting and photography, on the other the fine copperplate line. In the one case the solid black line dissolved into a web or a mist, in the other it dwindled to a scratch too slight to hold its own with the type.

It is the photograph that has played havoc with good pen drawing, just when photo-engraving was making it easy to reproduce drawings of all sorts without recourse to the slow processes of wood cutting. People like the "finished" look of a photograph, and it is probably vain to tell them that to this finish all the higher expressional qualities are sacrificed. But the damage of the photograph goes deeper than photography itself. It has produced a school of designers in monochrome who fairly rival the dulness of the photograph without attaining its depressing accuracy. This is not to condemn either photography or drawing in tone. The latter, indeed, is in

itself a beautiful method, but it is certainly, when used with a handsome printed page, an inappropriate method.

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**POPULAR SONGS....JULIA B. TUTWILER....N. Y. EVENING POST**

If a Confederate soldier had been told during the war that "Dixie" was written for a "walk around" by an "end man" born in Maine, his answer would probably have been a word and a blow. To-day he would either listen in courteous, incredulous silence, or prove, to his own satisfaction, that the spirit of the melody is inherently Southern. Indeed, it has not been very long since a white-haired Confederate honored me with a long and logical account of the "real origin" of this one of our popular songs—an origin as far from the truth as the public's impression of where many, if not most, of our popular songs come from.

The audiences who delight in them, the boys who whistle them, and the street musicians who play these melodies are as unconscious of their significance as the average churchgoer and church singer are of the racial characteristics, the religious and sociological history, the definite period of secular artistic development, and the individual creative activity embodied in the Gregorian chants. As far apart as these two branches of music stand, they are not dissimilar in the manner of their composition. Many of the Gregorian chants are incorporations or adaptations of the old folk-songs; many of our popular songs are adaptations or plagiarism of old melodies. Sometimes the whole melody is taken, as in The Seven Joys of Mary, familiar to us as The Man Who Hath Good Peanuts and Giveth His Brother None; here the only change made is in the chorus of the college song, and this is built up on a phrase of the hymn. Sometimes half a dozen tunes are worked into a motive, as in The Holy City, different parts of which are incorporated into as many different songs and hymns. Sometimes the only change made is that of time and key, as in May Irwin's Bully, which is the old Maid of Athens transposed in key and set to rag-time; or Annie Rooney, which was originally a Baptist hymn.

It was wholly by chance, while waiting in the dark passageway of a private house which had been converted into cheap flats and lodging rooms, that I stumbled upon two ways of earning a living which in their combination are one of the most faithful sources of our popular songs. The sound of apparently intermittent whistling and discordant banging on a piano—not more than one chord and combination out of six harmonized—first confused and finally fixed in my consciousness a musical phrase that puzzled me by its familiarity later in a music hall until I suddenly remembered where I had first heard it, and traced back to the dark passageway and discordant whistling and banging what may be termed "the second period" of the popular song. The first is when the tune or melody is whistled by the man who devises it—the process can scarcely be called composition. For many of our popular songs are in their first form the work or play of men who have a melodic gift not strong enough to impel them to the drudgery of study necessary to the production of musical harmonies, but which expresses itself easily, instinctively in melodies that they either turn to account by writing out for the words of local or topical songs or use for words of their own composition.

Oftener still, having devised a tune, a professional is to take down these tunes on the piano by notation and write accompanying harmonies, and while they whistle the melody note by note, the accompaniment maker picks out on the piano the chords that he afterwards writes down in correct musical form. This work is paid for at the rate of $5 or $10 a song, with royalties when the melody is by a man whose songs have already become popular, for the man who invents the melody, not the one who harmonizes it, is known to the world as a musical composer.

History repeats itself in music as in men and events. Melodies were sung long before there was such a thing as musical notation, and though we shall never know through what changes the medieval folk-songs passed in their earliest stages, an analysis of some of our old sacred music shows that phrases, motives, or the whole melody of these unwritten songs of a barbarous people form a part of it. Handed down at first by word of mouth from parent to child, the music of the Christian church, while anathematizing the ribald words and heathenish spirit of the Teuton songs, could not escape the influence of their melody. Ages after they were first sung, the monks who learned musical notation and modulation incorporated or adapted the semi-barbaric melodies with deliberate intention or in unconscious and instinctive obedience to the law of subconscious reminiscence, and later still these melodies assumed the secular musical form known to us now as the folk-song.

# Sport, Recreation and Adventure

**THE ANCIENT GAME OF BOWLS..H. W. EDDY..ANGLO-AMERICAN**

Of the many sports and pastimes now enjoying popular favor few have had a more interesting history or a more rapid rise to wide popularity than the very ancient game of bowls, or bowling, as it is now generally termed. From a despised and humble origin, whose date is lost in the dimness of antiquity, it has persisted, in spite of degrading associations and the most rigorous legal repression, and finally, in the brief space of a few years, has become our most popular indoor sport.

Originally bowling was an outdoor sport, and it probably is the only one which has been so successfully adapted to indoor play that the indoor adaptation has entirely superseded the original outdoor game. Its origin, like that of golf, is believed to be due to the efforts of shepherds to beguile, by games, the tedium of the watching of their flocks. What more probable than that they should pick up some convenient rounded stone, and endeavor to see which could come the nearest to some chosen mark? Even if a level piece of turf was found for a green, the irregular shape of the stones would make practice necessary in order to learn the knack of the best delivery, and so the game would develop.

In this, its most primitive form, the game is yet played to this day in some parts of England and Scotland. A green is laid out ninety to one hundred and fifty feet square, and the turf is closely clipped and rolled. At one end the jack is placed, a small cone, ball, or some other mark, generally painted white to make it more easily seen. The players stand on a line about sixty feet from the jack; they are divided into sides, and each has two bowls, the one nearest the jack to count. The ancient stone bowls have been superseded by those of wood, but the shape is the same, not spherical like the modern bowling ball, but egg shaped. On this account a peculiar knack of delivery is necessary, as the bowl must be thrown not directly at the jack, but so as to roll around to it. This essential feature of the outdoor game explains the following passage from Scott, which is meaningless as applied to the modern sport: "Like an uninstructed bowler, he thinks to attain the jack by delivering the bowl straight upon it."

When the modern indoor game was invented and substituted for the ancient outdoor form is not known, but it was at a comparatively recent date. At first the pins were nine in number and were arranged in the form of a diamond, with three pins in the widest row, two in the next adjacent rows, and one at each of the two end points. Later a tenth pin was added and the arrangement altered to a triangle, with four pins for the base, three in the next row, two in the next, and one at the apex, in front, which is the present form. The balls are spherical, with holes for the thumb and middle finger, which allows the bowler to give it a twist which will cause it to roll in a curve.

The scoring of the game is very simple. Each player rolls two balls and scores the number of pins he knocks down in the two plays. If he disposes of all ten in the two shots he is allowed a third, but in order to save time this is not rolled immediately, but the score on his first ball in his nxet play is taken instead and added to the ten made previously. In case he gets all ten pins with his first ball it is called a strike, and he is given two more balls—that is, the score he makes with his next two balls are counted on the previous play as well as in their proper place. Each player is allowed ten innings, which are called frames, and as the highest possible score in a frame is thirty, the maximum score for a game is three hundred, which is seldom made. In fact, any score in excess of two hundred is accounted a good one.

Although there is evidence that the game was played by the Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam, as is proved by the existence of the Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway in New York, and many references in early literature, and continued to be played long after Dutch dominion gave way to that of England, the game seemed to have almost entirely died out during the middle of the last century, and to have been introduced anew with German sponsors about thirty years ago. For a number of years its progress was slow, principally on account of the vulgar associations, as most of the alleys were mere adjuncts to some barroom or similar place, usually in the

cellar or basement and without an independent entrance.

Bowling is not only a manly and healthful sport, but it is as much a gentleman's pastime as is the game of billiards. The exercise involved in giving the ball the impetus required to travel with sufficient force the length of the alley calls into equal play all the muscles of the body, and the direction of the ball's delivery, an operation which to the novice is very delusive, compels an exercise of cool mental precision, all of which is so generally exhilarating and thoroughly diverting that business and professional men find the sport a means of restful and healthful recreation, so that the ancient, Anglo-Saxon game of bowls bids fair to become a national indoor sport with Americans.

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**CHASED BY COYOTES** ..... **BUFFALO NEWS**

I was sitting at my desk in the office, making out my reports. I felt rather drowsy, as I had done a hard day's work. As I pored over the papers I kept wishing that something would turn up to relieve the monotony of struggling with those figures. Suddenly the telegraph instrument in the office began clicking out a message for me to hasten to the front at once.

I telegraphed back and asked: "What is the matter? What do you want?" but I could not receive an answer. I then concluded some thing serious must have happened, so I instructed Pat, the night watchman, to get out my velocipede and then I started down the track.

The moon was in its first quarter and not a cloud was in sight, the stars in the firmament sparkling brightly. It was a beautiful night, a glorious night; just one of those nights that are never seen nor enjoyed in any other part of the American continent outside of the States of Nuevo Leon, Coahuilla and Durango.

When I mounted the velocipede I felt that I would have fair going, and by sunrise would reach the last bridge that had been completed. This bridge was 150 miles away.

I was in good shape when I pulled out and everything went along smoothly until I passed the San Carlos siding. When I passed that point I saw some dark objects crossing the track a few hundred yards ahead of me. I judged by their actions that they were a pack of coyotes that were out hunting for something to eat, and that they were not at all particular what they came across.

I was alone and realized that if they attacked me I would not stand much of a show with them, as I was unarmed. I made up my mind at once that the only chance I had for my life was to rush right through them, and when I got clear of them to work the velocipede for all it was worth. I did so, and as I rushed through them they made a dash for me, but missed.

As I passed clear of them they set up the most terrific howling that I ever heard, and caused the hair on my head to stand on end and the cold chills to crawl up and down my spinal column.

As they caught up with me some of them rushed past. They snapped at my legs and attempted to bite me; but I kept working the velocipede with hands and feet as hard as I could, as I felt that I was then engaged and contending with the most cold-blooded and cruel beasts that were ever created and turned loose upon this earth.

By the time I reached the 30-mile post one of them attempted to spring upon the velocipede, but he missed it and fell in front of it, and the wheels ran over his hind legs and broke them. That caused him to howl with pain, and as the others saw that he was disabled they turned on him and tore him to pieces and devoured him.

No sooner did they get the taste of blood than they became more ferocious, and took after me with renewed efforts, with the expectation of soon making a meal of me.

As I knew I was approaching a long trestle bridge, and that they could not cross it at the speed at which they were going, I concluded that I would outgeneral them. If I failed in that, all would be lost.

By this time the moon began to drop behind the mountain in front of me, and the darkness increased. The thought of being devoured by these bloodthirsty beasts caused the blood in my veins to become congealed, my brain to become rattled, and my nerves unsteady.

If I could only reach that bridge before they tired me out, I felt that I had one chance for my life. I figured that when I got on the bridge the coyotes would not dare to follow on the trestle-work, but that they would swim the river. Then, when they reached the opposite side of the river, I would start back to Torreon as fast as the velocipede would take me. The animals did just as I had anticipated, and while they were in the water I started back.

Now this part of my story shows what shrewd beasts these coyotes are. One of them, evidently looking for a flank movement on my part, had stayed on the bank, and as he saw me starting for home he set up a yell that sounded

as if some one was filing into the seat of my velocipede. It caused a cold perspiration to ooze from every pore in my body. That wail was responded to by the whole pack, and back they came and took up the chase after me.

It looked to me as if their eyes were as large and bright as the headlight of a locomotive. But I kept pumping away with all my might. As I was approaching the San Carlos station one of the coyotes jumped up on the velocipede alongside of me and looked up at me with mouth wide open.

I kicked him away, and finally, just when I was on the verge of collapsing, found myself approaching a steep grade. Then it was all off with the coyotes. Down that grade I went like a loop-the-loop machine, and when the velocipede slackened up I found myself safe and sound at Torreon, with Mike on the platform to help me off. Some of the laborers said that on the following day they found several dead coyotes on that grade. If such is the case they must have run themselves to death. You know, coyotes are queer animals, especially when their ferocity has been aroused to its highest pitch.

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**TOSSING THE CABER .....M. TINDAL.....PEARSON'S**

To those to whom Fate has not been so kind as to give the Scottish Highlands as a home, the first sight of Highlanders engaged in their sport of tossing the caber is a marvel and a revelation.

What a caber is, and how it is tossed, few other than Scotchmen could say, and the history of the sport none knows, except that it is as old as the hills. A caber, then, may be described as the stem of a young fir or larch tree, or other log of wood which, when trimmed of its branches, is shapely and straight, of weight about one hundredweight, in length some fifteen feet.

The art of tossing it consists, briefly, in throwing it from you, after you have raised it from the ground and have it held balanced with its lighter end on your two hands, in such a way that when the heavy end strikes the earth, the light end falls away from you, and the caber finally lies on the ground at right angles to the line over which the toss is made.

Caber tossing is really a feat of strength and skill, rather than a sport, for there are no marks to be scored, no records to be broken, as in most games. The winner in a competition is he who tosses his caber so that it falls most nearly at right angles to a base line; when the competition is ended and the caber is carried away, the winner has nothing to show. He has tossed his caber more truly than any other man, and that is all that he can say. The length of a throw counts for nothing.

One after another the brawny Highlanders come forward to test who can toss the caber in the straightest line. If at first the caber is found too long for any one to handle, a piece is sawn off the top, and another attempt is made. If it is still too long and heavy, another bit is taken off, until it is cut to a length when a man can balance it. Then the first of the competitors to test his strength puts a foot upon the caber at its thin end, and stoops to take a grip of it with his hands, while a helping hand raises the heavy end from the ground. No one man could lift a caber to his shoulder. But between them they raise the caber upright, and the competitor sets his right shoulder to the bottom—which is really the top—of the young tree, and with his left hand upon the caber close to the ground, gives a mighty upward heave.

Thus he gets the caber into the air, pressing it against his right shoulder, his fingers interlaced around its bottom—and holding it so, staggering and tottering under its weight as he tries to balance it, he takes a few running steps forward, pauses a second to gather strength, and hurls it from him. The motive power to send the caber hurtling into the air is given mainly by a strong forward push on the part of the right shoulder.

A second later the heavy end of the caber strikes the ground—and now is the critical moment. If the light end has gathered sufficient weight, it will follow on in a forward direction, and fall away from the tosser; if not, it will drop back toward him. Sometimes it is such a near thing that there is a breathless moment when the caber hesitates, swaying back and forth, not knowing which way to fall; if it falls forward, and in a straight line with the direction of the tosser's feet, it is a good toss; if it falls back, the toss counts for nothing.

You must be a strong man to toss a caber—moreover, you must be a Highlander. It is almost an impossible feat for any one who is not very strong merely to balance the caber against the shoulder with its light end resting on the hands; and mere strength will not avail in giving the necessary forward jerk. In this as in other sports there appears to be a certain knack which counts for more than does mere brute force.

# Child Verse

**THE WIZARD.....CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD**

He can't go forth and say to men,
"You shall do that or this";
He can't with one stroke of a pen
Send millions woe or bliss;
But he can reach with little hands
And sweetly smile at me,
And I forget that Sorrow stands
Where Gladness ought to be.

He can't by saying "yes" or "no,"
Cause idle wheels to turn;
He cannot give to millions woe,
Or lessen their concern;
But he can twine two little arms
Around my neck, and I
Forget that wealth possesses charms
And, gladdened, cease to sigh.

**THE LITTLE PONY CART.....BOSTON JOURNAL**

Most every day a little boy comes driving past our house
With the nicest little pony—jist the color of a mouse—
And a groom rides close behind him, so he won't get hurt, you see,
And I used to wish the pony and the cart belonged to me.

I used to watch him from our porch and wish that I could own
His pony and his little cart, and drive out all alone,
And once when I knelt down at night I prayed the Lord that he
Would fix it so the pony and the cart belonged to me.

But yesterday I saw him where he lives, and now I know
Why he never goes out walkin'—'cause his legs are withered so!—
And last night when I was kneelin' with my head on mother's knee,
I was glad he had the pony and the cart instead of me.

**OUR POLITE PARENTS...CAROLYN WELLS...SATURDAY EVG. POST**

BABY'S LOOKS

Bobby with the nursery shears
Cut off both the baby's ears;
At the baby, so unsightly,
Mamma raised her eyebrows slightly.

SEDATE MAMMA

When guests were present, dear little Mabel
Climbed right up on the dinner table
And naughtily stood upon her head!
"I wouldn't do that, dear," Mamma said.

MERRY MOSES

Merry, funny little Moses
Burnt off both his brothers' noses;
And it made them look so queer
Mamma said: "Why, Moses, dear!"

**THE MOTHER.....DORA SIGERSON.....LONDON SPECTATOR**

"Ho!" said the child, "How fine the horses go,
With nodding plumes, with measured step and slow.
Who rides within this coach, is he not great?
Some King, I think, for see, he rides in state."

I turned, and saw a little coffin lie
Half-hid in flowers as the slow steeds went by,
So small a woman's arms might hold it pressed
As some rare jewel-casket to her breast;

Or, like Pandora's box with pulsing lid,
Where throbbing thoughts must lie forever hid.
"Why this? why this?" comes forth the panting breath,
"And was I born to taste of nought save death?"

"Ho!" said the child, "how the proud horses shake
Their silver harness till they music make.
Who drives abroad with all this majesty?
It is some Prince who fain his world would see?"

And as I looked I saw through the dim glass
Of one sad coach that all so slow did pass
A woman's face,—a mother's eyes ablaze
Seize on the child in fierce and famished gaze.

"Death drives," I said, and drew him in alarm
Within the shelter of my circling arm.
So in my heart cried out a thousand fears,
"A King goes past." He wondered at my tears.

**POLLY'S BEDTIME.....ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.....LIPPINCOTT'S**

When Polly tumbles into bed
Across her room the fairies creep,
And silently around her spread
A soft gray gown of sleep.

Some nights they bring a different dress,
All sewn with stars and silver seams,
With moon-rays spangled o'er,—I guess
It is a robe of dreams.

**ON FILEY SANDS .....B. PAUL NEUMANN.....LONDON OUTLOOK**

Forth they go, a band of merry children
Eager for the sea their mighty playmate:
Waiting for them, smiling—ever smiling.

On the warm, brown sand they build their castles,
Laugh to watch the quick waves onward leaping,
Shout in glee as mound and bastion crumble.

Suddenly a mighty arm encircles,
Comes between them and their weeping mothers
Holds them from the hands outstretched to grasp them.

Mighty arm, impassable, relentless;
Death the solemn eyed, his face unveiling,
Rears his dreaded wall of separation.

. . . . . .

On the far side of that wall, what meetings!
Yea! O stricken hearts, though faith be baffled,
Love, your love, will lead you to your children.

# Songs in Milady's Nam

**LOVE'S DREAM ....FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN....AINSLEE'S**

If it were mine to measure
The ecstasy supreme,
And all the pride and pleasure
That fill a lover's dream;
O, what an untold treasure
This heart of mine could show!
Give me but this
One dream of bliss;
All other dreams may go.

Before my vision dances
A form of grace divine,
Whose loveliness enhances
The rapture that is mine,
The fairest of all fancies,
Love's dearest gift and best!
Give me but this
One dream of bliss;
The world may have the rest.

Like melody her voice is;
Her face like morning fair;
And all my heart rejoices
Because her love is there;
What dream of dreams so choice is—
So strangely sweet and true?
Give me but this
One dream of bliss;
Sweetheart, the dream of you.

**"A VOICE IN THE SCENTED NIGHT"..AUSTIN DOBSON..CENTURY**

A voice in the scented night,
A step where the rose-trees blow,—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

Cold star at the blue vaults' height,
What is it that shakes you so?
A voice in the scented night.

She comes in her beauty bright,
She comes in her young love's glow,—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

She bends from her casement white,
And she hears it, hushed and low,
A voice in the scented night.

And he climbs by that stairway slight,
Her passionate Romeo:
O Love, and O Love's delight!

And it stirs us still in spite
Of its "ever so long ago,"
That voice in the scented night:
O Love, and O Love's delight!

**YVONNE.....BLISS CARMAN.....FRANK LESLIE'S**

Over the sea is a scarlet cloud,
And over the cloud, the sun.
Over my heart is a shining hope
And over that, Yvonne.

**GARLANDS.....E. N.....LONDON BLACK AND WH**

If Love and I were all alone,
I might forget to grieve,
And for his pleasure and my own
Might happier garlands weave;
But you sit there, and watch us wear
The mourning wreaths you wove;
And while such mocking eyes you bear
I am not friends with Love.

Withdraw those cruel eyes, and let
Me search the garden through,
That I may weave ere summer set
The wreath of Love for you;
Till Love and you, whom Love adorns,
Its hidden thorns discover,
And know at last what crown of thorns
It was you gave your lover!

**O BEST BELOVED.....THE SINGER.....TOWN TOP**

Thou dost, O best Beloved, with knightly grace,
Unveil my soul's blind eyes to Love's sweet fa
And with thy tender, magic touch disclose
Where blooms in Iram's garden fair the Rose.

What ecstasy is mine, since thou dost prove
That life's a barren dream, bereft of Love!
The waters of my soul's deep sea arise
To bear me through the gates of Paradise.

I drain great Jamshid's cup, held to my lips
By thy dear hand. All sorrow slips
Into the deep, still darkness of the past,
As thou dost lead me to the light at last!

O best Beloved, whate'er the years may bring
Of grief, or woe, my quivering heart will cling
To thee, as happy bird that joys to rest,
Secure from storms, within the sheltered nest

**"POOR LOVE!".....FLORENCE EARLE COATES.....HARP**

"Poor Love!" said Life, "thou hast nor gold,
Nor lands, nor other store, I ween;
Thy very shelter from the cold
Is oft but lowly built and mean."
"Nay: though of rushes be my bed,
Yet am I rich," Love said.

Persisted Life,—"Thrice fond art thou,
To yield the sovereign gifts of earth—
The victor sword, the laureled brow,
For visioned things of little worth!"
Love gazed afar with dream-lit eyes,
And answered: "Nay: but wise."

"Yet, Love," said Life, "what can atone
For all the travail of thy years—
The yearnings vain, the vigils lone,
The pain, the sacrifice, the tears?"
Soft as the breath breathed from a rose,
The answer came: "Love knows."

# Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

**Edited by Robert Blight**

One of the most interesting questions that can present itself to the gardener is the one that has regard to the origin of the things which he entrusts to the ground and cultivates and watches with such care and anxiety. Whence came the various grains, vegetables and fruits which minister so greatly to man's necessities and luxuries? When once the question has appealed to the mind, the vastness of its scope and the absorbing interest there is in obtaining answers can scarcely be realized. The earliest pages of literature have been searched for allusions, and theories have been built upon these. Philology, too, has lent its aid, and a race that can be found to have coined a name for a certain object of cultivation, and to have handed on that name to other peoples with other tongues, has been regarded as the earliest cultivators of that object. This method of reasoning appears very feasible at first sight, and has been largely used by that most famous writer of the last century on this subject: Alphonse de Candolle. The subject is not an easy one, and involves other branches of anthropology besides language. How far reaching it is may be gathered from the words of the anthropologist, Tylor, who says: "How good a working analogy there really is between the diffusion of plants and animals and the diffusion of civilization comes well into view when we notice how far the same causes have produced both at once. In district after district, the same causes which have introduced the cultivated plants and domesticated animals of civilization have brought in with them a corresponding art and knowledge." Whoever cares to take up this phase of the study of plants will be delighted with it; and the following passage on the American origin of agriculture is one of the latest and best contributions to its literature:

**AGRICULTURE..... O. F. COOK.....POPULAR SCIENCE**

The history of agriculture shows a conservatism probably unequaled in any phase of human activity. Not only have no important food plants been domesticated in historic times, but even in the most enlightened communities changes in the culture and use of the food plants and products to which our physical constitutions and domestic customs have become adapted take place with extreme slowness except as they accompany movements of colonization. Remembering this strict self-limitation of man to traditional food materials it becomes obvious that the possession of the same seedless plants, such as the yam, sweet potato, taro, sugar-cane and banana by the primitive peoples of the islands of the Pacific, as well as those of the adjacent shores of Asia and America, indicates, with attendant facts, not only an older communication, but an intimate contact or community of origin of the agricultural civilizations of the lands adjacent to the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

Notwithstanding the immense distances by which the tropical islands of the Pacific are separated from the continents and from each other, European discoverers found them already occupied by an adventurous sea-faring people who knew enough astronomy to navigate their frail canoes in these vast expanses of the ocean without the assistance of the mariner's compass. The agriculture of the Polynesians was, however, no less wonderful than their seamanship, and was not less important to them, since the coral islands of the Pacific are not only deficient in indigenous food plants and animals, but the natural conditions are distictly unfavorable to agriculture.

FOOD PLANTS FOUND IN THE ISLANDS

It is certain, however, that among the Polynesians the cocoanut is a cultivated plant, no less than the yam, taro, sweet-potato, sugar-cane, banana, breadfruit and numerous other species found in use throughout the tropical islands of the Pacific. Moreover, an especial interest attaches to the cocoanut in that there are adequate botanical reasons for believing that it originated in America, the home of all related palms.

The agricultural achievements of the Polynesians become the more impressive when we reflect that so many of their cultivated species were not propagated from seeds, but from cuttings. Many of the economic plants were native in some of the islands of the Pacific, though their constant presence among the peoples of widely separated archipelagos gives sufficient reason for including them in the list of twenty-four species which Professor Hillebrand believes to have been brought to the Hawaiian Islands by the early Polynesians. This number, however, must be greatly increased, since there were many varieties of the sweet-potato, taro, sugar-cane and banana. Moreover the Hawaiian group is scarcely more than subtropical in climate, and lacks numer-

ous seedless sorts of breadfruit, yam, taro, and other plants of the equatorial belt of the islands, so that a complete enumeration of the species and varieties carried by the Polynesians would include nearly a hundred.

### AN OVERSIGHT OF ETHNOLOGISTS

Our knowledge is far from complete regarding even the present distribution of the principal tropical food plants, but the need of further investigation should not obscure the striking fact that several of the food plants with which the Spaniards became acquainted in the West Indies were also staple crops on the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and even across tropical Africa. Ethnologists who might have appreciated the bearing of this have passed it by because of the absence of maize, or Indian corn, among Polynesians. But in addition to the unreason of accepting negative evidence as an offset for positive fact two pertinent considerations have been overlooked; first, that most of the varieties of maize do not thrive in the humid climates of the equatorial islands, and, second, that maize was found by Captain Moresby in cultivation with yams, sweet-potatoes and sugar-cane in eastern New Guinea and the adjacent islands, among Polynesian tribes who had never been visited by Europeans and who were ignorant of salt, iron and rice. Tobacco was also known among many primitive peoples of the Orient before they came in contact with Europeans, though these and many similar facts have remained obscure because the European discoveries of the East and the West Indies were practically simultaneous. Moreover, nearly a century elapsed between the discovery of America and the realization that it was indeed a new world and not merely an eastward prolongation of Asia, so that the community of food plants did not at first appear remarkable.

### THE AGRICULTURE OF ANCIENT AMERICA

The most important food plants of the Polynesians were seven in number, the taro, yam, sweet-potato, sugar-cane, banana, breadfruit and cocoanut, of which six, or all except the breadfruit, existed in pre-Spanish America, and of these, five, or all except the cocoanut, were propagated only from cuttings.

From the botanical standpoint the breadfruit is as distinctly Asiatic as the cocoanut is American, but, although many seedless varieties of the breadfruit were distributed among eastern archipelagos of Polynesia, these did not reach America until introduced by Captain Bligh, in 1793, while the cocoanut must have crossed the Pacific thousands of years before, in order to give time for the development of the numerous and very distinct varieties cultivated in the Malay region. Except with the banana, botany gives much evidence for and none against the new world origin of the food plants shared by ancient America with Polynesia and the tropics of the old world, though few of them are known under conditions which warrant a belief that they now exist anywhere in a truly wild state. The partial or complete seedlessness attained by several of the important species also indicates dependence upon human assistance in propagation for a very long period of time, and precludes all rational doubt that their wide dissemination was accomplished through the agency of primitive man.

Ethnologists will not deny that in the old world this distribution was the work of the ancestors of the Polynesians, who have been traced from Hawaii and Easter Island to Madagascar, and even across the African Continent. We have not, however, been provided with any explanation of the existence of these food plants in America, for it is now generally agreed that the tribes, languages and arts of the American Indians are of truly indigenous development, while it is held, on the other hand, that the Polynesians migrated eastward from Asia, but without reaching the shores of America. That these two suppositions cannot be both true is apparent as soon as it is known that there has been a transfer of numerous cultivated plants between Polynesia and America, and other agricultural facts enable us to judge between the inconsistent theories. Since it is reasonable to suppose that the food plants which the Polynesians shared with the tropical peoples of both continents were carried by them across the Pacific, it is also reasonable to seek the origin of these widely distributed species on the continent which gives evidence of the oldest and most extensive agricultural activity, and to the question in this form there can be but one answer.

### THE AMERICAN ORIGIN OF AGRICULTURE

The agriculture of the old world tropics is adequately explainable by the supposition that it was brought by the Polynesians, since the root-crops of the Polynesians were also staples of the old world tropics. This proposition would not apply to America, where, in addition to the sweet potato, yams, and yam-bean and taro, which crossed the Pacific, the aborigines also domesticated a long series of

root-crops, all of considerable local importance. The simplest of cultural methods, propagation from cuttings, was applied to all these root-crops and has been in use for so long a period that several of them have become seedless. With equal uniformity the distinctively old-world root-crops are grown from seeds. American root-crops belong to at least twelve natural families, and the only important old-world addition to the series is the mustard family, a distinctly temperate group, the cultivated members of which have not been greatly modified in domestication, and are still known in the wild state.

This apparent superfluity of American root-crops is explainable by the fact that different plants were independently domesticated in different localities, which means also that conditions favorable to the development of agriculture were very general among the natives of America. That most of these plants are not known in the wild state testifies also to the great antiquity of this agricultural tendency, while archæology gives equally vivid testimony to the same antiquity and diversity of prehistoric civilizations of America. From the mounds of Ohio to the equally remarkable ruins of Patagonia, the American continents and islands are, as it were, dotted with remains of rudimentary civilizations which must have required centuries and milleniums to rise from surrounding savagery, culminate and perish. The constructive arts by which the existence of these vanished peoples is made known took the most diverse forms; some made mounds, some expended their energies upon huge carvings on high inaccessible rocks, some dug devious underground passages, some set up monoliths and carved statues, and some built massive pyramids, temples and tombs, while still others are known only from their pottery or their metal work. In civilization, as in agriculture, the tropics of America stand in striking contrast to those of the old world. Here men of the same race showed great diversity of plants and arts; there races are diverse, while arts and staple food plants are relatively little varied. The early civilization of the eastern world resembled some of the primitive cultures of America more than these resembled each other.

The American origin of agriculture is thus not doubtful, since not merely one, but several, agricultures originated in America. The same cannot be claimed for Asia and Africa, where only root-crops shared with America attained a wide distribution, an indication that they reached those continents before the uses of the similar indigenous plants have been discovered.

This all too brief quotation from an able article will show the line of argument pursued by Mr. Cook. Its very reasonableness will appeal to all students of economic botany, although the conclusions are at variance to much that has passed current as authority. But whether America deserves or not the title of Mother of Agriculture, it is certain that in no country at present is there so much energy and intelligence devoted to this adjunct of civilization. Not to name many of the successes of American agriculturists, we may point to the seedless orange as one triumph, and the following passage records another:

**FROST-PROOF ORANGE .....PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER**

The Department of Agriculture has for several years been trying to produce a new orange that will withstand the cold waves that have devastated the groves of Florida within the past decade. Herbert J. Webber, one of the physiologists of the Department, has been occupied with the problem for several seasons and is now ready to announce that he has developed an orange that can be grown two hundred miles further north than the varieties hitherto commonly grown in Florida. He has accomplished this by crossing the Japanese trifoliate orange, an ornamental tree, with the common varieties successively until a fine fruit, capable of enduring extreme cold, has been produced. The new variety has not been named.

No one who reads these pages will fail to see the aptness of the following passage. Our gardens are too frequently sources of delight for a few months only. We waste half the year in expectation, and are content to gaze on bare ground and withered clumps, instead of having all the year round some object of interest and delight. At this beginning of the year it may be well to see how this can be avoided.

**THE TRUE ORDERING OF GARDENS..E. K. ROBINSON..CORNHILL**

The ordinary way of arranging a garden is to start in spring with an assortment of summer and autumn flowers, allowing the gardener, when these have finished blooming, to "do up" the beds for the winter; which means leaving them brown and bare, like so many mud-pies of symmetrical outline. The empty flower-beds of our parks and private gardens in winter would make that grand "old gardener," Adam, shake his head. They had no mud-pies in Eden. To avoid having them now you must—no matter at what season you may begin work—give your first and best thoughts to winter. In spring, summer and autumn you have the whole florists' catalogues to fill your garden from; but for winter you must use both judg-

ment and skill to have the ground decently robed in green, with such touches of color as the season and climate permit. The bareness of some trees will be inevitable against the sky; but conifers and evergreens may be so placed as to give substance and color to every group of trees; while the fall of the leaf in winter should be your opportunity to display the various ornamental ivies, which can be used to clothe with beauty the trunks and branches of all trees that are otherwise unsightly in winter. Ivy trained and trimmed on walls may be useful to hide brickwork, but it is only beautiful when it climbs in freedom. (Mr. Robinson means the "English Ivy," *Hedera Helix*, a plant that might well be largely used in this country). Some trees, however, such as red and yellow willows, dogwood, and so on, have bright-colored bark, and these should be placed judiciously to contrast with the deep-hued evergreens; and among the evergreens themselves the bright splashes of red and yellow-berried hollies, the flame-berried pyracantha, and so on, must not be forgotten; while there are many climbing plants, besides briar roses, which retain some leaves as well as bright fruit in winter. There are winter-flowering plants, too, like winter jasmine, with its stars of gold, which are especially intended by Nature to scramble up among the summer trees, throwing out long strands which are covered from end to end with flowers after the sheltering trees have cast their leaves. Yet in our gardens you will always see the winter jasmine trained against walls,where it is ugly for half the year.

EVERGREENS

Coming to the lower level of the shrubs, you still have embarrassing richness of choice in evergreens and dwarf conifers, as well as quite enough of sweet flowering shrubs and berried bushes to give color to the whole. By careful pre-arrangement and skilful use of rambling and climbing plants, you will find that not more than one bush or tree in four need be an evergreen, nor more than one in twelve a winter-flowering plant. This will leave you two-thirds to select on the same plan for other parts of the year—one-third to make the garden beautful in spring and early summer, and one-third for late summer and autumn; and by remembering that many plants have two seasons of beauty, with flower and leaf, or with flower and fruit, you may so often use the same plant twice, as it were, that in practice you will find that you may count upon at least half of the shrubs and trees taking part in your special scheme of color for each season. A garden thus arranged would continue to increase in beauty with recurring seasons, even without any added "garden flowers."

BUT THERE ARE GARDEN FLOWERS

These, however, are necessarily the most important; and again you must think first of winter. For this season there are, firstly, the lovely Christmas rose, a queen of beauty in midwinter, and all through the summer making a lovely setting for brighter flowers with its glorious, glossy leaves. There are also some crocuses, some very beautful irises, which will flower freely in mid-winter. You have only to understand the meaning of the crocus and iris in order to grow them in abundance to perfection, without ever having to "take them up" or to put up with the unsightliness of their decaying leaves, as happens now when bare beds are filled with irises or edged with crocus. Both crocus and iris and, in fact, all bulbous plants which flower in winter or spring are perfectly comfortable growing among other plants, which cover them when their flowering time is over. It is exactly what they want; and there are scores of our prettiest garden plants which are especially fitted to do this. These are all the classes of plants which in winter have a low, matted growth of evergreens, a very few inches high, from which they send up an immense number of flowering stalks in summer, making a mass of bloom a foot or more in height. According to this height should be selected the class of flowering bulb which they protect. There comes a time, too, when these plants in their turn are glad to be overshadowed and protected—when they have shed their blooms and are resting before another season's growth. Then is the time when judiciously placed perennials, of the large class that dies down annually out of sight and sends up graceful stems with leaf and flower in season, fill the same site for the third time in the year with beauty. By the time they are cut down in autumn the plant below has got rid of its disfiguring seed-pods and withered flower-stalks, and forms a gracious covering, through which the bulbs beneath are already stirring to thrust their way for winter flowering. You will everywhere find that you can make a perfect give-and-take arrangement for your flowers; and you will realize the value of that large class of plants which we neglect so much and our fathers loved so well, the biennials.

# Scientific Progress and Endeavor

**FOUCAULT'S PENDULUM AGAIN IN MOTION....HARPER'S WEEKLY**

The Sociètè Astronomique de France has re-established in the Panthéon in Paris one of the most impressive experiments ever made to prove that the earth turns daily on its axis. It has set up in that building what is known as Foucault's Pendulum. This pendulum swings in such a way as to mark its course in sand. A constant deviation in the markings is noticed, and what is known as the plane of oscillation makes a complete revolution in 31 hours, 48 minutes, sidereal time.

In plain language, the earth, as it turns from west to east on its axis, slips out from under the pendulum. The observer is unconscious of the earth's motion, and sees the markings of the pendulum in the sand going steadily toward the west at the rate of more than eleven degrees an hour. It is the earth, and not the pendulum, that is turning, for one of the most conclusively proved laws of physics is that a pendulum never changes its plane of oscillation, even though the point from which it is suspended is turned.

Newton first conceived of proving the earth's rotation by this method. As the earth turns, a point high above the surface must revolve faster than one on the sea-level. The high point is further from the center of the earth than our own on the ocean's surface. If, now, a heavy weight should be dropped from a high altitude and should retain the velocity through space that the high altitude has, it should strike the earth a little to the east of a true vertical line. It is turning a little faster than the point which is at the base of the vertical line. It is the same truth which is involved in the Foucault Pendulum experiment.

If a pendulum were hung at the north pole, the string or wire being practically an extension of the pole, and if the pendulum were set to swinging, the observer, at a marking of the end of the swing, would notice that the plane would seem to be turning slowly from east to west, and that it would require twenty-four hours to complete the circuit. The observer would be really turning slowly with the earth around the pole from west to east. If he were at the south pole, standing with his head directly in an opposite direction from that occupied at the north pole, the movement, as marked in the sand, would seem to be from west to east, because of his changed position. Directly on the equator there would be no movement, the observer retaining the same relative position to the point from which the pendulum is suspended at all times.

Between the pole and the equator the situation is different. The fixed point from which the pendulum is hanging travels with the earth, and is not stationary, as at the pole, and the pendulum shows the rate at which the earth is slipping away from under it by the markings in the sand toward the west.

Foucault began this experiment in the Panthéon in 1851, but the coup d'état in December of that year stopped it all. To Camille Flammarion, the eminent French scientist of to-day, was delegated the present work. He uses a copper ball for a pendulum, weighing sixty-six pounds, and hung on a fine steel wire two hundred and twenty-four feet long. At the bottom of the ball is a protruding knob, which slowly wears away two mounds of sand near the end of the pendulum's swing, and exhibiting a slight change of course with every swing. A graduated card also shows the change in degrees. The time of a single beat is eight seconds.

In an experiment of this kind it is absolutely necessary at the outset to swing the pendulum straight. There must be no side movement. To secure a straight swing M. Flammarion drew the pendulum to the extreme end of the swing, and tied it with a thread. When it was entirely at rest he burned the thread, and set the pendulum in motion. It oscillated for several hours, the resistance by the air gradually reducing its beats. But it traced one of the greatest laws of astronomy in the sand, and made plain to the human eye one of the greatest elementary truths of the universe.

An experiment of this kind has a popular fascination. In the days when Foucault first set up his apparatus in the Panthéon large crowds assembled in the galleries, and watched him at his work. No trace of that work is now left except the railings over which the populace peered at the great scientist at work. The interest of the masses has been just as keen in Flammarion's test. To produce a perfect

demonstration of the great truth revealed by this immense swinging pendulum a perfect vacuum should be provided. Of course it is absolutely impossible to provide even a partial vacuum—if one can speak of such a thing—for a pendulum two hundred and twenty-four feet long to swing in. If the vacuum could be secured, however, the pendulum would swing interminably. Flammarion kept the pendulum in motion for sixteen hours at a stretch.

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**A NEW AUTOMOBILE ..... NEW YORK TIMES**

J. F. Monaghan, United States Consul at Chemnitz, Germany, has made a very interesting report to the Department of State at Washington of a new German automobile which embodies an entirely new feature as applied to automobile construction. The inventor, Ludwig Maurer, has, according to a German technical journal (Kirchhoff's Technische Blätter), after thirteen years of practical experimentation, succeeded in solving the problem of obtaining simplicity, reliability, endurance, and good uphill speed for automobiles through the application of the principle of friction in the transfer of power. The idea which suggests the invention was taken from coining and paper manufacturing machines, in which the tranformation of power is obtained by virtue of so-called friction wheels. So successfully did Maurer apply this principle to automobiles that the Nürnberger Automobile Manufacturing Union has adopted the invention in the manufacture of its light sporting vehicles, as well as in business machines having a carrying power of 10,000 pounds.

A drive wheel, which is also the fly wheel, transfers its power directly to a friction wheel. The latter can be slid both ways upon the shaft by means of a forked clutch worked by the driver. On the left end of the shaft containing the friction wheel is a sprocket wheel, over which runs a chain which drives both back wheels.

It will be seen that the further the friction wheel is removed from the center of the fly wheel, the higher will be its speed, and the nearer it is moved toward the center, the slower will be its speed. When the friction wheel is moved across the center of the drive wheel the motion is reversed, and the automobile runs backward. When the friction wheel runs close to the center at the point of slowest motion, the automobile can climb ascents up to 30 per cent., as determined by the gear arrangements. At the point of greatest speed, on the circumference of the drive wheel, a velocity of 30 to 60 kilometers (19 to 38 miles) per hour is attainable, varying with the power of the motor employed.

The contact between the drive wheel and the friction wheel is effected by moving a lever and forcing the drive wheel backward against a friction wheel. Reversing this motion forces the drive wheel forward and away from the friction wheel. This simple mechanism obviates complicated structures, reduces friction to a minimum, and leaves few parts exposed to dust and grease.

Because of the possibility of attaining any speed desirable, the motor is used to its fullest extent whether running on level or ascending ground, no matter how frequently the change in elevation. This does away with the most difficult problem in connection with the gasoline engine, the difficulty of varying the speed of the motor, and, as a result, a four-horse power machine equipped with Maurer system is said to have a traveling capacity equivalent to that of other motors of six or eight horse-power.

Another advantage consists in the ease with which the driver can get at all of the movable parts of the machine without besmearing himself in the act. The simple construction reduces the weight of the machine, decreases the wear on the pneumatic tires, and effects a pronounced economy in the consumption of gasoline, not only because of the lessened weight to be carried, but because of the gain in horse-power.

The simplicity of the machine enables a ready understanding of its parts, and thus enlarges its usefulness for different persons, whether familiar with mechanics or not. When running, the operator is required to manipulate but one lever with each hand, thereby reducing the possibility of mistakes.

The machine, though readily manipulated by means of the lever which causes the friction contact, can also be regulated by an appliance cutting off the supply of gas. The gas-feeding apparatus can be so operated as to permit the running of the motor at a uniform speed of 400 revolutions per minute, the friction wheel being set at the circumference, or point of greatest velocity. On uphill ground the motor is supplied with more gas, thus increasing the power of the motor and carrying the machine up the ascent without a change of speed, through the manipulation of the friction-wheel lever. Only on unusual inclines need speed adjustments be made by means of the friction wheel. In this

way the wear upon the motor is reduced by virtue of its uniform speed, and the gas consumption is regulated by the changing requirements of the road traversed.

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**ARE MARTIAN CANALS A MYTH? ..... N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS**

Some remarkable experiments have lately been performed by an English astronomer that tend to throw doubt on the reality of the markings on the planet Mars which have been termed canals and regarded as evidence of the existence of intelligent life on that body. These canals (the name is used for convenience) were first seen by Schiaparelli in 1877. He found the lighter areas on the planet covered with a network of fine lines joining the darker areas, supposedly land and water respectively. It was natural to suggest that these lines were nothing else than artificial waterways joining navigable seas and built by a race of beings far more advanced in the mechanic arts than ourselves.

Schiaparelli's observations were later ostensibly verified by other scientists, notably Mr. Percival Lowell of Boston, who built an observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., for the especial purpose of observing Mars.

Both Schiaparelli and Lowell added to the interest in these strange phenomena by announcing that at certain seasons the canals on Mars appeared double. That is by the side of the original appeared a second line paralleling and duplicating it in every respect. No very satisfactory explanation of this behavior on the part of the canals has been offered.

SOME NOVEL EXPERIMENTS

Now for the experiments of Mr. B. W. Lane, the English astronomer already mentioned. He conceived the idea that the canals were optical delusions due to vibrations in the earth's atmosphere, which caused such an apparent lengthening of the real markings on the planet as to suggest the canal. He was led to this by the statement of observers that only one or two of the canals were ever seen at any one time. The dark areas on the planet are bordered by many prolongations called gulfs. These gulfs, Mr. Lane thought, might easily be lengthened into straight lines under certain optical conditions. To test his theory he evolved a novel method.

Making a drawing of the planet, with the markings thereon agreed upon by all observers, but with no suggestion of the canals, he placed it at a distance of ten feet from a woman friend, and asked her to copy it, putting in everything she could see. She, of course, was totally unaware of the object of the experiment. The lady made a drawing showing the seas, and then she said she could see nothing more. By looking a little longer, however, she added two lines resembling in a general way the marking seen by Schiaparelli. The positions were different, but the original drawing was found to be slightly inaccurate, and Mr. Lane made another with more care, and then submitted it to another lady.

THE TWO PRECISELY ALIKE

This time Mr. Lane copied in the seas for her, and simply told her to fill in anything else she could see. He was careful not to suggest lines, mentioning instead spots and shadings as the things she should look for. In spite of this, after ten minutes' work, she produced a drawing of Mars precisely similar to that of Schiaparelli for the same region except in the amount of detail. All the lines put in by this woman appear in Schiaparelli's map in exactly the same positions.

Mr. Lane next experimented with two boys, both aged eleven years, neither of whom had ever heard of Mars or its canals. Their attempts are startlingly like the results of Schiaparelli. One of the boys refused to believe that the drawing shown to him by Mr. Lane was the same as that from which he had copied, so certain was he that the lines he had put in were realities. The conclusion drawn by Mr. Lane is that the mere shape of the oceans of Mars is sufficient to give rise to the appearance of the complicated system discovered by Schiaparelli.

SEEN DOUBLE, TOO

Besides enlisting other observers, Mr. Lane has tried the experiment on himself, and he maintains that not only has he seen the canals on drawings destitute of them, but he has seen them doubled, and even three, four and five at a time! Here is what he says on this point:

"I have frequently seen these pseudo-canals doubled, and, when my eyes have been in the best condition, have seen not two canals only, but four or five at a time, and have sometimes seen one or more canals so firmly marked that I have had to go up to the drawing to make sure in my own mind that I had not put a line there by mistake.

"When first looked for, very steady gazing is needed to see them at all; in fact, in my case it required two minutes' staring before I could perceive the slightest fleeting indication. If another attempt be made, say next day, they

are seen much more easily than at the first attempt, and the task of seeing them becomes easier every time, until now with me I can scarcely look at the drawing without seeing some one or two.

"The first time these canals are seen they appear as broad, misty, ill-defined bands, which easily change their places, but when a little practise has been had in seeing them they appear as firm, hard lines; indeed, as Mr. Lowell puts it in speaking of the real canals, 'like a steel engraving.' In fact, I should say from what I have been able to gather respecting the appearance of the canals on the planet, it is easier to see canals on a blank drawing placed at a distance of twenty feet from the eye than to see them on Mars."

Believers in the reality of the so-called canals will be slow to see any value in Mr. Lane's experiments, but his claims are sure to create interest and discussion among astronomers.

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**A NEW FIREPROOF MATERIAL .....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**

Some interesting experiments have been carried out in England with a new fireproof material called "uralite." It originated in Russia, being the invention of Col. Ichenetsky, of the Russian artillery, and takes its name from the Ural Mountains, where a large quantity of asbestos, which constitutes the fundamental component of uralite, is obtained. It has proved a highly efficacious fire-resisting material, capable of withstanding a much greater degree of heat, without exhibiting any apparent effect, than any fireproof material at present on the market. Coupled with this fact it is extremely light, it is of great strength, is durable, and is manufactured in sheets of varying sizes and thickness, thus rendering it a first-class material for building purposes. Another recommendation in its favor is its extreme lightness.

Although asbestos enters largely in the composition of uralite, it is by no means the only important substance incorporated in its manufacture, since asbestos in its pure form, although it will resist high degrees of heat, is liable to disintegrate under the influence of excessive temperature, and this peculiarity to a great extent nullifies its utility.

The most noticeable feature of uralite is the facility with which it may be handled and adapted to other materials as a protection against fire. It can be glued and nailed without any fear of its splitting during the latter process. It is specially available for paneling or other simliar purposes, and can be grained or otherwise treated precisely as if it were wood. It does not swell or shrink under fluctuating climatic conditions, is waterproof, and is a complete electric insulator. The remarkable immunity of the material from climatic changes may be gathered from the fact that a piece of the substance may be plunged into boiling water and then immediately steeped into frozen mercury without showing any shrinking, disintegration or other change, physical or chemical. It is capable of withstanding a great strain—18 tons per square inch in comparison with Portland cement, which is only capable of supporting 9 tons—so that it is an ideal material for flooring and ceilings. Its cost is very low—7 cents per square foot.

A practical proof of faith in the fire-resisting capabilities of uralite is attested by the fact that in London the fire insurance companies have decreased their rates where this material is employed from $5.25 to $1.90. It is being adopted on the overhead railroad of Liverpool; in the Soudan for roofing purposes; and also by the Russian Admiralty.

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**TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT ELECTRICITY .....CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL**

The electric telegraph and the telephone are now such common aids to communication between persons distant from one another that we do not often pause to consider what wonderful inventions they are. Even wireless telegraphy has ceased to interest the public, we are so surfeited with the true fairy tales of science that we seem to be losing the power of feeling astonished. There are, however, certain methods of secret signaling, or telegraphy—we hardly know what to call it—known to certain Oriental and semi-barbarous nations, which have long been a puzzle to those Europeans who have had an opportunity of observing their effects. It is said on good authority that the murder of General Gordon at Khartoum was known in the bazaars of Cairo, a thousand miles away, on the day of his death. Similarly, in the first Afghan war, the terrible disaster which befell the British army in the Khyber Pass was known all over the country before it became circulated through the ordinary means of communication. A recent article in The Spectator gives some other instances of this "natural telegraphy," the secret of which, in spite of energetic inquiries on the part of many officers and travelers, and the proffer of heavy bribes, has never been divulged to Europeans.

# Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

**THE ARTERY OF SLEEP ..... BALTIMORE NEWS**

Dr. Steiner observed in Java a method employed to induce sleep. It consists in compressing the carotid arteries. The operator sits on the ground beside the patient, whose neck he seizes with both hands. The index and middle fingers are then pushed forward into the carotids, which are compressed toward the spine. The patient's respiration becomes more rapid and more profound and his head relaxes backward. The method is absolutely harmless, anæsthesia is rapidly obtained, and the patient wakes promptly with no symptoms of nausea or malaise. Dr. Steiner declares the method to be well known in Java, where it is used to relieve headache, sleeplessness, etc., and points out the fact that the carotid artery was known to the ancients as arteria soporifera, and that its name in modern Russia is "artery of sleep." He does not seem to know that the method is widely practised in India. Kipling's Kim, for example, is put to sleep by a process of the sort. Dr. Steiner experimented upon thirty Javanese, and was successful in all but five cases. He sat in front of the patient, placing his right hand on the left, his left hand on the right, side of the patient's neck. When the ends of his fingers met at the back of the neck he placed his thumbs back of and a little below the angles of the lower jaw. The beating of the carotid was felt, and then a moderate pressure toward the spine was applied. The loss of consciousness was complete and, in one case, an abscess was lanced without sensation on the patient's part.

**THE MULTIPLICATION OF LABORATORIES .... DR. F. J. SHEPHERD***

One danger of this great multiplication of laboratories is that it induces men to pursue original investigation who have not the true scientific spirit, and who are utterly unfit for such work. They frequently collect and publish a mass of useless and undigested material and therefrom draw inaccurate conclusions. All this will not redound to the credit of medical science. I do not wish it to be inferred that I am opposed to the addition of modern laboratories to our medical schools. They are all necessary, but they must not supplant other work quite as important to a man who wishes to become a practising physician or surgeon. Again, we must remember that the millennium will not be brought about by laboratories, nor will all scientific problems be solved by them. There is one laboratory which is not so much frequented now as when I was a student. I refer to the hospital wards. Students, while perhaps more scientific—I say scientific because nowadays every one who spends much of his time in a laboratory learning the use of all kinds of modern apparatus, including our old friend the microscope, is regarded as having a scientific training—I may say that students, while perhaps more scientific (microscopical and mechanical), have not the intimate personal knowledge of disease which continued observation at the bedside gives them, so that when started in some out-of-the-way place without their scientific machinery, they are like fish out of water. It may soon be that they will not be able to diagnose a fracture without the $x$-rays, tuberculosis without getting bacilli in the sputum, and so on without end. Students are not taught to observe so accurately the evident symptoms of disease, and, as I say, are becoming mere mechanics who need an armamentarium, which only a great hospital or university can possess, to make an accurate diagnosis of an ordinary disease; the higher and more intellectual means of drawing conclusions by inductive reasoning are almost neglected. Mind you, I do not wish to disparage laboratory teaching; it is essential, but we can have too much of a good thing, and laboratories nowadays take up too much of the student's time in the latter years of his curriculum. The ordinary student should have a good working knowledge of laboratory methods, and this should be obtained chiefly during his first two years, but the refinements, if insisted, will be acquired at the expense of some more useful and practical information, for the average student can only hold so much knowledge—it is hopeless to attempt to put a quart measure into a pint pot.

*From an address delivered before the Canadian Medical Association.

**SERUM TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM ..... MEDICAL RECORD**

It is natural that with the discovery of a microorganism probably pathogenic for rheumatism an attempt should speedily be made

to produce a specific serum for the treatment of the disease. Such an attempt has been made by Menzer, who gives an account in the *Zeitschrift für klinische Medicin*, Nos. 1 and 2, vol. 47, 1902, of his progress in the development of a system of serum therapy for acute and chronic articular rheumatism. In spite of the advances he has made, the author emphasizes the fact that the method is not yet perfect, and has limitations, but he claims that its advantages are no less distinct and certain.

To understand the author's theory of treatment, it is necessary to consider his view of the etiology and course of the disease. He bases his theory upon the assumption that, under certain conditions of constitution, weather, etc., the circle of lymphatic tissue which guards the pharyngeal region becomes permeable to the microorganisms habitually present. These overcome the protective agencies opposed to them, and, reaching the circulation, cause metastatic lesions in susceptible organs. In this case, as in many other generalized bacterial invasions, the *loci minoris resistentiæ* are the synovial membranes of the joints, the serous membranes, and the endocardium. The organism, at first prostrated, speedily overcomes the invaders free in the blood current, and then seeks out their separate depots, in order to render these harmless as well. The reaction of the organism to this process is evidenced by the typical symptoms of local congestion, swelling and pain, *i. e.*, the joint symptoms and endocarditis represent, not the infection, but the effort of the body to overcome it.

The underlying principle of Menzer's method now becomes apparent. Streptococci obtained from the tonsils of patients having acute rheumatism were isolated and used for the preparation of pure cultures. These were injected into animals, and the antistreptococcic serum resulting from this method of immunization was used in the treatment. On injecting it into patients having chronic rheumatism, a local reaction, consisting of swelling, redness and heat was caused in the diseased, but not in the healthy, joints. The author interprets this as evidence of the assistance to the body's dormant powers of resistance furnished by the serum. In acute cases a similar series of events is observed. The local symptoms are at first aggravated, but subside rather more speedily than is usually the case, and the defervescence, once occurring, is permanent. The action of the serum differs from that of diphtheria or tetanus antitoxin in being primarily bacteriolytic, though it probably has some antitoxic properties as well.

**UNEXPECTED RESULTS FROM TAKING DRUGS . . BRITISH MED. JOUR.**

Sir Lauder Brunton has recently related some curious and unexpected results which have sometimes followed the administration of drugs. I remember, he said, reading the case of a child who was said to have died from one drop of laudanum, but this laudanum had been kept on a mantel-shelf for a considerable time and the mouth of the bottle only stopped by a twisted piece of paper, so that the original tincture of opium had become converted into a strong liquid extract by evaporation. Here was a case in which by keeping, and in a sense deteriorating, the drug had become far stronger than before. But occasionally the very purity of drugs may alter their effect for the worse. Professor Leech pointed out that artificial sodium salicylate owes its inferiority to natural salicylate, not to the presence of any impurity, but really to the absence of a certain amount of methyl salicylate which exists in the natural product.

Some time ago, on prescribing potassium nitrate with the view of lessening high arterial tension and arresting epistaxis, Sir Lauder Brunton found that the patient was immediately relieved by the use of saltpetre which he got at an oil shop, but on getting the prescription made up at a chemist's, with pure potassium nitrate, the epistaxis began again. On hearing of this, he at once suspected that the ordinary saltpetre contained a small amount of nitrite, and on adding about half a grain of sodium nitrite to the 15 or 20 grains of potassium nitrate that he had been taking, the epistaxis ceased immediately. This result explained an observation which had been made by a very old doctor, who had told him that, although he belonged to a very gouty family, he kept gout away by taking 20 grains of nitrate along with 15 or 20 grains of potassium bicarbonate in a tumbler of water every morning, and—here was the point—that the nitre he got from a gunmaker was always better than what he got from a chemist. This was probably due to a small admixture of nitrite which tended to keep down the high tension which his gouty kidneys would otherwise have produced.

Quinine may act very differently, according to the amount of acid in the stomach. In tropical countries quinine is frequently swallowed by the teaspoonful, and a great part of this is often wasted because there is an insufficient amount of acid in the intestinal canal to dissolve it. Should, however, a patient take quinine in this way and have several lemon

squashes immediately afterward, so much quinine may be dissolved by the citric acid they contain as to give rise to unpleasant effects. Calomel, again, may vary unexpectedly in its effects. In persons who live upon a vegetable diet and are accustomed to take but little salt, calomel appears only to have a slight action, but in those who take a lot of salt, or are accustomed to live upon salt provisions, a larger quantity of calomel is converted into corrosive sublimate, and thus an unexpectedly violent action may be produced. Sulphide of antimony, on the other hand, is dissolved by alkalies, so that when compound calomel pills, which contain this drug, are given along with alkalies, a degree of gastrointestinal irritation may be produced which does not occur in other conditions. The solubility of certain resinous purgatives, such as aloes, scammony, jalap and podophyllin, is also much increased by alkalies, and some of the unexpected excess or lack of action of these drugs which occasionally manifests itself is doubtless due, not to impurity of the drug, but to the amount of alkali present at the time in the intestinal canal.

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**CORNELL'S BRAIN COLLECTION .....NEW YORK SUN**

Although it is improbable that Cornell University will ever secure the brain of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton, because of the objections of the family of Mrs. Stanton, the fact that she left a wish to have her brain entrusted to Cornell, to be preserved with the collection that Prof. Burt G. Wilder has been making for many years, has drawn attention again to the Cornell brain collection in a pointed way. Every university has what a commercial traveler would call "side lines," and this brain collection of Dr. Wilder at Ithaca is one of the most important and peculiar of any of the special works of research engaged in institutions of learning. It is a most serious work, although many persons who know Professor Wilder in a general way regard it as one of his idiosyncrasies.

The secrets of the human brain—or any other brain of considerable development, for that matter—have never yet been found out entirely. Psychological experiments have revealed much as to the operation of the human brain under various emotions, and the knife of the anatomist has laid bare many of the secrets of its structure, but the full story is yet to be revealed. The comparative study of the brain by anatomists is going on steadily, and as new curves and cavities and fissures and convolutions present themselves the puzzle becomes more involved, although many points are being cleared up gradually.

This brain study has absorbed a large part of the spare time of Professor Wilder for twenty-five years. He has made many important discoveries and has adopted a terminology of his own to a large extent. His unceasing study has brought him fame in his profession and has added largely to the sum of scientific information. His purpose, in a general way, is to establish a standard fissural American brain. He has not yet succeeded, but he keeps at his work, and it is for that reason that he has devoted a large amount of time to inducing persons of various degrees of intelligence to leave their brains to Cornell.

All brains submitted to him are treated with great respect. Few of them are destroyed. Many incisions are made in some of them, but they are preserved intact and are never mutilated. Some of his prize brains are not even cut. They are preserved most carefully, and such study as is made from them is along the line of weight and form of convolutions.

In the collection are the brains of two intellectual giants, Dr. Chauncey Wright of Harvard, and Prof. James Oliver of Cornell. These are treasured most carefully. Students of Dr. Wilder, now in the Cornell Medical College in this city, say that although these men represented in life the highest forms of intellectuality, their brains are not at all similar in aspect. One is highly convoluted and the other is not. If Dr. Wilder could secure the brains of twenty-five such persons it is possible that he could make some valuable deductions for science, either because of their similarities or dissimilarities.

Professor Wilder, of course, does not give out for publication the names of those who have willed their brains to his collection. It became known, however, the other day that Prof. Goldwin Smith, the great historian and philosopher, formerly of Oxford and then of Cornell, and now a resident of Toronto, had willed his brain to Cornell. It is altogether probable that in time a large collection will be secured.

It is expected that after a time there will be less family objection to the scheme, and that when it is understood how valuable to science such gifts may prove to be, the brains of educated persons will come in faster.

The brains of criminals and alcoholics are preserved on shelves close to Dr. Wilder's laboratory door; the brains of the educated class are kept securely locked up and are not to be seen except for scientific purposes.

**HEALTH OF THE COAL MINER** ..... **NEW YORK TIMES**

Three physicians who have practised in Scranton or Wilkesbarre took the stand for the miners before the Coal Arbitration Commission and in substance testified that the occupation of a mine worker was "very unhealthful" and shortened his life. One physician, Dr. Frank P. Lennahan of Wilkesbarre, who says he has had a long experience among mine workers, testified that fully 99 per cent. of the men who work in the mines are anæmic. Their health is impoverished, and their general condition is below par, thus decreasing their earning powers. The principal illustration offered by the miners, the physicians said, were the miners' asthma, rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica. The miners' asthma comes from coal dust, powdered smoke and vitiated air. Dr. John O'Malley of Scranton said that at post-mortems he had seen miners' lungs as black as anthracite itself, and Dr. Lennahan testified that he had personal knowledge of a man coughing up coal dust nine years after he had left the mines. He said he had information that a man had coughed up coal dust fifteen years after he had left the mines. It was also asserted that 90 per cent. of miners who reach the age of fifty years are afflicted with some form of rheumatism.

# The Management of a Great Trust

## By Henry Loomis Nelson*

The United States Steel Corporation is not a huge aggregate of capital and industrial properties managed by a single head. In putting an end to the competition which naturally existed between the subsidiary companies, beneficent rivalry has not been destroyed. The proprietor corporation does not operate the mines or the factories or run the vessels and railroads. The Carnegie Company, the Illinois Steel Company, the National Tube Company—these and the other constituent companies are the operating companies. Each has its president, its other officers, and its board of directors. The task of the United States Steel Corporation is advisory. It indicates the work which each of the subsidiary companies should do; it counsels the operating officers; it watches the course of the markets; it looks after the maintenance and the perfection of the plants; it buys and installs new machinery; it studies the processes employed in the different works; it compares conditions and results, and thereby it discovers which mill, which forge, which president or superintendent or mine boss, and which machine is doing his or its task at the lowest cost and with the best results.

The corporation is officered by men who have been trained in its business. Of these officers, the president, the three vice-presidents and the two assistants to the president meet daily for the purpose of conference. Here are a president and his cabinet officers, who discuss at their meetings the reports which they receive from the operating companies. They have before them, in their discussions, the exact state of the business of the whole corporation. Each vice-president and each assistant to the president has his own department. The special province of the first vice-president is with raw material and transportation. He keeps himself informed as to all the details of the work of digging ore and coal, as to the vessels and railroads, the docks, the quarries, and the natural-gas wells. The second vice-president is charged with the supervision of the production of the subsidiary companies, with their distribution, and with their purchases of metal products. He studies the methods and results of these companies, with the object of securing the greatest economy in manufacture and delivery. The third vice-president concerns himself specially with markets. He must know where the corporation's products are going, what are the conditions of the markets of the world; and he is to keep the various companies informed as to his discoveries and conclusions, in order that they may distribute their products to the best advantage.

One assistant to the president investigates and compares the cost of manufacture in the works of the various subsidiary companies; and to aid him in this task, he forms committees of skilled operatives whose duty it is to study and recommend uniform methods with a view especially to effecting economies in the cost of

*Century.

production. The other assistant looks after the mechanical efficiency of the various works, and considers and reports upon any recommendations which may be made for the improvement of machinery or tools.

The committee of skilled operatives is a most important feature of this organization. In considering it, it should be understood that the Carnegie Company's principle of a division of profits gives to the leading men in all its works a personal interest in the prosperity of the business. This is not a general profit-sharing plan; but the men who are at the head of a mill, or of a furnace, or of a department, receive a percentage of profits based on their salaries. Occasionally a workman who is not included among these partners in the business receives an addition to his pay for an unusual piece of work of value to the corporation. So far as it extended at the time of the consolidation this plan has been retained. Its further extension will require careful thought and much time. The committees of operatives also serve to awaken and maintain the interest of the chief and responsible employees in aiding the achievement of the desire of the corporation for success while they work at the very root of the problem. They constitute an important element of the methods pursued for keeping up the rivalry between the subsidiary companies. The president and his cabinet affect the presidents and officers of the operating companies; the committees work upon the professional pride of the technical and practical men who actually carry on the work of production or transportation. The central authorities know from their daily, weekly, and monthly reports which companies are the most successful and which are less successful. They also know whether conditions, favorable or unfavorable, account for the different results. In a large way they realize in advance some conditions that make it wiser to fill this order in Chicago and that in Pittsburg. For example, by reason of the corporation's scattered properties, they are able to save cost of transportation by making rails in Chicago for the West, and in Pittsburg for the East. Through their constant reports and comparisons, they are able to effect other economies of a similar nature. They learn whether the success of one factory, comparing with results at another, is due to the superior mechanical equipment of the first. They also discover whether one mill produces the more material at the lower cost because of devices and methods invented or adopted by its manager. These skilful devices and better methods naturally would constitute a secret of the individual mill if it were in competition with the other works of the corporation; now they are utilized for all the works, to the end that, other things being equal, production shall be as cheap in one mill as in another which makes the same or similar articles.

Finally, it may be ascertained that production is falling off or is costing more than it should through the incapacity or negligence of the responsible men, of the master workmen, of the superintendent of a mill, or of a department. Here it is that the committees of skilled operatives become of use. These committees represent every branch of the business. They are composed of the theoretical men, like chemists, for example, and the practical men who actually work the machinery in the furnaces the mills, and the other properties of the corporation. They visit the works, examine the machinery, study the methods employed, watch the operations of the establishment, and inevitably ascertain what is wrong and upon whom the responsibility rests. A backward boss or superintendent dreads the visit of the committee of his own branch of the business. It is composed of his fellow-workmen, who are also his rivals, who are not only straining every effort to surpass him, but who are determined to discover his weaknesses, and to bring every factory of the corporation up to the standard.

These visitations of committees are said to be among the most picturesque human incidents of the business.

This criticism is good for the delinquent, and the knowledge gained by the visit, on which the criticism rests, is good for the corporation. It stimulates the man to better work, or it replaces him with a better man; at all events the work goes on better, the product larger or less costly, the company gains, and, if it carries out its professions, the consumer also profits. The manner in which a committee works is as varied as human nature itself, but the practical boss in an investigated factory is dealt with by a group of men who understand his work. He knows this, and he knows also that they are ambitious to secure large results. He cannot deceive them, as he might deceive an owner who has never operated a machine, or produced a pig of iron or a bar of steel. Before them he cannot defend antiquated processes, bad workmanship, or his own slothfulness. He cannot successfully lay the blame on untoward conditions if such conditions do not exist. He must face the music. If he can do better, he must; if he cannot he must go.

# Sociologic Questions of the Times

**BETTER THAN STRIKES..PEMBER REEVES..BLACK AND WHITE**

When, a few years since, it was mentioned in London that a statute existed in New Zealand for dealing compulsorily with labor quarrels, it was spoken of—when it was spoken of at all—as something unthinkable, crazy, or laughable. But this "impossible" statute has now been in constant use for seven years, and though once a quarter or thereabouts some letter or telegram assures us that the experiment is breaking down, or is on the verge of breaking down, it does not break down. Moreover, though its life has so far been short in New South Wales and Western Australia, it is no dead letter in either; far from that. The Arbitration Court in Sydney is almost overwhelmed with business, and from West Australia comes the news of the conclusion of a highly important mining arbitration case of a legal award under which the conditions of labor are to be regulated throughout the great goldfields of Coolgardie and Kalgurli. In the colonies, therefore, industrial arbitration may still be an experiment, but it has passed out of the region of vision and theory. It is a matter-of-fact legal system, a prosaic affair of every day.

The awards of the Arbitration Courts are binding during their currency, which may not exceed three years, and is usually from six to eighteen months. Any person disobeying an award may be fined. The highest fine upon a union or a employer may be £500. The funds of a union may be seized in payment of a fine, and any workman belonging to a union is liable to the extent of £10. The severest fine yet inflicted on an employer in New Zealand was £25. No workers' union has yet been charged with evading or disobeying an award, so none have been fined. Employers, too, have for the most part readily and honorably complied with the Court's injunctions.

The effect of industrial arbitration in New Zealand has been, so far, to abolish serious labor conflicts, to level up the conditions of industry to the level of the "fair" workshops. It has enabled the workers in recent prosperous years to obtain a series of increases of wages without fighting and on carefully considered and practicable lines. It has also enabled employers to successfully resist many excessive demands, and to do so without resorting to the lockout. It has enlarged the organization both of labor and capital, but is quietly depriving the trade unions of their militant and narrowly-exclusive character.

**VALUE OF THE DAY NURSERY....LILLIAN H. FRENCH....CENTURY**

Now that time has proved the value of these institutions, we read in one of the latest utterances on the subject: "For the first time in the realm of sociology its students are beginning to take account of the factor 'the day nursery, or crèche,' in connection with the great problem of the disintegration of workingmen's families, and they find that it is proving efficient in keeping the families together who are near enough to take advantage of its helpfulness. The aid that the nursery gives is understood by all who have entered intelligently into that work, and is easily comprehended by others when the fact is pointed out that when the man in a family fails to secure employment the woman must become the bread-winner; then arises the problem, Who is to care for the children while the mother is absent? The father may do so for a while, but he is obliged to be out continually seeking employment; or, as is too often the case, he refuses to stay at home to mind the children; or, still worse, he deserts his family in their hour of need. In any case, the mother is forced to go out to work and the children are either locked into a room and left there all day, or are committed to the care of some neighbor, who doubtless does what she can, or are left recklessly to run on the streets. The inevitable result of this condition is that the mother, sick and tired of the anxiety, the trouble, the complaints which come to her on her return, turns to the half-orphan or other asylum or home, and there places her children, from whence, as statistics show, they seldom return, and the family is effectually broken up."

**TO LABEL SHODDY.....FRANCIS E. WARREN.....INDEPENDENT**

The bill which has been introduced in Congress "to provide for Federal inspection of mixed goods and the proper marking of the same," and which is known generally as the Anti-Shoddy Bill, is not designed by its advocates to destroy or cripple any industry. On

the contrary, it is designed to place the various products entering into the manufacture of clothing on their own individual merits, with the idea that if this is done no legitimate industry will be injured and the public will be benefited. No objection is offered to the use of shoddy or its manufacture, provided it is sold on its merit. By the provisions of the bill, manufacturers of mixed goods—that is, goods made in imitation of woolens, which are not composed wholly of pure wool—shall mark or tag such goods so that the constituent fibers and the relative portion of each of which such goods are composed shall be plainly shown; that garments made of mixed goods shall be marked and labeled so that the relative portion of each substance composing them shall be shown, and that imports of clothing or cloth shall be likewise marked or labeled. The bill provides for the imposition of a penalty for the offense of selling or offering for sale cloth or clothing not properly labeled.

The sheep and wool growers of the country are a unit in supporting the measure; but, in advocating it, they do not wish to embarrass their friends, the woolen manufacturers. They feel that the manufacturers should co-operate with them to the end that what is offered and sold as the product of the sheep, or the wool which grows upon the sheep's back, should be sold as such; that when the product is mixed with rags, shoddy, etc., it should be sold as mixed or shoddy goods; that if mixed with cotton, it should be sold as woolen-and-cotton; and that all substitutes used with wool should be indicated in some unmistakable way, in order that those offering goods for sale would be obliged to confine themselves to a true statement with respect to the ingredients and quality, and thus protect the buyer.

The use of shoddy in the manufacture of clothing is claimed by many to be a constant menace to the public health. Shoddy is the fiber of woolen cloth separated and rearranged for spinning by machinery. The best is made from the sweepings of tailor shops and the emptyings of rag bags in civilized countries. The worst comes from no one knows where, but it is reasonably certain much of it is made from the rags gathered by ragpickers in the slums and alleys of European cities and shipped to America under the term, "re-used wool fiber." Disease is, of course, liable to lurk in this product, and it is asking little of the national legislature that it may be marked so that it may be avoided by those who do not wish to use it.

**WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.*BULLETIN OF THE DEPT. OF LABOR**

By an order of the governor of New South Wales bearing date of May 8, 1900, a labor commission was appointed to provide work for the unemployed. The duties of the commission are to organize and control all labor of both sexes not in employment and to assist the unemployed in securing situations. A card system of registration is used, the men being classified according to their own preferences, then according to their capacity as determined by an inspection, and lastly, after an assignment of work has been completed, on the basis of reports furnished by a foreman or officer in charge of the work. Branch offices are maintained in different parts of the country, by which means it is expected that a general knowledge of labor conditions will be gained and disseminated.

Opportunities for employment were formerly determined by drawings, but the method was unsatisfactory, and a system of rotation has been adopted. This system is modified to some extent by local and conjugal conditions, applicants residing in the vicinity of the proposed works being preferred to non-residents, so far as the supply extends, and married men to single. Married men having dependent children are further favored over those without children. Emergency work is provided, however, for the immediate relief of destitution, and various concessions are made to enable men to avail themselves of the opportunities offered. Thus, railway fares are provided at reduced rates, and advances made to cover this and other preliminary expenses, as for tents, blankets, etc., while cost of provisions has been guaranteed to storekeepers giving credit to men beginning work. This last privilege was so abused that it has been withdrawn. Men leaving dependent families are required to sign orders empowering the department to pay their wives a portion—not less than one-half—of their weekly wages.

For men physically unfit for steady work, and therefore not easily graded as to fixed pay, a system of co-operation called the butty-gang system is made use of. Under this plan the work is let as a job and the returns are equally shared by the members of the gang performing it. This system, which is stated to have succeeded well in New Zealand, was found not to be satisfactory, as the least competent or least willing set the pace, with the result of small returns and general dissatisfaction among the workers.

* November, 1902.

A casual labor farm, furnished with huts and tools and run on the co-operative basis, provided employment for 198 men for various periods during the year. The period of residence set by the commission was three months, though the majority did not stay so long; others requested an extension of the period, which was in some cases allowed. This farm furnished opportunity for recuperation, mental and physical, and for getting a little sum ahead with which to make a new start on leaving, besides some practical experience in plowing and other farm work, which increased the opportunities for future employment.

To provide for another class of the destitute, including tramps and beggars, a labor depot and refuge was established within a few miles of Sydney, to which men are admitted and provided with food and lodging in return for a few hours' work, leaving them free during a large part of the day to seek employment. For those who work more than is thus required a credit system is used by which weekly accounts are kept, and any balance is paid over in cash at the time of final departure from the depot. This refuge was opened only three months before the close of this report, during some portion of which period 48 men were in residence, 23 being still in the institution when the report closed. Of the 25 who went away, 20 took certificates of good conduct, 4 of very good, and 1 the manager declined to certify. Three secured employment before leaving.

The number of applicants for work registering during the year was 10,501. The numbers of offers of work was 16,172; these were accepted in 7,899 instances, rejected in 3,237, and in 5,036 cases no reply was received. The number of individuals accepting work was 5,049, making an apportionment of about 15 jobs to each man that worked.

About 40 per cent.—3,175—of the jobs were of less than one month's duration; 1,493 lasted from one to three months, 535 over three months, and in 1,711 cases the duration was not reported. A few jobs lasted a full year. Sickness and accident compelled 159 men to leave their work, and 1,454 deserted. In 645 cases there was a mark of "very good" as to ability and willingness, "good" in 1,502 cases, and 903 were not granted certificates. Conduct was marked "very good" in 797 cases, "good" in 4,894, and 460 were denied a marking. It would appear, therefore, that incapacity was more in the way of success than was disposition; though the failure of 3,485 original registrants to give any further attention to their applications is suggestive of the use by beggars of the registration certificates to prove that they want work when in reality they have no such desire.

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**STREET RAILWAY COMPANY PROFIT-SHARING.....ELECTRIC AGE**

The British Columbia Electric Railway Company (Limited), of London, owner of the street railways in the cities of Vancouver, B. C., and New Westminster, has recently entered into an arrangement with its employees whereby it voluntarily agrees to continue to pay all of the men their wages or salaries at current rates, and in addition to divide among them at the end of each year one-third of all the clear profits after a 4 per cent. dividend has been paid to the stockholders. It is estimated that the dividend to the men will amount in the first year to about $30 each, to $50 each at the end of the second year, and that in five years it will reach the sum of $100 each.

Following is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Buntzen, general manager of the company, to the directors: "After the ordinary shareholder has received a dividend of 4 per centum (4 per cent.) any additional profits available for dividends will be divided as follows: Two-thirds to the shareholder; one-third to the regular employees. It might seem to the shareholders that this would be giving away their legitimate earnings, but on careful consideration it will be seen that more will be gained than lost. The labor question is a difficult one to solve. Men naturally try to get higher wages whenever possible, and sometimes when it is not possible. The result is trouble, ill feeling, unrest. And surely it is better for the shareholder to meet the demands of the employees for higher wages out of the actual earnings than to be called upon for unreasonable advances which the earnings do not justify. Strikes or lockouts, whatever their ultimate results, are poor means of adjustment. Everyone loses, not only in a financial way, but also in the loss of that mutual confidence which is essential to the success of all co-operation between capital and labor.

I wish it distinctly understood that what I recommend is to pay the men standard wages, and, in addition, give them a share in the company's profits beyond 4 per cent. on the ordinary stock, and I base my recommendation on the grounds that the increased interest in the company's welfare on the part of the employees created by the system will add so much to the company's success that employees and shareholders will all be the gainers by it."

# In the World of Religious Thought

**THE SYMBOLISM OF A DOGMA..... QUARTERLY REVIEW**

Dogmas are to religion what words are to thought. Like words, they are living organisms, and are in continual transformation. It is not that any truth which they symbolize changes, but that our apprehension of that truth changes. A dogma is like an algebraic formula which represents ideally a given quantity, but is not that quantity itself. It is no new thing which we are now writing. St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, St. Thomas Aquinas, Butler, Newman—to name no others—lay it down that theology is an economy, that is to say, a parable, or exhibition of the truth in symbols. No religion that exists, or ever has existed, can claim to be in exclusive possession of religious truth. Cardinal Newman, in the first book he ever wrote, expressed this verity in emphatic language: "Revelation, properly speaking, is a universal, not a partial, gift. It would seem that there is something true, and divinely revealed, in every religion, all over the earth, overloaded as it may be, and, at times, even stifled, by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of men have incorporated with it."

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**SOUL WANDERING...E. M. CESARESCO...CONTEMPORARY REVIEW**

In the Vedas, it is stated, that the soul may wander, even during sleep, and that it will surely have a further existence after death, but there is nothing to show that in this further existence it will take the form of an animal. Man will be substantially man, able to feel the same pleasures as his prototype on earth; but if he goes to a good place, exempt from the same pains. What, then, was the Vedic opinion of animals? On the whole, it is safe to assume that the authors of the Vedic chants believed that animals, like men, entered a soul-world in which they preserved their identity. The idea of funeral sacrifices, as exemplified in these earliest records, was that of sending some one before. The horse and the goat that were immolated at a Vedic funeral were intended to go and announce the coming of the man's soul. Wherever victims were sacrificed at funerals, they were originally meant to do something in the after life; hence they must have had souls. The origin of the Suttee was the wish that the wife should accompany her husband, and among primitive peoples animals were sacrificed because the dead man might have need of them. Not very long ago an old Irish woman, on being remonstrated with for having killed her dead husband's horse, replied with the words, "Do you think I would let my man go on foot in the next world?" Apart from what hints may be gleaned from the Vedas, there is no inherent probability against the early Aryans, any more than the modern Hindu, believing that the soul of man or beast comes suddenly to a full stop. To destroy spirit seems to the Asiatic mind as impossible as to destroy matter seems to the biologist.

From the moment that soul-wandering became, in India, a well-established doctrine, some three thousand years ago, the conception of the status of animals was perfectly clear. "Wise people," says the Bhagavad Gita, "see the same soul (Atman) in the Brahman, in worms and insects, in the outcasts, in the dog and the elephant, in beasts, cows, gadflies and gnats." Here we have the doctrine succinctly expounded, and in spite of subtleties introduced by later philosophers (such as that of the outstanding self), the exposition holds good to this day as a statement of the faith of India. It also describes the doctrine of Pythagoras, which ancient traditions asserted that he brought from Egypt, where no such doctrine ever existed. Pythagoras is still commonly supposed to have borrowed from Egypt; but it is strange that a single person should continue to hold an opinion against which so much evidence has been produced; especially as it is surely very easy to explain the tradition by interpreting Egypt to have stood for "the East" in common parlance, exactly as in Europe a tribe of low caste Indians came to be called gypsies or Egyptians. Pythagoras believed that he had been one of the Trojan heroes, whose shield he knew at a glance in the Temple of Juno where it was hung up. After him, Empedocles thought that he had passed through many forms, amongst others those of a bird and a fish. Pythagoras and his fire-spent disciple belong to times which seem almost near if judged by Indian computations: yet they are nebulous figures; they seem to us, and perhaps they

seemed to men who lived soon after them, more like mysterious, half Divine bearers of a word than men of flesh and blood. But Plato, who is real to us and who has influenced so profoundly modern thought, Plato took their theory and displayed it to the western world as the most logical explanation of the mystery of being.

The Hindu is as much convinced that the soul is reborn in different animals as we are that children are born of women. He is convinced of it, but he is not consoled by it. Let us reflect a little; does not one life give us time to get somewhat tired of it; how should we feel after fifteen hundred lives? The wandering Jew has never been thought an object of envy, but the wandering soul has a wearier lot; it knows the sorrows of all creation.

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**OCCULT FAITH...GEORGE W. COOKE...BOSTON EVE..TRANSCRIPT**

I have attended about a dozen religious meetings that are placed under the head of "miscellaneous" in the church announcements. They are somewhat difficult to classify, but they agree in having no denominational connections. Perhaps the oldest of these societies is the Church of the Higher Life, and the youngest may be that which takes the name of Universal Religion. Then there are meetings devoted to Harmony Through Music, New Testament Study, and others that are announced under the name of the speaker who addresses the meeting. With these societies may be classed the Independent Church, as having important common characteristics. With them also may be enumerated the two Theosophical societies, which agree with them in some particulars, at least.

These societies and meetings agree in being unsectarian, and in being independent of one another. They are all "liberal" in the sense of being without a creed, and also in fostering freedom of utterance. They are individualistic to a large degree, and magnify the worth of personal thought and utterance. The members agree not to agree with one another, and each establishes his own creed. It is true of the members also, that each has some cherished notion of his own, to which he is trying to convert his fellow-worshipers. Reforms of all kinds are advocated in these meetings, but by individuals rather than by societies.

The majority of these independent societies are off-shoots from Christian Science churches, or have come into existence, directly or indirectly, through the influence of Mrs. Eddy. The wonderful success of the Christian Science founder and leader has led other women to imitate her example, but none of them has shown like skill in securing a following. I suppose that most of these women honestly differ from Mrs. Eddy, and they have separated from her because they could not accept some one or more of the doctrines taught by her. Her autocratic methods, her extreme idealism, her fanatical theory of spirit, her insistence upon the absolute dominion of mind, her superstitious conception of the nature of disease and of curing it, have led many thoughtful persons inclined to her way of thinking to rebel from her extreme views. There has resulted what is sometimes called "the New Thought movement." It is Eddyism with a different Christian Science qualified by sounder thinking.

The one common characteristic of all the societies is their acceptance of the occult. This statement applies to the Theosophists as well as to the new thought and independent movements. They believe in and practise "mental healing." In this respect, as well as in the acceptance of his idealism, they are followers of Emerson. In many of his lectures Emerson declared that sickness is the result of mental imperfections, a failure to think soundly and to give the mind dominion over the body. No utterance of Mrs. Eddy is more emphatic than some of his as to the cause of bodily ailments. He taught in plainest terms that the cure of disease must be spiritual and not physical. He appears not to have followed up his theories with any system of mental healing. The new thought people not only believe as he believed, but they practise what he taught. His is the theory, and theirs is the method.

One of the chief characteristics of this whole movement of which I am writing is its development of a pronounced individualism. In this it differs widely from Christian Science, which has been so largely successful in its organized efforts, because it is a form of spiritual despotism.

Those who are willing to accept leadership, albeit friendly and sympathetic, have joined the ranks of Mrs. Eddy's rapidly growing religious army; but those who were too individualistic to be dictated to by another have connected themselves with the new thought movement. It would take a genius for organization greater even than Mrs. Eddy's to bring these new thought societies into a denomination. The tendency is rather in the direction of division.

# The Sketch Book

## Character in Outline

**"NOTHIN' DOING"** ..... **N. Y. TIMES**

Col. Opie Read, novelist and playwright, was for many years identified with country newspapers in Kentucky and Tennessee. He says that one day he approached a farmer in a Kentucky town and asked him if there was any news in his neighborhood.

"Not a bit uv news," said the farmer. "We are all too busy with our crops to think uv anything else. All quiet in our neighborhood."

"Pretty good crops this year?" queried Read.

"Bully," said the farmer. "I ought to be in my field this minute, an' I would be if I hadn't come to town to see the Coroner?"

"The Coroner?"

"Yep. Want him to hold an inquest on a couple of fellers down in our neighborhood."

"Inquest? Was it an accident?"

"Nope. Zeke Burke did it a-puppus. Plugged George Rambo and his boy Bill with a pistol. Got to have an inquest."

"What caused the fight?"

"There wasn't no fight. Zeke never give the other fellers a show. Guess he was right, too, 'cause the Rambos did not give Zeke's father an' brother any chance. Just hid behind a tree and fired at 'em as they come along the road. That was yistiday mornin', an' in an hour Zeke had squared accounts."

"Has Zeke been arrested?"

"Nope. What's the use? Some of Old Man Rambo's relatives come along last night, burned down Zeke's house, shot him an' his wife, an' set fire to his barn. Nope, Zeke hasn't been arrested. But I ain't got time to talk to you. Got to git back to my harvestin'. But there ain't no news down our way. If anythin' happens I'll let ye know."

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**THE MOTHER** ..... **LONDON ACADEMY**

The cottage where Jonathan and his wife lived was not easily found. You might walk down the lane twenty times without spying it nuzzling into the hillside, at the foot of a flight of steps rough cut into the clay. It was a tiny cottage, but three counties could be seen from the porch; overhead you might watch the weather in the making; just beneath was an orchard. In that cottage Jonathan's wife spent her days; he was a wanderer, she was a stay-at-home. A thin, restless woman, never idle, she was one of those housewives who are always cooking something over a fire, or carrying a pail or a platter between the yard and the house. She never shared in the talks between Jonathan and myself; she regarded them, I am sure, merely as another of man's ways of wasting time. Sometimes I wondered vaguely what were her thoughts, what was her view of life. Once, many years ago, her emotions had been deeply stirred: that I knew. There was the locked door in the cottage to remind me. A housewife, with but three rooms to control, does not renounce one of them, except under some strong compulsion. Lizzie's bedroom with its music-stand, its violoncello, its faded articles of attire, its books, was unchanged since the day she died. It was dusted every morning—that was all. We never spoke of her.

For his supper Jonathan liked a steaming Spanish onion, with a piece of bread and a glass of ale. That was the hour when we talked about books, or rather I talked, and he made comments. Indeed, it was for the sake of those comments that I willingly exchanged the hearth of my own cottage for his. Sometimes I read a review aloud. He would sit in the chimney corner, staring straight at me with those deep-set eyes, smoking placidly, while his wife bustled to and fro, making no remark, except the peremptory command when the onion was dished from the pot, and placed steaming on his plate: "Now then, come and sit up." Jonathan obeyed, hungry or not, while I continued to read. He could not, or would not assimilate much at a time; when some passage moved him to speak, he would put down his fork and speak. On the evening of which I am writing, the fork was placed on the table when he had taken but a few mouthfuls. The onion became cold and flaccid. I had been reading this passage: "Tennyson, more and more as life advanced, seems to have been dominated by the horror of the thought of losing individuality at death." There Jonathan stopped me. In the silence the tick of the clock seemed very loud. I was conscious that the woman was standing still behind

my chair. I turned. She was looking at her husband.

Jonathan did not speak. In those few minutes of pregnant silence I knew that I was near to the heart of things. Authority, tradition, clerical influence, the contagious sympathy of a common belief had no hold on this old man and woman, with the soil beneath, the sky above, and nothing to draw upon but their own simple wisdom. . . . Slowly and sadly Jonathan shook his head. The woman rested herself on the edge of the table, examined her bruised hands, and said, "Nor I, Jonathan."

Then, it all happened in a second, they both glanced toward the closed door, and stared hard at it. A change came over them. Jonathan did not move, but the woman rushed at him, flung her skinny arms about his neck, and sobbed, "Yes, dear, yes!"

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**SUPPOSING..... CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.....METROPOLITAN**

Lester followed the porter into the chair-car, hung up his overcoat, and settled down to read; but he could not fix his attention upon his novel.

The occupant of the chair across the aisle disturbed him. Apparently she was asleep. She was pale and there was a pathetic droop to her lips. The book in her lap was slowly but surely slipping from her unheeding fingers.

Its slow progress troubled Lester. He wished the volume would travel faster and get the threatened catastrophe over with, so that he might attend comfortably to his own reading.

The expected happened at last, however. The owner of the book opened a pair of startled brown eyes and looked straight into Lester's interested blue ones.

"Why Sidney!" she exclaimed, flushing from throat to brow. "Is it really you? You're not a ghost?"

"Certainly no ghost," said Lester, crossing the aisle and taking the vacant chair facing the young woman. "To think I didn't know you, Margery! But it's been—let me see, how many years?"

"Don't speak of years; what are you doing in this part of the country? Are you on a wedding trip, or anything?"

"Certainly not a wedding trip; and you?"

"Not guilty. I'm going to Washington to spend Sunday."

"So am I."

Lester did not think it necessary to state that the main purpose of his going was to ask a certain young woman an important question. Perhaps, as things turned out, it was quite as well that he refrained from going into details.

"Do you remember," asked Margery, "what good times we used to have in Cleveland, in the rose garden?"

"We were next-door neighbors then, weren't we? I used to crawl through the hedge on my hands and knees to visit you. What was it we used to play?"

"Supposing. 'S'posin',' we called it then."

"Oh, I remember. You sat on the bench near the beehives, with your lap full of big pink and white roses, and I sat on the ground at your feet. It began like this: 'S'posin' a pirate should come and carry you away—'

" 'Off in a great big ship with lateen sails—'

" 'And a crew of murderous Lascars—'

" 'And chests full of gold—'

" 'Gold, certainly. I'd follow—'

"Would you, Sidney?"

"Of course," said Sidney, not noticing that the girl's voice had grown tremulous. "S'posin' this is the ship."

"Yes—yes—"

"And we're sailing—sailing—"

"To a far-off country, and the pirate is waiting at the wharf—"

Margery glanced apprehensively over her shoulder. "Waiting to seize me and to carry me to his dungeon. Yes, go on. I can see him." The girl shuddered.

"I'd draw my sword and slay him, and say: 'Fair one, be mine. Come to these arms. I love thee.' "

"O Sidney! you—didn't say it, afterward, when—I used to wonder sometimes."

The girl's face flushed and then paled suddenly.

"But the pirate didn't come. You didn't need me. If he had, you know—"

"But I think—I have reason to believe I'll find him waiting for me at the station. He's a wealthy pirate with chests of gold, and—the family expects it."

"I'll run him through with my broadsword—my umbrella—if you say so."

"No, it's too late. I rather think I shall have to let him carry me off, and yet—s'posin'—s'posin' at the last moment—"

"Brush you, lady?"

It was the obsequious porter. Lester leaned forward: "The pirate?" he asked.

"One of the fraternity, surely," smiled Margery. "A deck-hand, possibly."

"Let me take your satchel. You are sure—"

"Look! Just inside the gate."

"Not Dorniton, Margery! Surely not Dorniton, of all men?"

"Yes, Dorniton. The pirate, you know."

"Marjorie, s'posin'—O Margery, let me save you!"

"Do you mean—"

"Yes, everything. Quick! may I save you —now—always? I always meant to, Margery."

"Oh, do, do!" cried the girl, with a lovely color flooding her face and her eyes dewy with tears of joy.

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**THE GREAT BANK MYSTERY...ISAAC ANDERSON.... SMART SET**

When the watchman of the Security National Bank wakened from his nap, which he was quite sure had not lasted more than three or four hours, he was astonished to find the door of the great vault lying on the floor. Never before, in the whole six months during which he had faithfully guarded the interests of the bank, had such an unheard-of thing happened, and something told him that he ought to notify somebody. So he went to the telephone, and rang up the president of the bank. The latter, though plainly annoyed by being disturbed at such an hour, praised the watchman for his zeal, and said he would give the matter his personal attention as soon as he had made the necessary changes in his attire. Meanwhile, he asked the watchman to notify the police, and also to request the cashier to appear at the bank as soon as possible.

The president and the cashier arrived at the scene simultaneously. Entering the bank they found a sergeant of police and two patrolmen, together with a gentleman in citizen's clothes, whom the sergeant introduced as Mr. Hoyle, adding, in an impressive stage-whisper: "Sure, ye've heard uv Showman Hoyle. He's over here on a visit, an' th' old man put him on this case, so he wudn't fale lonesome with nawthin' to do."

The great detective swept the room with a glance of his keen, gray eyes. One felt, instinctively, that nothing could escape this wonderful man. And nothing did. When he had seen enough to satisfy him he spoke quietly, but with an air of conviction: "There has been a robbery," was all he said.

The solution was simple; yet no one had thought of it before. With breathless interest, they waited to hear what he would say next. "The robber," continued Hoyle, "was evidently unfamiliar with the combination of the vault." Then seeing the look of amazement on the faces of those present, he continued: "Otherwise, it would not have been necessary to use explosives."

After a glance into the open vault, the detective's face lighted up with the joy of one who has made an important discovery. It was the first sign of emotion he had shown. "The burglar," he announced, confidently, "was a man of less than medium height."

"But how—?" began the president.

"Very simple, indeed," interrupted the detective. "Do you not see that package of thousand-dollar bills on the top shelf? If the burglar had been tall enough, he would have reached them. Furthermore, he was not a professional cracksman, or he would have carried a step-ladder for use in just such emergencies."

Paying no attention to the murmur of approval which greeted his wonderful exhibition of deductive analysis, Hoyle picked up his hat, and made as if to go. At the door he paused and turned toward the three policemen who were looking at him in open-mouthed astonishment. "Well, sergeant," he said, sharply, "what are you waiting for? You have heard my description. Why don't you go out and find the man?"

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**THE FIGHTING SCHOOLMASTER.....J. PALMER.....GENTLEMAN'S**

I had been told that the place was worthy a visit, and after a long rough tramp over screes and rocks, and by storm-rent ghylls, on an almost imperceptible path, I reached the valley head. From the upper hillsides hardly a dwelling was visible, and for a time I wondered whether, in that sea of mountains, my route had brought me correctly. Then a farmhouse appeared among a cluster of sycamores, and, as I came near, my inquiry was answered in the affirmative. "Yes, this was Mirdale." Among the trees, as I passed down the dale, appeared the tiny belfry of an ancient church, and close to it was the school. The buildings were bounded on three sides by a bend in the river, though they stood thirty feet above the water, commanding a grand view to seaward.

"Where will I find Schoolmaster John?" I demand from my host (for I had been advised to seek this man out to hear a strange story).

"Oh, he'll be up at t' skuil-hoos noo; he's lowsing t' bairns" (dismissing the children from their afternoon's lessons). To the school I therefore repaired.

"The schoolmaster, I believe?"

"Yes sir, at your service."

For a while we talked of olden, golden days in the dales, when the mines were wealthy and the sheep-grazing on the fells profitable. The old man—he must have been over sixty—talked intelligently on these and other matters, while I took stock of him, his school, and, through the open doorway, the surrounding country. War maps of various campaigns hung on the walls side by side with the charts requisite to school work; on a blackboard stuck on the mantelpiece was inscribed in fine handwriting the full text of "Rule Britannia."

The old man noted my look at this, and said quietly, "Yes, I like to have it there. The children all know the song by heart, but I hope by placing it there before their eyes to familiarize them with the spirit of the grand old war-song."

"Yes," he said, "we trust too much to our supremacy at sea, which a single storm might wreck. I know you are aware of my views on this matter. They are laughed at to-day; but to-night, to-morrow, the French may land their troops at Bonton, and Mirdale, like the rest of England, is not ready to resist."

I had been told that the ancient prophecy of Paul Jones, the pirate, when his privateering fleet was driven from the adjacent coast, that he would return with the French and put the whole countryside to the sword, had still one believer in Mirdale.

"Would you care to see my guns?"

He opened what appeared to be the door of a slate cupboard, and from the recess produced, each carefully wrapped in oiled cloth, firearms of every recent military period, beginning with the obsolete flint-lock and ranging up to the newest Lee-Enfield. Of most patterns he had three or four specimens—"I had three brothers here once," and these spare weapons he was particularly careful of. Then he called me into the recess, where he had made a loophole commanding a good piece of the dale's road. The school wall here must have been six feet thick, and the old man's fort would be impenetrable to ordinary rifle fire. Ammunition boxes of all descriptions were piled high in the little magazine.

Next the old man asked me to stroll with him to his rifle range, in a gully about a mile distant.

"I practise early in the mornings; the people round here are accustomed to it, and strangers, as you see, are not likely to ramble at so early an hour."

After bidding the old man farewell, I wandered slowly back to my lodging; the elaborate preparedness I had seen, and the determination of the schoolmaster to resist to the death within the precincts of his old schoolhouse, made me inclined to ponder a while. As I sat watching the evening shadows deepen over rugged crags and pastoral coves, I mused upon what might happen if the old man's fears were realized.

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The school was being carried on as usual: one class was droning over a reading book, the master's voice came distinctly above all others in his dictation to the remainder. The sound of a galloping horse is heard on the road, and Schoolmaster John hurries to the door.

"The French—the French have landed at Bonton."

I can see in my mind's eye old John, with unusual activity, step across the small room, open the American organ, and play, with the children's voices joining in, his favorite war-song. This over the children are called out of their classes to make two short rows down the room. Then—

"You must hasten away home, children. Good morning."

John the fighting man is now aroused; parcels of cartridges, and what other weapons there are, are handed to fleeing neighbors as they call to urge him to make a temporary retreat. But John is to defend Mirdale, not by firing at random from unseen nooks among the rocks, but by holding the schoolhouse against the whole invading army.

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A short half-hour has passed; the enemy's scouts meet with no resistance. Inside the old school John's eye runs along the rifle barrel time after time; yes, his aim is certain, and the first foe in sight will die. A half company of infantry round the corner, and instantly the rifle speaks; down goes the the leading man. Shot after shot is delivered with deadly precision; as yet the soldiery cannot see the direction of the leaden hail, and in a few seconds they seek cover. For two hours the old man within that gray-walled structure forbids advance. Then, after an officer, while incautiously exposing himself to reconnoitre has been killed, a field gun is ordered to open fire and drive the enemy from his hold. Two shells crash into the old building—its thick gray walls are pierced easily as paper—and after each there is an appalling explosion. Then the rifle fire ceases.

The fighting schoolmaster is dead.

# Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

**A RACE OF NOMADS** ..... **HARPER'S WEEKLY**

Is the American race a race of nomads? There is much to make one think so. The nomadic instinct has given at all times the impulse to the settlement of American soil. The Spaniard, who founded the first colonies in Florida and California; the French who established themselves at the mouth of the Mississippi; the Dutch, whose trading-posts on the Hudson were the beginnings of the State of New York; the Anglo-Saxons, who, from whatever reason, made their homes in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New England—all these were the nomadic representatives of the peoples to which they belonged. They had in themselves the capacity, almost certainly the desire, to rise up and go. Their immediate object in "breaking camp" may have been religious, commercial, or adventurous; it may have been to explore or to settle or to seek a refuge; but in these pioneers there must have been the wandering instinct, enabling them to leave old scenes, and forsake old friends, and begin at the beginning elsewhere.

And when they had done so the nomadic spirit was not laid to rest. From New England, New York, and Virginia the descendants of Pilgrims, traders, and gentlemen adventurers broke forth north and west and south, traversing mountains, crossing rivers, felling forests, founding cities, and tilling farms to mark their passage as they went. Other nomads came to join them—Germans, Italians, Scotch, Scandinavians, Irish, Poles—all drawn from the wandering elements of the Aryan races. They came, they saw, they roved, they settled. They united their forces with those who had been before them in the land. They married and intermarried, and new generations sprang up out of the intermingling of adventurous stocks. There is not an American to-day who does not trace his descent to this or that immigration, or, at the least, to ancestors who had the migrating impulse. Nomadic blood is strong. A distant strain of the Indian or the gypsy in a man will still show itself when any other one racial streak no longer appears. So the great American nomads, having ceased to be distinctly English or Irish or German, as the case may be, have not ceased to be restless. Having reached the Pacific, the human tide that had set westward is doubling on itself and returning eastward. The San Franciscan builds himself a mansion in New York; the Chicagoan has a cottage at Newport; the Missourian a summer residence in New Hampshire; while from all over the country there is a mighty movement back to the ancestral lands across the sea. It is scarcely a paradox to say that the most conspicuous people in Europe are the Americans. They are to be seen everywhere—in the Prado, the Prater, the Corso, the Newsky Prospekt, the Unter den Linden, the Champs Elysées, and the Strand—in every great court, in every great castle, in every great church, in every great ruin, in every great hotel. They are cheerful, prosperous, prominent, dominant, and they get the best of everything, as though, like the meek, they had inherited the earth. When they pass on they leave money and pleasant memories behind them; and other nomads, waving the same flag, come to take their place. They come, they see, they conquer, and they go, apparently because they cannot help it. It is in the blood. The same impulse that sent the ancestors forth urges the descendants back again.

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**MANQUÉ** ..... **LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW**

"The round man in the square hole and in the round hole the square man" is often said: and people seem astonished, as they say it, as if the occasion which provokes the remark were an unusual thing. But a little reflection shows that in reality this is almost the rule rather than the exception. Who does not know, for example, a clergyman who would have made an excellent banker or physician, a professor who would have been a great strategist, a soldier who would have been a first-rate man of affairs? Gladstone, some will say, would have been in the right place as Archbishop of Canterbury. You cannot stand before Julius II. in the Galleria Borghese, with his set mouth and eyes like burning coals, without seeing that the Pope was intended for a generalissimo. Someone said of George Anthony Denison, the bellicose archdeacon, the "St. George without the dragon" of the fifties, that nature framed him for a good rank-and-file man. but circum-

stances pushed him into the position of a leader.

Must we, with the pessimist, call it the sardonic irony of fate, deranging the chessboard of life? A deeper truth surely underlies these seeming incompatibilities—that life is only the rehearsal, not the play.

Of course, when it is said that for persons to miss their vocation is by no means uncommon, the truth of the saying has to be discounted by making due allowance for that "forward and delusive faculty," as Butler calls it, the imagination. People are only too apt, which is quite another thing, to imagine themselves misplaced. It is soothing to wounded self-love to flatter oneself that one could have done much better, had the lot fallen in fairer ground. What heroic achievements, what magnificent creations of genius would abound in the world, if these morning dreams could be realized, if the doctor without patients or the out-of-the-way country parson without promotion could only be and do what he imagines in his mood of discontent.

Olga Dashit, for instance, beautiful, clever, indefatigable Olga, with her sailor-hat tilted forward defiantly on her pretty head, and with a passion for righting wrongs of every sort, should have been a Squire's wife, "in the days of good Haroun al Raschid," when Squires were local potentates, a Lady Bountiful, a village Providence, instead of dwelling in a cottage on less than £300 a year. Her accomplishments—she can play Wagner at sight and spring on her bicycle like a boy and keep up a lively conversation at once with two or three admirers of different nationalities in their several tongues—want more scope; her energies are cooped within a space too narrow. Consequently the result of her endeavors to do good is too often more friction than anything else. Her masterfulness would do yeoman's service if it had more real work to do. She is a whirlwind, a hurricane, a tornado; and wants sea-room. *Mais que voulez-vous?* Her life, which might, one thinks, in larger surroundings, have been a blessing to many, is only a succession of tempests in a teacup, a performance again and again of Much Ado About Nothing. On the contrary, Lady Fanny Fanciful, if she had been a poor man's wife, would have been heroic. She had it in her to devote herself, as only women of her nature can, to sacrifice herself nobly and wisely for another's welfare. To a husband, struggling with adverse winds, a plodding, briefless barrister, say, or a subaltern fighting his upward way in the Punjaub, she would have been an Angel of Light, a good Genius, comforting, cheering, stimulating him, enduring all things brightly and unselfishly. But she has an uxorious husband subservient to her every whim, and, after a childhood of privations and penury, an almost unlimited purse—and what follows? Money lavished on dress and jewelry, a mania for buying things of no possible utility to anyone, an insatiable craving for continual change of scene. The complaisant doctor prescribes Vichy or Aix-les-Bains, and "*la malade imaginaire*" has the amusement of a new treatment for a new complaint perennially.

The environment, it must be admitted, seems in nine cases out of ten singularly inappropriate. It seems so. Is it so really? Cannot we, even with our very limited vision, see that the difficulties inherent in our surroundings are often the very thing needed for the discipline of life, for the training and perfecting of whatever of good is in us? Life is called a race. It is an obstacle race and the winners are those who surmount the worst obstacles bravely and wisely. A sensible teacher has said: "Find out what occupation a boy or girl likes best and seems aptest for, and develop this liking, this aptitude: but don't forget that things uncongenial must be done also, for the sake of self-control." Suppose, after all, the old story were true that this life is but a training for another. that the really important world were yet to come? That story which the world is ever deriding, but to which it so obstinately returns; that belief which materialism puts on one side, but long experience of human nature seldom fails to replace. On that hypothesis certainly much in life becomes intelligible of which no other theory can make anything but farce. If the whole play is played out here, undeniably life is very often nothing but a farce, sometimes solemn, sometimes squalid. The foolishness of fate becomes too monstrous for any philosophy but cynicism to be philosophy at all. That a man with one great capacity should through all his life be hindered by circumstances either external or of his own character from turning that capacity to account is a waste, a general loss, so vast, so indefensible that, if this life were all, there could be nothing for it but a bitter laugh. If, however, life here were but a prelude to the real thing yet to come, it might economically be perfectly sound to debar the man of one capacity from using it until he had gone through a certain discipline which would enable him ultimately to use it to greater effect. In fact, it is exactly what a sensible

parent does with a child that early discloses a particular gift. He deliberately prevents him making use of it until he attains a certain maturity. What are ten years to sixty: what then are sixty to eternity?

"Failure," of course, has an ugly sound. But, after all, the trying is the thing, not the succeeding. The life, which is the pattern for mankind, was, it has been well said, to all appearance failure.

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**THE FUN OF WALKING . W. B. THORNTON . COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA**

Walking in the country! The very sound of the words sends a thrill of almost irresistible desire through one who knows the fulness of their import. Was ever a simple, homely phrase of four words so fraught with delightful meaning, so rich with precious golden memories, so suggestive of possibilities of the things that make life really worth the living? There is in them the splendid vigor of the mountain air, the restful charm of evening shadows stealing over peaceful valleys, the spirit of adventure, the sound of many running waters, the whispering of trees, the songs of feathered choristers, and the peace absolute which, entering the soul of man, for the enduring of the spell transforms the world.

Touring afoot has long been in vogue in Europe, more particularly among student classes of limited means. Unquestionably, the good roads have been a factor in this, together with the comparatively short distance required to secure a change of nationality, with all the interest of new peoples and new scenes. In this country "footing it," with all that it offers, is known to comparatively few. Yet there are few, if any, forms of recreation which offer so much that appeals to every sense, and which are so rich in pleasant experience.

Walking is an art—I had almost said one of the lost arts. It is astonishing how few know *how* to walk; know how to acquire the measured stride, the springy step, the easy poise of the body and the swing of the arms, which make walking at once one of the most healthful and enjoyable forms of physical exercise. For the real pleasure of walking one must turn to the country. Pavements are but dead, unyielding matter at best. In the turf of the country there is a spring in response to the pressure of the foot which is a delight and an inspiration in itself. The purity of the air sets the blood to racing gloriously.

An early morning start is always best. There is a freshness in the beginning of the day, lacking when the sun has higher crept. How sharply are the distant hills etched against the opalescent sky! Threads of pale blue smoke rise straight above the chimneys of the houses in the valley below. The slanting rays of the sun are caught full upon and flashed back by a row of milk-cans on the drying rack. Sound travels a wonderful distance in the early morning, and the crowing of a rooster or the barking of a dog comes up to you clearly from across the valley. A rabbit scurries out of the road before you, and tempts you to brief pursuit for the mere pleasure of the chase. A ruffled grouse rises to a near-by pine, and allows your inspection with seeming knowledge of your inability or desire to do him harm. Farther on where the road dips into a hollow, you catch the strong scent of a fox and find his autograph written in the dust but a few minutes since. Out from the woods the road winds through brushy pastures. From a fence-rail bob-white whistles greeting. The erstwhile homes of happy little bird-folk, now that they are deserted, thrust themselves upon your notice. Old fence-corners are richly cloaked in the deep crimson of the frost-touched sumac.

But who shall tell truly of even the least of the joys a tramper knows—the quiet pipes on moss-grown logs, the pleasant discovery of hidden springs, the chance meetings with quaint people, the adventures in quest of short cuts away from the beaten highway, the refreshing welcome of picturesque old pumps, rare dinners of freshly caught fish broiled on a piece of hemlock bark before an open fire, the evenings spent in the gossiping circle around the stove of a country tavern, the quaint neighborhood tales and myths listened to in hospitable farm-houses, the friendly greetings of other wayfarers.

Good walkers find twenty miles a day a comfortable average, allowing of plenty of time for rest and "jes' loafing." Two weeks thus spent will afford memories to last for all time, and with them a measure of health and strength, a quickening of vital forces, a nervous energy which will find expression in increased power of accomplishment in the world's work.

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**THE CAUSE OF LAUGHTER ..... LONDON SPECTATOR**

Is it possible to get at a working hypothesis as to the cause of laughter—to be able to explain, that is, in terms however vague and general, the nature of the mainspring which excites a manifestation of human emotion, sometimes pleasant, sometimes contemptuous, sometimes triumphant, sometimes fiendish? No more thorough answer—though perhaps no

complete answer will ever be given—to that question has yet been published than that of Professor James Sully, whose Essay on Laughter has just been issued. Professor Sully is not the first writer, of course, to propound "a theory of laughter," but he is perhaps the first, so far as we are concerned, to give us something near a satisfying proposition.

The theories he discusses, and to which he finds an answer, fall in the main under two headings. First comes the "theory of degradation." According to this theory, the function of laughter is "to accompany and to give voice to what may be called the derogatory impulse in man, his tendency to look out for and to rejoice over what is mean and undignified." As Aristotle wrote, "comedy is an imitation of characters of a lower type—not, however, in the full sense of the word bad." Here we seem to get at some kind of feeling of pleasure, or exultation, in a mental or moral superiority. We laugh at a clown, we are told, because his antics give us a self-satisfied feeling that we, at all events, do not make fools of ourselves by diving through trap-doors and brandishing strings of sausages. That is an extreme instance; but we might, again, conceivedly be held to laugh at a "good story" about an acquaintance, because at the end of it we feel pleased to think that in similar circumstances we should have shown greater restraint or acuteness; we can see, at any rate, what our friend might have done and did not do, and we like to say to ourselves that we should have done it. We feel, in fact, superior to him, and we laugh in pleasure at the thought of his indignity. That is the first theory. The second theory is one which was held to a greater or less degree by Kant and Schopenhauer. According to Kant, laughter is due to "an affection arising from the sudden transformation of a strained expectation into nothing." Schopenhauer thinks he sees "an intellectual effort and its frustration." We get, that is, a preconceived notion of something which is going to happen, and as a fact something else happens; it is the incongruity between the two that makes us laugh. The greater the incongruity, the more violent (*heftiger*) will be our laughter.

It is, as Professor Sully shows, impossible to adopt unreservedly either of these theories of degradation and incongruity. There is no single cause of laughter; there are forms and degrees of laughter which do not admit of a common explanation. It is true that both theories will account, or partly account, for a large number of forms of laughter; but there are some forms which it is difficult to explain upon almost any hypothesis. Perhaps we can get nearest to a general explanation, however, by combining the two theories. Take a few of the commoner occasions on which a man laughs, and take first the "good story" told of an acquaintance, or of a familiar type of human being; the story, for instance, familiar to everybody, of the Englishman and the Frenchman, or the Irish maker of "bulls." Why do we laugh? Not always, surely, because we imagine ourselves mentally superior to the persons of whom the stories are told, but often because there is a certain incongruity between the beginning and the ending which takes us by surprise.

Schopenhauer, arguing for the theory of incongruity, instances the story of a man who has been taken prisoner and has been allowed to join his captors in a game of cards. He cheats, and is promptly kicked out of the room, his playmates entirely forgetting that he is their prisoner. Here, according to Schopenhauer, we laugh because the notion of an arrested prisoner being kicked downstairs by his captors will not fit into the general theory that cheats at the card-table ought to be kicked out.

We may laugh at that; but is there not mixed in our laughter a self-satisfied feeling that we should not have been such fools as to let our prisoner escape? That would seem to argue for the theory of degradation. The truth in this case is surely that neither theory alone accounts for our laughter.

There is a sense of the incongruous even in the scornful laughter of the mocker of prayer; he sees life from a point of view different from that of the man he derides; and though he may think himself wiser than the man who prays, yet he is also scornfully amused at the incongruity of a man faced with certain probabilities, and taking what he considers futile and absurd action to meet them. As to laughter at the merely odd—at the rickety cart wobbling down the street, or the man with a green hat and patched trousers, or the rich vulgarian making mistakes at the dinner-table—how can we say how much we laugh because we feel a sense of superiority, and how much because we realize what is incongruous? The truest theory of the cause of most of the forms of laughter described seems to be Professor Sully's, which blends those of degradation and incongruity together. That is, our laughter is directed to something "which fails to comply with social requirement."

# Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious

**A BEGGARS' NEWSPAPER** ..... **NEW YORK TIMES**

Innovations in journalism are not generally looked for in Europe, but Paris of late has been doing a few things in that line which have been distinctly new. The latest is a journal for beggars, which has been started for the purpose of disseminating useful information among the mendicant fraternity, and the price of which is five cents a copy. At a glance it would seem as if this charge was rather high, considering the supposed straitened means of its readers, but presumably the editors know what they are about.

The advertisements furnish interesting reading for beggars temporarily out of a job, though it is difficult to understand how the advertiser could expect to receive an answer to the following:

"Wanted—A blind man who can play the flute a little."

Probably some unfortunate dumb man will tell his blind confrère of the vacancy.

Here is another sample of an advertised vacancy which requires awkward qualifications:

"Wanted—A lame man for the seaside; one without a right arm preferred."

In addition to "ads" of this kind, notices of forthcoming christenings, burials, and birthdays of rich people are printed, so that the beggar may know where to go to prosecute his vocation with success. Evidently the trade of mendicancy is established on a good business basis in the French capital, and New York is not the only city with a "beggars' trust."

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**COINCIDENCES THAT BAFFLE BELIEF** ..... **TIT BITS**

Perhaps nothing could be more strange or inexplicable than the coincidences which happen within the experience of some people.

Last year, while giving evidence at an inquest on the body of her son, who had been killed by a reaping machine, a woman named Lower, of Piddinghoe, Sussex, made a most remarkable statement. It was to the effect that she had lost two husbands, both of whom had been run over by a wagon and killed, and that in each case it was the same wagon which caused death.

A similar coincidence was brought to light at the inquest on a platelayer, named Dean, who was knocked down and killed by a train at Bromley Station. The deceased's widow informed the jury that the unfortunate man was her second husband, and that her first was killed by a train at the same spot fourteen years before.

It will perhaps be advisable to give the fullest particulars in the following instances for the information of the sceptically inclined: In August, 1894, Mr. William Moses, a Wandsworth clerk, left Waterloo Station by an excursion train for Devonport.

When the train reached its destination he was found in a dying condition alone in one of the compartments, and a few minutes afterwards expired. At the inquest it was disclosed that his father had died suddenly at the same station three years before, and it was the discovery of the elder Moses's death certificate in the pocket of his son that revealed the latter's identity to the railway authorities.

While in Mount's Bay, Penzance, in December, 1900, the Newlyn fishing boat, Dewdrop, gave a sudden lurch, by which Edward Ladner, a fisherman, was thrown into the water and drowned. On the same spot, half a dozen years before, another Newlyn fishing boat, the Arethusa, came to grief, with the result that the captain, who was the father of the above-named Edward Ladner, lost his life in the same way as subsequently did his son.

Not very long ago a couple of weddings were followed by an extraordinary string of coincidences. Both were celebrated on the same day, at the same church, the contracting parties being two brothers and two sisters. About twelve months afterwards each sister gave birth to a female child on the same day, the two children receiving the same names and being baptized by the same clergyman. Both subsequently became unwell, were attended by the same doctor, and, despite his attentions, died the same day. They were both buried the same day by the same undertaker and clergyman.

Hardly less remarkable is the following: Some little time since three inquests were held at Kensington on the bodies of men who all not only bore the name of Smith but the Christian name of William as well. Moreover,

there was no relationship whatever between them; and all three had died at Notting Hill on the previous Saturday afternoon between the hours of five and six o'clock.

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**ACROSS RUNNING WATER .. FIONA MACLEOD..CONTEMP. REVIEW**

At a running water, that comes out at a place called Sràth-na-mara, near the sea-gates of Loch Suibhne, there is a pool called the Pool of the Changeling. None ever goes that way from choice, for not only the crying of the curlew is heard there, or the querulous wailing lapwing.

It was here that one night, in a September of many storms, a woman stood staring at the sea. The screaming seamews wheeled and sank and circled overhead, and the solanders rose with heavy wing and hoarse cries, and the black scarts screeched to the startled guillemots or to the foam-white terns blown before the wind like froth. The woman looked neither at the sea-fowl nor at the burning glens of scarlet flame which stretched, disheveled, among the ruined lands of the sunset.

Seven years ago this woman had taken the one child she had, that she did not believe to be her own, but a changeling, and had put it on the shore at the extreme edge of the tide-reach, and there had left it for the space of an hour. When she came back, the child she had left with a numbness on its face and the curse of dumbness was laughing wild, and when she came near, it put out its arms and gave the cry of the young of birds. She lifted the *leanav* in her arms and stared into its eyes, but there was no longer the weary blankness, and the little one yearned with the petulant laughing and idle whimpering of the children of other mothers. And that mother there gave a cry of joy, and with a singing heart went home.

It was in the seventh year after that finding by the sea, that one day, when a cold wind was blowing from the west, the child Morag came in by the peat fire, where her mother was boiling the porridge, and looked at her without speaking. The mother turned at that, and looked at Morag. Her heart sank like a pool-lily at shadow, when she saw that Morag had woven a wreath of brown-tangled seaweed into her hair. But that was nothing to the bite in her breast when the girl began singing a song that had not a word in it she had ever heard on her own or other lips, but was wild as the sound of the tide calling in dark nights of cloud and wind, or as the sudden coming of waves over a quiet sea in the silence of the black hours of sleep.

"What is it, Morag-mo-rùn?" she asked, her voice like a reed in the wind.

"It's time," says Morag, with a change in her eyes, and her face shining with a gleam on it.

"Time for what, Morag?"

"For me to be going back to the place I came from."

"And where will that be?"

"Where would it be but to the place you took me out of, and called across?"

The mother gave a cry and a sob. "Sure now, Morag-a-ghràidh, you will be my own lass and no other?"

"Whist, woman," answered the girl; "don't you hear the laughing in the burn, and the hoarse voice out in the sea?"

"That I do not, O Morag-mo-chridh, and sure it's black sorrow to you and to me to be hearing that hoarse voice and that thin laughing."

"Well, sorrow or no sorrow, I'm off now, poor woman. And it's good-bye and a good-bye to you I'll be saying to you, poor woman. Sure it's a sorrow to me to leave you in grief, but if you'll go down to the edge of the water, at the place you took me from, where the runnin' water falls into the sea pool, you'll be having there against your breast in no time the child of your own that I never was and never could be."

"And why that, and why that, O Morag, lennavan-mo?"

"Peace on your sorrow, woman, and good-bye to you now;" and with that the sea-changeling went laughing out at the door, singing a wave song that was so wild and strange the mother's woe was turned to a fear that rose like chill water in her heart.

When she dared follow—and why she did not go at once she did not know—she saw at first no sight of Morag or any other on the lonely shore. In vain she called, with a great sorrowing cry. But as, later, she stood with her feet in the sea, she became silent of a sudden, and was still as a rock, with her ragged dress about her like draggled seaweed. She had heard a thin crying. It was the voice of a breast-child, and not of a grown lass like Morag.

When a gray heron toiled sullenly from a hollow among the rocks she went to the place. She was still now, with a frozen sorrow. She knew what she was going to find. But she did not guess till she lifted the little frail child she had left upon the shore seven years back, that the secret people of the sea or those who call across running water could

have the hardness and coldness to give her again the unsmiling dumb thing she had mothered with so much bitterness of heart.

Morag she never saw again, nor did any other see her, except Padruig Macrae, the innocent, who on a New Year's eve, that was a Friday, said that as he was whistling to a seal down by the Pool at Sràth-na-mara he heard someone laughing at him; and when he looked to see who it was, he saw it was no other than Morag——and he had called to her, he said, and she called back to him, "Come away, Padruig dear," and then had swum off like a seal, crying the heavy tears of sorrow.

And as for the child she had found again on the place she had left her own silent breast-babe seven years back, it never gave a cry or made any sound whatever, but stared with round, strange eyes only, and withered away in three days, and was hidden by her in a sand-hole at the root of a stunted thorn that grew there.

At every going down of the sun thereafter the mother of the changeling went to the edge of the sea, and stood among the wet tangle of the wrack, and put out her supplicating hands, but never spoke word nor uttered cry.

But on this night of September, while the gleaming sea-fowl were flying through the burning glens of scarlet flame in the wide purple wildness of the sky, with the wind falling and wailing and wailing and falling, the woman went over to the running water beyond the seapool, and put her skirt over her head and stepped into the pool, and, hooded thus and thus patient, waited till the tide came in.

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**SIN GRAVEN UPON MARBLE..... GLASGOW HERALD**

There is a quaint old parish church in Plurien, Brittany, built in the early part of the fifteenth century, and having, with many other primitive arrangements, the bell rope from the belfry hanging down from the roof of the nave and dangling just in front of the pulpit, so that the process of bell ringing is performed in full view of the congregation. But what was more peculiar was the projection at right angles from one of the walls (also near the pulpit) of a sculptured hand and arm of full size as though held out from the shoulder by somebody built into the solid fabric of the wall itself, and the hand opened and palm upward and fingers extended had a suggestion of appeal and solicitation which naturally provoked curiosity.

As there was no inscription or anything to hint at the nature of the story that evidently lay behind the sculptured limb, I made inquiry of a charming old lady who was decorating the altar with flowers in view of the next day's high mass, and she told me that many years ago, in the far-off past, there was a wicked villager who went indeed to mass, but was far from devout, and on one occasion he so far forgot himself in the service on a hot summer's day as to hold out his hand through the open door or window to an equally undevout friend outside for a pinch of snuff.

The pinch was duly given, but St. Peter, the patron saint of the church, was so scandalized by so terrible a want of reverence, that he straightway paralyzed the arm of the offending snuff-taker, who thereupon took to his bed and died, but not before he had admitted the justice of his punishment and had left directions in his will for setting up in the church the marble reminder of his sin, in order that all future villagers in Plurien might be warned gainst the terrible enormity of allowing any distraction to interrupt the devout hearing of the mass. It is a curious story, and reminds one that there has been an infancy in religion as well as in most other of the great motive powers of existence.

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**CREDULITY OF GREAT MINDS..... UNITED SERVICE**

It is a mistake to imagine that superstition is a weakness confined to seamen or persons of feeble and uncultured minds. Men possessing the strongest intellects have been swayed by almost childish credulity with regard to the supernatural. The great Napoleon was a firm believer in presentiments. Once, when he was anxiously awaiting news from Egypt, he heard that a Nile boat had run ashore and that the crew had been put to death. This boat bore the name of L'Italie. Napoleon was much concerned when he heard this last piece of news. He looked upon it as an omen that his hopes of annexing Italy to France were to be shattered. Nothing would induce him to believe the contrary. "My presentiments never deceive me," he said; "all is ruined; I am satisfied that my conquest is lost." The presentiment in this case certainly became true.

A famous writer has said of Napoleon: "He was all star and destiny." Certain it is that Napoleon had faith in his star, and it appeared to be the ruling omen of his entire career. Gen. Rapp, who for a long period was Napoleon's aide-de-camp, refers to the subject in his interesting memoirs. Rapp had just returned from the siege of Danzig, and, seek-

ing Napoleon's presence, found him gazing intently through the window, his eyes fixed upon the heavens. It was some time before the Emperor noticed the presence of Rapp, when, suddenly seizing him by the arm, he exclaimed: "Look there; up there!" "I see nothing but the pale twinkling stars," replied the astute aide-de-camp quietly. "What!" exclaimed the Emperor excitedly, "is it possible that you do not see my star? The fiery red one, almost as large as the moon? It is before you now, and, ah! how brilliant." Then warming up at the sight, he fairly shrieked as he cried out: "It has never abandoned me for a single instant. I see it on all great occasions; it commands me to go forward; it is my sign of good fortune, and where it leads I will follow."

The Roman Admiral Appius Claudius, on being informed by the augurs on the eve of an engagement that the sacred chickens would not eat, said: "Let them drink, then," and ordered them thrown overboard, after which he attacked the Carthaginian fleet and received a terrible thrashing.

The astute Bismarck was superstitious, the number thirteen having a very deep meaning for him. He would never sit down to table when he made the thirteenth. Count Bismarck Bohlen states that one day in 1870, at Rheims, when the Chancellor gave a dinner, one of the invitations had to be countermanded, because otherwise there would have been thirteen at table. General Boyer, Bazaine's envoy, arrived at the German headquarters at Versailles on Friday, October 1, but Bismarck would not see him till the next day, saying that he would never do anything of importance on any Friday, much less on a Friday the date of which coincided with the anniversary of Horchkirk, Jena, and Auerstadt. He was talking one day of a defeat the Germans had experienced in the course of the campaign of 1870. "I beg you to observe, gentlemen," he said, "that that happened on a Friday." Bismarck did not believe in a lucky or an unlucky day, but he believed that his life was seriously influenced by a mystic number.

The prosaic Dr. Johnson always counted his steps before entering any place, so as to arrange that his right foot should always precede his left; or, again, touched every post which he passed along a certain route, fearing that, if he missed one, some misfortune would befall him.

[illegible]eley writes: "I not only believe in many superstitions, but I hug them with the warmest affection. They link me, if not with a spiritual world of which I know nothing, at least with a glorious and artistic and picturesque past of which history has told me much. I believe in ghosts and in amulets. I have worn out the rims of several hats since I have been in Dublin through my salutations of single magpies. That mystic bird abounds in Ireland; and I would not, on any account, walk under a ladder, etc. In fact, I am prone to adopt any superstition I am told of which I find others believe in."

The Shah of Persia is superstitious. He always carries with him when he travels a circle of amber which is said to have fallen from heaven in Mohammed's time and which renders the wearer invulnerable; a casket of gold which makes him invisible at will, and a jeweled star which is potent to make conspirators instantly confess their crimes is always worn upon his person.

Abraham Lincoln, a few days before his death, had a vivid dream in which he beheld his own body lying in sate. The vision made a great impression upon him, and he was rallied on account of it by his wife.

Ulysses S. Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five. Gen. Grant was a firm believer in dreams, and to dream of crockery was sure to be followed by good luck. The night before he received his appointment as Colonel of the Illinois regiment he dreamed of being in a field filled with beautiful china. He immediately informed his wife that prosperity was about to dawn upon their fortunes.

Admiral Farragut, when at the masthead of his flagship praying for divine aid, previous to passing the forts at Mobile Bay, distinctly heard a voice saying: "Keep on, keep on." Nelson always kept a horseshoe nailed to the mizzenmast of his flagship Victory.

Regarding celebrated statesmen and their superstitions, it is said that Secretary Carlisle would begin no new thing on Friday. Secretary Blaine would never turn back to enter his house after leaving it in case he had forgotten anything. Secretary Folger all his life believed that there was a charm for him in the number "three." He laughed at it, but let it dominate him. Such a hard-headed old statesman as Thaddeus Stevens believed that there was luck in picking up pins. He never passed one, if he saw it.

# Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

**TEDDY** ..... **NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT**

Teddy in the White House,
  Teddy in the chair,
Teddy in society,
  Teddy debonair,
Teddy in the cane brake
  Wrestling with a bear—
Teddy is ubiquitous,
  Teddy everywhere.

**THE DUKHOBARS** ..... **LONDON VANITY FAIR**

The Dukhobar upon the trek
  Is going a bit too far
(By no means what you call *très sec*),
  This Weary Willy Dukhobar,
    The Nonconformist Dukhobar,
    Canada's "warmest" Dukhobar,
The tramping, scowling, ramping, howling
    Nuisance known as the Dukhobar.

From Winnipeg the cabled tale
  Pictures him shoeless quite;
"Bootless" is Canada's avail
  To "head" this wandering Muscovite—
    In a battalion, Dukhobar,
    Tatterdemalion Dukhobar,
Hopeless, dirty, never-a-shirty,
  Soapless, vagrant the Dukhobar.

When a Russian he catches a Tartar he finds
  (A dictum of Bonaparte's),
And Sir Wilfrid L. is of no two minds
  In gobbling up the Tartes—
    But, oh, the fanatical Dukhobar,
    The strangely erratical Dukhobar,
The shockingly harassing, sadly embarrassing,
    Passively Christian-like Dukhobar.

Plaintively murmurs Our Lady of Snows:
  "What shall I do with the Dukhobar?"
Frankly, my Lady, what I propose
  Is, send him back to the Great White Czar,
    With a "Here is your wayworn Dukhobar,
    Your raggedly all-forlorn Dukhobar;
Do what you like with the pestilent tyke,
    The blighted, benighted old Dukhobar!"

**A SONG OF SUBWAY** ..... **A. G. F.** ..... **NEW YORK SUN**

Sing a song of subway,
  City full of dirt,
Four and twenty dangers
  Keep one all alert.

Where the way is open
  Chasms yawn below,
If you want a crossing
  Up the block you go.

Every sort of rubbish
  Lies along the street,
Traps all set and waiting
  For unwary feet

Heaps of stone and iron,
  Pipes of every size,
Dust in clouds that's blowing
  Down into your eyes.

Derricks loom above you
  With their heavy load;
You must wait in patience
  While they block the road.

When you're safely over
  Just give thanks, and then
Pray you'll live till New York
  Is itself again.

**THEN AND NOW** ..... **ATLANTA CONSTUTITION**

I.

The ancient, dear writers—
  A wonderful throng!
And they died in a garret,
  To live in a song!
They told us the story
  At which the world thrills,
Locked in a rude corner
  From bailiffs with bills.

II.

The modern, mad writers
  Who thunder away—
They live in a palace,
  And die in a day!
They tell us no story
  Humanity feels,
And ride to oblivion
  On automobiles.

**THE LOST ART** ..... **LONDON PUNCH**

Ah! the art of conversation—has it fled
    With the dead?
  Is there no one to appreciate the *mot*
    Or to wait with eager eyes
    For the wisdom of the wise?
    I am driven to surmise
      It is so.

For the people of the present never stop
    Talking shop;
  They have idiotic hobbies which they run,
    And they gabble o'er the port
    Of their everlasting sport—
    Monomaniacs, in short,
      Everyone.

Hear the cyclists talking gradients and hills,
    Brakes and spills,
  Hear them adding on the mileage, till one feels,
    As one listens to the sound
    With a misery profound,
    That one's brain is whirling round
      Like their wheels.

Then the chatter of the fishers—how it slips
From their lips!
Rod and tackle, flies and salmon—till you wish
You could drown them in the sea
Or consign them to the Dee,
Where they really ought to be
With their fish.

Nor can golfers boast of any better wit—
Not a bit!
With their bunkers and their caddies and their greens,
And approaches that have rolled,
And the halves that they have holed—
Little tales that should be told
The Marines.

Yes, the art of conversation must have fled
With the dead;
Not a single soul will listen when I start
To converse upon a line
Which is singularly fine
And peculiarly mine—
Ancient Art.

**THE HORSE SHOW .. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS .. HARPER'S WEEKLY**

Gad! 'Tis clearer every year
That the horseless Horse Show's here.
Horses, it is true, there be,
But they're not put there to see,
But to make the wheels go round
For the people richly gowned:
For the chappies full of oats,
Showing off their wondrous coats;
For the maidens and the dames,
Crêmest of the De la Crêmes;
And the ribbons, blue and red,
Sought by horses, richly bred,
Will be given not to steeds
Of the finest equine breeds,
But to youths and ladies fair,
Who are most resplendent there;
Not for "points" that prove the nags,
But for those whose gladsome "rags"
As the public passes by
Dazzle most the watching eye.

Poor old horse! Thy day is o'er.
Human folk now have the floor—
Naught is left, alas! for you
But to seek some handy zoo,
There to wait the trumpet call
That takes you to your heavenly stall.

**BOOKS AND BOOKS ..... WASHINGTON STAR**

An author wrote a little book,
Which started quite a quarrel;
The folk who read it frowned on it
And said it was immoral.

They bade him write a proper screed,
He said that he would try it.
He did. They found no fault with it
And neither did they buy it.

**MAD MULLAH ..... S. E. KISER ..... CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD**

Mad Mullah doesn't rake the hay,
Because he isn't built that way.

Beneath his brown skin there's a flood
Of very sanguinary blood.

Whooping he goes with merry glee
To add to John Bull's misery.

When times are dull elsewhere for John
Old Mul keeps matters moving on.

Forth from the bush he pops his head,
And lo! a hundred troops are dead!

He rushes o'er the desert sands
With whiskers loose and bloody hands.

His wives he numbers by the score
And daily keeps on adding more.

They charge and drive him back, and then
He breaks out somewhere else again.

He laughs to scorn the flag they bear;
They hunt in vain to find his lair.

Year in, year out, he's held at bay,
But Mullah's heart is ever gay.

Upon his fiery steed he flies
Hither and yon 'neath Afric skies.

He battles here and baffles there,
And then cuts loose some other where.

A hundred times they've had him caught,
And looked to see and found him not.

What sadder words of tongue or pen
Than: "Old Mul's out for gore again"?

**AN ESKIMELODRAMA ..... CORNELL WIDOW**

'Mid Greenland's polar ice and snow.
Where watermelons seldom grow
(It's far too cold up there, you know),
There dwelt a bold young Eskimo.

Beneath the self-same iceberg's shade,
In fur of seal and bear arrayed
(Not over cleanly, I'm afraid),
There lived a charming Eskimaid.

Thro'out the six months' night they'd spoon
(Ah, ye of sage, think what a boon).
To stop at ten is much too soon
Beneath the silvery Eskimoon.

The hated rival now we see!
(You spy the coming tragedy.
But I can't help it, don't blame me.)
An Eskimucher vile was he.

He found the lovers there alone.
He killed them with his axe of bone.
(You see how fierce the tale has grown)—
The fond pair died with an Eskimoan.

Two graves were dug, deep in the ice,
Were lined with furs, moth balls, and spice;
The two were buried in a trice,
Quite safe from all the Eskinice.

Now Fido comes, alas, too late!
(I hope it's not indelicate
These little incidents to state)—
The Eskimurderer he ate.

ENVOI

Upon an Eskimo to sup
Was too much for an Eskipup—
He died. His Eskimemory
Is thus kept green in verse by me.

# Literary Thought and Opinion

**NORRIS, THE MAN..ARTHUR GOODRICH..BOSTON EVE. TRANSCRIPT**

Norris the man: to his friends how much more that means than Norris the novelist, how much more than any words can express! The finely-chiselled, almost boyish, face with its contrasting heavy crown of white hair has brought good humor and a new sense of human kindness to us so often that we cannot believe it will not come again. "Sincerity, sincerity, and again sincerity" was his personal habit, as well as his literary creed. His thought, his feeling for great human problems went into his books. In his everyday life, in his personal contact with his friends, he was a simple, direct, quiet, happy fellow, who shared with you your good nature, for nothing else than good nature was possible near him. Often there would suddenly come an impulsive mood that was boyish in its playfulness. I remember sitting at my desk one day, so hard at work that I didn't know he had come up behind me, until I felt hands covering my eyes, as in school-boy play, and a disguised voice demanding my guess of who he was. And after I had been unsuccessful three times, he withdrew his hands with a boyish chuckle at my failure.

If a difficulty arose he did not worry, and when it was solved he was as glad as a child let loose to play. One day when he went fishing with a mutual friend, he became so excited that he impulsively declared he would have a cottage near the shore for his next summer's outing and fish all summer. No one ever heard an irritable word from Norris, and the only time I ever saw a crease in his brow was once when he was bemoaning his own lack of business ability and foresight. He was as modest and democratic as he was lacking in any self-consciousness. He was just a frank, forthright, earnest seeker after truth, his broad sympathies alert to say a kind word or to hear one, considerate in a most delicate way of people's feelings, always saying the pleasant thing, and always absolutely meaning it. "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life," gentle as a child, vigorous with healthy manliness, with high ideals and quiet humility, naive in his simplicity, in everything he did he "meant intensely and meant good." He had beauty in his heart and believing something with all his might, he put it forth arrayed as he saw it, the lights and shadows falling upon it on his page as they fell upon it in his heart, and neither that beauty which he has left on printed page, nor that which his open heart showed to all who knew him, "shall pass away out of the world."

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**THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE NOVELIST..FRANK NORRIS..CRITIC**

To-day is the day of the novel. In no other way and by no other vehicle is contemporaneous life so adequately expressed; and the critics of the twenty-second century, reviewing our times, striving to reconstruct our civilization, will look not to the painters, nor to the architects nor dramatists, but to the novelists to find our idiosyncrasy.

To-day is the day of the novel. By this one does not mean that the novel is merely popular. If the novel was not something more than a simple diversion, a means of whiling away a dull evening, a long railway journey, it would not, believe me, remain in favor another day.

If the novel then is popular, it is popular with a reason, a vital inherent reason; that is to say, it is essential. Essential—to resume once more the proposition—because it expresses modern life better than architecture, better than painting, better than poetry, better than music. It is as necessary to the civilization of the twentieth century as the violin is necessary to Kubelik, as the piano is necessary to Paderewski, as the plane is necessary to the carpenter, the sledge to the blacksmith, the chisel to the mason. It is an instrument, a tool, a weapon, a vehicle. It is that thing which, in the hand of man, makes him civilized and no longer savage, because it gives him a power of durable, permanent expression. So much for the novel—the instrument.

Because it is so all-powerful to-day, the people turn to him who wields this instrument with every degree of confidence. They expect —and rightly—that results shall be commensurate with means. The unknown archer who grasps the bow of Ulysses may be expected by the multitude to send his shaft far and true. If he is not true nor strong he has no business with the bow. The people give heed to him only because he bears a great weapon. He himself knows before he shoots whether or no he is worthy.

How necessary it becomes, then, for those

who, by the simple art of writing, can invade the heart's heart of thousands, whose novels are received with such measureless earnestness —how necessary it becomes for those who wield such power to use it rightfully. Is it not expedient to act fairly? Is it not in Heaven's name essential that the People hear, not a lie, but Truth?

This being so, is it not difficult to understand how certain of these successful writers of fiction—these favored ones into whose hands the gods have placed the great bow of Ulysses —can look so frivolously upon their craft? It is not necessary to specify. One speaks of those whose public is measured by "one hundred and fifty thousand copies sold." We know them, and because the gods have blessed us with wits beyond our deserving, we know their work is false. But what of the "hundred and fifty thousand" who are not discerning, and who receives this falseness as Truth, who believe this topsy-turvy picture of Life beyond their horizons is real and vital and sane?

There is no gauge to measure the extent of this malignant influence. Public opinion is made no one can say how, by infinitesimal accretions, by a multitude of minutest elements. Lying novels, surely, surely in this day and age of indiscriminate reading, contribute to this more than all other influences of present-day activity.

The Pulpit, the Press, and the Novel—these indisputably are the great molders of Public opinion and Public morals to-day. But the Pulpit speaks but once a week; the Press is read with lightning haste, and the morning news is waste-paper by noon. But the novel goes into the home to stay. It is read word for word, is talked about, discussed; its influence penetrates every chink and corner of the family.

Yet novelists are not found wanting who write for money. I do not think this is an unfounded accusation. I do not think it is asking too much of credulity. This would not matter if they wrote the Truth. But these gentlemen who are "in literature for their own pocket every time" have discovered that for the moment the People have confounded the Wrong with the Right, and prefer that which is a lie to that which is true. "Very well, then," say these gentlemen. "If they want a lie they shall have it"; and they give the People a lie in return for royalties.

The surprising thing about this is that you and all the rest of us do not consider this as disreputable, do not yet realize that the novelist has responsibilities. We condemn an editor who sells his editorial columns, and we revile the Pulpit attainted of venality. But the venal novelist—he whose influence is greater than either the Press or Pulpit—him we greet with a wink and the tongue in the cheek.

This should not be so. Somewhere the protest should be raised, and those of us who see the practise of this fraud should bring home to ourselves the realization that the selling of one hundred and fifty thousand books is a serious business. The People have a right to the Truth as they have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is not right that they be exploited and deceived with false views of life, false characters, false sentiment, false morality, false history, false philosophy, false emotions, false heroism, false notions of self-sacrifice, false views of religion, of duty, of conduct, and of manners.

The man who can address an audience of one hundred and fifty thousand people who—unenlightened—believe what he says has a heavy duty to perform, and tremendous responsibilities to shoulder; and he should address himself to his task not with the flippancy of the catch-penny juggler at the county fair, but with earnestness, with soberness, with a sense of his limitations, and with all the abiding sincerity that by the favor and mercy of the gods may be his.

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**AN AGE OF BOOKS.....BLACKWOOD'S**

It is an age of books, and there is scarce a day without its free library. Fashion and municipal socialism have combined to place popular, unwieldy books of reference within the reach of all, and to provide universal facilities for the munching of cheap novels. So there is none who may not, if he will, browse upon printed matter; and though we are not sure that a mixed diet of the Encyclopedia Britannica and Mr. Hall Caine is the best that can be devised for the human brain, let us make a pride of necessity, and boast cheerfully that not even in the age of the Ptolemies were there so many readers and so many books as to-day. Indeed, if literature and its consumers may be measured by bulk, our age is more deeply tinctured with letters than any since the beginning of time. But something else than ink and paper is needed for the vague quality called culture, and not even the champions of free libraries are wholly satisfied with their achievement. They are obliged to confess that the number of real students is small indeed; they complain

bitterly that the vast majority of readers demand no more than the trumpery novel, which, as an anodyne, is a formidable rival to the gin palace. Yet how should it be otherwise? It is a fruitless task to thrust intelligence summarily upon an unwilling populace. A library should be something better than a hastily purchased agglomeration of books, and it is doubtful whether the gift of a building and the sudden imposition of an unwelcome rate are the wisest possible encouragement of learning.

The truth is, that reading is not of itself a good or useful action. It is with many merely another form of laziness. A statesman once delivered a wise address in favor of desultory reading; but before a rider can leap from horse to horse, he must acquire a firm seat in his saddle. In other words, no man can be a desultory reader if he do not thoroughly understand the use and abuse of books. And the worst of free libraries is that they place before all a sundry mass of printed matter which the victims are unable to distinguish or appreciate. Facility can only be bought at a price, and the price we have paid and are paying for the general diffusion of knowledge is false learning and much bad literature. How could it be otherwise? If our supply of butter be limited, it must be spread thinner and thinner as the bread increases. That free libraries have here and there served a wise purpose, that once in a while they have encouraged a lonely student we would not for a moment deny. At the same time they have lowered the general standard, and they have given to the word library a meaning which in older and better days it had not. Watch one of these popular institutions in the gray twilight of a dull afternoon, and can you escape a just depression? There, on every hand, are tired boys and girls goggling their weary eyes at the false sentiment and tawdry pathos of the modern novel. Or eager loafers scan the latest odds in the newspaper, hoping that on the morrow their literary labors will find their reward. The air of the close room is as jaded as its occupants, and though a rare student may be hidden in a corner, the aspect is less of learning than of idleness.

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**CLEVERNESS** ..... **H. W. BOYNTON** ..... **ATLANTIC**

It is impossible to give any sort of attention to the passing show of fiction without being struck and struck again with the extreme cleverness of the performance. This suggests the fact that the quality of popular literature is bound to reflect the quality in life which is most desired by the people. Never has the race more sharply enjoyed its sportsmanship. Even the stout Anglo-Saxon, though he takes satisfaction in the existence of an ethical standard, finds his recreation in spectacles of adroitness. The sleight-of-hand and aplomb of the wheat operator makes the American breathe hard, and the Briton smiles outright over the triumphant ruses of the diplomat. Naturally, therefore, the public is not going to put up with any kind of dullness or clumsiness in art, and, by the only step which remains to be taken, is ready to put up with almost any kind of cleverness. What it really enjoys is a certain brilliancy, sometimes of a smooth workmanship which it does not perceive to be simply imitative, and sometimes of a dashing irregularity which it takes for a sign of genius. Not to say that this public has any concern with empirical exercises of the pen. The issue of style, the cry of art for art's sake, has never been generally listened to in England or America. We are too practical and straightforward for that. We do not require quite everything to be written in dialect, but we have a liking for English which is not ashamed to own kinship with the vernacular. The cleverness of the stylist or of the coterie has little attraction and no danger for us, therefore. According to our several degrees, we nod over our Paters or wonder over our Maeterlincks, and pass on to matters which interest us.

The public can, to be sure, feel no perfectly justifiable pride in the alternative choice, whether it happens to fall upon imitative cleverness or "freak" cleverness. Why should the affectations of a Hewlett be creditable simply because of their archaic flavor? And why should the hysterical confidences of a morbid precocity have recently gained our serious attention simply because they were cleverly "made up?" Is this to be our conception of originality, that a man shall say things queerly, or a woman say queer things? Surely if the choosing of bizarre phrases or the employment of such literary motifs as the toothbrush are to be treated as manifestations of genius, the critic cannot do better than betake himself once more to the amiable consideration of Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

We have in America a special susceptibility to any unusual sort of cleverness, a fondness for surprise, based, it may be, upon a sense (which underlies our agreeable theory of his capability) of the essential commonplaceness

of the average man. We like to think of Lincoln as a rail-splitter whom Fate, in a spirit of bravado, deputed to illustrate the futility of the old monarchic idea. We do not, however, hold the theory that every rail-splitter possesses the genius which clearly belonged to Lincoln;-and we compromise by dwelling upon the infinite cleverness of the man—a quality more comprehensible because capable of development by outward circumstance, but a quality quite apart from his genius. This is not good for us. We need especially to cultivate the habit of contemplating the supreme habit of of personality in life and art which is the product of genuine inspiration. If that product is not to be achieved even by means of "an infinite capacity for taking pains," it is obviously unattainable by any effort of irresponsible cleverness. Since we cannot satisfy ourselves with the idea of literature at its best as a commodity prepared by conscientious labor, we ought not, either, to let ourselves look upon it as a kind of sublimated Yankee notion.

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**SLANG**..... **LONDON ACADEMY**

If slang is not quite primeval—for dragons in primeval slime would not be finiking in their sputterings or nice in their phrases—it is certainly coeval with the rise of literature. For literature makes slang as society makes the cad. You may see the process in English, how the spoken word parts from the written word, how speech is divorced from literature. Beneath the world of books there is a world of speech. Now and again the King calls up the beggar maiden and the King's English is enriched by such infusions as "boycott," "humbug," "hocus pocus," or such words as "bounder" and "smug," which still hover on the fringe of the respectable dictionary. A recent advertisement of a new dictionary has announced the birth—rather, we should say, the confirmation—of twenty-eight thousand new words; and it is reasonable to assume that many of these have grown up from common speech and won their way to the dictionary because they are really wanted. English is particularly prolific in slang, perhaps because it has lost the capacity to make compounds. Cast your net in any sea of talk and you will bring up words that have not yet been clothed in calf, and indeed are scarcely respectable; but they may yet found families. Think of these various wells of English into which literature dips so lightly. There is the slang of London, which comprises everything from rhyming slang to back slang; there is the theatrical slang, the costers' slang, the public school slang, the University slang, the army slang, and the slang of the navy, and though each of these occasionally overlaps with another, they are so distinct as to form almost separate languages, and if you were to drop among a group of men talking intimately together you should be able to place them roughly on the evidence of a few sentences. It is perfectly easy to conceive of two Englishmen, talking their habitual language, and mutually unintelligible. Take for example a Winchester boy—at Winchester public school slang reaches its highest development—and a London pickpocket with his rhyming slang. They can meet in the upper air of newspaper English. But at will they can sink in their submarines beneath the Murray level and remain apart, mutually invisible. The pickpocket would not "oliver" even what a Winchester "notion" was. And slang has its permanent features. It changes on the surface with wonderful rapidity, and the mere society slang must be served fresh. Last season's word for this season's rendering of "smart" or "devey" is as incriminating in a drawing-room as last season's frock. But there are hundreds of words which have been on the lips of the people for centuries and have never become "literary." People do not usually talk like a book, and even for the sake of posterity the slang dictionary should be encouraged. What do we really know of the speech of the Athenian street-boy in the age of Pericles, Socrates, Euripides? We may be sure he was not Thucydidean in his speech. Aristophanes has preserved a word or two which is "rare" enough to rank below the literary language, and allusions which point to a double meaning in apparently innocent phrases. We may be sure, however, that underneath the literary language there was another, probably several others, of which neither Liddell nor Scott had any evidence. And when we have deciphered the cuneiform inscription we have touched but the surface. There were other languages beneath that were neither cuneiform nor even good form.

Can literature get anything from these thousands of words that underlie the written language? Very little, we think. Some of them are called up, being found worthy. But a word, like an office boy, is promoted only when it is found necessary. Most of the words in the underworld of English are mere equivalents.

# Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

These are the days when the mind is quite stunned by the number of books. To gaze into the shop windows one would think that people give nothing but books for Christmas presents, and that we had become a nation of readers. As a matter of fact, while a book makes a charming present, it is not in every case the ideal present.

——The giving of presents is a pernicious habit if not practised with some idea of appropriateness. To give a frivolous, flighty girl an elaborate edition of say Rossetti's poems or Pater's essay is quite as bad taste as to inflict your student with the latest novel embellished with photographic illustrations. Moreover, the giving of books is always attended with danger, for often the recipient reads the donor's taste in the gift, and where tastes differ, respect hangs upon the thread of liberality of thought. If you must give books, go back to Shakespeare and the Bible. Otherwise, young ladies, crocheted neckties will be preferable; otherwise, young gentlemen, you had better send candy in proportion to your pocketbook.

——The first issue of the World's Work in England, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., seems to have produced a favorable impression, the illustrating being especially commented upon.

——From The Reader, a new literary magazine, we extract this verdict in a mock trial: "The People against Richard Harding Davis":

Richard Harding Davis, after a fair and just trial at the hands of your peers, you have been found guilty of the worst crime which a writer can commit, that, namely, of lèse majesté against the cause of letters. It is, therefore, the decision of this court that you be led from this room and confined by yourself with a set of Balzac's works accessible to hand, so that you may be given a chance to see how a man writes, and that between sunrise and sunset one week from to-day you be taken to the place of execution, and there, in the presence of the proper officials and witnesses, your literary head be struck from your shoulders.

——There are some rather unusual little jottings in Mr. Aldrich's Stray Papers published in the December Atlantic.

A man is known by the company his mind keeps. To live continually with noble books, with "high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy," teaches the soul good manners.

Books that have become classics—books that have had their day and now get more praise than perusal—always remind me of venerable colonels and majors and captains who, having reached the age limit, find themselves retired upon half pay.

Fortunate was Marcus Aurelius Antonius who, in early youth, was taught "to abstain from rhetoric and poetry, and fine writing"—especially the fine writing. Simplicity is art's last word.

——A new translation of the Æneid is announced. In 1867 the late Fairfax Taylor an eminent classical scholar, issued two books of this translation. The remainder was found among his papers and is now to be published.

——Miss Corkran records thus her first childish impressions of Browning: "I pictured to myself poets as ethereal beings. It gave me a shock to see Mr. Browning eat with avidity so much bread and butter and big slices of cake. He never uttered a word that in any way suggested a poetical thought. His coat, trousers and gloves were according to the fashion of the time; his voice loud and cheerful, his thick hair well brushed. Altogether, in my opinion, he looked a prosperous man of business." Elsewhere Miss Corkran records Browning's comment upon the charge that he was too fond of "society." He admitted frankly: "I do like to be with refined people who appreciate me; it is a pleasure; wealthy people have leisure to read, and their houses are pleasant. I am not ashamed to confess that I do enjoy being with cultured folk. Besides, I find that mixing with others and the friction of ideas are necessary to a writer."

It is probably because Browning was so absolutely normal that his poetry is sane and free from the maudlin. For, whatever else Browning has been accused of, no one has said that he was sentimental.

——The number of books upon the Boer war increases daily and, truth to tell, we are growing a bit weary of the subject. The best of the lot so far seems to be Christian de Wet's Three Years' War, which although not entirely freed of prejudice, is interesting, simple, direct. The preface of the book is a very fair connotation upon the book itself:

By way of introduction to my work I wish, dear reader, to say only this short word: "I am no book-writer." But I felt that the story of this struggle, in

which a small people fought for liberty and right, is rightly said, throughout the civilized world, to be unknown, and that it was my duty to record my personal experiences in this war, for the present and for the future generations, not only for the Afrikander people, but for the whole world.

Not only did I consider this my duty, but I was encouraged to write by the urgings of prominent men among my people, of men of various nationalities, and even of several British officers.

Well, dear reader, I hope that you will not feel disappointed in reading these experiences, as it is not in me, as is perhaps sometimes the case with historical authors, to conjure up thrilling pictures—imaginary things—and put them together merely to make up a book or to make a name for themselves. That be far from me! In publishing my book (although it is written in simple style) I had one object only, viz., to give to the world a story which, although it does not contain the whole of the truth, as regards this wondrous war, yet contains nothing but the truth.

The original has been written by me in Dutch, and I can therefore not be answerable for its translation into other languages.

C. R. De Wet.

Commenting upon all these books, the London Punch rejoins rather poignantly:

"All the Boer Generals and Mr. Kruger having taken to the pen, Mr. Chamberlain stands absolved. It is now clear that the South African War was instigated by the publishers."

——The American Quarterly, continuing Poet-Lore, and developing that magazine's field of interest, namely the close relation of Life and Letters and the presentation of Modern World Literature, is announced. The table of contents for the first number shows many interesting and valuable articles.

——A publication deserving of the heartiest commendation is Sidney Lanier's Shakespeare and his Forerunners, which has just been issued. These collected essays, whose "aim is to present Shakespeare as the crowning glory and culmination of the most marvelous literary efflorescence the world has ever known, are written with all the charm of Charles Lamb and the insight of Dowden.

——Here is a chance for amateur playwrights. Mr. George Fawcett, of Baltimore, offers a $500 prize in a playwriting contest. The conditions are as follows:

Each play entered in the competition must be typewritten.

It must be received in Baltimore, at Chase's theater, by March 1.

No dramatizations of books can be considered, though an original play based only in part upon some published book need not necessarily be excluded. The judges will use their own discretion, according to the amount of original matter introduced.

Melodramas, comedies and tragedies may be entered, but, owing to the present state of public taste, the suggestion is made that writers of tragedies would do well to save their postage.

Inasmuch as the object of this contest is to get a play which can be acted, literary excellence will be subordinated to dramatic action.

In case none of the plays proves worthy of a production, Mr. Fawcett reserves the privilege of paying the amount of the prize, $500, without going to the extra expense of giving the prize play a production.

The judges will be three professors of English literature from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and their decision shall be final.

With all due deference to the apparent laudableness of the undertaking, we fail to see any real value in such a contest. In the days of Greece a Sophocles or a Euripides might have been thus called forth, but to-day such a contest will only keep them more deeply hidden. There is only one way to win out in the American drama—fight your way.

——An American project, according to London Punch, is afoot for establishing a daily paper for nervous readers, in which catastrophes will be narrated in the most soothing terms, and all calamities studiously discounted. We submit a few paragraphs written in specially prepared anodyne ink for this enterprising periodical:

Another eruption is reported from Vesuvius. The lava is said to have wandered down the mountain side in streams of exquisite tints, ranging over the whole gamut of color. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than this sight as the gloaming merged into night. Indeed, it is considered that ten thousand persons never before have died under such charmingly prismatic conditions.

Eye-witnesses of the recent delightful railway accident in Spain relate that the massed wreckage of the train presented a most fascinating spectacle, to which only a Méryon or Whistler could do justice. The cries of the wounded, principally in A flat and E major, produced a most soothing harmony, and altogether the disaster may be numbered with the most artistically successful of our day.

——There is a good example of how daring certain novels are these days in a book just issued in which nearly all the characters are celebrities. No attempt is made to conceal the identity of these people, but, on the contrary, both by photographs and suggestive changes in name, the real person behind the character is made unmistakable. This is questionable taste, to say nothing more.

# General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Mr. Robert W. Chambers was born in Brooklyn in 1865. He is the author of nearly a score of books. He was educated to be an artist, and studied in Paris from 1886 to 1892, and it was not until his return to America the following year that he began to think of literature as a life work. Indeed, his first writing really grew out of his work as an illustrator. While he was picturing with his pencil certain phases of life he had known in Paris, it occurred to him to describe also with his pen some of those interesting scenes of Parisian life, and the result was the book that is now known as In the Quarter. That fired him with the literary instinct, and there quickly followed in succession the numerous stories and novels that have come from his pen. With each succeeding volume he has made more certain his grasp of the art of novel writing, and the success which came to his Cardigan last year was well deserved, and had in it a degree of permanence which augurs well for his future. He stands easily in American literature at the head of the younger school of novelists. A few years ago he conceived the ambition to write a history of the American Revolution, as he understood it, in fiction. This plan will involve the publication of four novels, each quite different from the others, and complete in itself. Cardigan was the first of these, and the second —now known as The Maid-at-Arms—has just been published.

When Mr. Chambers returned to America he took up his residence at first in New York, but he soon found that he could do better work living in the country, while at the same time indulging his love of outdoor sports and his passion for nature. His home is situated in Broadalbin, a little village just south of the Adirondacks, in the very midst of the scenes described in Cardigan and The Maid-at-Arms. Mr. Chambers is still a young man, on the threshold of active life, and with his training and experience and the foundation he has already laid, it seems safe to predict a permanent place for him in the American literature of the future.

A list of his books includes the following: In the Quarter (1893); The King in Yellow (1893); The Red Republic (1894); A King and a Few Dukes (1894); The Maker of Moons (1895); With the Band (1895); Oliver Luck: The Mystery of Choice (1896); Lorraine (1896); Ashes of Empire (1897); The Haunts of Men (1898); The Cambric Mask (1899); The Outsiders (1899); The Conspirators (1900); Cardigan (1901); The Maid-at-Arms (1902).

——The death of G. A. Henty was a severe blow to juvenile literature. He was probably the most popular and the most worthy writer of boys' books. Speaking of his productiveness, a London literary journal says:

> Six closely printed pages of the British Museum catalogue are filled with the titles of his books, and that does not cover all his published work. This year he is so far represented in the Christmas lists by four books. Mr. Henty had a wide experience of life both as a traveler and war correspondent; in the latter capacity he served in the Austro-Italian, Garibaldian, Abyssinian, Franco-German, Carlist, and Ashantee campaigns. This first-hand experience gave to his books their vitality and go, and he always wrote for his young readers with a healthy and manly aim. How much those young readers will miss him is sufficiently attested by his enormous popularity. Probably most school boys, if given their choice, would select a "Henty"; the name had an unfailing charm for them, and they remained constant to it. There are many writers of his class who are popular, but it will be long before they attain an affection equal to his in the boy heart.

——On December 8, Björnstjerne Björnson, the great Norwegian author, celebrated his seventieth birthday. Björnson is probably to the Norwegian the greatest of living authors, ranking even higher than his compatriot Ibsen. He is, in fact, a man of great weight and character, a man who both in his literary work and his life has stood for high principles. As a poet, he is exquisitely delicate and feeling; as a novelist he has written some of the most charming stories of the century. One need but mention Arne or Synnove Solbakken, or The Happy Boy, or The Fisher Maiden. In his plays he has of late come under the indomitable influence of Ibsen, but he is daring and rises to great heights. In the literature of Norway he will be found at the very top; in the world literature, very high up indeed. Poetry and idealism are bound to win a lasting reward.

——This graphic little picture of Maurice Hewlett from the London Literary World is vivid and full of interest:

> The first thing that strikes you about Maurice Hewlett is that he has one wicked eye and one saintly one; though, perhaps, the effect is due

rather to a power of raising one eyebrow into an arch expressive of quaint amusement, and lowering the other at the same time to a straight line of scornful disapproval. Start a discussion on Giotto and Duccio, or any other subject of which Hewlett knows something and you know nothing, and his expressive face is well worth watching. Better not wait for his words though, unless you are a perfervid fighter; for Hewlett can be a bit brutal with his tongue as with his pen. And yet what a staunch friend and refreshing companion he is—given his moods! Man of letters, lecturer, and barrister he started out to be; it was books and study all the time—save when the autumn wind enticed him to tramp the English woods, or the Tuscan sunshine lured him to leisure beneath the vines. But these very serious students in early life generally grow younger as their years increase; and Hewlett at forty is becoming so frivolous, that at fifty I believe he will joust at the ring, and at sixty will play Green Gravel.

——The visit of Hall Caine to this country to witness the production of his play, The Eternal City, was productive of good advertising, if nothing more. Mr. Caine was the most talked-of author in the United States. He even succeeded in arousing the wrath of the critics. As for his play, it seems to be on lines similar to his book of the same name, though some incidents have been changed to meet the requirements of the American conscience.

——A colossal statue of Elias Lönnrot has been erected in Helsingfors. Here is a study in greatness. Just who was Elias Lönnrot? Few can answer on the spur of the moment, yet he was a Finn patriot and a man of letters. He collected and edited the Finnish national epic and is considered the father of national Finnish literature. Nor did he die so long ago that he deserves so to be forgotten. It was in 1884 only that he died. Still his own country remembers, and that is something.

——Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, who in private life is Mr. H. S. Scott, believes that the charm of country life is productive of literary inspiration. He has built a house far from London, and there he means to live. His sister-in-law, who writes under the name of S. G. Tallentyre, sometimes collaborates with him. Mr. Merriman's new novel, Barlasch of the Guard, in which Napoleon figures prominently as a character is already appearing serially in an American magazine.

——In our department of Literary Thought and Opinion there are two articles which are complementary to each other and which are a great sidelight upon a really great man, just dead. The first is Mr. Arthur Goodrich's exquisite estimate of Frank Norris: the second is an excerpt from The Critic, one of the last essays from the pen of Mr. Norris. Each article illuminates the other. In life and work Mr. Norris was every inch a—man.

——The ever futile discussion of how long it takes an author to write is again treated in the December Bookman. We learn that Mrs. Wharton "limits herself to five hundred words daily, rewriting each page many times. Zangwill wrote his first book in only four evenings. Crawford's Mario's Crucifix was written in ten days"—but it took him the awful length of eight months to write Via Crucis. Onoto Watanna completed her "sixty-thousand word" novel, Miss Numé of Japan, in only seven days. In opposition to this, we find J. M. Barrie spending four years over Sentimental Tommy, and Maurice Hewlett rewriting The Forest Lovers four times. After all, time of writing is of little consideration. It is highly probable that Shakespeare "dashed off" many of his plays in a couple of weeks. It is just as probable that he spent no little time in rewriting. But in judging a piece of literary work, no compensation is made for time—the work must stand or fall on absolute merit, not on proportional desert.

——The critics seem to be somewhat at divergence upon Barrie's new book, The Little White Bird. Both the harshest censure and the highest praise have been heaped upon it. One thing is noticeable; there have been very few nugatory criticisms. This would indicate that the book has at bottom the elements of greatness. One thing is rather sure, and that is had it been written by any one else than J. M. Barrie, the book would have sunk into meaningless, sentimental drivel. As it is, it is Barrie's, and it will call forth quite the discussion that Tommy and Grizel once had, though it is in no way as big a piece of work.

——Since the death of Phillips Brooks, no Bostonian has been so sincerely and deeply mourned as the late Governor Wolcott, and no biography could possess greater interest, especially for readers in Massachusetts and New England, than the Life of Roger Wolcott, just published. The author is William Lawrence, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, whose biography of his father, Amos A. Lawrence, is well known. This life of the late Governor of Massachusetts is one of those attractive biographies which spring out of life-long friendship. In it the official side of Roger Wolcott's life is subordinated to the human side, and the account of the growth of his power and influence is animated by the sympathy that comes from close intimacy and loyal regard.

# Choice Verse

**ATAVISM** ..... **JOHN MYERS O'HARA** ..... **BOOKMAN**

Old longings nomadic leap,
  Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
  Wakens the ferine strain.

Helots of houses no more,
  Let us be out, be free;
Fragrance through window and door
  Wafts from the woods, the sea.

After the torpor of will,
  Morbid with inner strife,
Welcome the animal thrill,
  Lending a zest to life.

Banish the volumes revered,
  Sever from centuries dead;
Ceilings the lamp flicker cheered
  Barter for stars instead.

Temple thy dreams with the trees,
  Nature thy god alone;
Worship the sun and the breeze,
  Altars where none atone.

Voices of solitude call,
  Whisper of sedge and stream;
Loosen the fetters that gall,
  Back to the primal scheme.

Feel the great throbbing terrene
  Pulse in thy body beat,
Conscious again of the green
  Verdure beneath the feet.

Callous to pain as the rose,
  Breathe with instinct's delight;
Live the existence that goes
  Soulless into the night.

**GHAZEL** ..... **M. G. T.** ..... **MIRROR**

Only to live and feel!
  Just to breathe the soft, balmy
    air of the Springtime.
To have two eyes that can see
  the green of the foliage and
  the blue of the sky:
Two ears, that can hear the birds'
  clear notes at the dawn of
  the day; the rippling brooks
  and the sing-song of the
  wind in the tree-tops:—
A Heart that beats with life!

Only to live and feel!
  Just to live and breathe near my Beloved:
To have two eyes that can see
  her smiles when she is gay,
  and her tears when there is woe:
Two ears, that can hear when
  she calls, when she sighs or
  when she sings:—
A Heart that beats all for her!
Only to live and feel!

**RECOGNITION** .... **ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS** ..... **INDEPENDENT**

The cries of the heart are many,
  The answering voices few.
  Darkness articulate whispered—
    "Fainting already?
    Steady, Dear, steady!
    —I understand."
Bewildered and blinded and groping,
      I ventured a hand——
    And lo, it was you.

The dreams of the soul are mighty,
  And sometimes they come true.
I dreamed of a faith uninvented,
    Nobly attended,
    High-born and splendid;
    Precious the prize!
Lost in a planet deserted,
      I lifted my eyes——
    And oh, it was you.

**THE MARKET PLACE** .. **WALTER HEADLAM. LOND. SATURDAY REVIEW**

Above the far white moonlit walls
  Profound blue midnight space;
Within them, glimmering market-stalls
  In the Arab market-place.

At random yellower lights that gleamed
  Like marsh-fires in a fen
Showed amber where the brown earth teemed
  With huddled groups of men.

Each with his troop low-couched around
  The fitful center's play;
Beside their several heaps unbound
  The gathered merchants lay.

With different garb and rival schemes
  Each by his lantern dim,
Half-shadowed from his neighbor, dreams
  What morrow dawns for him.

Dreams, but at peril if he sleep:
  Alert, untrustful eyes
With hand-grasp on the weapon keep
  To-morrow's merchandise.

The first glance in a page disclosed
  The wild East; then a task
For Rembrandt; then around me posed
  The Nations in a masque.

**HOMAGE** ..... **J. J. BELL** ..... **LONDON OUTLOOK**

Not finely shaped, not satin-smooth, not white,
  But labor worn, and spare, and rather red,
It lay within a troubled pool of light
    Cast by a shaded lamp upon the bed.

And while the wearied woman slumbered there
  The man, whose soul was sick of "might-have-
    beens,"
Holding his breath, knelt down and, with a prayer,
  Kissed the poor hand as tho' it were a queen's.

**LYRICS** ..... **PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR** ..... **LIPPINCOTT'S**

I.

The light was on the golden sands,
A glimmer on the sea;
My soul spoke clearly to thy soul,
Thy spirit answered me.

Since then the light that gilds the sands
And glimmers on the sea,
But vainly struggles to reflect
The radiant soul of thee.

II

The sea speaks to me of you
All the day long;
Still as I sit by its side
You are its song.

The sea sings to me of you
Loud on the reef;
Always it moans as it sings,
Voicing my grief.

III.

My dear love died last night,
Shall I clothe her in white?
My passionate love is dead,
Shall I robe her in red?
But nay, she was all untrue,
She shall not go dressed in blue;
Still, my desolate love was brave,
Unrobed, let her go to her grave.

**A SEA-SONG** ..... **HELEN TURNER** ..... **HARPER'S**

Yeo ho! Down below! Is your spirit aglow
With the scud and the spume and the fret of the sea?
The salt air is keen on your brown cheek, I ween,
And the heart in your bosom's a-dancing with glee!
Then up with the sail to the freshening gale,
And joy to our sailing—right seamen are we;
At the first gleam of morning we'll laugh at the warning
Of the jolly red sun peeping up from the sea.

Our hearts are in tune to the magical rune
Of the life-giving wind as it strains at the sheet;
The wild airs will scatter our troubles—what matter!
When the brine's in our nostrils the world's at our feet.
Then up with the sail to the freshening gale,
And joy to our sailing—right seamen are we;
We will sing to the daring of hardy seafaring,
And welcome a fight with our brother, the sea!

**WIDE MARGINS** ..... **MEREDITH NICHOLSON** ..... **ATLANTIC**

Print not my Book of Days, I pray,
On meager page, in type compact,
Lest the Great Reader's calm eye stray
Skippingly through from fact to fact;

But let there be a liberal space,
At least 'twixt lines where ill is writ,
That I with tempering hand may trace
A word to dull the edge of it.

And save for me a margin wide
Where I may scribble at my ease
Elucidative note and guide
Of most adroit apologies!

**THE BRAGGART, TIME** ..... **F. W. W.** ..... **METROPOLITAN**

To vaunt thy victories, thou braggart, Time,
Thou makest beauty yield to thy fell touch,
That sweeps its bloom away; upon the crutch
Thou biddest strength to lean; and with the rime
Of age thou sealest, as beyond their prime,
The bowing heads that have thy burdens borne;
Ambition fades before thee; pride, forlorn,
Droops as a lily in an arctic clime:
And yet thou art not conqueror of all,
Nor is thy sway so potent none may dare
Laugh as thy scepter marks each hour that flies!
There is a spirit thou canst not enthrall,
Nor hold as captive in the chains of care,
For youth blunts all thy weapons and defies.

**ON TIME'S THRESHOLD** .. **LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY** .. **HARPER'S WEEKLY**

I.

See: brood: remember: this thy function only.
Neither to have nor do is meet for thee.—
Ah, earth's a palace where I must go lonely!—
Nay: earth's a dungeon which thou passest, free.

II.

If the gods ruin send?—
Make that thy bride and friend.
If the gods cheat?—They say
The one true word alway.
If for some loss I pine?—
The past is theirs, yet thine.
If I sue not?—Vain cares!
The morrow's thine, not theirs.

**EVENING** ..... **NORAH McCORMICK** ..... **LEISURE HOUR**

Faintly, far off the nightjar calls
The nightjar calls, and the fields are deep in grass,
Wild roses star the hedge by which we pass
As twilight falls.

As twilight falls on the green combe,
On the green combe where the calm-eyed cattle lie,
They scarcely raise their heads as we pass by
In the soft gloom.

In the soft gloom one bird-voice sings,
One bird-voice sings of the treasure in his nest,
And from the distant church, calling to rest,
The curfew rings.

**THE SECRET OF THE PLACE** ..... **CHARLOTTE PORTER** ..... **OUTLOOK**

A little path winds saunt'ring to our door,
All through the clover;
Sea touches soothe your cheek and kiss your brow,
As you come over.
The Sea and Earth embraced catch you up, too;
Here they love each other. Here how they love—
You!
And all day long
A little bird's song
Interprets you the secret of the place:
*"Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!*
*Life is sweet! Sweet!"*

The sea is like a tossing daisy-field,
Darkling and whit'ning;
The daisy-field's a sun-flecked sea of foam,
Threat'ning and bright'ning.
All diff'rences there are beneath the sun,
How they melt in music! How they here are—
One!
Where all day long
A little bird's song
Interprets you the secret of the place:
*"Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!*
*Life is sweet! Sweet!"*

# Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

**A FANCIFUL BIRD**

No one but J. M. Barrie would have dared to write The Little White Bird,[1] a book without a plot, without a story; a rambling,expatiating, delightful, fanciful concoction for adults and children, for neither children nor adults. The whole thing is a flat contradiction and, were it done by anyone else, would be maudlin. As it is, it is charming, full of sunshine—full of the enticing personality of its author. It is not Tommy and Grizel, by any means; but it is quite as unique in its way.

**MR. JAMES'S DOVE WINGS**

Those who merely read a novel for the sake of the story will feel inclined to lay down The Wings of The Dove,[2] by Henry James, before reaching the end of the first volume. Those who delight in microscopic dissection of character, in the deliberate taking apart of the human machine in order to find out the source of its action, will read carefully even to the end of the second. The work is an excellent example of Mr. James's style of writing, a style at times so stately, ponderous and solid as to require in the reader an intimate knowledge of the grammatical analysis of sentences; at times so crisp, pointed and clean-cut as to verge on brevity.

**ISTAR OF BABYLON**

Istar of Babylon,[3] by Margaret Horton Potter (Mrs. John Donald Black), is a novel dealing with Babylon during the time of the Jewish Captivity, immediately preceding the taking of the city by Cyrus. The story is a strong and thrilling one, although not always a pleasant one. As far as Belshazzar, who wins the love of Istar, is concerned, the history keeps nearer to fact than does Mr. W. Stearns Davis's Belshazzar; for the son of Nabondius was never king, but merely governor of the royal city. Mrs. Black, however, although she has evidently studied the chief source of information about the prophet Daniel, has seen fit to represent him in a way which is totally opposed to common opinion.

[1]The Little White Bird. J. M. Barrie. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

[2]The Wings of the Dove. Henry James. N. Y., Scribner's. (2 Vols.)

[3]Istar of Babylon. Margaret Horton Potter. N. Y., Harper & Bros. $1.50.

**OF RARE BEAUTY**

Exquisite in its physical appearance and fascinating in its contents is Mythological Japan.[1] Few books published in America have surpassed this work from an esthetic standpoint. A beautiful book to give to a friend or to keep on one's own table.

**A MERMAID ROMANCE**

H. G. Wells's last volume is but another indication of his versatility.[2] It is a facetious fantasy, in which Mr. Wells and a mermaid, who figures under the euphonious and fitting title of Sea Lady, have much fun at the expense of ordinary mortals. Mr. Wells's happy vein makes the fantastic little romance quite readable.

**THE EARTH AND THE FULNESS THEREOF**

Frances E. Skinner has laid readers of fiction under obligation by translating The Earth and the Fulness Thereof,[3] by Peter Rosegger, the Austrian writer. The author, whose acquaintance with the life of the peasantry of the duchy of Styria has already been seen in The Forest Schoolmaster, tells how a journalist, for a wager, undertakes to live as a farmhand for a year; and how he becomes so enamored of the life that he cannot forego it. The story is told in a series of weekly letters to a friend, but the conversational character of these takes away all the stiffness of epistolary correspondence. Every page breathes an intense love for country life and sympathy for those who are close to the ground, and whose lot, although hard, is bravely borne.

**LEPIDUS**

Lepidus, the Centurion,[4] by Edwin L. Arnold, is a curious fantastic creation. It relates how the mummified body of a Roman soldier, nephew of the Emperor Vespasian, having been discovered by an English gentleman in a tomb on his estate, came to life and took something of the personality and appearance of the finder.

[1]Mythological Japan. Alex. F. Otto and Theo. Holbrook. Phila., Drexel Biddle. $5.00.

[2]The Sea Lady. H. G. Wells. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.

[3]The Earth and the Fulness Thereof. Peter Rosegger. Translated by Frances E. Skinner. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

[4]Lepidus, the Centurion. Edwin L. Arnold. N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.

Some of the incidents are humorous, some almost tragic: and it will easily be imagined how fertile of unusual situations the conception will become in the hands of a skilful artist. Such a one Mr. Arnold certainly is, and his book will well repay perusal.

**A SAINT'S DIARY**

Arlo Bates, in The Diary of a Saint,[1] has undertaken to give us the innermost thoughts of a remarkable heroine. She is a New England woman, of age verging on the thirties, who has excellent views of the duties and responsibilities of this life, but opinions about the future state which the religious world regards as very decidedly unorthodox. The novel is one of great power and full of human interest. The characters are living, true to nature, both in their serious and humorous aspects; and if much of the story is tragic, it yet shows that life is not all tragedy, and that its compensations are to be found in following out that noble self-sacrifice which is the highest human virtue.

**MOTHER EARTH**

Mother Earth,[2] by Frances Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson), is called A Modern Love Story, and it richly deserves the name. A pleasing love interest, well described and well analyzed, much careful delineation of character, some entanglements caused by gossip, abundance of outdoor life and enjoyment of Nature, form a whole of more than ordinary charm. It is a book without a dull page, and well worth reading.

**A DARING WOMAN**

A Woman Ventures[3] is a clever story of the different so-called prizes drawn by a woman's love from the lottery of fortune, Emily, the heroine, being a beautiful girl brought up in luxury at Washington but left at the opening of womanhood to depend upon her own exertions. Having to work for her living, she adopts journalism for her vocation. If Mr. Phillips has correctly pictured the habits to be met with in the body of newspaper workers, a new view will be taken by those who advocate journalism as a sphere for women. The volume is full of forcible situations and careful analysis of character, and is a powerful tale.

[1]The Diary of a Saint. Arlo Bates. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

[2]Mother Earth. Frances Harrod. N. Y., J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.

[3]A Woman Ventures. David Graham Phillips, N. Y., Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

**A REAL BOY**

A Real Diary of a Real Boy[1] is exactly what it says it is. A good deal of humor and an intimate knowledge of a boy's mind are found in it. But "real" is the first and last word to be said upon it.

**OF HISTORICAL VALUE**

The Right Reverend the Bishop of New York, Henry Codman Potter, D.D., in The East of To-day and To-morrow,[2] has given us his impressions of China, Japan, the Philippines, India, and the Hawaiian Islands. These impressions, formed after a close study of, and a careful inquiry upon the spot into, the conditions existing, together with an extensive knowledge of past history, are conveyed in clear and forcible language. The author logically goes beyond the present moment and draws admirable inferences about the future of these countries. The book is one which deserves careful study on the part of those who are interested in the political questions which are now agitating men's minds, while the general reader will also find it a very instructive volume of contemporary history.

**THE TRAGEDY OF PELÉE**

In The Tragedy of Pelée[3] we have the admirable letters written by George Kennan, as the special correspondent of The Outlook, during his visit to the Island of Martinique at the time of the catastrophe which overwhelmed that French West Indian possession. It is well to have them in permanent form, for they will long be valuable as a record, by a competent observer, of results attending one of the most disastrous volcanic eruptions within the range of history. The volume is something more than journalism. It is a clear, forcible and thrilling tale of high literary merit.

**THE PHILIPPINES**

Under the title of The Philippines[4], the Outlook Company has embodied in a useful volume two important papers which appeared in their journal on the subject of that distant archipelago which the fortune of war brought under the control of the Government of the United States. The first is such an able and clear

[1]The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Henry A. Shute, Boston. The Everett Press Co. $1.00.

[2]The East of To-day and To-morrow. Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D. N. Y., The Century Co., $1.00.

[3]The Tragedy of Mt. Pelée. George Kennan. N. Y., The Outlook Co. $1.50.

[4]The Philippines. Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft. N. Y., The Outlook Co. $1.00.

estimate of the character of the First Civil Governor and of the task set before him as we should expect from the man whom the course of events has placed in the highest office in this country. The second is a plain, unvarnished recital, by Governor Taft himself, of the work accomplished by the Philippine Commission up to the date of writing, and a calm, judicial consideration of the questions involved in securing such a civil government as shall be consistent with American conditions. In the future these papers will have a distinct value when the history of the expansion of American rule and power comes to be written.

**NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND**

Those who have enjoyed the several volumes in which Dr. John Fiske dealt with the History of America from its Discovery to the successful issue of the War of Independence will welcome the posthumous publication of the work which completes the series as contemplated by its author. This we have in New France and New England[1] in which the historian treats of the influence exercised by the vicinity of a French empire in the West upon those British Colonies which formed the nucleus of the United States of America. The story is mainly that of the foundation of Canada along the St. Lawrence River and of the line of forts that dominated the Mississippi Valley, together with the steps by which the vast territory was wrested from French rule. Two chapters, however, are interpolated—on Witchcraft in Salem Village and The Great Awakening in New England—interpreting the forces, ecclesiastical and civil, which gave distinctive character to Massachusetts and Connecticut. The literary executrix has wisely left the work largely in the state in which it fell from the hands of the able author, so that it presents all the characteristics of Dr. Fiske's learning, judgment and lucidity. With its clear, forcible and well-ordered statements, the volume cannot fail to be valuable to the student of American history.

**STEPPING STONES**

Stepping Stones,[2] by Orison Swett Marden, is a book after the style of Smile's Self-Help, a series of didactic essays for young people on subjects connected with their success in life. Pleasing anecdotes of famous men, illustrations of success and failure, together with much practical and valuable advice about principles, motives and conduct, make the book one which ought to do good service among those to whom it appeals. Young men and women cannot do better than peruse it.

**LAVENDER AND OLD LACE**

Lavender and Old Lace,[1] by Myrtle Reed, is a story as dainty in its conception and treatment as the combination which its title suggests. Miss Reed certainly has a faculty for clothing her characters at will in the lace of delicate fancy, as she has done with Miss Ainslie, or in the stronger tissues of genuine homespun, as in the case of Aunt Jane, while they exhale as healthy an atmosphere as ever greeted the guest in the homes of our lavender-loving grandmothers. The "make-up" of the book also is well in keeping with its title.

**THE SHADOW OF THE CZAR**

We are harking back to the days of The Romance of the Forest and The Mysteries of Udolpho,[2] and we might do much worse, for the life of today is too commonplace for the highest flights of imagination. John R. Carling has acted wisely in locating a Polish principality of Czernova, with Slavowitz as its capital, on the confines of Russia in Europe, in the days of the Czar Nicholas I, and then giving us, in The Shadow of the Czar, a dashing story of such love, political intrigue and mystery as our humdrum western life cannot supply. The book is a clever one and, as already hinted, reminds us of the thrilling romances of a bygone age.

**OUT OF JAPAN**

Onoto Watanna offers, in The Wooing of Wistaria,[3] a thoroughly Japanese love story, enlarged to the dimensions of a novel. It is unfortunate that the book is very uneven in style and interest. As long as the writer devotes herself to picturing the simple home-life of the lovers and their people, she is all that the most critical can desire; but when she begins to write history, some of the charm disappears. This is not said with any intention of detracting from the merits of the book. It will well repay the reader, but it is only right to warn him that he will find a considerable portion very unlike the writer's previous delightful work.

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[1]New France and New England. John Fiske. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.65.

[2]Stepping Stones. Orison Swett Marden. Boston, Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.00.

[1]Lavender and Old Lace. Myrtle Reed. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

[2]The Shadow of the Czar. John R. Carling. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

[3]The Wooing of Wistaria. Onoto Watanna. N. Y., Harper & Bros. $1.50.

**BY LOUIS ZANGWLL**

One's Womenkind,[1] by Louis Zangwill, is a good story of the way in which an English barrister, of democratic inclinations, is borne along on the current of English society, in his attempt to pilot his womenkind, consisting of two nieces, left upon his hands by their adverse fortune, and a wife of good family, who previously to their marriage had sought money and fortune on the stage. The novel is an able one with a plot which keeps the reader interested and uncertain until the climax. It abounds in clear individualization of character, noble persistence in what is believed to be right, and thorough realization of the importance of high motives. The work stamps the author as a careful observer of human nature and an able writer.

[1]One's Womenkind. Louis Zangwill. N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.

Following is a list of books received at this office between November tenth and December tenth:

# Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

### Essays and Miscellany

Animals Before Man in North America: Their Lives and Times: Illustrated: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co ..... $1 25
Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for the Year Ending June 30, 1901: Wash., Govt. Printing House .....
Bears of Blue River, The: Charles Major: Illustrated: N. Y., Macmillan Co ..... 1 50
Blood of the Nation, The: David Starr Jordan: Bost., Amer. Unitarian Ass'n ..... 40
Boston Days: Lillian Whiting: Bost., Little, Brown & Co .....
Carnegie, Andrew: The Man and His Work: Barnard Alderson: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co ..... 1 40
Child Mind, The: Ralph Harold Bretherton: N. Y., John Lane .....
Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1903, The: O. Herford, E. W. Mumiford, A. Mizner: S. F., Elder & Shepard ..... 75
Fictional Rambles in and About Boston: Frances Theston Carruth: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co ..... 2 00
Forster's Life of Dickens: Abridged and Revised by George Kissing: With Portraits, Illustrations and Facsimiles: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co .....
French Cathedrals and Chateaux: Two Vols: Clara Crawford Perkins: Illustrated: Bost., Knight & Millet ..... 4 00
Furniture of the Olden Time: Frances Clary Morse: N. Y., Macmillan Co ..... 3 00
Heroines of Poetry: Constance E. Maud: Illustrated by Hy. Ospovat: N. Y., Jno. Lane ..
Historic Highways of America: Vol. 2: Indian Thoroughfares: Archer Butler Hulbert: Cleveland, Arthur H. Clark Co .....
Letters from Egypt: Lady Duff Gordon: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co .....
Lost Art of Reading, The: Gerald Stanley Lee: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons ..... 1 75
Memoirs of Paul Kruger, The: Told by Himself: N. Y., Century Co ..... 3 50
Memories of a Hundred Years: Two Vols.: Edward Everett Hale: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 10 00
Men and Women: Minot J. Savage: Bost., Amer. Unitarian Ass'n ..... 80
Mythological Japan: Alexander F. Otto and Theodore S. Holbrook: With Illustrations, Drawn in Japan, by Native Artists: Phila., Drexel Biddle ..... $5 00
Nature and the Camera: A. Radclyffe Dugmore: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co ..... 1 35
Ohio and Her Western Reserve: Alfred Mathews: Illustrated: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 25
Old-Time Students: My Memories of Missionaries: H. Clay Trumbull: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co ..... 1 00
Paris Past and Present: Henry Haynie: Two Vols.: N. Y., Fred'k A. Stokes Co ..... 4 00
Reminiscences Musical and Other: Fanny Reed: Bost., Knight & Millet ..... 1 50
Social Life in the Early Republic: Anne Hollingsworth Wharton: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co ..... 3 00
Stories of Author's Loves: Two Vols.: Clara E. Laughlin: Illustrated: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co ..... 3 00
Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday: Alice Morse Earle: N. Y., Macmillan Co ..... 2 50
Weather, The: and Practical Methods of Forecasting It: E. B. Dunn: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co ..... 1 60
Whist Calender for 1903: Mildred Howells: Bost., Noyes, Platt & Co ..... 1 50

### Fiction

Bayou Triste: A Story of Louisiana: Josephine Hamilton Nicholls: N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co ..... 1 50
Bunch of Rope Yarns: Stanton H. King: Boston, Gorham Press ..... 1 25
Deeps of Deliverance, The: Frederick Van Eeden: Translated from the Dutch by Margaret Robinson: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 20
Fiery Sword, A: Elizabeth Whitaker Rennie: N. Y., Abbey Press ..... 1 50
Glengarry School Days: A Story of Early Days in Glengarry: Ralph Connor: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. ..... 1 25
Grain of Madness, A: Lida A. Churchill: N. Y., Abbey Press ..... 1 25
Hidden Manna: A. J. Dawson: N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co ..... 1 50
John Ermine of the Yellowstone: Frederic Remington: Illustrated by the author: N. Y., The Macmillan Co ..... 1 50

King's Agent, The: Arthur Paterson: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co ..... $1 50
Lane That Had No Turning, The: Gilbert Parker: Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co ..... 1 50
Last Buccaneer, The: Or, The Trustees of Mrs. A. L. Cope Cornford: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co ..... 1 50
Lighted Taper, The: M. Oakman Patton: Bost., Botolph Book Co ..... 1 50
Love and Louisa: E. Maria Albanesi: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co ..... 1 50
March of the White Guard, The: Gilbert Parker: Illustrated by N. E. B. Starkweather: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co .....
Master Adam the Calabrian: Alexandre Dumas: Translated by Harry A. Spurr: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co ..... 1 00
Master of Appleby, The: Francis Lynde: Ind., Bowen-Merrill Co .....
Observations by Mr. Dooley: F. P. Dunne: N. Y., R. H. Russell ..... 1 50
Sea of Circumstance, The: Jeanne G. Pennington: N. Y., Abbey Press ..... 50
Singular Metamorphosis, A: May Evelyn Skiles: N. Y., Abbey Press .....
Struggle of Blood, A: Or, Down and Up: Guy Hughes: N. Y., Abbey Press ..... 1 25
Thelma: Marie Corelli: Illustrated: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co ..... 1 50
Thoroughbreds: W. A. Frazer: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co .....
Wanderer's Legend, A: Maxwell Sommerville: Phila., Drexel Biddle .....
Weaving of Webs, The: F. W. Van Praag: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co ..... 1 50

**Historical and Political**

Germany: The Welding of a World Power: Wolf von Schierbrand: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co ..... 2 40
Last Days of Pekin, The: Translated from the French of Pierre Loti: Myrta L. Jones: Illustrated: Bost., Little, Brown & Co .....
Papal Monarchy, The: From St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. (590-1303): Wm. Barry, D.D.: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Some Ethical Phases of the Labor Question: Carroll D. Wright, Ph.D., LL.D.: Bost., Amer. Unitarian Ass'n ..... 1 00
Three Years' War: Christian Rudolf De Wet: Frontispiece by John S. Sargent, R. A.: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons ..... 2 50
True History of the American Revolution, The: Sydney Geo. Fisher: Illustrated: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co ..... 2 00

**Juvenile**

Four Little Indians: Ella Mary Coates: Phila., Hy. T. Coates & Co ..... 80
His Calculations: Baby Roland: George Hansen: S. F., Elder and Shepard ..... 50
Mollie and the Unwiseman: John Kendrick Bangs: Illustrations by Albert Levering and Clare Victor Dwiggins: Phila., Hy. T. Coates & Co ..... 1 00
Open-Air Boy, The: G. M. A. Hewett: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co .....
Outlook Story Books for Little Ones, The: Edited by Laura Winnington: Illustrated: N. Y., Outlook Co ..... 1 20
Romance of the Nursery, A: L. Allen Harker: Illustrated by Katharine M. Roberts: N. Y., John Lane ..... $1 25

**Music**

Fifty Mastersongs by Twenty Composers: Edited by Henry T. Finck: For High Voice: Bost., Oliver Ditson Co ..... 1 50
Forty Piano Compositions, Frederic Chopin: Edited by James Huneker: Bost., Oliver Ditson Co ..... 2 50
From Grieg to Brahms: Studies of Some Modern Composers and Their Art: Daniel G. Mason: N. Y., Outlook Co ..... 1 50
Immortality and Other Essays: Charles Carroll Everett: Bost., Amer. Unitarian Ass'n .. 1 20

**Poetry**

Apollo and Keats on Browning: Clifford Lanier: Bost., Gorham Press .....
Dancers, The: and Other Legends and Lyrics: Edith M. Thomas: Bost., Rich'd G. Badger. 1 50
Doom of King Acrisius: William Morris: Illustrated with Pictures by Sir Edw. Burne-Jones: N. Y., R. H. Russell .....
English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp: Herman Montague Donner: Bost., Gorham Press ....
Ingoldsby Legends, The: Or, Mirth and Marvels: Thos. Ingoldsby, Esq.: Illustrated by Herbert Cole: N. Y., John Lane ..... 1 50
In Merry Mood: A Book of Cheerful Rhymes: Nixon Waterman: Bost., Forbes & Co ..... 1 25
Joe's Place: A Life Story: John Rosslyn: Phila., Geo. W. Jacobs & Co ..... 1 00
Kaupeepee: An Idyll of Hawaii: Rendered into Verse by Leopold Blackman: Honolulu, Wm. C. Lyon .....
Kraafte Lockie: Or, the Passing of the Wolf: L. F. George: Bost., Geo. Book Pub. Co. .. 50
Later Lyrics: John B. Tabb: N. Y., John Lane.
Love Sonnets of an Office Boy: Sam'l Ellsworth Kiser: Illustrated by Jno. T. McCutcheon: Bost.. Forbes & Co ..... 50
Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, A: and Other Poems: P. J. Coleman: N. Y., Messenger Press ..... 1 00
Nonsense Anthology, A: Collected by Carolyn Wells: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons ..... 1 25
Odes of Anacreon: Translated by S. C. Irving: Evanston, Wm. S. Lord ..... 50
Old Schoolhouse, The: and Other Poems and Conceits in Verse: T. S. Denison: Illustrated: Chicago, T. S. Denison .....
Pickett's Charge and Other Poems: Fred Emerson Brooks: Bost. ,Forbes & Co ..... 1 25
Reed by the River, A: Virginia Woodward Claud: Bost., The Gorham Press .....
West Virginia Lyrics: John G. Gittings: Morgantown, Acme Pub. Co .....

**Religion**

Ascent of the Soul, The: Amory H. Bradford, D.D.: N. Y., Outlook Co ..... 1 25
Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene: Lewis Wager: Chic., University of Chicago Press .....
Religious Life in America: Ernest Hamlin Abbott: N. Y., Outlook Co ..... 1 00
Valid Objections to So-called Christian Science: Rev. Andrew F. Underhill: N. Y., Baker & Taylor Co ..... 25

# Among the January Magazines

A new short story by A. S. Hardy is one of the choice pieces in the New Year's issue of the Atlantic Monthly. It is entitled His Daughter First, and is alive with human interest, filial affection, love and pathos. The Plateau of Fatigue, by Kate Millner Ribb, is the only short fiction in this number. It is, however, quite filled with matter of literary and artistic interest, as well as with papers of scientific and sociologic interest. Among the latter is The War Against Disease, by M. C. E. A. Winslow, a bacteriologist connected with the biological department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The following paragraph from M. Winslow will prove of much interest:

Each disease must be fought after its own kind. For smallpox, vaccination; for diphtheria, antitoxin inoculation; for typhoid fever, the protection of food supplies; for yellow fever, the destruction of mosquitoes; for tuberculosis, the disinfection of sputum; for cholera infantum, the cooking of milk. Absurdly simple many of these remedies appear; but with a thorough knowledge of the microparasites of any disease and the mode in which they gain access to the body, their exclusion will always be theoretically a simple matter. Our knowledge is unfortunately far in advance of our practice. Diseases which have been clearly shown to be preventable continue to slaughter their thousands year by year. While it is well therefore to push on and occupy new fields, it is still more essential to see that the ground already covered has been surely won. Won it must be, not by investigators or even by medical practitioners, but by a community in which the knowledge of sanitary science is generally diffused. Health is the normal condition of the human mechanism, while disease and premature death are in large part unnecessary. They are to be overcome, however, not by an abrogation of the intellectual faculty, but by its exercise. Those only who seek ardently to discover, and implicitly to obey, the inexorable laws of nature will survive in the struggle for existence, to round out their sum of years, and to benefit their kind.

The Future of Orchestral Music comes from the pen of W. J. Henderson, and is particularly timely just now, when so much is being said on the orchestra and the theater. An historical article is Contributions of the West to American Democracy, by Frederick J. Turner. A Land of Little Rain tells of a country east of the Sierras, a country of desert and death where man's existence is one continued struggle with nature. Mary Austin contributes this graphic picture. There is any amount of literary miscellany, all of which is too good to pass unnoticed. Agnes Repplier writes of Traveler's Tales. Another is Nox Dormiendo, by Joslyn Gray, while A Memory of Old Gentlemen is a piece of artistic pen sketching. There is an interesting paper on the latest novels of Howells and James, and another, an account of Charles Dickens as a Man of Letters. My Own Story is by John Trowbridge. It is autobiographical. No. 4 Park Street is reminiscence, by the editor of the Atlantic.

——Wu Ting Fang is the author of an article in Harper's which treats of Chinese and Western Civilization. A sketch of the great Chinese statesman has been drawn for this article by William Nicholson. In Ethan Allen's Country is a paper by Julian Ralph written in his usual and readable style. Benjamin Kidd has given us his estimate of The Man Who Is To Come. In its series of articles of a popular scientific interest, Harper's presents this month an account of Plants of Crystal, an absorbing recital by Albert Mann, of Syracuse University, and an article on the Becquerel Rays. The photographic illustrations are unique and helpful. Life in Tuscany is portrayed in an article which purports to be a letter from the Tuscan village of Orbetello. It is from Vernon Lee. Arthur Lawrence has given an amusing and sympathetic sketch of London's Oldest Art Club. This, as is well known, is the Langham. A character sketch of Benedict Arnold is by John R. Spears, an authoritative writer on matters of early American history. George Lyman Kittredge has made an analysis of The Coinage of Words, and his observations are worth reading:

A language can never stand still so long as it is alive. It is constantly changing, in sounds, in syntax, in vocabulary, and in the meanings conventionally attached to its words. It is, then, idle to debate the question whether it would be well to have an absolute, unalterable standard of correctness. Such a standard is impossible. It never has existed in any language and it never can exist; for the very idea is contrary to the nature of human speech. Every purist, no matter how stiffly he carries himself, is an unconscious innovator; he cannot help it, unless he renounces the use of his vocal organs. And every innovator, however reckless, is at times a purist. He has his likes and dislikes in language, as in other things, and, among

these infinitely varied preferences, some are certain to be in favor of what is older or seems more settled.

There is a bounteous plenty of short fiction in this number, among which will be found The Morning Call, by George Hibbard, prettily illustrated by W. D. Smedley. The Quarrel is a pathetic story by Grace L. Collin, while At the Turn of the Tide is a tale of a critical illness. May Harris has a little skit entitled Whom the Gods Love. It is dated Paris, June 30, 19—. Tike is the story of a dog, and is humorous, while As You Sailed is a charming story of a child's day dreams, done in his best manner by the author of Mother. There are other papers and poems and continuations of Lady Rose's Daughter and of The Mocking of the Gods, Amélie Rives's new serial.

——William Gage Erving tells in the Century of A Trip from Cairo to Khartum, the journey having been made by the methods of transportation induced to-day, that is, by river and rail. This is to be preliminary to a return journey in an Adirondack canoe.

The President and Trusts is a valuable review by Albert Shaw in which many facts unknown to the public are dwelt upon. Looking Into Caribbean Craters is the account of a venturesome trip graphically illustrated with drawings from photographs. Two articles of a belles lettres nature are those in which the Poe-Chivers's papers are given, having been edited by George E. Woodberry, and which will be continued in the next issue, and a little sketch on The Qualities of Warner's Humor. Paris Pawnshops, a clever paper by Cleveland Moffett has given André Castaigne an opportunity to draw some just as clever pictures.

There is a wealth of fiction of all sorts, the short stories including the one by the late Frank Norris, entitled The Wife of Chino; another by John Luther Long with the caption Sixty Jane, and a humorous story of Russian Musicians, by Robert Haven Schauffer. When the Consul Came to Peking is the first half of a funny story written by Abigail H. Fitch, while The Yellow Van and Lovey Mary are continuations of two serials.

——The Modern Methods of Saving Ships is an exceedingly timely account in the World's Work of the wonderful work of the wreckers. Photographs of many partly wrecked boats reclaimed by this 20th century method are presented. Arthur Goodrich has written the Biography of an Office Building, and to those who have never understood how our wonderful structures of steel and stone spring up, mushroom-like, this will be found an interesting as well as instructive exposition. The Battleship of the Future is a short article from the pen of Mr. Lewis Nixon, who, as a prominent shipbuilder, is certainly competent to give an intelligent view of the probable development of our men-of-war. Of sociologic interest are: A Town Made Idle by a Trust, and Our Industrial Invasion of Canada and Americanism in British Trade Unions. The article on the American Development of Canadian Resources is from the pen of Robert H. Montgomery and is of much value. An interesting study is that made by Alfred Hodder of Those Who Lose in the Game of Life. It is the relation of incidents in the day's routine in the office of the District Attorney of New York. A sketch of General Toral, who, it will be remembered, commanded the Spanish forces at Santiago, is captioned The Man That Failed, and is written by Thomas R. Dawley, Jr. A Day In the Regular Army follows the life of the enlisted man from sun-up to sunset. It is illustrated with many photographs. An estimate of the work of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, the dead ironmaster of Essen, has been made by W. Von Schierbrand. In an introduction to an article on American manufactures, Edward D. Jones, of the University of Michigan, makes the following comment:

> The Twelfth Census marks the close of the first complete century of manufactures in the United States. It will thus become the most important statistical basis by which will be measured the future advancement of American industry. It is with these words that the final report of the Twelfth Census on manufactures begins. It might have been added that the Twelfth Census is the first to occur since the United States has become distinctly a manufacturing nation and has produced a surplus of manufactured goods with which it has entered the world's trade to acquire foreign markets. Our industries have grown to giant size, and we have begun to feel and act upon commercial policies which have radically altered our relations both to European nations and to undeveloped countries and peoples.

——In the Criterion for January may be found a number of readable poems, of which we notice The City of Laish, by Richard Burton. An interesting little article is that by Carolyn Wells in which she brings together and discusses the beginning paragraphs of numerous well-known books. One would hardly think that there are so many ways of starting a book. A short story, entitled Whiz, is from the pen of Miss Ethel Shackelford, while another, Sam Hill, Sheriff of Knowlton, Kaintuck, is by John Uri Lloyd, the author of Stringtown on the Pike. F. de L'Isle has

written of the War Dances of a Dying Race, this being the second article on savage war dances to appear this month. The initial number of a new serial by Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N., makes its appearance; it is entitled A Gettysburg Rómance. Another fiction story is The Coming of Aphrodite, by Katharine Holland Brown. Those who love to trace the quaint and hidden meaning of the part played by different localities in the world's history will find much to enjoy in Stuart Henry's articles on The Sociological Rôle of the Forest, Fontainebleau being treated in this paper. Of a travel interest is the picture of Tangier of To-day, by W. Bradford Allen. Undoubtedly this issue is, on the whole, the most interesting which this magazine has produced in many months.

——A story of an adventuresome crocodile hunt in Florida is the attractive initial number of Country Life in America, the photographic illustrations presenting some quite characteristic views of the saurians of the Everglades. Where to Find the Real Apple is the subject of another paper, and certainly if one's first impressions are to judge, one would say it was in the pages of Country Life in America, for the illustrations are about as lifelike as black and white reproductions of colored objects can possibly be. Camping In the Snow is a timely article by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

Riding to Hounds is presented with all its attractions in paper by Charles Quincy Turner, with some photographs and vignette illustrations that are indeed charming. The Elm Tree is an appreciation, and is accompanied by a double-page photograph of a magnificent specimen of this sturdy species. A calendar of January is presented in the article. The Vigor of Winter, from the pen of W. B. Thornton. Two poems to trees are found in this number: the one, To a Gnarled Oak, by Edgar Maclaren Swan, the other, The Tree, by Fullerton L. Waldo. The editorial departments are particularly well filled, Windows being the title of the eleventh paper in The Making of a Country Home. Following its plan of presenting to its readers each month an account of some fine country estate, the magazine this month tells of the estate of Mr. H. H. Cooke at Lenox, Mass.

——How the King Came to His Own, a story by Martha McCulloch-Williams, holds the initial place in Pearson's. It is a clear-cut and readable story of a noble horse, A child's story is The Financier, and a good one at that, while The Tables Turned is a ghostly story of spooks, full of fun. Of surpassing interest is an account of the greatest steam and electric dredge of the world. Its wonderful mechanism and unusual work is fully described and graphically illustrated. Grace B. Ward has given some account of Cowboy Dances and Songs, the words and music to some of which are given. Two serials, much looked for in Pearson's, are those of the Adventures of Captain Kettle, and The Pearl Maiden. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's hero is as adventurous as ever, while Mr. Rider Haggard has added charming chapters to his novel. The story of the States this month deals with Indiana, being number four of this series.

——The Oil War of 1872 forms chapter number three of Ida Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Company in McClure's. It is a graphic narration of that troublous time. Another article of sociological interest is The Right to Work, being the story of the non-striking miners, by Ray Stannard Baker. It is an interesting study. The Shame of Minneapolis, by Lincoln Steffens, tells of the rescue and redemption of a city. Following the articles on bossism in St. Louis, which have recently appeared in McClure's, this paper has additional value. There is much good fiction, of which a few pieces only can be mentioned. One is the Impertinence of Charles Edward, by H. G. Rhodes. It is humorous. Another is Across the State, a child story. A Pilgrim from Abyssinia is a story of travel and adventure, while a lighter vein is maintained in Charles Fleming Embree's story, A Fair Upsetter of Customs.

——There is a charming story in the New Year's number of Everybody's, entitled Sul and Shumul, and purporting to be a new Arabian Night story. It is by Alfred R. Calhoun and is translated from the Arabian. An interesting sociological study in fictional form is A Member of the Masses, by Katharine Holland Brown, while Kootenai Jack, by Frederick V. Dey, is a study of life on the Indian frontier. Of historical interest is the account of Tragedies of Steamboat Histories. It deals with a romance of the old Mississippi. Two articles of national interest are those of Andrew Jackson, 1832, and How Roosevelt Became President. The one is by Alfred Henry Lewis, and the other by David Graham Phillips.

——Frank Leslie's for January has in it Commander R. E. Peary's article—Hunting On the Great Ice, a paper of surpassing

interest. It is the explorer's personal narrative of how the arctic expedition obtains its food supply, and is illustrated by a number of excellent and most unusual photographs. Commander Peary gives a short account of many of the Arctic animals, among them the various seals and walruses, the different kind of whales, ermine, the Arctic hare, fox and wolf, esquimaux dogs, Polar bear, reindeer and musk-ox. Two biographical papers of interest are those on Dr. Adolf Lorenz and Joseph Chamberlain. A rather unusual article upon objects of common interest is that which treats of The Great American Barnyard. It is entertainingly illustrated. There are a great number of short stories in this issue, among them one by Robert Barr, entitled Marcella's Intervention; another by Anna Hamilton Yeaman is illustrated with clever drawings of children by B. Cory Kilvert. There is a study of William H. Crane and a little sketch—Hot Air Ballooning. Frank Dempster Sherman has contributed some verse.

——To the lover of animal stories Mr. Herbert K. Job's writings are always a delight, and his City of the Pelicans in the January issue of Outing will not be found an exception. His account of the denizens of Pelican Island is truly remarkable.

The Last Wolverine is another animal story and comes from the pen of Charles Livingston Bull. His own drawings which illustrate it add a peculiar charm to the story. Mollie B. is a tale of a horse and a deacon. It is both humorous and pathetic. An interesting account of dogs will be found in Commander Robert E. Peary's description of sledge traveling over the polar ice, the second article which Mr. Peary has contributed on that subject this month. The Ponies of the New Forest tells of a race of half wild animals that inhabit a little known corner of England. Man-trailing with Human Bloodhounds undoubtedly possesses great interest, and is not unprofitable from the standpoint of the psychological student, perhaps; however, the ordinary reader will find it to be sanguinary. Lillian C. Moeran writes on Toy Spaniels, a subject on which she is certainly an authority. The account of the Life Informal in California, by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, is a picture of an existence which certainly seems delightful, while Following Wild Fowl in a Shanty Boat, while not so luxurious, has charms of its own. There are other articles of sportsman's interest and a readable article on automobilist's road difficulties.

# Magazine Reference List for January, 1903

### Art, Music, Drama

Crane, Wm. H. ..... Munsey's
*Drama in Spain, The ..... International
Economics of Arts and Crafts ..... Chautauquan
Future of Orchestral Music, The ..... Atlantic
London's Oldest Art Club ..... Harper's
Memories of Maulin ..... Frank Leslie's
*Millais and Music ..... Chambers's
Painting of the Barbizon School ..... Chautauquan
*Recent Am. Architecture ..... International

### Biography and Reminiscence

Chamberlain, Joseph ..... Frank Leslie's
*Constable, Archibald ..... Chambers's
*Duchess Amalia of Weimar ..... International
English Men of Letters ..... McClure's
Healer of Cripples, A ..... Munsey's
*Kossuth ..... Cornhill
Krupp, Friedrich Alfred ..... World's Work
Lorenz, Dr. Adolph ..... Frank Leslie's
Lorenz, Dr., Straightener of Children .... McClure's
Personality of Helen Gould, The ..... Everybody's
*Rice, Stephen Spring ..... Cornhill
*Sir Henry Irving's Tutor ..... Chambers's
*Truth About the "Cottage Countess" .. Chambers's
*Two Harvard Ambassadors .. Harvard Graduates
*Zola, Emile ..... International

### Educational Topics

Bowdoin and Her Sons ..... Munsey's
*Degrees, While You Wait .... Harvard Graduates
*Ecclesiastical Licensing of Teachers .. Gentlemen's
*Raise Standard of A.B. Degree Harvard Graduates

### Essays and Miscellanies

American Girl, The ..... W. Home Comp.
Beginnings ..... Criterion
*Bishop Stubbs and the Rolls Series ..... Cornhill
Coal Tar ..... W. Home Com.
Coinage of Words, The ..... Harper's
Cowboy Songs and Dances ..... Pearson's
Daughters of the Am. Revolution ..... Criterion
Day in the Regular Army, A ..... World's Work
Dickens as a Man of Letters ..... Atlantic
*Domestic Economy of the Thrush .. The Knowledge
*Edinburgh Review, The ..... Gentleman's
*Evolution of the Rosary, The ..... Chambers's
*Famous District Libraries ..... Chambers's
*Feeding of the Soldier, The ..... Gentleman's
Great American Barnyard, The .... Frank Leslie's
House of Seven Rooms ..... W. Home Comp.

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

*In Dr. Johnson's Circle .....Chambers's
"Japanese" Embroidery.....W. Home Comp.
*Juggling with Birthright..... Badminton
Just for Fun .....W. Home Comp.
Lancaster Elm .....Country Life
Latest Novels of Howells and James, The..Atlantic
*Malay Language, The .....Chambers's
Man That Failed, The .....World's Work
My Own Story .....Atlantic
*Natural Wisdom .....Chambers's
Nature Study Club, The .....W. Home Comp.
New Leaf, A .....W. Home Comp.
Nox Dormiendo .....Atlantic
Number 4 Park Street .....Atlantic
On Reading the "Inferno" .....Century
Paris Pawnshops .....Century
Qualities of Warner's Humor .....Century
Real Apple and Where to Find It...Country Life
*Ruskin's Maps ..... Good Words
*Table and the Empire, The .....Chambers's
Those Who Lose in the Game of Life..World's Work
Triumphs of Youth, The .....Munsey's
*Two Fashionable Furs .....Knowledge
Underground History .....Pearson's
Vigor of Winter, The .....Country Life
War Dances of a Dying Race, The .....Criterion
Why Shakespeare Languishes .....Munsey's

**Historical and Political**

Arnold, Benedict, Naval Patriot .....Harper's
Auranian War of 1902, The .....W. Home Comp.
Battleship of the Future, The.....World's Work
Chinese and Western Civilization .....Harper's
Contributions of the West to Am. Democracy
.....Atlantic
*Crown Estates in London, The.....Chambers's
England in 1902 .....Atlantic
Government by the Golden Rule .....Munsey's
Great Days in Great Careers .....Everybody's
*Home Rule for Am. Cities .....International
How Roosevelt Became President....Everybody's
*How Soldiers Have Ruled Philippines ..Internat.
Indiana .....Pearson's
Last Stand at Bunker Hill .....W. Home Comp.
Monroe Doctrine .....Munsey's
*National Antagonisms.....International
*Plea for the Cape Loyalists, A .....Cornhill
Russian Climax, A .....Century
Russian's Quest of the Pacific.....Chautauquan
*Some South African Prejudices .....Chambers's

**Religious and Philosophical**

*Am. Workman and the French..... International
*Beginnings of Mind, The .....International
*Ethnology and Science of Religion, The..Internat.
*Faith in Nature .....International
*James's Varieties of Religious Experience
.....Harvard Graduates
*Philosophy of Taine and Renan .....International
*Why Criminals Have No Genius....International

**Scientific and Industrial**

Becquerel Rays .....Harper's
Biography of an Office Building, The.World's Work
*"Comet Perrine" .....Knowledge
*Comets of 1903, The .....Knowledge
Conducting a Russian Newspaper..World's Work
*Egg Preservation .....Chambers's
*Eruptions in the West Indies, The ..Knowledge
Greatest Dredge in the World, The ....Pearson's
Man Who Is to Come, The .....Harper's
Modern Methods of Saving Ships ...World's Work
*Moon's Southern Horn, The .....Knowledge
Plants of Crystal .....Harper's
*Police Work of the Navy, The .....Cornhill
*Stillman Infirmary, The.....Harvard Graduates
War Against Disease, The .....Atlantic

**Sociologic and Economic**

Americanism for British Trade Unions .World's Wk.
American Manufactures .....World's Work
*Bournville .....Chambers's
Chantey-man, The .....Harper's
Chicago City Council Regenerated ..Chautauquan
Harrisburg Achievement, The .....Chautauquan
Housewives' Reciprocity Bureau..W. Home Comp.
Making St. Louis Better .....Chautauquan
More Life for Household Employes...Chautauquan
Oil War of 1872, The .....McClure's
Our Industrial Invasion of Canada..World's Work
President and the Trusts, The .....Century
Proportion of City and Country Population
.....World's Work
*Prospects in the Professions.....Cornhill
Right to Work, The .....McClure's
Shame of Minneapolis, The .....McClure's
So-called Sugar Trust .....Century
Sociological Rôle of the Forest, The ....Criterion
Town Made Idle by a Trust, A ....World's Work
Unemployed Rich, The .....Everybody's
What the British Unionists Saw.. World's Work

**Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors**

Anybody's Game .....Outing
Arctic Whaling of To-day .....Harper's
Camping in the Snow .....Country Life
*Central Africa by a Traveler .....Badminton
City of the Pelicans, The.....Outing
Cook Estate at Lenox, The .....Country Life
Derby Day in the Snow, A .....Pearson's
Emergencies of the Road .....Outing
*Fishing and Poaching in Norway ....Badminton
Following Wild Fowl in a Shanty Boat....Outing
Freezing Caverns .....Pearson's
From Cairo to Khartum .....Century
Holiday Festivities in Wash. ....W. Home Comp.
How to Take Big Game Fish .....Outing
Hunting Crocodiles and Alligators....Country Life
Hunting on the Great Ice .....Frank Leslie's
Hunting the Big Game of Alaska .....Outing
In Ethan Allen's Country .....Harper's
In the Tuscan Maremma .....Harper's
*Lacrosse in England .....Badminton
Land of Little Rain, A .....Atlantic
*Lawless Hero, A.....Badminton
Life Informal in California, The.....Outing
Looking Into the Caribbean Craters .....Century
Man-trailing with Human Bloodhounds....Outing
Perils of Alpine Climbing, The .....Munsey's
Pilgrims from Abyssinia .....McClure's
Ponies of the New Forest .....Outing
Riding to Hounds .....Country Life
Sledging over the Polar Pack.....Outing
Sport in the Arctic Circle .....Munsey's
*Sports in the Karoo .....Badminton
Sports of the Amphitheater, The .....Munsey's
*Summer Days in Brittany .....Gentleman's
Tangier of To-day .....Criterion
*Things They Do Better in France .....Badminton
Toy Spaniels .....Outing
Up the Volga .....Chautauquan
*Winter Sport in Normandy .....Badminton

# Wit and Humor of the Press

This was among the questions submitted by the civil-service examiner: "What is a mirage?"

And this was the answer given by the applicant for a position:

"A mirage is the act of getting stuck in the mud."

——George: "I wish that I had a wire to clean this pipe out with.

Jack (just returned from the track): "Here, try Bill Smith's racing wire! It cleaned me out."

——Judge: "How did you come to club this man so severely?"

Officer: "Well, yer honor, he kept parfictly shtill an' wudn't dodge a single craek Oi made at him."

——"I call my dog Tonic," said the logician, "because he is mostly whine with a slight infusion of bark."

——"I call for a division," she cried.

It was at a meeting of the Woman's Club, and the question of divided skirts was before the house.

——Rita: "Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking?"

Nita: "He and Eleanor have just come out of the dark room, where he has evidently developed a negative."

——"She ran away with her father's coachman."

"Oh, well, what can you expect of a family that doesn't keep a chauffeur?"

——Tommy Backbay: "Mother, is it a sin to say 'Rubber-neck'?

Madame Backbay: "It is worse than a sin, Thomas; it is vulgar."

——Gyer: "Bald heads remind me of kind words."

Myer: "What's the answer?"

Gyer: "They can never dye."

——Whipper: "Do you think traveling on those ocean greyhounds is safe?"

Snapper: What kind of a poker game do you play?"

——The Visitor: "How is your baby?"

Trained Nurse: "First rate! He is getting so now I can occasionally leave him with his mother!"

——"I wish you had broken the news more gently," sighed the editor, as the office boy piled the first page by dropping the form down a flight of stairs."

——A woman never hits what she aims at unless she throws a kiss.

——Fritz: "I made a mistake to-day and drank liquid out of a fire extinguisher."

Pat: "How did you feel?"

Fritz: "Oh! very much pud oudt."

——So Like a Bargain: "I thought she refused him some time ago because he was so fat?"

"Well, she did; but since then he's been reduced from 200 to 198."

——First Football Player (bending over injured player): "Poor Jack! He didn't know what struck him."

Second Football Player: "No! His first words were: 'Arrest the chauffeur!'"

——"Why so dismal?"

"I am afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I have saved up!"

"What of it, a wedding trip only happens once in two or three years."

——"I hear your son is reading law."

"No, sir. It's a mistake. My son is sitting in the back office, with his feet on a desk, smoking cigarettes."

——Muggins: "My cook left because we refused to treat her as one of the family."

Buggins: "Humph! My cook expects to be treated as company."

——"Papa, do lobsters have hearts?"

"I don't know, Willie. Ask your sister!"

——"What are her attractions?"

"Chiefly U. S. three per cents."

——Hints for an insomaniac: If you can't get to sleep, count three billions, taking care to pronounce each number slowly and distinctly. If this does not prove effective, get out of bed and turn eighteen handsprings. Observe a proper regard for the uniformity of the thing, and see that they are of the same size and velocity. If you still find you are unable to get into the Land of Nod, take a walk around the block, and then, if this means fails, go and find a big man and tell him he lies. He'll put you to sleep.

——Mr. Heighseed (in Italian restaurant): "Say, Si, this here spaghetty's all right, ain't it?"

Mr. Meddergrass: "You bet! When I git home I'm a-goin' tew write tew our Congressman an' have him send me a package o the seed, so's I kin raise it fer myself."

# Sayings of the Children

Messenger: "Hello, Thoity-nine, where's yer uniform? Ain't yer messengerin' no more?"
Ex-Ditto: "Naw."
Messenger: "Clerkin'?"
Ex-Ditto: "Naw, office-boyin'."

——"Well, Johnny, my dear, how are you getting on with your French?"
"Oh, very well, uncle. We translate quite nice, sensible sentences now, such as 'My uncle never allows my birthday to pass without giving me a present,' or 'It is certain that my uncle will give me something quite splendid this time.'"

——"Are you a self-made man?" asked little Bobbie of the visitor.
"I am, my boy," replied the visitor, much pleased.
"An' ain't you sorry you didn't let somebuddy else help you?" persisted Bobbie.

——Little Teddy, when told that he was growing fast, answered: "Yes, too fast; I think they water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning!"

——Boston Mother: "If you had my faith in Christian Science, darling, you would have no toothache."
Little Daughter: "Well, mother if you had my toothache, you wouldn't have any faith."

——Teacher: "And the twenty-first day of December is the shortest day of the year, is it not?"
Tommy: "Sometimes."
Teacher: "Only sometimes?"
Tommy: "Yes'm. When it's a holiday."

——Mother: "Your schoolmaster can't be such a mean man as you make out. I noticed his son had all the toys he can possibly want."
"Why, those are what his father takes away from the other boys."

——Joseph Jefferson, asked by one of his little friends to hear him recite his lesson in ancient history, put this question:
"Who was Atlas?"
"A giant who was supposed to support the world," answered the child.
"Oh, he supported the world, did he?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, who supported Atlas?"
The little fellow was nonplussed for a moment, but after a little thought, said:
"I guess he must have married a rich wife."

——First Little Boy: "My paw's got a ottomobeel."
Second Little Boy: "That's nothing; my paw's got dyspepsy."

——"Willie, do you know what happens to the bad little boys?"
"Sure."
"What?"
"They have more fun than the good little boys."

——Tommy: Say ma, Mrs. Swellman up the street was lookin' at that tear you sewed up in my jacket the other day, and she said it was done just beautiful.
Ma (delighted): Well, that was a compliment coming from her.
Tommy: Yes'm, and say, ma, I just got another tear for you to fix up.

——Teacher: Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make?
Tommy: It would make him yell.

——The Mother: "Now, Elsie, did I teach you to throw your clothes on the floor in that disreputable way?"
Elsie: "No, mamma; I learned myself."

——Bobby, whose father has a thoroughbred chestnut horse, declares that the reason Firefly won't eat horse chestnuts is that he thinks they come from his own family tree.
Bobby's sister, Marjory, is even more learned where animals are concerned. She was told the other day that the reason the camel had a hump on his back was because when a baby he had been dropped by his nurse.

——It was the fortune of small James to be left to the training of an extremely religious aunt. He learned his catechism, recited psalms, and went to church to an extent rare in these days. One Sunday morning a party of young men staying at the hotel where he was spending the summer started on a fishing excursion. James wistfully declined a cordial invitation to accompany them. He watched them out of sight and then went into the house to relate the circumstances to his aunt—perhaps also to fortify a weakening spirit by her approval.
"Why couldn't you go fishing, James?" inquired the preceptress.
"Because it is Sunday," he replied sadly.
"Why can you not go fishing on Sunday?" she continued, to impress the matter the more deeply upon the infant mind.
"The Sunday is the Lord's day. 'The Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it,'" he repeated glibly. "But oh," he added, with a rebellious sigh, "I wish he had taken Monday."

——"What on earth are you doing in here, Tommy," asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the henhouse whence had been coming for five minutes or more a series of dismal squawkings, accompanied by a loud flapping of wings.
"I am trying," said Tommy, who seemed to be doing something with a knotted rope, "to fix this rooster so his alarm won't go off before seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

——Little Freddie, of three and a half years, was taken to see a small calf for his amusement, while his mother was at her club. When the calf began to bawl he said:
"Poor little taffy! has oor mamma dawn to the cub, too?"

——Father: "Harry what is the equator?"
Harry: "Well, it is something like a lie."
Father: "Son, aren't you mistaken?"
Harry: "No sir. I heard the geography class say it the other day. They said it was the imaginaries lying about the center of the earth."

# Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

917. Will you kindly publish one or more poems of A. M., who wrote On What Sea? which appeared in the issue of June, 1901. It was copied from London Outlook.—Mrs. T. N. Ellis, Cincinnati, Ohio.

[We have no more information than our readers have concerning A. M., the writer of this poem in The Outlook, and therefore cannot print other of his or her writings.]

918. Please advise me what magazines take translations from the French.—Mrs. Lucie Joly, Germantown, Pa.

[There are very few in this country. Short Stories, published by The Current Literature Publishing Co., N. Y., take a few translations of short French fiction; The Literary Digest, weekly, published by Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., use short translations from French news articles, usually of scientific, art, or literary interest; Public Opinion, N. Y. City, sometimes does the same thing; and French translations appear in The Eclectic, N. Y. City, and The Living Age, Boston, but whether they are contributions or clippings from other publications we cannot say.]

919. (1) I also seek information. Where can I find the Lost Cause, written by a Southern poet soon after the Civil War?

(2) The following quotation, I am conivnced, is from Robert Bridges, but am unable to find it among his lyrics. Will someone acquainted with his poetry kindly tell me where I may find it:

"The men I meet work as their fathers wrought
With little bettered means; for works depend
On works and overlap, and thought on thought."

Thanking you in advance.—Arie Foster Jones, Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

[(1) The editor is of the impression that Father Ryan, the priest-poet of the Confederacy, has a poem by this name, but in looking through the volume he fails to find it. Perhaps this volume is incomplete, and further efforts to find the authorship of the poem will be made.]

[From time to time the editor is asked to reprint parts of poems of which the querists wish complete copies. Lack of space frequently prevents this and the letters are held over. A number of these are given below:]

920. There came out in an English magazine, either Good Words or The Sunday Magazine, some time between 1870 and 1874 or 1875, a little poem, I do not recall the title, but the first verse was this:

Two little angels, child angels you know,
Sit on each side of the boy that must die,
Smile at each other and nod their heads so;
Saying, "We'll fly with him up to the sky,"
Saying, "His life has been merry and fleet;
Just for a moment he's suffering pain"—
Singing, "He'll laugh to find Heaven so sweet,
Never he'll care to see London again."
Innocent child angels flutter their wings.
Sweet is the song that a child angel sings.

I would like so much to have a copy of this beautiful little poem, and I hope, through your highly esteemed columns, to obtain one. There is another printed some time ago in the papers, My Neighbor's Baby, beginning:

A sturdy, fair-haired laddie
Was Roger, my neighbor's son,
With the innocent look in his blue eyes,
Of a life that has just begun.

—Mrs. H. V. Reynolds, Marietta, Georgia.

921. There was a poem, beginning:

Little Tommy found a shilling
As he went to school one day;
"Now," said he, "I'll make my fortune,
For I'll plant it right away."

I think it was printed in what, in my young days, was called The Youth's Cabinet. I should be very grateful if I could have it; if you can put me in the way of finding it.—(Mrs.) Maynard French, Glendale, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

922. Can anyone tell the author of a poem relating to the persecution of the Quakers in Plymouth, and the defense of one by Capt. Tristram Hull. A portion of the poem follows:

And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer, like the roaring of the sea.
"By the living God that made me! I would sooner, in this bay,
Sink ship, and crew and cargo, than bear this man away!"

Was J. G. Whittier the author? and what was the poem?—C. C. H., Providence, R. I.

923. (1) Will you please try to find for me a poem containing the lines:

"There she stands,
An empty urn in her withered hands."

I think it refers either to Greece or Rome.

(2) Also I should very much like the poem, with author's name, part of which is as follows:

By the song of the sea that compelleth
A path for the rock-cleaving stream
I summon thee, recreant dreamer,
To rise and follow thy dream.

—C. Whitehead, Denver, Colo.

924. Where can I find a poem, I think it is entitled The Sea Gull, the first lines of which run thus:

Far, far o'er the deep is my island home,
Where the sea gull roams and reigns alone,
Where naught is seen but the bleating* rock
And naught is heard but the ocean's shock.
*Or bleaching.

Another verse runs thus:

In his deep saloon with coral crowned,
Where gems are sparkling above and around,
He gathers his harem of love and grace,
And beauty he takes to his cold embrace;
For he loves to gather in glory there
The choicest things of earth and air.

I don't mean to take up all Open Questions with the above, but I would be very grateful to receive any information which might help me to secure the poem. I may say, in conclusion, that I am a regular subscriber to CURRENT LITERATURE, which I enjoy reading very much.—D. Q. Blackly, Belize, B. H.

925. Will you kindly publish in full the poem entitled: There is No Death? Some lines, fugitive, are given below, but the poem entire is beyond my search. You will greatly oblige a constant reader by either publishing the lines in full or directing me to find them. The poem is often by mistake accredited to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, but Lord Lytton was not the author. It was written by a Mr. McCreery in 1862 and published in Arthur's Home Magazine in July, 1863. It was copied by E. Bulmer and sent over his own name to the Chicago Farmer's Advocate. The compositor, to whom the copy was given, not being familiar with the name of Bulmer, but knowing that of Bulwer, changed a letter in the name of the claimant to the authorship of the poem. It was in this way that the name of the true author, McCreery, was suppressed and that of Bulwer substituted for the copyist, Bulmer. A few extracts from the poem are herewith quoted:

There is no death, for that which we call death,
For want of knowledge of all modes of work
Wherewith the Almighty works, for want of words
To picture well the little that we know—
What we call death is nothing but divorcement:
The keen sword from the worn and fretted scabbard,
The oil and wick and flame from the weak lamp,
The breath of God ta'en back again to Heaven
After it warmed a portion of the world.
There is no death. A noble thought ne'er dies,
A good deed never dies, nor a good word,
Nor anything which since the world began
Ever did good, even in the humblest way
Unto humanity. There is no death in Nature,
Nor in man's body, nor unto man's soul.
There is no death in anything but doubting.

* * * * * *

It is a melancholy mystery
To think that a few grains of dust and mould
Cover the brain that grasped the universe,
Choke up the warm flow of the heart-poured speech,
Quench the sweet fire of souls that warmed a world,
And still the beating of those breasts with which
The heart of man kept unison.

—Charles V. Bingley, Baltimore, Md

926. (1) Can you tell me where this quotation, or a true rendering of it, may be found?

"A child crying in the night,
A child crying for the light,"

—then something about its only language being a cry.

(2) Also where I can find a volume of short stories, perhaps ten years old, of Southern characters in which was one story called, How Walk-a-leg Adams Met Up with a Tartar. The author was a woman, I think.—(Mrs.) S. W. Shepard.

927. I have tried in vain to locate the following quotation which came to my notice in a little pamphlet of which, however, I have not the title;

By showing conclusively and clearly,
That Death is a stupid blunder merely,
And not a necessity of our lives.—Longfellow.

I can neither find it in Longfellow nor in any book of quotations in our Public Library. Doubtless there are some connected with your institution, or some other to whom you can refer this letter and with whom the lines are familiar, or who may have facilities for finding it which are not at my disposal

If you will kindly help me in this you will oblige me very much, as I am very anxious to use the lines if I can do so correctly. Possibly the author is other than Longfellow.—Helen M. Blodgett, Milwaukee, Wis.

## ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

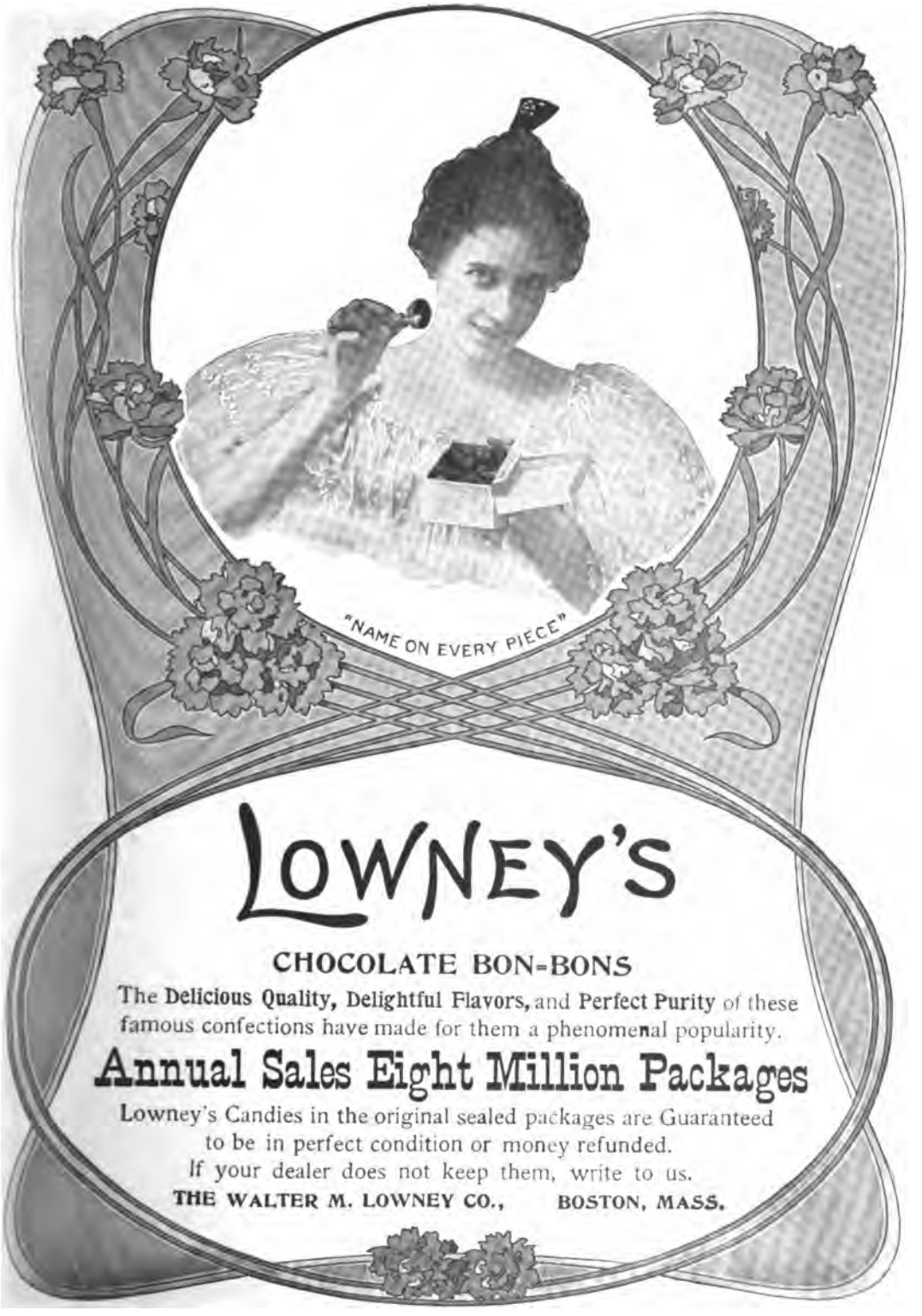
896. [The reply given under this number in the December issue was misleading. It refers to The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman by Mrs. Clifford, whereas the publication inquired about was another novel, The Letters of a Worldly Woman, which ran serially in the English magazine, Temple Bar. The natural error of confounding the two publications was made after the answer referred to was printed.]

908. I have received a reply to my inquiry for the book, As Others Saw Him, in your November issue. It comes from Mr. G. Darlow, Los Angeles, Cal. I thank you for your kind services.—M. Shapiro, Eveleth, Minn.

897 (2) Replying to Charles L. Hincke, Parker, Col., the title of the poem referred to is The City of the Living, and will be found in a small volume of poems by Elizabeth Akers (Florence Percy.)

This gifted writer is also author of Rock Me to Sleep, A Dream, and other poems of exquisite beauty and tenderness. She was the wife of Mart Taylor of San Francisco, and later married Paul Akers, a sculptor living in Rome.—Julia A. Pond, Hillsdale, Mich.

[We publish this letter, although this query has already been answered (in our November issue), because it tells our readers something about the talented author who has more than once rendered kindly aid to them and the editor in these columns. A copy of this poem has also been sent by Louise P. Spooner, of Republic, Ohio, and was forwarded to the querist. The editor's thanks for these replies.]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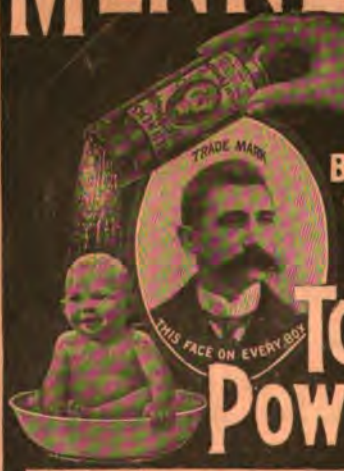


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# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXXIV., No. 2 — *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.* — FEBRUARY, 1903

**THE RECENT CRISIS IN VENEZUELA**

At the present writing, the recent disagreeable political entanglement in South America which threatened to involve three great world powers, bids fair to be settled amicably and without any international complications. The results so far have been interesting and most unexpected. Almost from the very beginning the center of interest shifted from Venezuela to the United States, from the payment of a debt to a definite statement of the Monroe Doctrine. The United States discovered that in order to maintain a policy whose greatest efficacy virtually relies upon its very intangibility, the nicest diplomacy would be necessary. Our position was, therefore, one of great delicacy, and to have come out of it—as it now seems we have—not only without committing ourselves but with added credit and world praise is a matter of no slight congratulation.

It can in fairness scarcely be doubted that Germany meant to make us declare ourselves explicitly upon the Monroe Doctrine. In order to do this she had the best of pretexts at her back. No free country can assume a protectorate over another free country and shield that country from paying its lawful debts. In the present instance the conditions were peculiar in that the United States had herself established a precedent in a like matter. In collecting debts from South American republics we have employed practically the very means which Germany and England attempted to use. On the surface, therefore, it would seem that the foreign powers did nothing that was not in exact accord with precedence and right. As if this were not enough, assurance was given that no attempt would be made to acquire a foothold in Venezuela.

This looks all very well, but when the matter is considered more closely, the question works out somewhat differently. In order to collect these debts it would have been necessary to establish a "peaceful blockade" and collect the customs of the port. The treasury of Venezuela is in none too flourishing a condition. How many years it might take to collect the amounts, and what damage this might work upon financial interests were the points at issue. And what foothold might not a foreign power almost imperceptibly obtain during such a time is not hard to see —especially when the turbulent, unsettled condition of the country is taken into account. A country where revolutions are a business, and where the foreign elements are big, is in a rather good position to lose its liberty.

Germany must have seen all this very clearly. The cleverness of her proposal that President Roosevelt act as arbiter when she saw that she could not coerce us into a definitely stated policy showed this plainly. And the statesmanship that brought about the result that not President Roosevelt but the Hague Tribunal should be the adjudicator was a triumph of diplomacy which won universal admiration. It has saved the United States an embarrassing position, and it has given recognition to the Hague Tribunal. It has put another rung in the ladder which leads from war to arbitration. Recently there have been rumors that the question will never reach the Hague but be settled amicably by diplomats in Washington. This would but redound the more to our credit.

One of the rather curious results of the whole affair has been the co-operation of Germany and England and the subsequent revulsion of England against this. While Mr. Kipling is rather harsh in his words, he yet mirrors the English feeling—the feeling of having been tricked into a situation from which little or no honor could accrue. The London Spectator thus speaks:

> The feeling of indignation in the public mind at being yoked with Germany in the infliction of punishment upon the errant Republic of Venezuela, a feeling which has been more nearly unanimous than any experienced in the present generation, is reflected with extraordinary vividness in a poem

by Mr. Kipling published in the Times entitled The Rowers. The poet there exactly interprets and makes conscious the national feeling:

"They sang: 'What reckoning do ye keep
And steer her by what star,
If we come unscathed from the Southern deep
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?

Last night ye swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go;
And ye tell us now of a secret vow
Ye have made with an open foe!

. . . . . .

The dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
Our wounds are bleeding yet—
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!

'Neath all the flags of all mankind
That use upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find
That ye strike hands with these?"

Mr. Kipling has been blamed for the too great fierceness of his poem, and men have feared its tendency to embroil us still further with Germany. In ordinary cicumstances we should have agreed that it was wrong to increase national animosity, but we fear that in the case of Germany nothing could increase the animosity of the dominant public opinion. Here there is a real need for speaking out plainly and strongly. Only by such speech can we hope to convince the government that we cannot, and will not, become the allies of Germany, and that the control of our foreign policy must not be placed even for an hour in the hands of the Kaiser and his Chancellor.

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**AMERICAN INTERESTS IN CANADA**

"Cecil Rhodes once passed his hand across the map of Africa and said, 'I want to see this "all red," or, in other words, all British.' A like American expansionist, who hoped to see the American continent 'all red', or controlled by the United States," writes Mr. Robert H. Montgomery in the World's Work, "could readily fancy in taking such a trip as I recently took from Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Vancouver, that a reddish tinge covers territory far to the north of our northern political limits; for the industrial boundary of the United States runs in a waving line across the continent well within the Canadian territory."

Mr. Montgomery discovered on his trip that American capital and American labor were deeply and vitally interested in almost every Canadian endeavor. The whole development of Nova Scotia was due more to Henry M. Whitney of Boston than to any other man. The opening up of the country has been in a great measure through American brains and American labor. The successful manipulation of the railroad systems, the development of the mines, the cattle-raising and grain-producing industries, the manufactures and products show everywhere the strong and definite impress of the American hand. "The story begins at the Atlantic threshold of Canada and proceeds to the Pacific Ocean—with American achievements all the way."

It would be delightful to speculate what national results are likely to follow from such an "industrial invasion," but the speculation at this time would be futile as far as definiteness is concerned. One thing, however, seems imminent, and that is that as American capital and American interests grow more important in Canada, the question of the tariff is bound to come into increasing prominence. As for Canada itself, some results are bound to follow. "What the social or political result will be it is too early to prophesy. In some quarters of Canada anxiety is expressed, but it would seem needlessly. That the fusion of the two peoples caused by counter migration of Americans and Canadians across a purely arbitrary boundary is inevitable, is the conclusion of some observers; but, at any rate, it guarantees the final occupation of the land by men of the same sturdy stock, speaking the same language, and with customs, laws, and religion essentially alike."

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**THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY**

The announcement that at no very distant day wireless telegraphy will be used for the purpose of conducting daily newspapers on the big ocean liners, and that a certain vessel has already been chosen for the initial trial fills one with mingled sensations of delight and despair. The great simple wonder of the thing almost takes the breath away. The idea that sailing in mid-ocean, with not a vestige of land in sight, one might sit down over one's cigar and read the day's happenings in New York, Paris, Berlin, London, or the globe at large, would ten years ago have been considered the vagaries of a dreamer or an over-florid novelist. Yet the dream is soon to become a reality, and while we accept it with a feeling of amused surprise, we take it very much as a matter of fact of an age when marvels have grown commonplace.

The benefits of being ever in telegraphic communication with land are manifold. They are so evident and patent that to enumerate them would be tedious. The point to be questioned is whether the scheme has any drawbacks, and if so, what they are. And that there are drawbacks cannot be doubted. The over-practical may call these sentimental

and superfine, but they are at bottom vital as the virtues. We are so much taken up in commercial pursuits that we are apt to forget the finer and quieter elements of existence. It is a transgression upon this esthetic character of life wherein the present attempt is to be deprecated. The Chicago Chronicle states the case very clearly and concisely:

A ship at sea is the most complete illustration conceivable of the rest cure. The invalid can receive no tantalizing letters. The daily newspaper, which he finds indispensable in his activities at home, is neither expected nor desired on an ocean breakfast table. The shrill cry of the fraud "extra" does not break the rhythm of the waves. Hitherto no telegram fractured the profound sleep of the ocean voyage. Freedom from distraction of every kind is an elementary restorer of health. If the Marconi system equip ocean ships with a daily newspaper, the hygienic character of ocean travel will lose a considerable portion of its value.

If a death dispatch reach a household ashore, there is at least the possibility of immediate action to alleviate its distressing effects, but the wireless telegram at sea, which will disclose to traveling members of the household disaster within their home, will be ten times more grievous to receive because the recipients will be for days or perhaps weeks unable to do anything to relieve the sufferings or mitigate the evils that have befallen the home circle. Telegrams of a business nature will excite their recipients without the accompaniment of land powers which experience has made helpful in times of business troubles.

Let those to whom these words seem overfinical remember that every action is followed by a reaction. It is the reaction which should give rest and recuperative strength. We need the quieting, restful things of this world, if we are to succeed in the strenuous endeavor.

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**THE GENTLE ART OF GIVING**

There are some very interesting statistics on the question of giving in Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia for 1902. The publishers estimate that over $85,000,000 was given or left by will, during the year, for charity. Of this amount, however, owing to various conditions, less than $70,000,000 can, with certainty, be distributed. The amount is divided broadly as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Colleges and educational institutions, including schools for manual training | $20,127,525 |
| Church work, Sunday-schools, and Young Men's Christian Association | 7,588,220 |
| Foreign missionary work | 263,500 |
| Benevolent societies | 4,364,724 |
| Hospitals, nurseries, and asylums | 26,480,958 |
| Museums and art institutes | 6,372,422 |
| Libraries | 2,157,000 |
| Cooper Union | 942,440 |
| New York Historical Society | 50,000 |
| Total | $68,346,789 |

Further analysis shows that of the immense amount given for educational purposes five-sixths were contributed by persons still living, while six-sevenths of the total for foreign missionary work came to the boards through bequests of deceased friends. Almost two-thirds of the amount received for home church work was in the form of bequests, while only a little more than one-fifteenth of the amount given for libraries was so acquired. Less than one-eleventh of the donations for museums and art institutes was left by will, whereas various benevolent societies other than those closely allied with the hospital work were indebted to the memory of deceased benefactors for about four-fifths of the total received during the year. Hospitals and kindred institutions received about half of their increase from persons still living and half as beneficiaries under wills.

There seems to be here a rather curious phenomenon, illustrating a most natural, yet nevertheless most interesting phase of human nature. The connection between approaching death and religion seems inevitable even to the atheist. The man on his deathbed, about to render in a final account, likes to think that when the books shall be opened a large credit may be seen which has gone toward the praise and honor of his Maker. Indeed, it would seem that not being able to pay one's way into Heaven one tries to pave one's way thither. On the other hand, a man being sound and healthy looks not so much toward the next world as upon this one. Therefore, he gives his money to places which will bring a present honor and a present good. Not that this is the conscious purpose. The greatest delight of giving is giving. The selfishness in it is too subtle for consciousness.

It is not hard, of course to pick out who have been the great donors; the names spring almost unconsciously to the lips, but the great list of those less known is what brings the greatest satisfaction. We are, it is good to see, as generous and free with our money as we are eager to amass it.

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**SCIENCE AND DISEASE**

The warfare of science with disease is one of those ever-old and ever-new contests which have a fascination for many minds. While the training of specialists has doubtless done much to effect cures in individual cases, and while the experiments of investigators have certainly enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge respecting disease, neither of these factors have contributed so much toward the control of the half-dozen more important maladies that annually slay their thousands as the gradual spread of elementary knowledge

respecting disease among increasing numbers of the earth's inhabitants. The immortal Jenner has for more than a century had the credit of discovering the efficacy of vaccination, and so of saving the lives of millions; yet it is probably true that he gained his knowledge of cow-pox, the method of disseminating it among human beings, and the protection it afforded against smallpox from the simple dairy folk of Gloucestershire, who had long observed it. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for spreading abroad the information he had gained, but hardly for a true discovery or generalization in science. Pasteur worked out from many contributing sources a consistent theory of germ diseases, and following his reasoning Behring and Roux perfected the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, probably the greatest contribution of pure science to the specific treatment of disease. In the case of typhoid fever, while science has done much in investigating the causes of its epidemics, only the gradual education of the public to the protection of its food and water supplies can ever put an end to its ravages. Fortunately, the public is growing more and more alive to the importance of such protection, and the death-rate from typhus is decreasing. Only the coöperation of large numbers of widely scattered people can destroy the malaria-burdened mosquito; but in the case of yellow fever, intelligent action by a single local health board, like that of Havana, will suffice practically to conquer the disease. Tuberculosis, again, is clearly preventable by the spread of knowledge that consumptive sputum must be disinfected; and the end of cholera infantum waits on the growth of the simple practice of sterilizing milk for infants.

In all these various directions while science has been the pioneer it remains for the slow spread of elementary knowledge among the people to work the cure.

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**A NEW AID TO ZOOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATION**

In the December number of Pearson's Magazine is an article which is far more important than at first sight appears. It is called Eye to Eye with Wild Beasts, and describes the work of an artist zoologist, Mr. Arthur Head, F.Z.S., who, in conjunction with Dr. Lindsay Johnson, conceived the idea of examining the eyes of animals with the ophthalmoscope. Mr. Marcus Woodward, the writer of the article, thus describes the value of Mr. Head's investigations: "The work, indeed, is of vast importance from the scientific point of view—providing, among other things, an entirely new proof of the theories of evolution, and an entirely new method of classifying the animal kingdom—so perfect that, if you show Dr. Johnson a drawing of the back of the eye of any animal, he will tell you at once not only to what genus it belongs, but also to what family, and what order, and what sub-class. And not only this, but he will tell you the time (comparatively, Mr. Woodward must mean) at which that animal came into existence by development."

As is the case with so many discoveries, it seems strange that the method of Mr. Head never before occurred to comparative anatomists. Optic organs are striking instances of gradual development, from the generalized property of sensitiveness to light, possessed by many protozoa, to the marvelously intricate structure of the human eye. The most primitive specialized organ of sight is merely a patch of pigment more sensitive to light than protoplasm generally, and is found in its simplest condition in a star fish. The ends of the arms are furnished with such patches, and a muscle running along the upper side of each arm turns the primitive eye towards the light. Compare this form of eye with the anatomy of the human eye, and it will be seen that few, if any, developments of animal organs present such an object for wonder. It is not a subject for surprise, therefore, that the study of the eye should become an aid to classification, or rather, perhaps, a means of verifying classification. Mr. Woodward, in describing his meeting with Mr. Head in the Zoological Gardens in London, tells how he found him examining the eye of a Cape jumping hare. Mr. Head's exclamation was: "It seems to me that this jumping hare is no more a hare than I am. His retina is colored green and red, and is utterly different from the pure vermilion of all the hare and rabbit family." Now, the "jumping hare" (Pedetes caffer) belongs to the same family as the jerboa and the North American "jumping mouse" (Zapus hudsonius) a family separated, in North American zoology, by the porcupines from the hares. This is a curious proof of the new method of investigation; a method which calls for close attention on the part of all zoologists.

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**ELECTRIC HEATING**

The shortness of the coal supply during the present winter is certain to increase the anxiety which, for some years past, has compelled attention to modes of obtaining heat for

household purposes. Very recently there has appeared a description of the efforts made by the State Electrician of the State of New York in this direction. Granted that it is a whim, a hobby, it, nevertheless, demonstrates the possibility of supplying heat from sources other than coal.

A single wire extends from Mr. Barnes's front porch to the supply wire of an electric light company, and through this he obtains all the light and heat, including that employed in cooking, which is required in his household. The wire is conducted to a switchboard in the library on the ground floor, and from this center control is exercised over the supply for every purpose. Light, of course, there is in abundance, even to a Christmas tree, with 600 one-candle bulbs. Heaters are placed in the hall, the two parlors, the library, the dining-room on the ground floor, and in every room on the second floor. These heaters are 24 by 12 by 8 inches, looking like a black box standing upon a marble base. Each room, or all the rooms at once, can be heated as required, necessary gradation of temperature being easily attainable. Each heater is supplied with a safety appliance by which the fuse is blown out in case the wire becomes short-circuited, and thus danger of fire is materially lessened. In the kitchen the provision is even more wonderful. In an electric oven bread can be baked, turkeys and joints cooked, broiling done, water boiled, tea and coffee made, sad-irons and curling irons heated—all by making various connections with a wire; and, in the case of a supper party after the theater, a moment suffices to place the chafing-dish in commission.

The whole arrangement is ideal and suggests endless possibilities. That it is expensive under present conditions goes without saying. Mr. Barnes says that it costs three times as much as it would cost to heat the house with coal or steam, but—and that "but" is a very large one—it is possible, it is effective, it is convenient. Human invention does not stand still under such conditions, and it will find out a way for providing less expensive arrangements, and after that will not rest until it finds a supply of electricity at a cost which will compete with that of other fuels. With all the millions of horse power in our streams and tidal waters going literally to waste, this should not be insurmountable. Shall we ever see the time when he who builds his house by stream or ocean will be above the troubled waters of coal operators and miners?

**THE SPECIALIST**

The present rapid growth of knowledge is one of the most wonderful phenomena in the world's history. It is no mere figure of speech to say that frequently the sheets of one of our encyclopedias are not dry from the press before some subject which has been treated most carefully needs addition or revision. It may be some new discovery has been made, some new invention has been evolved, some hitherto unknown law or principle has been elucidated; in one way or another knowledge is daily growing from more to more. Only a few centuries ago the *trivium* and *quadrivium* of the monastic schools, the seven years' course of grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, were supposed to turn out the perfect scholar. Now a lifetime does not suffice, for there is no such thing as perfection. The wise man of Israel is said to have spoken of trees, "from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Now he would have all that he could do to speak of conifers alone. The Admirable Crichton, that paragon of Scottish learning, who astonished the universities of Europe, would be silenced beside a graduate from one of our city high schools. To hope to attain even a respectable knowledge of every branch of learning is out of the question, one branch generally being sufficient for a lifetime.

This, however, is a condition which has its advantages. It is humbling without being humiliating, for it shows the limitations of man's capacity; it compels concentration of intellectual powers instead of encouraging diffusion of them; and the very vastness of the field fosters the hope that there may be some one spot in it which may become a man's own. It, in short, produces the specialist, and herein lies the secret of the rapid growth of knowledge. When the intellectual powers are devoted to one subject, they become strangely alive to every phase and possibility of it. In following out the intricacy of some line of investigation, the mind appears to acquire a sense of prevision and discovery is felt, is anticipated, before it is grasped. It is thus that the great specialists of our own times have astounded the world, and it is due to this that the last half century has surpassed many preceding centuries in its additions to knowledge. In the specialization of study and investigation lies the hope of the future. He is the wisest and most successful student who seeks to know something of many things, but above all, the whole of one thing, not little about all things.

**THE ORIENT AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION**

Minister Wu Ting-Fang contributes to the January Harper's some observations on Chinese and Western civilization that deserve attention, as, indeed, most of the utterances of this broad-minded Oriental do deserve attention. Long residence abroad and a keen appreciation of the best in Western civilization have failed to convince this Chinaman, who is by inheritance and conviction a disciple of Confucius, that the civilization of the West is superior to that of the East. He says:

There is a disposition in some quarters to confound civilization with political ascendency. Civilization does not mean merely the possession of the most powerful battleships or the most effective guns. It means rather the victory of man over his environments. It is a curious fact that those nations which have contributed most to civilization have fallen a prey to their less civilized foes. Did not Egypt bow to the supremacy of Persia? Did not Greece pass under the Roman yoke? Rome herself had to yield to the barbarous Teutonic hordes from the north. The truth is that civilization is the natural fruit of peace, not of war.

Civilization is the sum of man's efforts to advance from a lower to a higher level. Every nation has had problems to solve in the course of its history, and in reckoning human achievements the contributions of each people should be taken into account, so that the experience of one should inure to the profit of all. Civilization may also be said to be a progress from a natural to an artificial state. The civilized man is a product of evolution, and cannot come into being in a day.

Taking China and the United States as representing the most advanced types of Eastern and Western civilizations, he affirms that "China is a country that does not recognize the aristocracy of wealth. Greater attention is given to intellectual and moral superiority. A scholar and gentleman commands greater respect than a mere millionaire."

Comparing the golden rule of Christ, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," with that of Confucius, "Do not do to others what you do not wish others to do to you," he says that the first is "positive and in some respects aggressive. It fosters proselytism, and tends indirectly to encourage national expansion." "Non-interference with other people's affairs is the keynote" of the second, and "this accords perfectly with the spirit of Chinese civilization. . . . The tendency of Chinese civilization is to bring peace and contentment, while the tendency of American civilization is to engender a spirit of restlessness and enterprise.

"What will be the probable result on China of the meeting of Chinese and Western civilizations? Will Chinese civilization give way, or be able to maintain itself? In other words, what is the future of Chinese civilization? It is a civilization that has weathered out all the violent storms of the past, and it is not likely that anything short of a mighty convulsion of nature will be able to tear it up by the roots. I do not say that China does not stand in need of reform in order to meet the demands of the times. She lacks many things that go to make up a modern nation. These are too obvious to require specification. Her transportation system is too primitive for these days of steam and electricity. The slow-going junk and the pack-mule cannot possibly compete with the iron horse and the trolley. Her educational system is still too medieval to satisfy modern requirements. Essay-writing and caligraphy must give place to the study of modern sciences. In short, she must introduce modern machinery and inventions, and learn to profit by modern discoveries. By adopting what is useful in the Western civilization, she will not lose those sterling qualities that have enabled her to outlast all the great nations of the past."

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**THE LATEST VIEWS OF BENJAMIN KIDB**

Minister Wu's belief in the superiority of Oriental civilization is evidently founded on its moral qualities. The subordination of the individual to the family life, of the son to the parent while the parent lives, and the greater contentment and happiness of the mass of Chinamen are in his opinion moral qualities that would be ill-exchanged for American individualism, restlessness, and enterprise. It is interesting to compare this view with that of Mr. Benjamin Kidd, who contributes to the same magazine an article on The Man Who Is To Come. Commenting on the changed opinions of men of science respecting the efficacy of natural selection in social evolution, he maintains that this is due to the discovery that it is not so much present as future efficiency that is significant of social progress:

"When the center of significance in the evolutionary process in society is regarded as not in the present at all, but in the future, the change which is effected is gradually made apparent. The fact which becomes more evident in the study of the evolution of society is that, just as in the evolution of life, the highest efficiency is not simply that which includes only the qualities necessary to maintain a place in the free fight in progress in the present, but rather those which are identified

with the still higher interests of the future. The evolution of society from the beginning has thus centered round the function of socialization, in the development of which progress has necessarily been towards a more organic type of social order. In this development the characteristic feature is that the mean center of the life processes of society is undoubtedly tending to be projected ever farther and farther into the future. It is in this supreme rivalry that the great systems of society are being continually matched against each other, and that races, nations, and eventually great types of civilization, have their principles tested in a process of natural selection the principles of which extend far beyond the consciousness not only of the individuals concerned, but even of the political systems in which they are included."

It is the belief of Minister Wu that Chinese civilization has survived the decaying systems of Western Europe because of its ethical superiority, and that the adoption by his people of the products of western invention and enterprise will give them eventual leadership in this struggle of social systems, combined with the qualities that endure. Mr. Kidd, however, points to the gradual evolution among the western nations of eastern conceptions of renunciation, of individual subordination and of responsibility to life extending beyond all claims of the present and the finite, and the providing for these ethical conceptions of a permanent world-milieu by the peoples of western stock amongst whom the military process in human evolution culminated.

"As social evolution continues, it is evident that to an increasing degree the entire range of the processes of the human mind is being gradually drawn into the vortex of this supreme conflict between the present and the future. As the present writer has put it elsewhere, we stand in it at the very pivot of the evolutionary process in human history. The whole content of systems of thought, of philosophy, of morality, of ethics, and of religion must in time be caught into its influence. It is in the resulting demiurgic stress that the rival systems of society are being unconsciously pitted against each other; that nations and peoples and great types of civilization will meet and clash and have their principles tested. And it is in respect of the controlling principle of the conflict—the degree of efficiency of the subordination of the present to the future—that natural selection is continuing to discriminate between the living, the dying, and the dead, as progress continues in the modern world."

The resemblance between Mr. Kidd's latest views and those recently expressed by H. G. Wells in his series of articles entitled Mankind in the Making is notable and suggests a new trend of thought among social philosophers. The spread of such views among leaders of modern thought and their development into a consistent system of philosophy might ultimately substitute conscious effort toward the future betterment of the race for the unconscious operation of social evolution, and so quicken the pace of forces now at work.

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**A SHAKESPEARIAN REVIVAL OR WHAT?**

Three productions of Shakespearian tragedies in New York at one time. All produced worthily and by actors of repute. As many more promised. Mr. Richard Mansfield is giving Julius Cæsar in a lavish manner. Much time and money have been expended upon Mr. Sothern's revival of Hamlet, while over at the Irving Place Theater, where German reigns supreme, Mr. Ferdinand Bonn has been appearing in The Merchant of Venice and Hamlet. As if this were not enough to startle, Mrs. Fiske has announced her intention of producing Much Ado About Nothing and Macbeth, while Mr. Gillette has long said that he will appear in Hamlet this spring. Even this does not close the list, but enough has been said to show signs to those who care to read them. It is to be noted that all these productions are, or are to be, on an elaborate scale by actors of the first rank. They are in no way experimental, but are meant to be successes with long runs. It looks a bit as if Shakespeare were coming back to his own again, or at least, for some peculiar reason, were enjoying a present vogue.

The latter alternative is probably the truer. It is a vogue, and the reasons for it are not hard to see. Anyone who has watched the English and American drama the last five years must have noticed an ever-increasing dissatisfaction with present conditions, and a growing agitation about them. The melodrama and the farce have practically had their day. The merely amusing has grown trite, and ceased to amuse. Side by side with this has come the rise of what might be called the new drama. It began with Ibsen, who, taking a light from the torch of Dumas, has literally recreated the drama

and stamped his influence upon every dramatist of the century. Men who disbelieved in him and ridiculed him have come under his power. Forcing admiration for the perfection of his dramaturgic skill, he has made the modern playwright see that characterization, psychology, and seriousness must take the place of maudlin sentimentality. With Ibsen began the rise of the serious drama, whose exponents to-day number such men as Pinero, Jones and Hervieu.

We, over here in America, are just beginning to feel the full weight of this influence. The result is that the drama is now in a state of transition. Movements toward a national theater crop up each day. Managers are realizing that good plays were never so scarce, and have resorted to all sorts of devices and tricks to catch the public. Lavishness of scenery and costume is everywhere evident. Mere skeletons of plays are clothed by accessories and padded by novelties.

And so we have Shakespeare. Here is a chance for the actor to measure himself with tradition. Here is a chance for the manager to worthy his profession while he keeps his eye open to see how the land lies and whither the drama is tending. And the public, while it could wish that the great plays were acted in some cases with more downright greatness and less attempt at striking innovations, gladly picks up the crumbs and blesses the giver. Meanwhile, the better dramatists are having their plays printed, and the plays themselves are being more and more read. And the drama is tending toward a more serious, worthy, and lasting literary product, rather than a theatric hodge-podge.

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**RICHARD STRAUSS AND THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE**

The Atlantic Monthly for January contains an article on The Future of the Orchestra from the pen of W. J. Henderson that recalls something of the controversy that resounded a generation ago over the Music of the Future. Wagner's future proved to be not so very far away. It has long been with us as a very present reality. The disciples and imitators that have sprung up by scores and hundreds in all parts of the world, but especially in Eastern Europe, have each pushed his principles of composition a little farther from the old classical models, until to-day we begin to think that Richard Wagner himself was a prophet rather of the past than of the future, and the world looks for newer leadership. Mr. Henderson thinks that it has found its new prophet in Richard Strauss of Munich:

> Richard Strauss, standing upon the vantage ground made for him by Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, has evidently tried to carry the direct expression of the orchestra to a higher plane by utilizing the best elements of their work. He has sought to make the orchestra tell stories, but he has not made the error of supposing that he could ignore the fundamental principles of musical form which constituted the ground plan of the old symphony. He has utilized themes with definite meanings attached to them, as Wagner did, without confining himself to two, as the older writers did, and as Liszt did in most of his works. He has returned in his later compositions to the fashion of clearly separated movements, while he has made them pass before the hearer without pauses between any two of them. He has developed his themes according to the principles laid down by the symphonic masters, and has striven to enforce their meaning with all the effects of orchestral color. And withal he has endeavored to compose only music with a purpose, never music for its own sake. In short, Strauss has shown that the principles of musical form which the earlier writers painfully evolved out of their attempts to produce nothing beyond musical beauty, not only can be, but must be, utilized by the composer who cares nothing whatever about musical beauty, and who aims only at making music a means of expression.

Of the technical side of his work this writer says:

> Flutes, oboes, and clarinets were used by the classic masters in pairs; Wagner began to employ them by threes. Strauss uses three or four of each. He makes his orchestra sing in many parts, and he keeps the various voices weaving and interweaving in marvelously learned counterpoint. When he wants a great climax of sound, he gets one that is overwhelming. Furthermore he habitually introduces solo voices among the mass of tone. He individualizes his instruments, and in some compositions fairly casts them for definite dramatic impersonations.
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> Strauss goes the furthest in the elaboration of detail. He uses numerous themes, each a guiding motive in the Wagnerian sense, and he asks us to follow them through a myriad of musical workings out, all having direct significance in telling a story. The stories are not without unpleasant incidents, and the music is rasping in its ugliness at times. But this is not for us to judge. What is said of the music of Strauss now was said twenty-five years ago of Wagner's. But a few years and the acidulated croakings of the singer of Munich may be as sweet upon our ears as now are the endless melodic weavings of Tristan und Isolde.

This prophecy may be true, but surely it will not be because of the ideas expressed in his work. The composer of Don Juan, of Death and Apotheosis, of Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, and of Thus Spake Zarathustra will not be remembered with the delight with which some of us recall our first introduction to the Niebelungen Lied and Parsifal. Our

author points, it is true, to Strauss's latest symphonic poem, A Hero's Life, for which he claims the extraordinary merit of moral decency; yet we fear that Strauss will be longest remembered as the musical exponent of the artistic and ethical principles of the decadent literary dramatists, as "our musical Maeterlinck, our tonal Ibsen." Whatever technical advance he may make upon the work of former composers, his ideas will need to be translated for us by artists of nobler mind and higher aspirations before the world will accept his work as worthy to be compared with that of Wagner.

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**AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS AT TURIN**

American pictorial photography won a triumph at the recent Turin Exposition that was all the more gratifying because totally unexpected. Near the close of 1901 General di Cesnola, acting as the American Commissioner of the Turin International Decorative and Fine Arts Exposition, made overtures to the Camera Club of New York to secure a representation of the work of American photographers at that exhibition. The club, however, failed to take action in the matter, and about two months before the exposition was to open the commissioner appealed to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, the editor of Camera Work, to assist him in making a collection for Turin. At so late a date it was difficult to get together many photographs and impossible, of course, to have any work specially prepared for the exposition; but by drawing on his own collection and on those of a few of his friends, Mr. Stieglitz was able to prepare an exhibit of some sixty photographs, the work of about thirty camerists. Little was heard of the exhibit until after the close of the exposition, when its collector was surprised by the information that he had been awarded the special prize of His Majesty, the King of Italy—a valuable piece of bronze—for the best collection in the exposition. The jury, which was composed of four painters, one sculptor, one English and one Italian photographer, was not content with this, but gave to individual exhibitors among the Americans five grand prizes, two gold medals, four silver medals, and eight honorable mentions—twenty prizes in all distributed among thirty exhibitors. It would not be unreasonable to say that America's contribution to this department was "the sensation of the entire exposition." Pictorial photography was hardly known in this country six years ago. England, Austria, France, and Germany were all represented at the exposition, and the work of their photographers had hitherto been regarded as the highest examples of photographic art; yet it was decided by a jury of their own countrymen that each of these nations had something to learn from the "American School," whose development of individual pictorial expression was recognized as a departure that brought with it a distinct artistic gain.

The American press and many photographers of the old school have scoffed at much of this advanced work, and it needed this tangible victory at Turin to set the seal of artistic approval upon the movement as a whole. The distinguishing qualities of the movement are difficult to describe in words, though they are apparent enough in individual photographs. In general, greater emphasis is laid on contrasting effects of light and shade by the new photographers than on detail. Composition is studied with the same care and knowledge that a painter bestows upon the choicest masterpiece of his brush; the disposition of high lights, the qualities of tone and texture, are as much a part of the photographer's art to-day as of that of landscape and portrait painting. The difference is more a difference of materials than of point of view, while in the older photography the aim and point of view were wholly mechanical and inartistic.

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**PUBLISHING IN THE UNITED STATES**

The earliest history of the publishing industry on this continent dates back to within a century of the invention of printing, the printing press having been introduced into Mexico about 1540. Seven books were printed in Peru before 1600. These interesting facts are brought out by Eugene Parsons in an article contributed to the World To-day for January. Beginning with the earliest publication in New England, viz.: The Freeman's Oath, printed in 1639, this writer traces the beginnings of American publishing during the Colonial period, and shows that before the Revolution 7,683 titles appeared, of which nine-tenths were pamphlets. The first American newspaper, Publick Occurrences, appeared in Boston in 1690, and was promptly suppressed by the government of the colony. The second journal, the News Letter, enjoyed a longer lease of life although its circulation rarely exceeded 300 copies, and its contents were chiefly formal proclamations, verbose addresses and other official matter, announcements of the arrival and departure of vessels,

and an occasional brief account of a fire or the death of a citizen. During the pre-Revolutionary period some seventy-eight newspapers were started in America, of which thirty-nine were in course of publication at the beginning of the war. The most influential of these was the Boston Gazette, established in 1719, which before the Revolution numbered among its contributors such ardent patriots as Samuel Adams, John Adams, and James Otis. Freedom of the press was not the least noteworthy of the results of the Revolution. A free press did not exist in England or elsewhere in the world for many years afterward. The first half-century of American national life saw the beginnings of American literature, and as a consequence of the book-publishing trade in the United States. Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, established in 1784, and J. B. Lippincott & Company of Philadelphia, founded in 1798, are the two oldest houses of this character that still survive. Harper & Brothers, 1817, and D. Appleton & Company, 1825, were pioneers in the book trade in New York, now the center of the publishing industry in this country. The growth of the industry has been very rapid in the past few years. The number of books published in 1880 was 2,076, including reprints and pamphlets. In 1890 the total had grown to 4,559; in 1900 to 6,356, and in 1901 to 8,141. Of this last total 4,706 were copyright books by American authors, 2,122 books by English and other foreign authors; and 1,318 English books imported in editions. The United States Census Bulletin of June 28, 1902, showed the number and circulation of newspapers and periodicals from 1850 to 1900, the number in the former year being 2,526, with a total circulation of 5,142,177, and in the latter year, 18,226 papers and periodicals, with a circulation of 4,681,113,530 copies. The total value of the printing product of the country now ranks with that of the three or four greatest industries, a fact that speaks well for the average intelligence of American citizens.

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**MANKIND IN THE MAKING**

The name of Herbert George Wells has for some time been favorably known in the world of letters for his semi-scientific fiction, but nothing that he has produced as yet can compare, for practical common sense, with the series of articles written by him, now being published in the Cosmopolitan, under the name of Mankind in the Making. Of those which have already appeared, the one in the December number will appeal most strongly to the readers of CURRENT LITERATURE, for it treats of The Beginnings of Mind and Language. There is not a word we can afford to lose of this scathing arraignment of the way in which our language is used on both sides of the Atlantic. Assuredly Mr. Wells is right in assailing that "baby language" which so many persons think is the right one to use with children. There is no reason, earthly or otherwise, why "father" should be "paw"; "mother," "maw," "mum," "mom," or "mommie"; the dog "bow-wow"; the horse, "gee-gee," and the like. We have great sympathy with that small boy, still in petticoats, who, when warned by an elderly gentleman that the "puff-puff" was coming, said, "I suppose, sir, you mean the locomotive."

Very pointedly, also, does Mr. Wells criticise the qualifications of the instructors of the young in the matters of correct pronunciation, reading and writing of their mother tongue; but it is gratifying to see that he is inclined to speak more favorably of those in this country than of those in England. A suggestion which he makes seems to be practicable, namely, the use of phonographs upon which correct passages have been recorded. But especially does he insist that the reading lessons should be taken from good models, and one is glad that he recommends Elizabethan prose, than which none is more stately, together with anthologies of English lyrics and short stories that are masterpieces.

There is a very slipshod tendency at work in our literature. Incidents, and not the language in which those incidents are related, appear to be the great thing sought after both by readers and writers. It may with justice be questioned whether one-half of the words in a novel, for instance, are not hurriedly passed over in the haste to discover how the plot develops. Our letters, both of business and social intercourse, are hurriedly written, abbreviated where possible, nominatives being omitted and grammatical constructions ignored. "Hustling," as it is expressively called, is as characteristic of our speech and writing as it is of our progress through the street. If Mr. Wells can only open the eyes of the present age to the loss it is sustaining in not pausing long enough in its onward march to realize the value of its inheritance of language, he will deserve to be crowned, like poets of old, in his New Republic.

**"FRENCH" TONE IN AMERICAN FICTION**

Fiction is one of the noblest phases of literary art. As in the case of all its sister Fine Arts, its object is not merely to amuse, but to convey to mankind some message which will elevate and refine the mind and, consequently, the body, and so help on the evolution of the human race toward the perfection of its glory. Who that has contemplated the highest work of sculptor and painter, who that has been charmed with the harmonies of the musician, has not felt such a message and gone back to the duties of life strengthened by the experience? It is not too much to say that such should be the effect of fiction. Each writer who feels called upon to contribute a single book to the ever-swelling number of works of fiction is not worthy to touch the hem of the garment of the Muse, if his object be not the elevation and refinement of his race. It is true that there will be frequent instances in which the result falls far short of the ideal; it is true also that there will be some instances in which sordid motives will take the place of artistic ones; but it will be a cause for the deepest humiliation, if ever the writing of fiction become a means of inculcating or of pandering to depravity.

It does not, however, follow that all which fiction depicts should represent the rosy side of life. Human existence has its storms as well as its calms. It suffers from devastating passions as much as it enjoys inspiring emotions. All these are legitimate material for the writer's pen. The treatment of them is a legitimate sphere for the writer's art, and no one can rise from an artistic study of them without benefit. There is, however, no need to glory in the impurity of life, no need to hold up its wrong-doing as amusement for an hour or two. Unfortunately, this tone has been held to be characteristic of some French fiction, although, whatever metropolitan France may be, provincial France will compare favorably with other lands in morality. There are indications at present of a tendency to introduce this so-called French tone into American fiction. Under various disguises doubtful morality is introduced, not for the sake, it is to be feared, of showing that human problems can only be solved, in the interests of the evolution of the noblest, by acting from the highest motives, but for the sake of mere entertainment. If this fear is well grounded, the tendency is to be regreted and nothing short of stern resentment on the part of the public will be its proper antidote. Some persons may argue that "to the pure all things are pure," but it is more reasonable to be guided by the old adage that "you cannot touch pitch without being defiled."

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**THE COINAGE OF WORDS**

It was estimated about the year 1880, that the peasantry of a certain district in England used only 800 words to express all the needs of their rural life. The total vocabulary of the Bible is only about 6,000 words, that of Milton's poems about 8,000, and Shakespeare, dealing with so vast a range of human action, thought, passion, and emotion, only used some 15,000. A modern dictionary contains some 150,000. The mind is bewildered at the great growth of the English language in three centuries. It is quite true that a large number of the words catalogued to-day consists of technical terms only used in the sciences to which they belong, and that some are "slang," with which the English language could dispense without any great loss, but there still remains a vast number available for the speaker and the writer. Language, like every other product of life, must grow. Bentley showed but little of his usual acumen when he wrote: "It were no difficult contrivance, if the public had any regard to it, to make the English language immutable, unless hereafter some foreign nation shall invade and overrun us." The moment a language ceases to acquire new words, there is an indication that thought is standing still, and decadence must at once ensue.

The introduction of new words, however, must be governed by some sound principle. It would be a strange thing if, in a republic of men, a new coin might be foisted upon the citizens at the will of any single individual. Even so in the republic of language, whatever is introduced must be coined under the authority of the law. So long as there is a sufficient expression for any thing or idea, so long is there no need for a new name. When Huxley coined the word "agnostic," fashioning it according to the laws of the English tongue, there was necessity for a name for a man who simply put revelation among the things which were unknowable. "Skeptic" would not serve, for the skeptic claims the right to reason about revelation. No such good reason had Browning for importing "banality." Already we had several expressions for the commonplace. Consequently, for everyone who uses "banality," a thousand use "agnostic." One is useful, the other is useless.

Moreover, when words are prepared for use in any language they must not be coined of base metal, or be compounded of two or more different tongues. A hybrid word is abomination to the lover of correct speech. From all hybrids let us be delivered. And it may be questioned whether some of the hyphenated words are not as bad as hybrids. There seems to be a rage for coining such, merely for the sake of avoiding a turn in a sentence. May we be delivered from these also. He who coins a word incurs great responsibility; let him beware that his coinage be not counterfeit.

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**UNIFORM PRONUNCIATION**

When we begin to speak a foreign language, the first difficulty that presents itself is pronunciation, for we realize that accurate pronunciation is one of the tests of proficiency. Does it ever strike us that this may be the case with our own? But, in order that it may rank with the great languages of the world, as indeed it does claim to rank, there must be a standard of pronunciation of English as rigid as that which applies to any other tongue. There is such a standard, established by custom, but custom based upon the genius of the language. This standard is adopted, with a marvelously intricate system of representing sounds, in our best dictionaries; and yet, how few persons take the trouble to investigate it! How often "a chiel amang us taking notes" might record, in a single day, so many variations in the pronunciation of words in every-day use, that a foreigner would find it impossible to decide which was the customary one.

The pronunciation of English depends mainly upon two things—vocalization and accent. By vocalization is meant the formation and utterance of vocal sounds; accent involves stress and pitch of voice. For uniform pronunciation, which is assuredly most desirable, there must be uniform vocalization and stress and pitch. These can only be acquired by imitation, and the models must be scholarly persons speaking, not only in ordinary conversation, but also more formally in the forum and the pulpit.

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**THE MODERN ART OF DRESSING**

From Koenigsburg, Prussia, comes the intelligence that the women of the diocese of Ermeland have broken loose from the traditions of dress. They have turned over to the Bénédictine Sisters no less than 400 gold and silver head-dresses, because, they say, fashions have changed and they can no longer wear the ancestral costume. Some of these precious ornaments are said to contain from $25 to $40 worth of gold and silver, besides being adorned with beautiful lace and hand-made embroidery. The bishop of the diocese has graciously accepted the gift and has assured the donors that the valuables will be devoted to holy purposes in the shape of vessels and vestments.

The modern art of dressing has much to answer for, and not the least of the crimes committed in the name of its ever-changing fashion is the extinction of distinctive national costume, and thus one of the greatest charms of travel is destroyed. May we not also add that one of the most pleasing evidences of racial unity is obliterated? Who that has spent a fête day in some Breton or Norman village has not been more strongly impressed by the French character by seeing the swains and maidens in their bright provincial dress than by anything he saw in the streets of Paris? Who that has tramped through the valleys of Switzerland has not longed to be an artist in order that he might be able to make an adequate permanent record of the charming characteristic cantonal costumes? What would the Via del Corso at Rome be in carnival time without its merry contadina, what the Prado of Madrid without the bewitching mantilla? Imagine a Tyrolese chamois hunter in the corduroys, sweater and golf cap of the American slaughterer of rabbits! The very thought is sacrilege. But all these things must go. The traditions of the fathers are becoming things of the past and the increasing realization of the universal brotherhood of man demands a corresponding universal type of dress, the fashion of which must be decided in some center of sartorial art.

Expert testimony ascribes the changing fashion of mankind's garments to the influence of a temperate climate, which necessitates different clothing at different seasons. Be it so. It is better to leave it thus than to lay the blame on the fickleness of human nature, but what shall we say about the bad taste displayed in the designs? Can anything be more outrageous than the silk headgear, frock coat and nether garments of the fashionable man of to-day? We say nothing about the strangely formed garb of his helpmeet, for that is a dangerous subject. As things are, permanency of type of costume is entirely destroyed by the modern art of dressing, and you had better wear at once the garment you buy as soon as you get it, for it may be old-fashioned to-morrow.

# The Man Who Is To Come

## By Benjamin Kidd*

However interesting in itself may have been the application of the Darwinian hypothesis to the study of the lower forms of life, it is not amongst these, but in human society, that we have the most important theater of the operation of the law of natural selection. It is in its application to human development that the doctrine of evolution must be expected in the end to give its most significant results. The increasing importance of the doctrine of evolution by natural selection in the study of society, and more particularly in the elucidation of the principles underlying the development of peoples, of institutions, and of types of civilization in the slow, long-sustained rivalry in which they are matched against one another as the cosmic process unfolds itself in history, renders it not unfitting that some endeavor should be made to give a brief account of the current position of the doctrine and of the modifications of it which have taken place since it left the hands of Darwin.

The principle of natural selection is thus stated by Darwin: "As many more individuals of each species are born than can possibly survive, and as, consequently, there is a frequently recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be naturally selected. From the strong principle of inheritance any selected variety will tend to propagate its new and modified form."

One of the first matters to be noticed in considering the later developments of the theory of natural selection is the character of the cause which first suggested it to the minds of its authors. Darwin had been reading Malthus on the struggle which goes on amongst savage races, and on the natural checks, such as war, pestilence, and famine, which tend to keep population within fixed limits. Being well prepared, as he said, to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on, from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck him that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. "Here, then," said Darwin, "I had at last got a theory by which to work."

Wallace, the co-author of the theory of natural selection, formulated it almost simultaneously under the same stimulus of the speculations of Malthus.

In taking account of these events it is important to notice two things: The doctrine of evolution by natural selection thus in reality took its origin from a study of the facts of human society. But that study, it has to be observed, was largely concerned with society at a low stage of evolution. It is now generally admitted that Malthus's grasp of the principles of social development was to a considerable degree elementary. The system of prudential checks which he wished to see introduced into civilized society, so as to counterbalance (as in savage society) what he considered to be the undue increase of population, is one which it is perceived cannot be usefully discussed solely from the narrow standpoint from which he considered it, while it constitutes a considerable danger to many modern peoples who have actually practised it as he desired. The evolution of society is, in short, seen to be governed by more organic causes than Malthus had any conception of.

When we turn now to the doctrine of natural selection as Darwin propounded it, there is a fact which is unmistakable. It is obviously this early conception of Malthus which has been applied to life in general. Just as the political utilitarians who afterwards adopted Malthus's views saw the whole story of society through the principle of utility confined within the consciousness of the existing state, so the early Darwinians saw the center of gravity in the evolutionary process in the struggle for existence in the present. It was the qualities contributing to efficiency in relation to current environment which they beheld determining the course of evolution throughout all the forms of life. They conceived that—to quote words in which Mr. Wallace has put the matter very clearly in correspondence with the present writer on this point—"the interest of the fittest individual for the time being is the interest of the species." That was the early Darwinian position in a nutshell.

*Harper's.

When, however, the mind has been made well acquainted with the details of the evolutionary process it becomes evident that even when allowance is made for every qualification that can be urged in extension of this view, it cannot be taken to represent more than a partial conception of the mechanism of the evolutionary process in life, and that the Darwinian hypothesis itself in this original form is probably destined to undergo as great development as the earlier Lamarckian conception of evolution underwent at the hands of Darwin.

It may be seen that while it would of course always be necessary for a form of life which was to continue to be able to hold a place effectively in the present, it must have been the qualities identified with the larger interests of the future rather than those contributing only to success in a free fight in the present which must always have weighted the tendencies of development in life from the beginning. For instance, "the fittest for the time being" might be simply fit and nothing else—as amongst the lowest forms of life which have remained unchanged and unchanging through all the æons of time that life has existed. Or the fittest for the time being might be complete and efficient in respect to the present, and yet bear in addition in varying degrees the burden of qualities useless and even disadvantageous in relation to current environment, but contributing to a higher efficiency in the future. The evolutionary process as the future became the present would discriminate between these forms, and the winning types of life in the end would be those which had borne the burden of the future in addition to fitness in relation to current environment. As long views tell in every-day life, so it would be the interests in the future which would in the end dominate the development towards higher forms of life. Progress from lower to higher types would, in short, follow the line of variations in which efficiency "for the time being" included more than adaptation to current environment. In other words, so far from it being a fact that the interest of the fittest individuals for the time being is one and the same thing as the interest of the species, the truth would be that it is out of the margin of qualities contributing to higher efficiency in the future, but always borne at first by successful forms as a burden over and above the qualities contributing to fitness for the time being, that the whole sum of progress in life has been evolved.

The subordination of the present to the future in the case of offspring is so evident a fact of every-day life, and has indeed been so frequently recognized in many relations in the study of the evolutionary process that the first tendency of elementary criticism of the position here defined is to take it as involving the statement of a truism. It must not, however, be forgotten that this was the tendency of the first criticism of the law of natural selection itself, and when the mechanism of the evolutionary process is closely regarded it will be seen how far the principle in reality carries us. For the law of progress in life cannot, it would thus appear, be stated, as the early Darwinians imagined, simply in terms of qualities connected by the principle of utility with current or past environment. What appears to be in view is the fact that in the evolution of life toward higher forms natural selection itself has been, as it were, shut up from the beginning within this principle of projected efficiency.

When the principle here stated is applied to the evolution of human society the method of its working is readily perceived. When Darwin proceeded to apply the principle of natural selection in the form in which he had conceived it to human society, the result was in many respects remarkable. For instance, when the evolutionary process in society came to be viewed principally through the medium of qualities which contributed to success in the present or in the past, it may be observed that Darwin found himself confronted with a difficulty which was radical in character. In the evolution of life as he had conceived it among lower forms natural selection was regarded as weeding out with great stringency all qualities but those which contributed to success in the current struggle for existence. In the Descent of Man we see him therefore struggling with the fact that, as he says, "we civilized men do our utmost to check the process of elimination: we build asylums for the imbeciles, the maimed, the sick; we institute poor-laws; and our medical men exert their utmost skill to save the life of every one to the last moment." As we see the matter now, these facts have to be regarded as controlled by a far deeper and more organic principle of social evolution. But we do not observe that Darwin as yet has such a principle clearly in view. With regard to Malthus's principle of population a similar note of perplexity may be said to be evident. It is impossible, he says, not to regret bitterly, but whether wisely is another question, the rate at which man tends to increase. The facts of human society did not, in short, fit in with the restricted view of the principle of natural selec-

tion which had so far prevailed. In the absence of any clear view of a larger controlling principle we see Darwin, therefore, actually finding himself driven to the partial abandonment of his own theory of natural selection in the study of human society. The remark, it may be observed, is repeated more than once in the Descent of Man that natural selection can effect but comparatively little in advanced society. "With highly civilized nations," he continues, "progress depends to a subordinate degree on natural selection."

As the development of the evolutionary theory continued, the same result was to be witnessed in the case of Mr. Wallace, who had been from the beginning one of the most strenuous supporters of the theory of the direct relationship between all qualities in life and the principle of utility in regard to current environment. In the last chapter of his book, Darwinism, published in 1889, we see him similarly confronted by the fact that human faculties could not be all accounted for by the theory which had thitherto prevailed. According to his view, qualities, at all events, like the artistic, metaphysical, and religious in the human mind could not be explained by the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Mr. Wallace therefore also proceeded to the remarkable alternative of practically abandoning the principle as regards these qualities in human society, going on to assume that man, as regards these portions of his mind, must be under the influence of causes different from those that had operated elsewhere in life. The effect of this departure was marked. As the present writer has put it elsewhere: It is no injustice to Mr. Wallace to say that the effect produced on the minds of the younger school of evolutionists at the time was not so much to convince them that he was right as to make them feel that the theory of natural selection that he had endeavored to apply to human society was still in some radical respect incomplete. Finally, in England, Huxley, the last of the leading group of early Darwinians, reached in the Romanes lecture of 1893 exactly the same crux in endeavoring to apply the Darwinian doctrine, as it had hitherto been held, to human society. Huxley reached at last the extreme position of asserting that the ethical process in society was irreconcilable with the theory of the struggle for existence and the the principle of natural selection. These both belonged, he considered, to what he called the cosmic process in life.

The weakness of all these positions is now fully apparent, and would probably have excited keen discussion at an earlier stage if it had not been for the prestige of the names associated with them. For thus to remove human society as regards its most characteristic features from the operation of the principle of natural selection could only have one meaning. It must have involved some fundamental and far-reaching incompleteness in the theory of social evolution which had so far prevailed.

When the center of significance in the evolutionary process in society is regarded as not in the present at all, but in the future, the change which is effected is gradually made apparent. The fact which becomes more evident in the study of the evolution of society is that, just as in the evolution of life, the highest efficiency is not simply that which includes only the qualities necessary to maintain a place in the free fight in progress in the present, but rather those which are identified with the still higher interests in the future. The evolution of society from the beginning has thus centered round the function of socialization, in the development of which progress has necessarily been towards a more organic type of social order. In this development the characteristic feature is that the mean center of the life processes of society is undoubtedly tending to be projected ever farther and farther into the future. It is in this supreme rivalry that the great systems of society are being continually matched against each other, and that races, nations, and eventually great types of civilization, have their principles tested in a process of natural selec tion, the principles of which extend far beyond the consciousness not only of the individuals concerned, but even of the political systems in which they are included.

In primitive society the first rudiments of social organization must be considered to have arisen under the sternest conditions of natural selection, the elements of strength which they possessed leading to the disappearance before them of other groups of men with which they came into competition. In the earlier stages of social evolution, as amongst the lower types of life, efficiency in the struggle for existence would be nearly always efficiency in the present —that is to say, it would be military efficiency in the development of society. As military evolution continued, societies liable to be resolved into their component elements on the death of the chief or leader would give place to others of a more organic type in which ideas permanently subordinating the individual to military efficiency prevailed. In this stage social systems, in which authority was per-

petuated by ancestor worship, in which all the members were therefore held to be joined in an exclusive citizenship to the deities who were worshiped, and in which all outsiders were accordingly—as in the civilizations of the ancient world—treated as natural enemies, would contain the elements of the highest military potentiality.

Where, however, as throughout the whole of this military stage, all human institutions rested ultimately on force, the full limits of the organic principle in society in this phase also must in time be reached. The basis of the industrial and even the intellectual life of society would be slavery; all human institutions would tend to become closed absolutisms within the state; the state itself, as in the old classic civilizations, would know neither legal nor moral limits to its power; and the ultimate tendencies in ethics, in politics, and in religion must be to ultimately culminate in an ideal of universal conquest and of absolute dominion.

In the next stage a further and still more organic process of social subordination would bring into view the full outlines of the growing struggle between the present and the future. The enormously higher organic potentiality of a state of social order which, while preserving its efficiency in the present, would be influenced by conceptions that would dissolve all those closed absolutisms in the state by projecting the sense of human responsibility altogether outside and beyond it, would be evident. This is the stage of social evolution which may be said to have begun in the Western era in which we are living. One of its most significant features consists in the fact that the essentially Eastern conceptions of renunciation, of individual subordination, and of responsibility to life extending beyond all claims of the present and the finite, for which no Eastern people has ever been able to supply an enduring stage in history, has at length been provided with a permanent *world-milieu* by the peoples of Western stock, amongst whom the military process in human evolution culminated. The characteristic phenomenon of the historic process as a whole in this phase is such a free conflict of forces as has not been possible in the world before.

With the growth of that sense of responsibility towards life, which Darwin thought he saw interfering with the operation of the law of natural selection by filling the asylums with the maimed and less capable, we have not indeed the suspension of natural selection in society, but the first basis of a social process, the intensity and efficiency of which have, under the influence of natural selection when viewed from a wider standpoint, begun to tell to an increasing degree in competition with all other types of society whatever. The projection of the sense of human responsibility outside the limits of all the creeds and interests which, in previous stages, had embodied it in the state, has resulted in the gradual dissolution of the closed absolutisms in the state within which human activities had previously been confined. The dissolution of the conception upon which slavery rested; the growth of the conception of the native equality of men, and of their right to equal voting power in the state irrespective of status or possessions; the undermining of the absolute position of the occupying classes, and of the ideas by which civil and religious opinion was previously supported by the power of the state; the tolerance of parties; the right of free inquiry in every direction; the long movement towards political enfranchisement; with finally the growth of that conviction which constitutes a standing challenge to all existing absolute tendencies in the economic conditions of the modern world, namely, that the distribution of wealth in a well-ordered state should aim at realizing political justice—are all features of an integrating process in Western history. They are all the marks of a type of society of higher organic potentiality than has existed in the world before,—a type of which the characteristic feature is that the sense of human responsibility has been at last projected outside the state and beyond the present.

As social evolution continues it is evident that to an increasing degree the entire range of the processes of the human mind is being gradually drawn into the vortex of this supreme conflict between the present and the future. As the present writer has put it elsewhere, we stand in it at the very pivot of the evolutionary process in human history. The whole content of systems of thought, of philosophy, of morality, of ethics, and of religion must in time be caught into its influence. It is in the resulting demiurgic stress that the rival systems of society are being unconsciously pitted against each other; that nations and peoples and great types of civilization will meet and clash and have their principles tested. And it is in respect of the controlling principle of the conflict—the degree of efficiency of the subordination of the present to the future—that natural selection is continuing to discriminate between the living, the dying, and the dead, as progress continues in the modern world.

# Contemporary Celebrities

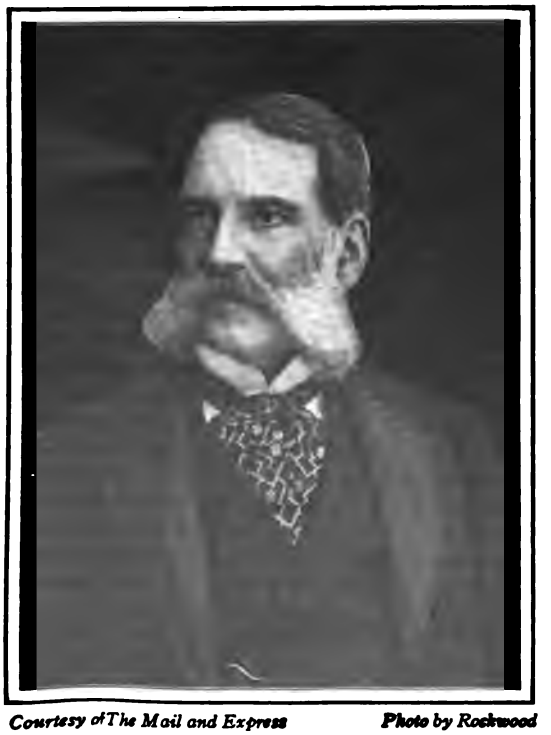
**A MAN TO DEPEND UPON**

Minister Herbert W. Bowen, who has been brought into such prominence through recent affairs in Venezuela, is one of the best trained diplomats now representing the United States in the Southern Hemisphere. His ground education he received at Woodstock, Conn., and at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. After this he traveled in France and Germany with a tutor who prepared him for Yale. He entered that institution with the class of 1878, and made a record in his English studies, as well as by his devotion to track athletics and his excellent piano performances. He left Yale before the beginning of the senior year, and returned to Europe, studying music and the Italian language. He subsequently graduated from the Law School of Columbia University and practised at the New York bar for a few years. His present position of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Venezuela represents but one step in that series of promotions which has followed him ever since his entrance into the diplomatic service. This commencement was made when, in 1890, he entered upon the duties of Consul at Barcelona, Spain, under appointment by President Harrison. Five years later President Cleveland gave him his first promotion, making him Consul-General. This position he was holding when, a year later, the agitation preceding the Spanish-American War commenced. Minister Bowen's brave conduct in the face of the dangers which subsequently confronted him when his legation was repeatedly besieged by angry, blood-thirsty mobs, who threatened both the legation and its inmates, has passed into history. When diplomatic relations were again resumed another minister was sent to Spain, Mr. Bowen being promoted by President McKinley to Minister Resident and Consul-General to Persia, which post had been held by Mr. A. S. Hardy, the novelist, the present Minister to Spain. A second time President McKinley promoted Mr. Bowen, raising him to the office of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, which position was held until June, 1901, when Minister Bowen's last promotion sent him to his present position in Venezuela. It can well be seen that this gradual and steady rise in his honors has been of great benefit to Mr. Bowen in preparing him for his present trying situation, and that the experience and knowledge of diplomatic usage and international law which he has gained make him an official peculiarly apt to the situation. Moreover, his intimate relations and close study of Spanish peoples should stand him in especially good stead just at present. So the country at large may feel safe in believing that, no matter what the exigencies of the occasion, the American representative in Venezuela will continue to have a firm hold upon events and will exercise judgment, authority, and discretion.

*Courtesy of Harper's Weekly*
MINISTER HERBERT W. BOWEN

**AN EXPERT PHILANTHROPIST**

Much has been said and not a little written on the subject of the incompatibility of persistent money-making, and the development at the same time of the artistic qualities. That this theory is a false one, or at least that it applies only in a modified degree is proven by the lives of many of the men most prominent to-day; but in no case is this refutation more clearly made than it is by the life of Morris Ketchum Jesup, the President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the patron of art and science, and the moving spirit in a dozen or more charities. Mr. Jesup lost his father early in life, and was in consequence forced to forego many early advantages. He started his business career at a young age, being when only twenty-two the founder of the firm of Clark and Jesup, merchants. Four years later he left this successful enterprise and established a bank. Under one name or another this bank has continued to the present day, with Mr. Jesup as its successful director. His successful businesses have amassed a great fortune for Mr. Jesup, to the wise expenditure of which he has devoted most of the time of his latter years. He has been honored with many offices. He became a member of the Chamber of Commerce in 1884, served on its committees, and finally became its president; he was one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association, and in 1872 assumed the vast duties it entailed on him as head executive. He has been identified with the Five Points House of Industry in New York, the American Sunday School Union, the New York Mission and Tract Society, the American Museum of Natural History, of each of which institutions he is or has been president. He has held offices in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Institute for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, and other philanthropic societies. He has made munificent gifts to educational and other charities, some of which are unique, for example the Forty-fourth Street Lodging House for Homeless Boys in New York, which he erected in 1888 as a present to the Children's Aid Society. Perhaps of all his benefactions none will be more gratefully remembered by the American public than his aid to the American Museum of Natural History, which owes its remarkable development principally to Mr. Jesup's interest and munificence, his untiring efforts in its behalf having secured for it many of the wonderful collections which has placed this institution in a rank not far behind that of the world-famed British Museum.



*Courtesy of The Mail and Express* *Photo by Rockwood*

MORRIS K. JESUP

**THE CHAIR OF CHINESE AT COLUMBIA**

The establishment of a Department of Chinese at Columbia University was an event of great importance in the history of higher education in this country. The trustees of that institution were quick to grasp the advantages of such an innovation when, by the generosity of some of the friends of the university, they were given a fund to be expended for that purpose. The growing importance of our relations in the far East, the enormous actual and prospective increase in our trade with China, and the undoubtedly prominent part which that country will take in the history of the next quarter century, all point to the urgent need of instruction of Americans in the Chinese languages and laws.

So when, under the Dean Lung fund, an instructor was to be chosen for the chair of Chinese, the question arose as to who, among all the scholars of this country and Europe, might best be chosen for the place. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the new president of the university, acting under the advice of Professor Giles, of the University of Cambridge, England, who had been invited to confer, and Professors Boas, Gottheil, and Jackson, all accredited Oriental students, invited to the

PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH HIRTH

chair Professor Friedrich Hirth, then living in Munich as a Member of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

President Butler, in his report of his action, thus speaks of Professor Hirth:

"Professor Hirth is about fifty-three years of age. He entered the Chinese customs service in 1870. He lived at Canton from 1870 to 1875, and at Amoy from 1875 to 1877. From there he was called to the central office in Shanghai, where he was engaged upon statistical work relating to the commerce of China. He remained in Shanghai until 1888, with the exception of the years 1880–82, which were spent on leave of absence in Dresden. A second leave of absence, 1888–90, was spent chiefly in Berlin. From 1890 to 1895 he was employed in Hong Kong, on the island of Formosa, in Ching-Kiang, Ichang, and Chung-king. In 1897 Professor Hirth resigned his position and made his home in Munich. He is considered one of the best authorities, if not the very best, on the commerce of China, and his knowledge of the history of Chinese art is unsurpassed. For several years past Professor Hirth has paid particular attention to the evidences of the connection between European and Chinese culture, and the results of his investigations are to be published by the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg. Professor Hirth's writings are very numerous; his published contributions to the literature of his special subject, between 1869 and 1889, being eighty-two in number. He speaks and writes English well. He is completely equipped to give instruction in the written language of China and in various aspects of Chinese civilization, particularly the commercial and the artistic. In my judgment, he is the best man to be invited to accept the Dean Lung chair of Chinese."

Broadly speaking, there are three sets of courses which Professor Hirth offers at Columbia. One set deals with the written language; another with the spoken language; while the courses in the third set are intended to give a general knowledge of China and its history. These latter courses are open both to students who do and who do not make a study of the language.

**A PLAYWRIGHT WHO HAS SUCCEEDED**

There are undoubtedly far greater dramatists in the world to-day than Mr. Fitch, but there are few, if any, who will compare with him in fecundity of literary production. Since 1889, the time of his first play—Beau Brummell—he has written twenty original plays, and, in addition, has made twelve adaptations. Every season finds three or four new plays by Mr. Fitch upon the stage. Besides the play mentioned above, he is best known for his Nathan Hale, Barbara Frietchie, and Captain Jinks.

The characteristic notes of Mr. Fitch's work are cleverness and stagecraft. There is probably no dramatist of the day who knows better the details of stage business and stage mechanism. To this he adds often the graceful conceit

*Photo by Sarony*

CLYDE FITCH

not infrequently combined with real poetry. If he is not interested in deep psychology and the serious, he nevertheless steers clear of the conventional. His characters are superficially, at least, absolutely true, stupidly true. Mr. Fitch is a young man yet, being but thirty-five. He is a graduate of Amherst College, from which he received last year an honorary degree of M.A. What ever may be said derogatory of his work, and, indeed, certain things must be said, the fact remains that Mr. Fitch is the most popular of the American dramatists and a man who has in him the ability to do great things. Some of his later plays, such as The Climbers and others, have shown distinct traces of work which needs but time and a little incentive to be elaborated into greatness. It would seem almost that did the public give Mr. Fitch the encouragement, he might rise to heights, indeed.

**AN AMERICAN ARTIST OF NOTE**

When one thinks of American art in Paris one thinks of four names: of Sargent, Whistler, Abbey, and Alexander. Of these four but one has returned to make his residence in his home country—Alexander. John W. Alexander is a native of Pennsylvania. He received his art education in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, and through his studies in Paris and other European art centers. Success came to him long ago. In Paris art circles he is well known and highly regarded. His paintings are remarkable for the softness and beauty of their colors and the ample grace of their lines, which flow and melt into one another. They are both decorative and esthetic in quality. There is nothing harsh or brilliant in the coloring, nothing discordant, nothing striking, in a conspicuous sense; the delicate tinted half-lights are toned to a mellifluous softness which charms and delights the eye. Some of his best-known canvases are those entitled A Study in Green, wherein is depicted a young woman in graceful dress, placing a water lily in her corsage, the whole done in a tone of predominant green, and wonderfully lighted; the portrait of Mrs. Alexander, dressed in quaint costume and placed in a soft and somewhat idealistic setting; the Rodin portrait, the Study in Tone, the portrait of Dr. Patton, painted for Princeton University; and the much discussed painting of A Quiet Hour, in which a young girl, in a beautiful, flowing gown, with neck and shoulders bare, sits bending over a book which lies open on a bed in front of her, while her face is beautifully framed by the white curtain of the window beyond.

*Photo by Miss Beu-Yussuf*

JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER

Mr. Alexander has received many honors, among them the first gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1900. He is societaire of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts of Paris, a member of the Society of American Artists, and the Société Nouvelle, Paris, and an honorary member of the International Society of London, the Vienna Society of Painters, and the Munich Society of Painters

**MRS. LANGTRY IN AMERICA AGAIN**

The return to America of an actress who has not been seen here for three years is always an event that is eagerly watched by our large theater-going public, and so there is an interest attaching to the return to this country of Mrs. Langtry after an absence of some years in England. Mrs. Langtry's rise to favor on the stage is recalled by many. She was known in London as a society woman, where she was famous for her beauty long before her professional début. Her adoption of the stage as a profession followed upon the loss of a family estate, and she was doubtless influenced, in making her choice, by her many successes as an amateur. Her professional début was made at the Haymarket Theater in London in the part of Miss Hardcastle in She Stoops to Conquer, soon following with The Honeymoon, An Unequal Match, and As You Like It, in which latter play she was Rosalind. Mrs. Langtry has made a great success of her stage work, climbing to honors through her impersonations in plays that have now become standards. Her American début was made at Wallack's Theater on November 6, 1882, where she presented the three plays she had presented in London. The next year, the interim having been spent in touring this country, she appeared at the old Fifth Avenue Theater as Galatea, and, having great success, remained here for two years when she returned to London. Her greatest success in America, however, was made when, a year later, she returned to this country to play the Lady of Lyons. Her reputation was now secure, and success followed success in quick array. As In a Looking Glass, Nos Intimés, The Enemies, A Wife's Peril, Esther Sandraz, are some of her most popular productions, while as Pauline, in The Lady of Lyons, she is, perhaps, liked best of all.

*Photo by Sarony*

MRS. LANGTRY IN THE CROSSWAYS

Recently, at the command of King Edward, Mrs. Langtry produced at the Imperial Theater, London, her new play of The Crossways. It was a private royal performance before an audience of the King and Queen, their household, and the nobility. It is this play which Mrs. Langtry is at present presenting in this country, having opened her American engagement in New York City in December She will spend some months here touring the country.

There have been few actresses who have enjoyed a greater vogue and more peculiar fame than Mrs. Langtry. The days when the "Jersey Lily" was first the furor of two continents are still vivid in the memory. Her photographs were used for advertising and art purposes. They were to be found in every little back woods town, even in the farmhouses. It is interesting in light of this early fame to view the present woman. She has matured greatly, of course, but it is remarkable how little she has aged. Her beauty has proved of the lasting kind. Moreover, her art has improved greatly, so that the Langtry of to-day, while not perhaps so fascinating as the Langtry of some fifteen years ago, is yet quite as attractive, and she is still prominent in the world of the theater.

*Courtesy of The N. Y World*

PANORAMA OF THE HARBOR OF LA GUAYRA

# The Recent Crisis in Venezuela

For years Venezuela has been in a turbulent state. Revolution has followed hard upon revolution. A continual state of unrest has been always present. But it has been only very recently that these petty troubles have threatened, and still threaten, to involve three of the greatest nations of the world. The little country has in a bound thus sprung to the front rank of prominence. Its whole career and character are now of the gravest importance. To understand the present situation, therefore, it is well to look closely at the country and its condition. First a word should be spoken of the history of the country. The few facts are stated succinctly and well by a writer in the National Geographic Magazine:

Venezuela was the first part of the American continent sighted by Columbus. During his third voyage, in 1498, he first saw the coast from the Island of Trinidad, and thought that it was another island; but the fresh water of the Gulf of Paria, whose shores he coasted for several weeks, soon convinced him that great continental rivers were pouring into the gulf, and that the vast Asiatic continent at last stretched before him. Sickness prevented him from making extended explorations of the coast and sent him back to Hispaniola.

The following year Alonzo de Ojeda, accompanied by the celebrated Amerigo Vespucci, traced a greater extent of the Venezuelan coast. It was Ojeda who gave the country its present name—Venezuela.

Venezuela has a larger area than the combined areas of the great States of Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Arkansas. In figures its area amounts to about 590,000 square miles. The population is 500,000 less than that of Massachusetts. In 1891 it was 2,323,527. The capital, Caracas, has 75,000 inhabitants, Maracaibo 35,000, La Guayra 15,000, and Barcelona about 13,000. About one person out of every one hundred is pure white, while the others are descendants of black slaves, mulattoes, etc., and Indians.

The republic has three zones—hot. temperate, and cool—according to the elevation of the land. The lowlands in the northwest are very torrid. Here great quantities of coffee and cacao are raised, which form the largest agricultural exports of the country. The cacao is sent mainly to France, Germany, and Spain, and the coffee, which averages a yearly crop of 55,000 tons, to the United States. South and east of the lowlands, extending eastward to Caracas, are high mountains, where, the climate being temperate, most of the people live. Caracas, the capital, is 3,000 feet above the sea. Trade winds prevent the extremes of heat suffered in the corresponding latitude of northern Africa. The mean temperature at Caracas is only 71.2 degrees Fahr. On the coast it averages from ten to twelve degrees higher.

Vast llanos, or great plains, stretch south of the mountains, making splendid runs for cattle. South again of the plains beyond the Orinoco, are vast forests, from which the natives get rubber, tropical woods, and vanilla. There are also gold diggings south of the Orinoco, which yielded over $600,000 for export in 1900.

Almost nothing is manufactured beyond the cheapest grades of goods. The larger share of the imports come from the United States—$3,271,000 worth in 1901, consisting of flour, lard, hardware, and cotton goods, on all of which a heavy duty was levied. England and

Germany send the next largest amount of goods. Venezuela sent in return to the United States in 1901 $6,645,000 worth of coffee, cacao, and skins, all entering free of duty. The annual revenue of Venezuela is about $7,500,000, obtained mainly from customs duties.

So much for the bare facts. The present trouble, however, centers about one man and one locality—Cipriano Castro and the City of Caracas. Miss Marion Bowen writes charmingly of these in the Independent:

General Cipriano Castro, the President of Venezuela, is comparatively young, being only about forty years of age. His personal appearance is rather against him, as he is lame, short and dark-visaged, being of a decided Indian type. But one cannot look at his face without reading there an indomitable tenacity of purpose and dogged persistency. His eyes are black and piercing, and he has every appearance of being a man who has perfect confidence in his own power to rule, and who is bound to rule with a rod of iron. I think no power on earth could make him change his mind after it was once made up.

*Courtesy of The N. Y American*

STREET IN JUAN GRIEGO

His lameness is the result of a wound received in the battle of Yocuyito, where he succeeded in wresting the Presidency of Venezuela from General Ignacio Andrade. Before this wound had time to heal President Castro was awakened one night by the awful earthquake. It was on October 29, 1900, and, thinking the house was crumbling beneath him, he jumped out of a second-story window in his palace, the "Casa Armarilla" (Yellow House), and broke his wounded leg. This ignominious jump is not generally given as the cause of his lameness, for his countrymen think it sounds better to say their President injured his leg in battle. The "Casa Armarilla" was not destroyed by the earthquake, but its foundations were so weakened by the severe recurring shocks that it was considered unsafe for occupancy, and the next day General and Madame Castro moved into their present home, "Miraflores" ("Look at the Flowers"), which is one of the finest buildings in Caracas.

President and Madame Castro generally give many brilliant entertainments, but owing to the recent revolution they have lived a very quiet life during the past year, and have only once thrown open the doors of "Miraflores" to their hosts of friends, both among the Venezuelans and the Foreign Colony. This was at the New Year's reception in 1902, when from 2.30 until 7.30 P.M. President and Madame Castro received the New Year's greetings from a throng of handsomely dressed men and women, who for the time being threw aside all their worry and anxiety over the revolution and enjoyed to the utmost the hospitality of their President and his wife.

The Venezuelans are naturally an indolent, easy-going people. with all the excitable and emotional characteristics that are always found in the tropical countries. The ladies do nothing but sit in the windows all day long, waiting for some lover to pass along beneath and stop and chat for a while. A man has to be a favored suitor before he is allowed to do more than make a "window call," and even when he has gained entrance to the house of his lady-love he is never left alone with her for one minute, but is always chaperoned by the father and mother, who sometimes have the kindness to fall asleep for a few seconds over their reading. The very situation of Caracas would easily make it a valley of peace, as it lies 3,000 feet above the sea level in a green valley with mountains towering far above. To reach Caracas we must either make the trip from La Guayra, the seaport of Caracas, on the back of a donkey, a long and tedious journey, or else take one of the two daily trains on the English Railroad.

*Courtesy of Harper's Weekly*

CUSTOM HOUSE, LA GUAYRA

One can see many interesting sights in Caracas, if one of the many victorias is taken at the station and the "cochero" is told to drive around the city. The streets are narrow, crooked, and very rough, the entire city being paved with cobblestones. On every side are dirty, half-dressed children varying in color from the blackness of the ace of spades to the fairest of the fair. We pass women from Martinique, wearing their picturesque dresses of bright-colored calico, with a kerchief tied around their necks and crossed in front, and on their heads are the most dazzling bandanna handkerchiefs, tied in such a fashion that two of the corners stick up like little horns. On the street corners we pass men smoking their cigarettes and standing on one foot while the other leg is twined around their canes, thus serving the purpose of the other leg. These men are inferior looking and are most impudent in the way in which they stare at women, especially American women. They are quick-tempered, and think nothing of taking out a pistol and shooting a man if they have any dispute.

There are many squares, or plazas, but the largest and most important one is the Plaza Bolivar, in the center of the city. This is where all the promenading is done, and on Thursday and Sunday evenings the National Band, which would be a credit to any country, gives an open-air concert. The children have their concert Saturday afternoon and the Plaza is crowded with pretty children dressed in the daintiest little white dresses and Parisian hats. These small tots are never seen during the week till Saturday afternoon, when they come out, every one of them, and show themselves off in perfect imitation of their pretty doll-like mothers.

In the center of the Plaza is a large bronze equestrian statue of General Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of Venezuela. This statue was erected in 1870 by General Guzman Blanco, one of the ablest Presidents that Venezuela has ever had.

Facing the Plaza Bolivar are the old Cathedral, which was partially destroyed in the earthquake of 1812; the Post Office, a handsome two-storied building, and the "Casa

*Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly*

AMERICAN LEGATION BESIEGED BY GERMAN AND BRITISH SUBJECTS SEEKING PROTECTION AND RELIEF

Amarilla," which used to be the White House of Caracas. A few minutes' walk from the Plaza brings us to the Museum, the University, the Federal Palace, and Elliptical Salon. These last two buildings face each other on a very beautiful open square filled with all kinds of flowering shrubs and tropical trees. The Government offices, Senate Chamber, and House of Representatives are in the Federal Palace, while in the Elliptical Salon, where the President receives the Diplomatic Corps after an inauguration and on all state occasions, is a fine ceiling painting representing the battle near Carrababo, one of the famous battles during the War for Independence. On the walls are fine portraits of all the Presidents of Venezuela, with the exception of President Guzman Blanco, which was destroyed in 1899, and portraits of many other prominent men and heroes. If we have a little time to spare we should walk a few blocks further on to the Municipal Theater, a very handsome building, the interior which reminds one of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. On our way home we pass through the shopping district, where, if we care to pay the price, we can buy almost anything. The best and cheapest way to buy the beautiful native lace work is from the women peddlers, who go from house to house to sell their wares, and during the recent revolution it has been very easy to buy at very low prices valuable old fans, laces, jewelry, and curios from poor Venezuelans, who used to be rich, but who have lost all their money owing to the troubled state of the country, and who are now forced to part with their old treasures in order to keep the wolf from the door.

*Courtesy of The N. Y American*

VIEW IN BELLA VISTA. CORNER AFTER THE DEFENCE OF PUERTO CABELLO BY GEN. PAREDES IN 1900. BULLET HOLES SEEN IN BUILDING SHOW FIERCENESS OF FIGHT

On our way to the Pantheon, the Westminster Abbey of Caracas, situated in the extreme northern portion of the city, we pass some of the best houses, but they are far from attractive on the outside. They are all one-storied, built of stucco of different colors, yellow and light blue predominating with flat fronts relieved only by two closely barred windows through which the señoritas flirt with their dark-skinned admirers. The interiors of these houses are more attractive, as they all have open "patios" filled with palms, shrubs, and flowers and sweetly singing birds. The houses of the rich and poor are built right next to each other, and there is no street reserved for the residences of the richer class. For instance, one day when I was waiting at the door of one of the finest houses in Caracas I was surprised to have the door of the opposite house open and to see a man walk out leading a horse. Evidently the stable was in the back of the house and man and beast had to use the same door.

*Courtesy of The N Y. American*

TROOPS LEAVING CARACAS

The Pantheon, which stands at the end of the street at the foot of the mountains, is an imposing building of yellow stucco. It was formerly a cathedral, but has recently been converted into the last resting-place of the heroes of Venezuela. There are a few who have handsome marble monuments inside, but for the most part these are merely tablets bearing the names of the persons with the date of their birth and death. In front of the monuments and on the tablets are cheap memorial wreaths of imitation flowers and tinsel tied with the national colors—red, blue, and yellow.

This is a very pretty, enticing picture, full of rest and languor. Unhappily, Venezuela does not always possess this languor. The eternal revolutions keep ever recurring. Just what these mean and their manner are vividly portrayed by Conrad Brandt, another writer in the same periodical.

It is Saturday and market time. From everywhere out of the environs the farmers are coming to the town—to La Villa. Heavily burdened mules and burros, basket-carrying women and children are filling the usually very quiet streets of San Cristobal.

All of a sudden the news arrived: "The Colombians fell upon San Antonio, robbed the town and are marching against San Cristobal." It had the same effect upon the people as a stick thrown into an anthill. A sudden crying and yelling filled the air, mounted soldiers raced through the crowd in frantic haste, while some quiet and more reasonable fellows busied themselves with sharpening the *machete* (broad, long knife): *Quien sabe para quien* (Heaven knows for whom).

The garrison soldiers quickly stationed themselves at the entrances to the market and also at the various gates of the town. Everybody was compelled to remain in the town. The *peones*, *arrieros* (mule drivers), farmers—in fact, everybody of the male sex over twelve years of age became a soldier. Venezuela is a free country and, according to the law, nobody can be forced into the military service, but in case of a necessity like the present one the government corrals as many as it can get.

Groups of crying people—women and children—filled the streets. Indeed, they had every reason for their tears. An hour ago a happy family, and now fathers and brothers are soldiers or, as the Venezuelan expresses it, "cannon meat." The newly recruited army amounted to about two thousand men, who were furnished at once with rifles, cartridges, and bayonets.

A regular Venezuelan army looks like a badly organized band of robbers, but after the enlistment of the raw recruits the result was simply indescribable. A terrible mixup—a blue-dressed soldier side by side with a farmer, whose ruana or poncho in its better day long ago was a coffee sack. The next man in the badly formed line has no ruana, but is proud of a shirt whose color was once white. A child of twelve stands in the same line with an old gray-haired man, whose once stalwart form is now bent downward and who is sighing under the weight of his rifle.

Two little boys carry their guns like a litter. Across the barrels they have tied a board and deposited on it their heavy cartridge belts, knives, a small bundle of bananas and a kettle. A good part of the poor fellows had no idea why and for whom they were going to fight; many of them never touched a rifle before, and considered the Mauser rifle or *er maus* as a very nice, wonderful thing to play with, unfortunately a trifle heavy.

The soldiers and officers of a Venezuelan army treat each other very nicely. The usual form of addressing each other is *Hola*

*Courtesy of the N. Y. American*

A TYPICAL BARRICADE

*Compadre, compadre* meaning about the same as cousin or neighbor in our language. If one feels like smoking he smokes, and a nearby officer is handy with a match. This politeness is always rewarded by the offer of a never refused cigarillo. To become a general in this wonderful army one has to have money, or be a braggart, or to have some friends and a pull. The field-glass is necessary—no glass, no general. The horse or mule is easy to get; the general borrows it.

*Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly*

BAREFOOTED DEFENDERS ENTERING THE SAN CARLOS BARRACKS AT CARACAS

* * *

The day after the battle I went out with a friend to visit the different scenes of the fight. We found the roof of the rancho near the Cucuta bridge full of holes. There was not a single unbroken tile on this roof, and the walls and doors of the house were perforated with bullet-holes. The bare corpses of negro soldiers were lying around everywhere, the color of these bodies being changed into a dark, greenish blue and the skin glittering like wet leather. The Venezuelan soldiers were busily engaged in disrobing their dead enemies. Every rag, dirty and torn, was good enough to be taken away, only the amulet around the neck being left on the bodies. After completing this "disarming," they threw the bodies into the river, but only where the river was handy. In the patio of the rancho, in an old and half-crumbled hut, moaned and screamed some fifteen wounded soldiers. In the eastern corner lay a huge pile of naked dead soldiers waiting for burial. Stretched over a heap of bricks lay a young fellow. His wide open, dark eyes pleaded for help, and from his bursting and burning lips came the cry of "Water, water." I asked the ranchera (wife of the properietor) for the water, but received the reply that these *bestias* could die for all she cared, and that she would take great pleasure in killing each and every one of them. I became incensed and demanded water at once, and when I had succeeded in getting some, all the poor devils got a drink of it.

There is but one more phase to the question, and that applies peculiarly to the United States. The Monroe Doctrine is the pivotal point in the controversy. This doctrine and its meanings should be kept in mind when considering the question. The Outlook probably contains one of the clearest statements of it.

What is the Monroe Doctrine? This is a question of interest, but not of paramount interest. The twentieth century has a right to make doctrines as well as the nineteenth, and it is quite as capable. If a nation ought not to break ruthlessly from its traditions, neither ought it to be manacled by them. The "dead hand" cannot be permitted to control the living present. The nation has a perfect right, on the one hand, to abandon the Monroe Doctrine altogether if in its judgment it is no longer applicable, and equally to extend it if it is no longer adequate. Nevertheless, a doctrine which grew up gradually into a national tradition before Monroe's time, and has been sedulously maintained ever since, has due to it the respect, though not the authority, of a Constitutional provision. Before it is either applied or amended the nation must know what it is. It is involved in the two following paragraphs from the Message of President Monroe of December 2, 1823:

The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as

subjects for future colonization by any European Powers.

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

The occasion which gave rise to this declaration has long since passed away. The Holy Alliance, formed for the purpose of counteracting the pernicious principle of representative government, has long since ceased to exist; representative government has been established in all European countries west of Russia; the principle of popular rights is recognized in most of these governments as really, if not as fully and consistently, as in the United States. Nevertheless, the essential principles, or perhaps we should say the essential spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, remain a principle to guide, a spirit to inspire, as long as the nation lasts. These principles are two: National safety, Fraternal guardianship.

I. The peril which threatened the United States in its youth from the hostility of European Powers to its fundamental principle of popular rights no longer exists; but it cannot be said that there is no peril against which it is wise for American statesmanship to protect our shores. The possible danger is more remote, but it is a danger of a greater calamity in 1902 than in 1823. In 1823 the navies of the world were propelled by sail; American coast cities were relatively small; and they could be adequately protected by land batteries. In 1902 the navies of the world are propelled by steam; the coast cities are large and increasing in magnitude and wealth; and land batteries afford at best but a doubtful protection, owing to the distance through which modern ordnance carries its projectiles. The best protection to our American coast is a diplomacy which prevents the establishment of coaling stations on this side of the Atlantic. For a modern navy depends for its efficiency on the proximity of a coaling station; a man-of-war without coal is as harmless as a man-of-war without ammunition. England has coaling stations on this side of the Atlantic; Germany has none; and it would be a short-sighted policy which would willingly permit Germany to secure a coaling station here if we can prevent it. It is for this reason that the purchase of the Danish West Indies would be good policy; not that we want the islands, but that we do not want some other power to obtain them. Three thousand miles of ocean is a protection from European navies; it is not wise for us to allow another power behind our breastworks if we can prevent it. For this reason, if there were no other, we should adhere to our declaration that "the American continents are not to be considered as subjects for colonization by European powers."

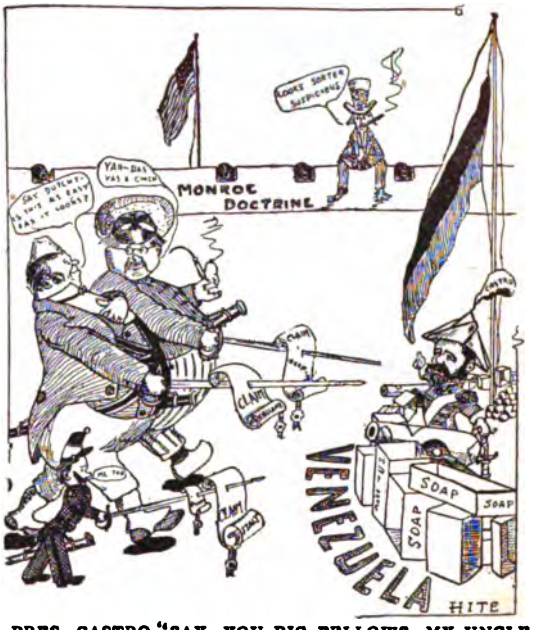
II. But there is another reason which we have expressed by the phrase "fraternal guardianship." Wealth and power impose responsibilities. The rich and strong nation owes duties to its weaker national neighbor no less than the rich, strong man owes duties to his weaker individual neighbor. The mere fact of neighborhood accentuates and often creates this obligation. This duty to our weaker Republics in South America justified our declaration in 1823 that any interference with their rights of self-government would be regarded as "the manifestation of an unfriendly spirit toward the United States." How far America will go in protecting such Republics from such interference she did not say in 1823, and it is not necessary to say now.

*Courtesy of The N. Y American*

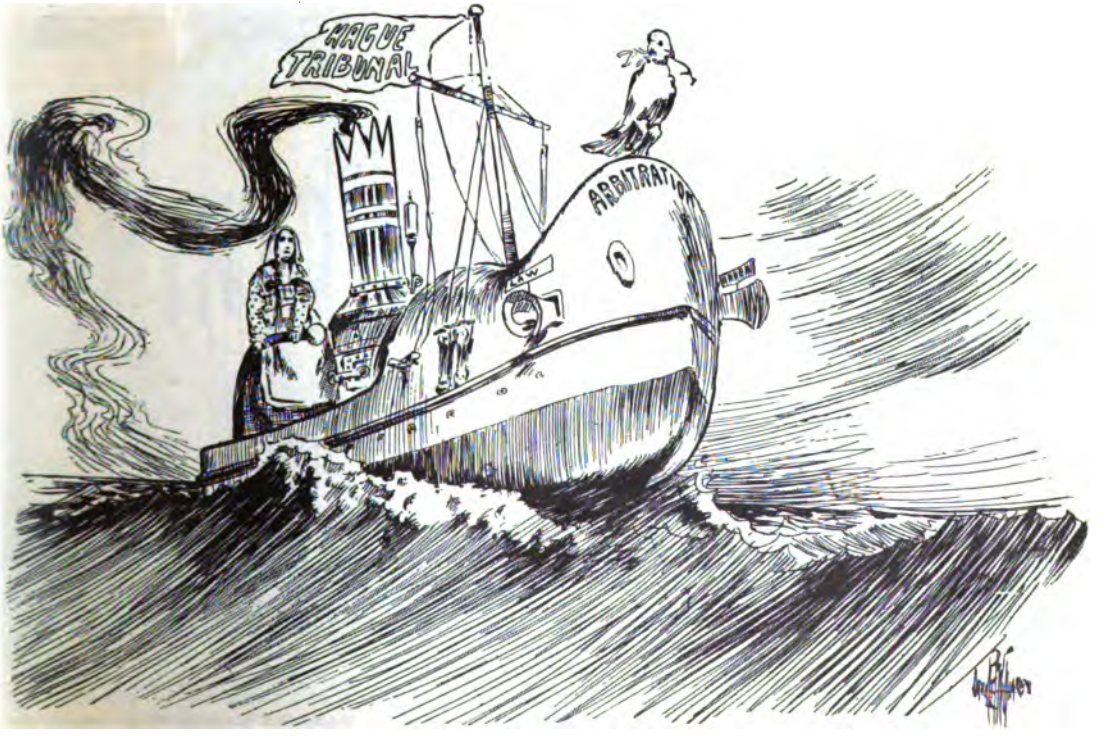
COURTYARD OF FEDERAL CAPITOL BUILDING, CARACAS

# Venezuela and the Cartoonists

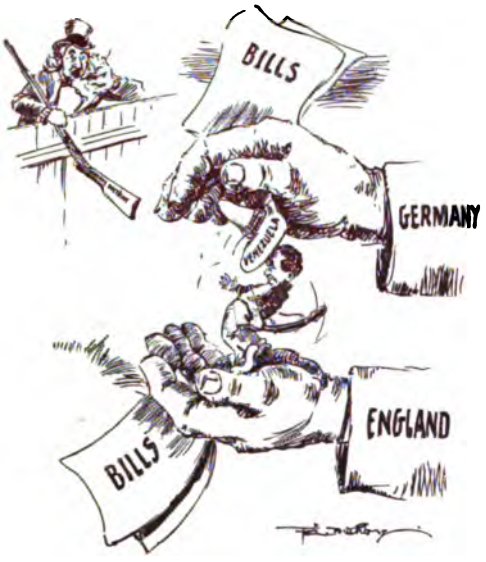
LITTLE AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



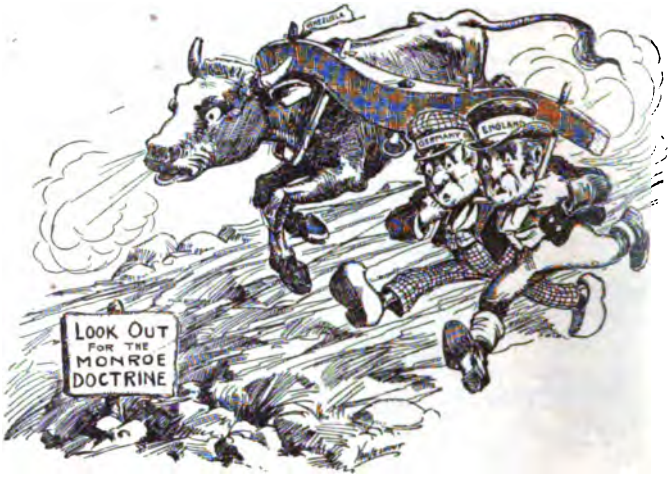

PRES. CASTRO "SAY, YOU BIG FELLOWS, MY UNCLE SAMMY'S WATCHING YOU."—NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE



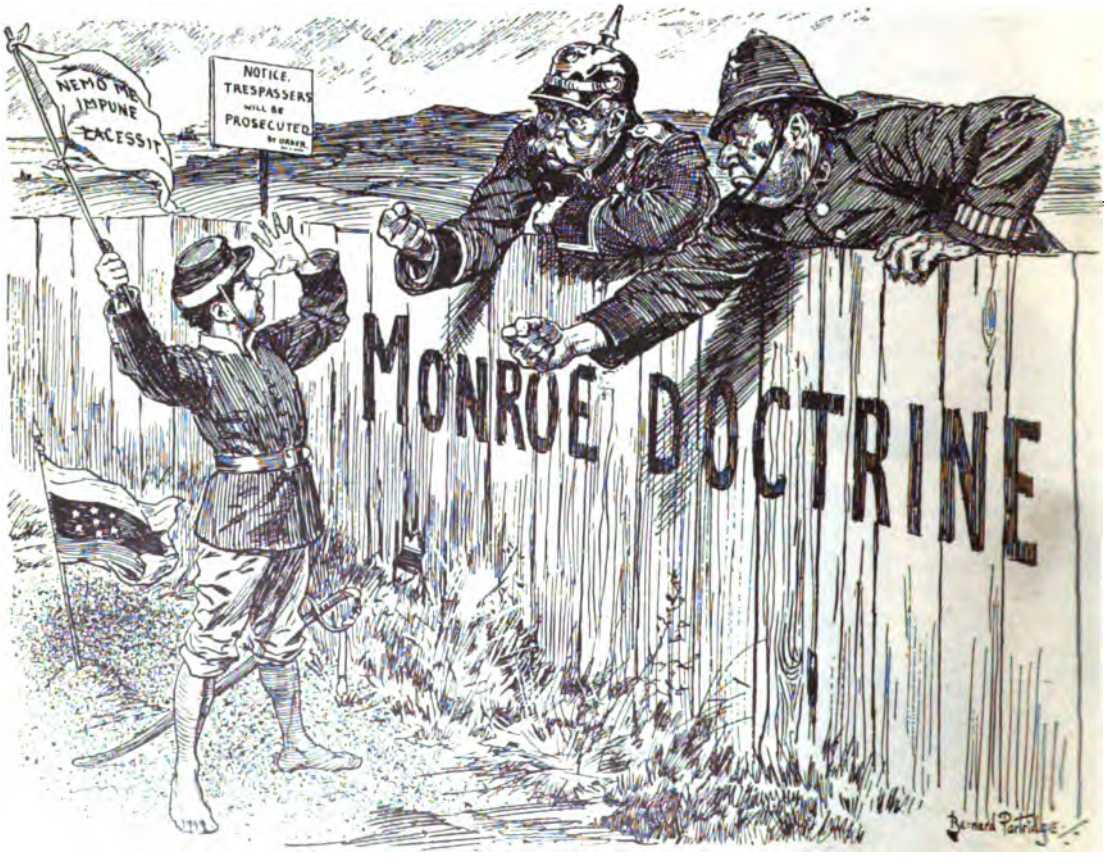

THE BATTLESHIP IN VENEZUELAN WATERS—BOSTON HERALD




UNCLE SAM, "EASY GENTLEMEN, EASY!"—
WASHINGTON EVENING STAR

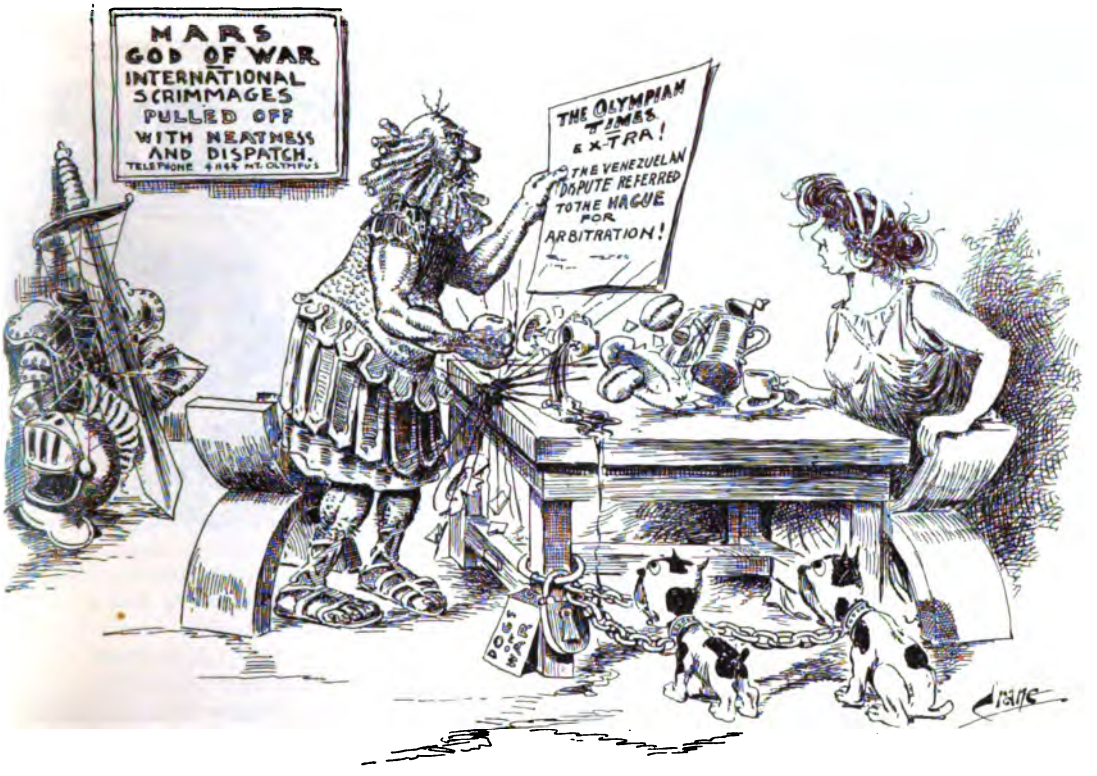



"DARN OUR FOOL SOULS, WILL SOMEBODY HEAD US OFF?"—
CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN

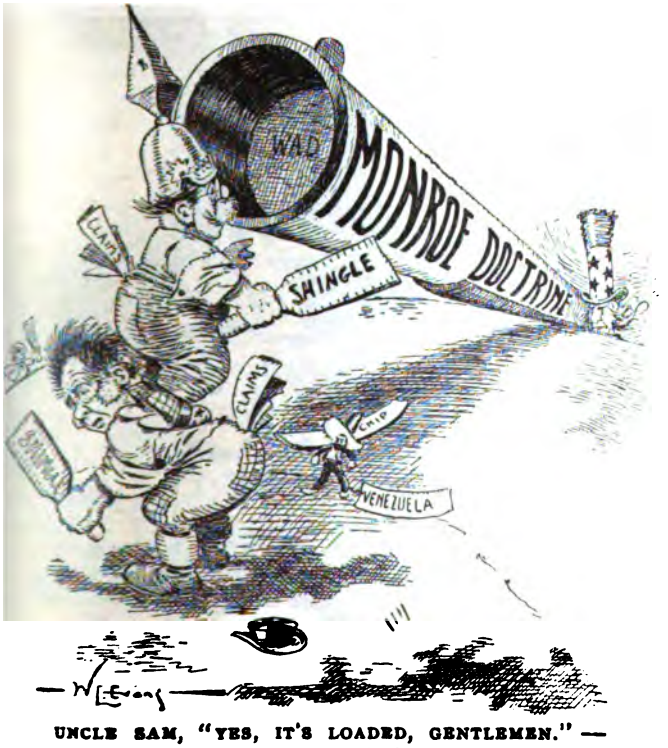



CORNERING HIM

LITTLE VENEZUELA, "YAH! YOU BIG BULLIES! YOU DAREN'T GET OVER THAT FENCE!"
ENGLAND AND GERMANY (TOGETHER), "ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, WE CAN WAIT!"—PUNCH



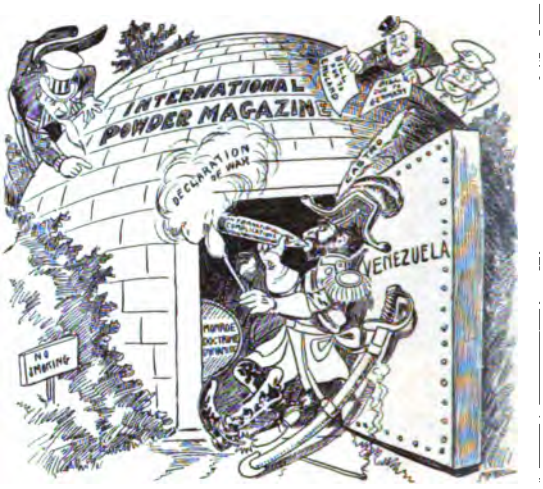

HIS OCCUPATION IN DANGER.
MARS, "IF THIS SORT OF THING IS COMING INTO FASHION, I M GOING TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB."—N. Y. TIMES



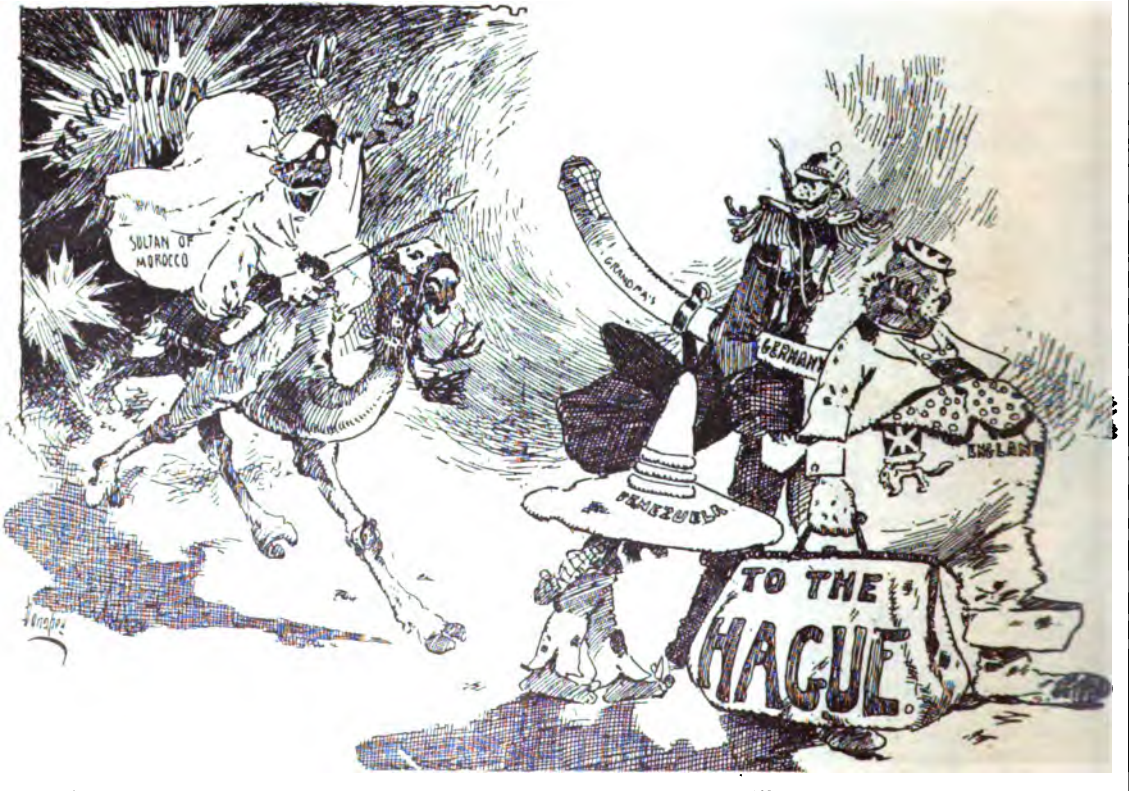

UNCLE SAM, "YES, IT'S LOADED, GENTLEMEN."—CLEVELAND LEADER

UNCLE SAM, "THERE'S A TERRIBLE DISCORD SOMEWHERE."—BALTIMORE HERALD

"COME ON, BOYS. HERE'S WHERE YOU GET A SQUARE DEAL"—OHIO STATE JOURNAL




FOOLHARDY—BROOKLYN EAGLE




"HI! FELLOWS, WAIT A MOMENT. I WANT TO GO ALONG WITH YOU!"—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

# A Side Light on American Greatness:

## Some of Our "Infant Industries"

The purpose of this compiled department is to give some idea of all the American industries. These are interesting in themselves and, moreover, in light of the renewed agitation upon the tariff question, they have a present importance. We mean therefore to give, from time to time as shall seem expedient, a résumé of these so-called "infant industries."

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES . . EDWARD D. JONES . . WORLD'S WORK

The Twelfth Census marks the close of the first complete century of manufactures in the United States. It will thus become the most important statistical basis by which will be measured the future advancement of American industry.

In 1791, when Alexander Hamilton submitted his celebrated "Report on Manufactures" to Congress, he was able to refer to the household system of manufacture by means of which each family unit supplied many of its own needs; and he described the remarkable development of this type of manufacture in southern New England, where considerable quantities of coarse cloth, clothing and nails were produced. In addition to this, some twenty industries were mentioned which had reached a considerable development, involving special buildings, the division of labor, the ngathering of raw materials from distant ocalities, and the distribution of the manufacured articles throughout the States. Among hese were tanning, iron manufacture, shipuilding and furniture manufacture, the mak-ng of cordage, brick, distilled liquors, paper, 'ool, hats, whale oil and candles, copper ensils, tobacco, turpentine, flour, etc.

While this was a respectable beginning, the ief task of the American people was to be r at least five decades to push forward the ontier.

Up to 1840 this work went on. By that ne compact settlement had reached the ississippi River, and the further growth of pulation required the building of railways d the establishment of manufactures. By 50 the chief forms of labor-saving agricul-al implements of American origin were roduced and began their work of liberat-; an increasing proportion of the popu-ion from agriculture. The Civil War reased the need of the country for manufactured articles, and, accompanied as it was by a high tariff to provide Government revenue, provided a powerful impulse to develop home manufactures. Down to 1880 agriculture was the chief source of wealth in this country. The last two censuses have shown manufacture to be dominant. In 1900 the value of agricultural products was four and seven-tenths billions of dollars; the net value of manufactured products was five and nine-tenths billions.

To gather some of the chief results of the recent census investigation into a few sentences we may say that when we speak of "American manufactures" we mean 512,339 establishments, using $9,835,086,909 of capital, and involving the labor of 397,174 officials and clerks and 5,316,802 wage-earners. This vast equipment consumes $7,348,144,755 worth of raw materials annually and makes out of the same manufactured products worth altogether $13,014,287,498. These figures all show a healthy increase over those of 1890. There are 44 per cent. more establishments now than then; 50 per cent. more capital is used; a fourth more wage-earners are employed; and the annual value of the gross product is 40 per cent. more than in 1890.

Our rank among the manufacturing nations of the world is first, for, according to the estimates of the late Mr. Mulhall, we produce about half as much as all of Europe combined. The United Kingdom ranks second, Germany third, France fourth, and Austria-Hungary fifth.

The significance of $13,000,000,000, the value of the manufactured articles produced in 1900, is difficult to realize. It is nine and one-third times the authorized capitalization of the greatest corporation on earth, the United States Steel Corporation. It is one-fifth of the true value of all real estate and personal property in the United States reported by the census of 1890, or about the value of New York and Pennsylvania combined at that time. So great an annual product has been produced by our manufacturing establishments only in recent years. The product of 1890 was $9,372,437,283, that of 1880 $5,369,579,191, that of 1850 but $1,019,106,616.

In 1810 the manufactured goods produced in this country were worth $27.58 per capita of the population, or $165.48 for the average family. In 1860 manufactures were worth $60.06 per capita, or $318.32 for the average-sized family of that period. In 1890 the per capita value was $149.72, or for a family of 4.9 persons $733.63. In 1900 the per capita value of manufactured goods was $172.21, or $809.39 for the average family of 4.7 persons.

The census shows the increase in the size of plants by showing that, while the product of manufacture has been increasing in almost all lines, the number of establishments has been declining in many of them. There was in 1900 a smaller number of establishments than in 1890 manufacturing agricultural implements, boots and shoes, carpets, glass, iron and steel, leather, woolens, and the products of slaughtering and meat-packing; nevertheless, in each of these industries the average capital, the average number of employees, and the average product per establishment increased, and the total product of each of these industries increased.

Turning to the question of industrial combinations, we find some interesting statistics in the census. A list of 185 such organizations is presented. They controlled 2,040 plants, possessed a combined capital of $1,436,625,910, employed 400,000 wage-earners and 24,640 officials, and manufactured products annually valued at $1,667,350,949. That is to say, 8.4 per cent. of the wage-earners engaged in manufacturing in America were employed by these combinations, and 14.1 per cent. of the value of our manufactures originated with them. The census report does not include the United States Steel Corporation nor any other combination organized during or since the census year. The steel corporation is largely covered by the above figures, however, since most of its constituent companies rank as combinations. The great dividend-payers among the "trusts" in 1900 were the Standard Oil Company, American Steel and Wire Company, Federal Steel Company, American Sugar Refining Company, Amalgamated Copper Company, Pullman Company, American Tobacco Company, Continental Tobacco Company, and the United States Leather Company.

The general causes which have made us a great manufacturing nation and the advantages which we now possess have been placed under five headings:

1. Agricultural resources.

2. Mineral resources. It is plain that a country which produces nine-tenths of the world's cotton, one-third of its coal, one-fourth of its iron ore, and one-half of its copper, and a similar generous share of many other things, such as lumber, grain, hides and petroleum, has a great advantage in the matter of raw materials upon which to set labor and capital at work.

3. Transportation facilities. These include the remnants of a neglected canal system, a magnificent but scarcely used system of navigable rivers amounting to 18,000 miles, and a highly important system of Great Lakes waterways extending for 1,000 miles and carrying a tonnage "equal to nearly 40 per cent. of that of the entire railroad system of the United States." Our railway system, constructed with great rapidity between 1860 and 1880, is now over a third of that of the world. In 1899 the total length was 189,295 miles, as against 172,621 in Europe, and the cost of moving goods was less here than in Europe, being on the average less than six mills for carrying one ton a distance of one mile.

4. Freedom of interstate commerce.

5. Freedom from tradition.

As an example of American ingenuity, we may cite the invention of the system of interchangeable parts, which has made possible the use of complex machinery in agriculture or other industries at a distance from machine shops or the point of original manufacture. Activity, skill and willingness characterize the best type of American workmen, and this willingness is shown, in part, by a readiness to pack bag and baggage and move to those places where manufacture can be carried on most economically, especially if it be to a large city. The organizing ability of American capitalists cannot be doubted. There is scarcely an industry upon which the peculiar genius of the American has not wrought an effect.

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**RAILWAY SERVICE** ..... **N. Y. TRIBUNE**

In no industry perhaps does the United States enjoy a more remarkable ascendancy over the rest of the world than in its railway service. At the close of the last century North America had no less than 220,880 miles of track in operation, while the total for Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and South America was only a trifle greater—about 270,000 miles. The United States then had a mile of road for every 383 inhabitants, Europe

one for every 2,267, and British India one for every 12,400. This country invented the parlor, sleeping and dining-cars, the pressed-steel freight car, many of the best features of the modern locomotive, the air brake, the automatic coupler, and a host of related devices, and it runs the fastest long-distance trains.

One of the most marvelous developments in the whole railroad system is that which has taken place at the head of a train in the last seventy years. The best locomotives to-day are about four times as long as the De Witt Clinton (1831), a foot or two higher, have drivers that are 72 (or even 80) inches in diameter instead of only 54, and carry 200 pounds of steam instead of only 80. But these figures afford no idea of the real gain that has been effected in power. Relative to the other features, the boiler has grown abnormally, while the smokestack has actually diminished in size. In the De Witt Clinton the smokepipe was as big as the boiler. One does not realize what modern science has done for this type of engine until he is told that it has a pull of from 16 to 30 tons, as against 919 pounds! A locomotive built not long ago for the Santa Fe road weighed 133½ tons. Trevethick's engine, built just a century ago, weighed five! Stephenson's Rocket (1829) was several hundred pounds lighter. Even between 1850 and 1860 the average weight of a passenger locomotive was twenty tons and of a freight engine thirty.

At the close of the fiscal year 1901 there were in operation in the United States 195,887 miles of track, or within about 25,000 miles of the total for North America. If these roads could be stretched out into one continuous line, they would be long enough to encircle the globe at the equator about eight times, or to reach nearly nine-tenths of the distance from the earth to the moon.

The Scientific American makes some striking comparisons to indicate the bulk of material used in the constructon of these roads. It takes the Great Pyramid of Egypt as the starting point in its calculation. That mighty structure is 756 feet square at its base, and rises 481 feet, and contains about 91,500,000 cubic feet. If a shell of the same shape and dimensions were manufactured it could be let down over the Capitol at Washington without touching, and the apex of the pyramid would be two hundred feet or more above the dome of the building.

If the steel rails used in laying the track of these American roads were melted up into a single lump of a shape that would admit of measurement it would be found to contain 15 per cent. more material than the Great Pyramid. Another comparison can be made with the Washington Monument, which rises 550 feet above its base. This same mass of steel would equal it in height if cast in a rectangular block 436 feet square at the bottom. Some of these rails weigh from 80 to 100 pounds to the yard, but most of the track west of the Mississippi is considerably lighter. Probably 25,000,000 tons would not be a wild estimate of the total weight.

One can't mold wood like steel, and even if one could it would doubtless be impossible to cast in one chunk the timber now employed for railroad ties. One can compute volumes, though, and it is estimated that all the wooden ties in service to-day occupy a space equal to twenty-four great pyramids. A similar calculation for rock and gravel ballast on these American roads gives a bulk 135 times as great as the above-mentioned standard of comparison. Following the ratio of length to height which is found in the pyramid of Cheops, the heap of ballast would measure 3,900 feet on each side at the base, and rise to a height of 2,500 feet, or about half a mile!

When it comes to rolling stock, equally impressive results are reached. The 39,729 locomotives in service are equivalent to three Great Pyramids, 35,811 passenger cars to three and a half pyramids, and 1,409,472 freight cars to forty-two pyramids.

Over a million employees are required to operate and keep in running order the railways of the United States. Nearly half of them (459,704) are trackmen and laborers. These figures include switchmen, flagmen and watchmen, as well as section bosses and track repairers. Then there are 204,194 machinists and shop workmen, 127,141 station agents and station men, 116,585 conductors and brakemen, 92,458 engineers and firemen, 39,701 clerks, 26,606 telegraph operators and 4,780 general officers.

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**SHOEMAKERS TO THE WORLD ..... BOSTON GLOBE**

"To shoe the world" is the aim of Lynn (Mass.) shoemakers. The board of trade of the shoe city is now in the midst of one of the most remarkable campaigns for trade in the commercial world.

It has opened communications with every United States consul or agent and is securing from them detailed reports upon the conditions of the shoe market and the possibilities

for Yankee shoes in the cities, districts or countries in which they are located. Already hundreds of these letters have been published to the shoe world, and the energetic manufacturer is preparing to take advantage of the most desirable markets with his superior American goods.

The exportation of American shoes is of comparatively recent growth. In 1895 this country exported only $1,000,000 worth of boots and shoes, but for the fiscal year 1901 it sent abroad $5,500,000 worth of boots and shoes, and England and her colonies took $4,400,000 worth of this total.

This is the history of the manufacture of shoes in America.

From the one shoemaker, Thomas Beard, who came over on the Mayflower on her third voyage in 1629, with his "dyvers hydes for both soles and up leathers," this country has risen to be the greatest shoemaking nation in the world. It has now 1,600 shoe factories, in which are employed 142,992 men, women and children. These employees received in wages $59,175,883 a year; and they made the last census year 197,539,173 pairs of boots and shoes and 17,112,841 pairs of slippers, worth $261,028,580. Roughly, the average was three pairs of shoes to every inhabitant of this country.

The raw material used that year amounted to $169,604,054 and represented the hides of millions of cattle slaughtered in Chicago and Australian or South American packing houses, the skins of great flocks of sheep of the Western plains and herds of goats of India, to say nothing of the South African, German and Russian, Chinese and Irish skins and hides.

Massachusetts and New Hampshire, together, make more shoes than all the rest of the nation. Massachusetts alone makes 44.9 per cent. of the shoes of the country. The Massachusetts operatives are the best paid in the world, their average wage being over $500 a year. Boston, the "Hub of the Universe," is also the great center of the shoe trade. The last census show that Lynn leads the world in making women's shoes and also in the shoe supply business, Brockton in men's and Haverhill in low cut shoes.

Every one of the forty-four parts of the ordinary shoe is put together by machinery, the various parts of the upper being cut out by hand. In fact, the cutter is now the only skilled hand workman left in the shoe industry.

The two chief systems of the shoe machinery are the McKay and the Goodyear. They are the greatest marvels of applied and systematized inventions developed in half a century. They are, with various other subordinate systems and machines, controlled by a great shoe machinery trust, the United Shoe Machinery Company, oganized by Sidney Winslow, of Boston, two years ago. Immediately after consolidating the American systems, Mr. Winslow consolidated the English systems, and now the shoe makers of the world pay tribute to Yankee ingenuity for the use of their machines.

These machines are not sold outright, but are leased to manufacturers. The Germans placed a prohibitive tariff on these leased machines, but the clever Yankee found it only an excuse for even a firmer grip on the German manufacturer. The machine company gave their machines to the German shoemakers on condition that they would buy all their supplies from the giver, and the prices charged for the supplies earn the profit of the machines.

A pair of women's shoes made in Lynn to establish a record for rapid shoemaking required 57 different operations and the use of 42 machines. In the shoes were put 26 pieces of leather cut from the skin, 14 pieces of cloth, 24 buttons, 80 tacks, 20 nails, 2 box toes, 2 steel shanks, 2 molded counters, 2 taps, 2 heels and 20 yards of thread. All these parts were assembled and made into a neat-looking and graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in 13 minutes by a stop watch.

There are over 100 distinct pieces in the ordinary shoe, including the 44 parts, the lasting tacks, the heel nails, threads and laces. The parts of the upper are cut from side leather, as may be seen in any shoe. The linings, cut in similar shape, are "closed on" or stitched in, and the parts are "vamped" or fastened together on a machine much like the household sewing machine. This clumsy-looking upper is next fastened to the insole by a wonderful machine. The heavy outsole is next made soft and flexible and fitted in the stock-fitting room, and it is then stitched to the upper by a McKay or Goodyear machine, either of which drives a heavy needle through the thick sole with marvelous rapidity. The heel is next nailed on, and then the shoe is sent to the finishing room, where it is given its final smoothing over, inspection and polish, and is packed for shipment to the jobber.

In olden times the shoe manufacturer made his shoes and held them until sold. Now the energetic manufacturer gets his orders before he makes a single shoe.

# Many Ways of Money-Making

## Unusual Methods of Livelihood

**IN THE COAST LIGHT SERVICE .....SUNNY SOUTH**

With the beginning of November there begins a hard fight all along the coast of the United States—a fight rarely chronicled, yet incessant and fierce. It is the fight of the coast lights and signals against storm and fog.

From March to November the men caged in the slender steel and stone cylinders that stand on hidden ledges with the nearest land lying along the horizon like a dim cloud need not fear even if storm beset; for the summer storm does not last long and they are sure that the relief and supply vessels will make their way to them within a few days. But when the gales of the late autumn and of the winter begin, there may be a month and even more when no ship can dare to approach those foam-bordered ocean perches.

Then the keepers are as besieged men. They must save every drop of oil, that their lights may be kept burning, even should a new supply fail to arrive when due. They must watch their machinery every minute, for no help could reach them to repair it should it break down.

On such lighthouses as famous Minot's Ledge, off Boston harbor, rising sheer out of the sea, they are imprisoned, unable to move an inch out of their narrow tower.

Minot's Ledge light stands eighty-five feet high from the level of the sea. The reef on which it is set is far below the surface in any except low tides, even in ordinary weather. When the ocean roars around it in a winter storm the mariner, looking at it from the sea, often can discern only its brave lantern above the spray. The entrance to this lighthouse is half way up the tower and an iron ladder reaches from it to sea level. In the winter there are days after days, and sometimes weeks, when no man could venture into that doorway. He would be carried away by the rollers that break against the base and sweep the little balcony.

But this merely physical fight is only one part of the battle that goes on in the lighthouses during the winter. There is another battle as great. It is worry and anxiety.

The lightkeepers of the United States have been trained to look on their lights as the American soldier and sailor look on their flag. So well have they been disciplined and so well do they guard the trust, that there rarely is a case of a light having failed when human energy and pluck could keep it burning.

When sleet and snow drive over the towers these men are stricken with the fear that, despite all their care, the light, burn it ever so brightly, may not be able to pierce the thick air. Only one who has been in a lighthouse through a great winter night's storm can realize how keen and wearing an anxiety this is to them. Like all men who have to do with the powers of nature, they know that, though they do their best, that best is not good enough if it is not successful.

So blow the gales as they may, the keepers climb out on the narrow platform around the outside of the big windows that protect the precious lens, and with the weather beating them and the wind threatening to blow them into the black sea below, with waves reaching up to them, they scrape the drifted snow and the frozen sleet from the panes throughout the night that the light may shine out freely.

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**HE TRAINS PARROTS .....CHICAGO TRIBUNE**

In an obscure back street lives a man who pursues a curious but not unlucrative calling. He is a language teacher to parrots, his specialty being that of teaching parrots to speak sentences, etc., in various languages, according to the particular foreign market to which they are to be sold. The whole of the parrot tutor's house, except two rooms, is given up to the birds, the rooms in which are their cages being divided up by sound-proof partitions into several smaller compartments, each containing a cage, that the birds may not hear each other.

"I believe I am the only language tutor to parrots," said the man. "I've lived in several foreign cities and I know seven foreign languages. At one time I was a waiter and at another an interpreter, but lost my work, and for a long time I subsisted in a garret, doing translations and giving French and German lessons at fourpence an hour. One day I thought of this. I was talking to a big parrot dealer, and chanced to ask if he sold man-

parrots abroad. He replied: "Hardly ever, because of the different languages spoken abroad, English-speaking parrots naturally not being in much demand in foreign towns." This gave me an idea, and I suggested that I should experiment with one of his parrots. I took home a quite uneducated bird, and after a few weeks had taught it to repeat several short French sentences. After this I started teaching his parrots to speak French, German and Italian regularly. I work now entirely for the dealers, not for private people. I've got quite a good connection of my own among the large parrot dealers.

"The best bird for teaching foreign languages is the African gray parrot, from the west coast of Africa and Prince's Island. My methods? Well, diet and warmth are important. I keep my parrots in an artificially warmed temperature of about 80 degrees, acclimatizing them to cooler temperatures before selling, and give them some proportion of their native food—palm nuts, bananas, etc. I instruct my parrot pupils in the mornings and evenings, first pronouncing one word for days together, later two or three words. I make sentences of words that join easily together. A bird will learn a short sentence in less than a fortnight.

"An important secret is that of so teaching a bird that it will seem to speak intelligently and as if it understood what was happening at the moment. Thus, by pulling out my watch and then saying, 'What's the time?' the parrot soon learns to say, 'What's the time?' whenever it sees a watch produced. To teach a bird to greet a visitor with 'How d'you do?' on the proper occasions, I repeat these words as I enter the room where the parrot is. To make him say, 'Must you go? Good-by,' I rise from a chair, pick up my hat and stick, and go out of the room repeating the words.

"One especial feature I've tried recently is an idea of my own—that of teaching what I call my advertising parrots. They are taught so that whenever they see any one enter a shop they say, 'Have you tried So and So's milk porridge?' or 'Hair Restorer?' or whatever the commodity is. The parrot's cage, bearing a label advertising the patent commodity, stands on the shop counter, and the bird puffs the article all day long, for he has been purposely taught nothing else."

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**STRANGE ST. LOUIS PROFESSIONS .....ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH**

By strange works do some of the 600,000 people in this fourth city of the New World enable themselves to have food and clothing and where to lay their heads at night.

The other day a man in the alley back of my house was walking off with a long piece of copper wire. I called to him just in sport, and the man dropped the wire.

"Take it for all I care," I said, laughingly. "It is lying in the alley and I suppose it is common property." Since then I have learned that there are men who make a regular business of following up the line wagons of the telegraph, telephone and electric companies and picking up the clippings of copper wires that are dropped. I hear they make as much as $2.50 to $3 a day.

The other day a man came to me and offered to trade me one pair of new shoes for every three pairs of fairly preserved old shoes I might happen to have.

Fellows follow up coal wagons for miles to get the job of putting the coal into the cellar. And men take contracts of cleaning all the front steps in a neighborhood, and of keeping a dozen or more lawns clipped. And I have heard of very valuable articles being picked up where the big trunk sewers flow into the river by persons who wade around in the water in rubber boots.

There is always an army of persons raking over the dumpings at the North St. Louis quarries, and I understand it is not an unusual thing for some of the garbage contractors' employees to find a ring or some other valuable trinket of jewelry among the dried garbage.

The professional window cleaners do a dangerous work. There are not many of them. They are distinct from porters and persons who clean the windows in a building where they are employed. The professional window cleaner does nothing but clean windows.

A professional window cleaner climbs around where angels fear to tread. He does not sit down in the window and hold on with one hand while he works with the other; no more does he hook his toes upon a steam heater inside the room to secure him while he works his arms outside. He is more daring than this. He walks out on the window ledge. He stands up to his work. He cares nothing at all about walking around on the ledges of fourteenth story windows where the windows are two hundred feet above the street.

A window cleaner is necessarily a young man. Like the chimney sweep he cannot choose the day upon which he must climb in perilous places. His work is every day. He may work in a forenoon upon a dwelling house,

where the hazard is not great, and in the afternoon be assigned to a skyscraper, where an ordinary mortal is timid about leaning on the window sill. The professional window cleaner is very expert at walking upon narrow ledges. He wears ordinary shoes and works rapidly, but he always keeps his mind upon the matter of self-preservation. A misstep would precipitate him to the street, perhaps two hundred feet below.

The manager of the window cleaning company only employs men with nerve. He says there is less likelihood of danger when the window cleaner has courage than there is when he is a coward. The man of courage never thinks of the danger. The coward thinks of nothing else. If the ledge were two feet above ground neither of the men would fall off. But because it is up in the air it is very much different, except in the case of the man of courage. He walks along on it without a thought of its height. He does not permit his eye to rove down to the street and his heart to jump into his mouth. He is not that sort of man. The coward thinks continually of his danger. He sees opportunities to fall every minute he is working, and the chances are he will fall, for if the least thing goes wrong he loses his head and does the wrong thing.

### THE WINDOW POSER

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Weisard make their livelihood in a singular way.

They are window posers. It is an avocation which Mr. Weisard devised for himself, and his success in it was such that he was subsequently joined by his wife. They pose in the display windows of business houses which handle wearing apparel. They go into the window at 10 o'clock in the forenoon and remain there until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In this period of time they will strike a number of attitudes, holding some of them an hour and forty minutes. For instance, Mr. Weisard assists his wife in putting on her cloak. When the garment is half on he stops, and they hold this position for an hour and forty minutes. Weisard says that in this time he does not even wink an eye.

Weisard began his work as a window poser six years ago. He says the idea came to him in a dream after he had been looking over a tailoring journal, in which there were pictures of a salesman showing garments to a customer. He dreamed he saw himself striking these positions before a crowd. The dream impressed him, and he began practising the attitudes. He found he could hold some of them a long time, and the more he practised the more expert he became. Finally he went to a clothing house and offered to pose in the window for a certain wage. He drew a crowd. People were perplexed to know whether he was a real man or an inanimate model. They tried to make him laugh. They tapped on the window. The boys particularly delighted in experiments to ascertain what the man in the window was like. Weisard says they did not disconcert him in the least. He explains his motionless periods by saying that he concentrates his mind upon what he is doing and does not permit it to rove to anything else. He says he has done this sort of thing until his wife, and even his little seven-year-old girl, can imitate him and do the trick as well as he can.

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### THE STORE DETECTIVE ..... N. Y. TIMES

A visit to the shopping district would show to one experienced in the "ways that are dark" of the average shoplifter how carefully the proprietors of the large establishments guard against theft. At the door of every large department store a man is stationed who, to the unobservant, would be readily taken for a customer in waiting or a husband who did not want to get into a bargain rush. This man is always a detective who knows all the professional shoplifters. Moreover, he soon detects any one who in dress, manner, or bearing could be classed as "suspicious." The experts are known, and are spotted at once. If one whose picture is in the big cabinets down in the Rogues' Gallery appears at a large department store, he or she is watched. Then comes the work which makes the detectives of value. It is necessary in the rush not to create any noise or disturbance. Frequently a store detective will walk through a large part of the establishment, keeping his eyes on one woman. Even if she commits a theft, the matter is very simply adjusted. If the article is of small value the usual way is for the detective to quietly walk alongside of the shoplifter to find if she is "loaded down" with goods. If the shoplifter has been very active it is at once known. Bulging skirts, which no one else but an experienced person would notice, are usually the telltale of activity.

If it becomes apparent that large quantities of goods have been stolen and are adroitly concealed about her person, the shoplifter is usually ordered to accompany the detective to the office of the superintendent or some official having charge of such matters for examination.

During the holidays it is frequently found that, by the means of false skirts, pockets, and cloaks, the experts will have a large quantity of goods of value concealed about them.

Arrests are so seldom openly made in the large department stores that the prevalence of shoplifters is hardly known to the shoppers in general. If an expert shoplifter is detected at work the chance is usually given the culprit to leave the store, so as not to make out a complete charge to warrant a sentence for crime. Many of the expert shoplifters when touched on the shoulder in a store quickly get rid of their booty by dropping it on the floor or on the counter and then setting up the plea that the articles caught in hooks in their dresses or that they were just carrying the goods from counter to counter at the request of a shop lady.

One of the large department store detectives said last week that many counters have to be watched closely from high stations, in cash counters, or parcel places, so that the experts will not ply their trade in the open.

**THE FOREST RANGER .....HELEN LUKENS JONES.....OVERLAND**

Among all occupations requiring energy, alertness and skill none are more predominant with the poetry of picturesque life than that of our forest rangers, who, throughout the entire year, guard our noble forests from devastation by fire, as well as from myriads of other destructive elements, which, with covetous confusion, constantly haunt the rich, singing shadows of the woods.

When on patrol duty these woodland guardians are uniformed in dark blue, with gold buttons and straps bearing the insignia of their calling. Stout leggings and spiked boots terminate the outfit, while a broad hat adds picturesqueness. This costume gives the rangers a military appearance that people are bound to respect. When building trails and performing other rough tasks, unpretentious clothes that suit the work are substituted.

Forest rangers usually receive $2 a day for their services, and out of this they are expected to furnish their own horse, tent, provisions and culinary outfit. They are expected to have with them at all times, when away from their camp, their horse, shovels, axes and canteens, so that if a fire is discovered, they can get to it without delay, and have tools to work with and water to quench their thirst. It is the distinct understanding of the department that the forest rangers must remain permanently in the respective districts assigned to them by the supervisor, and faithfully patrol and guard their district during the summer season, when the danger of fire is great. The forest supervisor is not permitted to give forest rangers permission to leave their respective divisions, except in extreme cases of sickness.

When stationed at the mouths of ingress, rangers are obliged to take the name and address of all who enter the mountain life gates, to caution them to extinguish their camp fires before breaking camp, and explain to them the penalty of fine and imprisonment that will be imposed in case of carelessness. A new system is being inaugurated that will require all parties entering the mountains to obtain a permit, telling just where they will camp each night, so that the rangers in their rounds may visit their camp and see that all is right.

The supervisor of each district gives every ranger in his employ a card containing printed instructions, which are supposed to be followed implicitly. The rangers' most important duty is to keep vigilant outlook for fire, and in case a smoke is discovered they must hurry to the spot and extinguish the fire if possible. If they find it beyond their control they must exert every effort to procure help in sufficient force to stop the spread. They will ascertain, if possible, the cause of the fire, whether by some careless pleasure seeker or whether it has been wilfully set. They are expected to use diligence in ascertaining who are the responsible parties, and to keep an account of the place, date and approximate damage done, and report all these facts to their supervisor. Eventually telephone lines will be run into all the reserves, and through this means our forests will be more effectually guarded. Heretofore, when fire was discovered, it sometimes required two days to obtain help.

During the winter, when mountain travelers are usually snuggled away in their valley offices and homes, attending to business and social affairs, the rangers' energies are transferred from tourist espionage to more arduous tasks. They have to cut the brush away from old trails and, where necessary, improve them. They are also required to make new trails as indicated by the supervisor, and cut fire-breaks where necessary. These fire-breaks run down from the tops of the ridges like broad brown ribbons, and are made by clearing a space thirty or forty feet wide of all growth, so that when fire rushes furiously and expectantly from the cañon below, it will meet with such sturdy opposition that it will settle back in weary disgust. Eventually these fire-breaks will be conspicuous on every ridge in the reserves.

# Conditions of Success

## By Dr. Max Nordau*

It has become a commonplace that the great impulse to all human effort is hunger and love. This statement is true only regarding a certain phase of civilization. The daily bread and the woman are the aim of the toil and struggle of a man so long as he has not raised himself much over the level of animality. On a higher degree of development a third stimulus comes into play, in many men the strongest of all—Ambition. People desire to shine, to become famous; they desire to be admired, envied, imitated. Everybody strives to rise above the others, to overtake all competitors in the race of life, to win the first prize.

Nowhere is ambition so general and so boundless as in America. This is natural, for nowhere is the individual so highly differentiated as in America, nowhere is he so full of inborn energy, so rich in initiative, resource, optimism and self-confidence; nowhere is he so little tethered by pedantry, and nowhere are people so willing to recognize the value of a brilliant personality, however this may find expression. To this it must be added, that in America the instances in which men have risen from the most humble beginnings to the most fabulous destinies are more numerous and striking than anywhere else.

The Horatian *Aurea mediocritas* has nowhere so few partisans as in America. "Everybody ahead" is the national motto. I suppress intentionally the second half of the smart sentence. The universal idea of the American people seems to be success. The dream of success feeds the fancy of the child, hypnotizes the youth, gives the man temerity, tenacity, and perseverance, and only begins to become a matter of indifference under the sobering influence of advanced age.

If one were to ask a number of Americans what they imagine by success, one would evidently receive very different answers. Many would reply: Success means money. To be successful is synonymous with owning a palace, a yacht, a private Pullman car, with eating off gold plate, having the most expensive box in the Opera House, buying one's wife the largest diamonds in the market and one's daughter an English duke, or astonishing the world by the price of one's pictures, the number of one's pairs of trousers and the amount of one's stakes at poker.

This is, of course, the coarsest view of wealth. It does not go beyond the most brutal selfishness and the mental horizon of an illiterate publican. Men of higher intellectual and moral attainment who hunt after wealth dream of making a nobler use of their gold. For others, success means the esteem of their fellow-countrymen. They do not desire to present them with money, they desire to give them the work of their brains. Yet another category understand success in one shape only, as fame. To be known to the whole world—to find that one's name is a household word with all people of education—what "consummation devoutly to be wish'd!" a goal which seems higher and more comprehensive than that of the millionaire or the public man. For with fame, so at least those believe who strive for it, goes also pecuniary reward, and the respect and admiration of one's fellow-men.

To weigh the moral and material value of these material forms of success one against the other is clearly not easy.

There exists no common measure for them. Their proportional estimation depends upon the conception of the world and life, the temperament, the coarser or finer soul-fiber of the person estimating them. It will probably be most difficult to come to an agreement regarding the value of the ideal of those for whom success takes the form of a mountain of gold, because not many people have the moral courage to deal with the problem sincerely; in their hearts they probably all value wealth, but it is considered low-minded and vulgar to admit this, while it seems noble and superior to make a show of despising money.

Now, to despise money is very foolish, as it means to despise force, and force is the essence of the universe. Money in itself is nothing and means nothing. It is a mere symbol. It is a conventional representation of the whole of civilization. It virtually includes everything that up to this hour man has created with his many-sided mental and

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bodily efforts; what he has wrested from Nature in a struggle of giants of thousands of years, and has brought to a form suitable for human needs. At bottom one cannot blame the young man who, when he starts out on the race of life makes as his goal the milliards of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller. He can think out for himself a good or bad, a wise or foolish, a useful or harmful employ of them, and according to his choice will his ambition be attractive or repulsive.

Providence has happily arranged that trees do not reach the heavens. Great wealth can only be gained from man. It is never the prize of solitary contemplation or secluded work at the desk in the cosy study. One must go to seek it in the market-place, among the crowd. One must handle, outdo, overcome or crush innumerable people. One must be more clever, have more will power or be more artful than other men. This presupposes qualities which are not possessed by one man in a million. The young apprentice millionaire, when he is not a fool, soon sees that he is not cut in the material from which milliardaires are made. He calculates that on the whole there is no business which pays so little as the chase after the milliard, he abandons the race in time, before he breaks down, and devotes his energies to aims which are closer at hand, and reaches, not the fabulous milliards, but probably an honest competence.

The ambition to conquer a prominent situation in public life can be better encouraged. It is from its nature more moral than that for the mere possession of money. It is by definition social. The efforts it necessitates are compatible with health and happiness. It is true that here also we have the broad road and the narrow path. One can, in order to gain popularity, appeal to the bad instincts of the crowd as well as to the good. One may be the cad, parasite, and corrupter of the people, or its stern educator, warner, and critic. One can arrive at the Capitol through Tammany Hall or by heroism on Cuban battle-fields. Whoever is not an incurable pessimist will at least admit the possibility that honesty, firmness of character, sound common sense, public spirit, sympathy with one's fellow-man, a little geniality, and a little gift of the gab will sufficiently designate the possessor of these qualities, which are not over rare, even in their happy assemblage, to the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, to assure him a reasonable, if perhaps not phenomenal, success in public life. The greater the number of citizens who have this kind of ambition, the better for the community; for their fruitful emulation, when it is controlled by a well-developed public sense of morality, strengthens the national solidarity, and recruits constantly precious forces for the work of the commonweal. In the struggle for success of this order, disappointment is not probable, for if the competitors are many, so also are the prizes. Cæsar preferred to be the first in the village rather than the second in Rome. Now to be first in Rome is difficult enough, but the alternative leaves Cæsar the choice of 50,000 situations.

The thirst for fame seems to be the most ideal ambition. It is the most foolish of all. In no case is the appearance so different from the reality as in the case of celebrity. To him who does not possess it it seems the sum total of all that is splendid. He who, according to the general opinion of his contemporaries, possesses it, sees that it contains much more bitterness than satisfaction, and that it is not worth either a night's sleep or a day's effort. All that Falstaff said of honor, which replaces no lost limb and brings no dead to life, holds good of fame. What real use, what tangible advantage does it bring the celebrated man? His name is familiar to the world, but often enough the people who know it have no precise idea of the reason why they know it, and of the signification of the name.

It is exactly for this imaginary value, for fame, which neither offers the individual the tangible satisfactions of excessive wealth nor the community the advantage of the ambitious struggle for civic honors, that the most passionate greed exists.

This is easy to understand. The law of the least resistance explains the phenomenon.

The young man on the threshold of active life, who desires to become famous, naturally strikes upon the idea to try it by writing a book. He will become an author and win laurels with his pen. This requires the minimum of working capital and allows him to cling longest to subjective illusions.

Should the ambitious young man try for fame in a public career, he will soon be convinced that success cannot be attained by him if he has not the necessary qualities. He will fail at the polls; people will refuse to listen to his public speeches; he will return empty-handed from the hunt for office. That will, if he is at all capable of forming a judgment, open his eyes, and he will cease an effort which he is forced to see has no prospect of success.

Should he desire to become a milliardaire, every-day life will rapidly make it clear to him whether or not he has anything to hope for in this field. He will know at any minute the exact amount of his cash box. He will know what he is worth. Figures speak loudly and clearly and they will tell him if his efforts are bearing fruit or not. The man, on the contrary, who hopes to win fame with the pen can for a very long time, perhaps forever, waste his strength and his time without being forced to the admission that he has failed to find the proper way. In order to create an immortal masterpiece, all that is required is some paper, ink, and a pen. This represents a starting capital of say ten cents. So much even the poor street arab can find. It is true that to the writing material something must be added—Genius. But this the ambitious youth believes he possesses. He therefore sits down and writes. Let us assume the book is not so very bad, only mediocre; it is printed and comes on the market. The critics silence it to death—"Naturally, the conspiracy of silence!" The critic gives it a notice and says frankly that it would have been better left unwritten, without any loss to anybody and with distinct advantage to the author and publisher—"The critics are asses." The public refuses to buy the book—"They are fools; they are not ripe for my art or my wisdom." Thus can an author go for a whole lifetime, from failure to failure, without comprehending that the cause lies in himself. His self-consciousness resists every attack like an adamantine rock.

The number of these unhappy people is counted in the world by the hundreds of thousands. Their useless life-work represents a waste of energy of the worst kind. Had they no ambition, they would probably be of economic and moral value for themselves and the community. Had they not this passion for fame, they would probably in every walk of life meet with that moderate success that spells happiness. Whoever should find a means to convince this army of deluded dreamers that in the struggle in which they have engaged victory is a rare exception, and when it is really achieved has only an imaginary value, would be one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Literary ambition has one side to which I would like to draw special attention. It not only requires but the smallest capital, it seems also to impose the smallest measure of discipline. Any other work seems more jealous and tyrannical than literary work. I have already said that for a masterpiece of literature a sheet of paper, a pen and some ink suffices. This paper one can write upon at any time and in any place, in the garret or on the bench in the public promenade, by day or by night. The temptation is great to regard literary occupation as something that one can carry on as a by-occupation, in the pauses of work, in the night hours, on Sundays and holidays. It is a tempting thought for an impecunious but energetic youth that want of means is not a hindrance to the achieving of literary fame. He proudly proclaims, "I work by day to earn my bread, and by night to win fame,"

The formula is, however, a delusion. The sooner he gives it up, the better it will be for him who has selected it as his rule of life. The most ordinary common sense should teach everybody that it is quite hopeless with half one's strength and during the hours of fatigue after a long day's work to try to win prizes in a career that is open to every one, which for that reason is the most crowded, and where the competition is the keenest and most pitiless that can be imagined. In a horse-race a difference of a half pound may be decisive for the victory. A sleepless night would deprive a Derby favorite of all chance. In every sporting competition the greatest care is taken that the competitors are in the very best form and not handicapped by any fatigue, any preoccupation, any indisposition. But the same young man who would never dream of competing for a championship in some athletic sport after a day's work for his daily bread, because he knows that it would be ridiculous to measure himself against a trained, fresh, professional competitor, if he is not himself in equally good condition, will not hesitate under the same predisposition to take up the struggle for a literary prize.

This affirmation needs being qualified in one point only. Short, lyrical poems could, under such circumstances, as a matter of exception, be successfully composed, because in this case the inspiration is everything, and the elaboration demands less material work than a novel, a drama, or a great essay.

Good literary work suffers no other occupation beside it. Whoever is so poor that he must earn his bread by subaltern labor, will seek in vain to pursue fame in the night hours. He will not achieve celebrity, but will certainly endanger his health and shorten his life.

# The Moral Influence of the Theater

## By Mme. Sarah Bernhardt*

I have often heard people deny the moral influence of the theater, but I find it undeniable. This influence has existed from all time, and never in my opinion has it been anything but beneficial. Beneficial it must always be to see the evolution of the human soul, and the more intelligently this evolution of the human soul is shown, the more effectual is the lesson drawn by those privileged to witness it. We all know that a single illustration is worth more than a hundred axioms, and if only from this point of view the theater is a potent school of morality, and the awakening of sympathy by seeing the drama of the lives of others prevents the stultification arising from a self-centered life.

In spite of the tendency of certain *littérateurs* to lower this sublime art, it remains erect, alive, poetic, enchanting, evoking, and instructing. Yes, I maintain it is, above all, instructing; for the theater is not only a delightful pleasure—it is vivid and conclusive—vivid by force of the *mises en scène*, which intensify the emotions, and conclusive with the action, which marks a fact so much more than merely reading of it.

The theater is the temple of all the arts which beautify life, and it is in this that its power lies. For whereas a library, a picture gallery, or a concert hall, each enthroning its respective art, has each its particular admirers, the theater by the service of literature, the fine arts, and music, has a stronger claim upon human sympathy, and thus obtains a wider hearing.

To me the theater seems like a kaleidoscope whose moving facets show an attentive public the baseness, the crimes, the vices, the weaknesses of humanity, the faults of civilization, and the absurdities of society. And it is this same movement which, whilst showing the evil shows the cause of the evil, is such a fascinating feature of the theater. Thus the spectator, being brought face to face with his conscience, profits by the lesson given, and such spectators can be numbered by thousands.

It is quite certain that all spectators do not profit by the teaching of the theater to the same degree. The public is composed of heterogeneous elements; there are the intellectual, the skeptics, the simple, the material, and the impersonal. Well, I maintain that all find some instruction. The intellectual experience from the beginning a real pleasure in unraveling the idea of the author, in studying the philosophical side of the work. They seek to understand the state of mind of the characters presented to them, and they precede the course of the piece and arrive at the *dénouement* with the author. However, the work sometimes takes a different turn, and then the intellectual is taken aback at finding himself faced by a solution for which his logic had not prepared him. It is then quite an effort to follow the author's conclusions. But as the intellectual man is honest, independent, and not one-sided, he sees that the author has extended his subject beyond what he had thought possible, and he feels that it is only a case of a march having been stolen upon him. Then he gives all the force of his intelligence to the comprehension of the new view, he diligently weighs all the circumstances of the case, and after deep study of this other side of the question, he acknowledges the justice of the author's conclusion, and has thereby learnt a lesson. The skeptics are perhaps those who interest themselves most in fresh ideas for the pure joy of first utterly refuting them, and then contesting them. But the skeptics do their part in the progress of art, for the very heat of their opposition forwards the fruit of success, and the zest with which they oppose an original idea proves propagating to the doctrine.

Nothing is so chilling to art as neglect, and at least the skeptics do not sin in this respect—their interest is very sincere albeit unsympathetic. In spite of what skeptics may think I believe that they learn a lesson even in the struggle against ideas which they cannot accept and useful as they may believe themselves to be in combatting unfamiliar ideas, their very objections from the old points of view often serve but to throw fresh light upon the new. They illustrate the truth of the old German proverb, "One man's opinion is no opinion, we must hear that of two."

*Cornhill.

The *naïfs* are a more simple class. They take all for Gospel truth; they see nothing of the philosophy of the work, but they reflect the same emotions; and they vow to avoid the circumstances which would put them in a similar situation—they have learnt their lesson, and it is a refreshing one.

The uncultured only see the brutal fact, they ignore the *why*, they are oblivious of the *because*, they do not reason about the conclusion, they have simply been struck by the fact. And as a blow leaves its mark, the fact leaves a recollection, and the lesson is in proportion to the power of the mind. Everything is relative, is it not?

Then there is the public, so impersonal and impulsive when it is a question of art that it never errs. Pliable and easily led in matters of politics or religion, it is incapable of discovering truth for itself, it has no capacity for search, but it has a true instinct for the recognition of what is presented as true, and this recognition, I repeat, is unerring with respect to art. Hence it is the public which profits the most by the benefits and the evocative instruction of the theater. It harnesses itself to the chariots of the elect and transports them through the winds and storms of opposition to the peaceful plains of approbation. The public represents the mind in its natural condition—generous, ingenuous, susceptible, and open to every noble and idealistic appeal. Free of all *arrière-pensées* of jealousy or malice, it responds at once to the appeal of a fine sentiment. The public is always the first to recognize a great actor, and the way in which it enters into a piece is so pure, so amusing, so perfect. The evidence of its acceptance of the lesson of the drama is seen in the simple way it hisses vice, applauds virtue, and bewails misfortune.

Then what intense pleasure we have in seeing an historical piece well played! Not only do the characters act, walk and talk before our eyes in the costumes they wore at the time, but we see them surrounded by the objects which were dear to them, and moving about amid furniture familiar to their age. Seeing an historical character represented thus in his own atmosphere is naturally of tenfold more interest than merely reading in history a bald account of the life of the person in question. The mere mention of the deed which made him celebrated makes but little impression on us, and it would require much research to form a correct idea of his habits, character, and tastes, whereas the immediate insight given thereto on the stage makes us at once feel in sympathy with him.

The theater is a temple in which the adepts cherish the sacred fire of art—Art under all its forms, Art in all its manifestations. Art, and her younger sister Science, seem to me the two mighty creations of the human race—the sublimest manifestations of the goodness of the Creator. Art and science seem to me as necessary to life as air, water, and sun. Science prolongs life, and art intensifies and charms it! What pleasure would there be in living a few more years if these years were not enriched a hundredfold by our faculties of admiration? Art gives the joy of life. Science withdraws the fear of death. Joy gives health, and health gives good-will. Science and art are the beneficial sources of human existence. Let me now enlarge a little upon these axioms, which may not commend themselves to all.

Not long ago I heard that a man well known in political life, and not without fame as an author, wrote to a friend saying:

> When I see how perfectly you are in accord with my sense of duty to my country, and with my ideal of life, I am happy, in spite of all that the materialists may say. But I sometimes fear that we may be but two fanatics for the ideal. However, is not our ideal the life eternal, sweet, enriched, and full of joy?

All art, I say, which echoes sentiments as exalted as that of this writer is fine, for is it not in the representation of such sentiments upon the stage that the faith is strengthened, and one no longer feels alone? Is it not, as this man evidently means, enough to make one think oneself mad if one's ideas are never echoed and one speaks a language that is not understood? Then it is that art plays her part, when she proves that, even if misunderstood in this world, patriotism and self-sacrifice still belong to the things everlasting.

The theater has been instructive from all time, and it is ever the scene of progress, revolutionary, artistic, and poetic. The theater is the most direct and simple medium of fresh ideas on philosophy, morality, religion, and society. I believe that this century, which seems to be the era of liberty, has many surprises in store for us, and the theater will be the medium of such surprises. When the time is ready for the fruition of an idea which has been slowly and silently circulating in the hearts of reformers, it is the stage which is the scene of its exhibition to the world. *C'est le ridicule qui tue*, and this power of presenting the ridiculous as well as the baneful

side of a system is a sure means of gaining the support of the public for its reform.

The theater is a need of all nations, of all races, of all beings. One must love the theater. All young and vigorous races love it. Look at young America—she adores the theater and the theater loves her. All celebrated artists, all *littérateurs* and interpreters of art drift to that land of liberty, beauty, and life. I know many people say that when there we pick up more dollars than laurels, but they are mistaken, it is quite a false idea. The Americans are good judges and reckoners, and they do not cast away their money recklessly upon *littérateurs*, musicians, and dramatists without an adequate return for their money; and they are devoted to the theater. They are the ever-rejuvenating public. They form endless audiences. The great cities are countless, the small towns are larger than our great towns—and they represent the youth, the enthusiasm, and the force of fresh blood. They never hesitate to rush at a new emotion —they never weigh the "for" and the "against." The fact is everything—they see first and judge afterwards; and they return constantly, or never come back again, according to whether they have been pleased or not. The English people, this race of strength and reserve, they also love the theater, and they take it very much *au sérieux*. They give themselves some trouble to go and see a piece of particular interest, they discuss it, they think about it, and they really consider it an important matter.

No country has been more sympathetic to me than England, and in spite of the coldness of which the English are accused, I have had no cause to complain of any want of warmth in my receptions. The English, too, are faithful in their attachments, and once they discover power in an artist, they are true to their admiration for this power, and speaking from my own experience England always seems with regard to me to exhibit the perfect *entente cordiale* between the French and English which the Society of that name strives to express, at whose *soirée* I assisted in London. Nothing is more touching than the proud and ardent affection of the English for Shakespeare. This fine race never hesitates to class their poet with all the great men of all nations, and doubtless they are right, and I myself am one of his greatest admirers for was he not the great initiator of the present power of the stage? "Shakespeare is often felt to be the invisible and latent link between us and other lands," said a well-known Englishman to me one day, and I think that this superior man was right. It is sad, very sad to have to say that the Latin races are those who have the least love for the theater, and it may be due to the indisputable fact that these same races are struggling against decadence.

The French seem to like going to the theater merely to amuse themselves, if it is not a question of going elsewhere. They go to see each other, to admire the actors, to see the dresses, to chat with their friends, but as to a real passion for the theater, they are destitute of it. They do not concern themselves seriously with the quality of a drama or a piece, at least, unless they have some purely personal interest in it. Nevertheless, France retains the place of honor for literary works, albeit the sowers of fresh ideas have often to seek the fruit of their seed in other lands.

Ah! the beautiful theater! it is there that our educators should be sent, for it is there that they would see the mistakes into which they too often fall. What a lesson might they not learn from the evolution of the character of La Fille Sauvage! And to go from France to Scandinavia, could not a useful lesson be drawn from The Doll's House, by Ibsen? How powerfully does the great master portray the evolution, or rather the want of evolution, in a young girl always treated as a child, and brought up with mere doll's-house ideas! Ignorant of the dignity of morality, is it a wonder that the forgery of a signature suggests no question of moment? Her ideas have been so dwarfed that she can see nothing beyond the superficial facts of life—their consequences are unexplored, so the logical consequence of such an unevolutionary education is the laxity of the moral sense which leads to criminality. And it is this power of showing the rational outcome of environment which gives such force to dramatic art. It has a thousand facets, each one more interesting than the other. Then is it not to dramatic art that we owe the revelation to the public of characters who would otherwise have remained hidden in the musty archives of history?

Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas *père* have all resuscitated heroes whose past existence would only have been made known to us by a few hasty lines. What should we have known of Macbeth had not Shakespeare made him a living being for us? And to come to the great dramatist and poet of our own tim

and my own land, what did we know of the Duc de Reichstadt before Edmond Rostand vivified him for us in l'Aiglon? This son of the great Napoleon was a mere name, a cipher, and it was with almost a sigh of contempt that we thought that the King of Rome had given no sign of inheriting his great parent's character. But as we see Rostand's piece all is changed. We see a delicate lad pining like an eagle with clipped wings in his enforced inactivity; our hearts beat with sympathy as he kindles at his first hearing of his father's brave deeds; we understand his keen desire to escape from Austria and be with his own dear French; we tremble with eagerness as he tries to effect his escape to his own country, and we feel he is a worthy son of his father when, implored to save himself at the expense of another, he exclaims, "*Partir c'est abdiquer mon âme.*" Is not a debt of gratitude due to the theater for making us realize Napoleon II.?

# Outlines

## By H. Giffard Ruffe*

Veiled in the mists of dim past ages, remote as stars whose beams still wait on Time to reach our planet, we see faint outlines of the mighty workings of that "Infinite and Eternal energy from which all things proceed." We see the patient weaver at his loom, whose shuttle has woven on with woof and warp out of the eternal past to weave on forever into all eternity. Time is limitless as space, and nature, serving herself with lavish hand, has moved majestically from æon to æon, leaving a thousand evidences to bear witness to her stately march of progress.

A little powdered chalk reveals to us myriads of minute shells once inhabited by living organisms (Foraminifera) who crowded the upper waters of primeval oceans; through countless centuries they lived and died, leaving their shells to fall one by one to the ocean floor and there build up colossal masses of white rock; a fragment of weather-beaten limestone from yonder high crag shows a surface thick with shells and corals; long hidden forms of strange fantastic creatures all remain to bear witness to those past, distant cycles, when nature's guiding hand led the young earth slowly onward. Step by step she mounted, order and harmony following in her train, until, at last, out of the mingling of blind forces there awoke something almost divine, hitherto unknown, that which we call consciousness, a child of yesterday as compared with the eternal laws which gave it birth.

Man's place on the planet touches man's insignificance in point of time, but endowed with celestial flame, he has been urged upward and onward, slowly at first, but with ever-growing swiftness, in his course performing feats of magic, until to-day he sees himself "the apex and the crown of all." From his lofty pinnacle he proclaims his greatness and his worth, proudly he boasts his progress, subjugates the elements to his imperious needs, encroaches upon the silent majesties of time and space, while, like some graceless usurper, he binds the hands and stifles the voice of the great benefactress who lifted him to power.

Along the quiet by-ways, far from the rush and clamor of modern life, silent dwellers stand watching. In solitude they "see visions and hear voices," which are lost amid the rush and bustle of the crowd. They see nature, the great beneficent Earth-Mother, slighted and scorned; they see her, too, pitiless as death itself, calmly seeking vengeance. Already the sweets are in her mouth to be followed by a feast to satiety.

Urged on by his insentient vanity, man has grown calmly to disregard the great immutable laws of nature, unheedingly he sweeps aside those silent forces which have ministered to his greatness, he, the offspring of harmony and order, out of the fathomless ages. We who look out fearlessly on truth see him in the toils, struggling vainly in the meshes of a network of his own making; out of harmony with his environment, helpless in the face of the demands and exigencies of modern life altogether beyond his poor human strength, and well might he despair were he not blinded to his pitiful plight by his own fatuous folly.

Fear, chill as the mists of early dawn, strikes to our hearts when we contemplate the awful

*Westminster Review

misery and suffering which is meted out to human millions by those who gladly sacrifice on the altar of the modern monster, proudly named "Civilization." Here we see a man equipped with sensibilities acute as sharpened steel, delicate as nature's finest web, set in a reluctant body, which serves but grudgingly a mind kindled to flaming point. Whirled hither and thither, amid a rush and turmoil past bearing, he cries despairingly: "Who sees the wider but to sigh the more. Most progress is most failure," and drops heavily to oblivion. There a young girl of soft, fair beauty comes into being only to wage grim warfare against poverty and starvation. Out of a hovel, loathsome and hideous, she creeps forth into the house of toil. There the white slaves gather, there hunger, misery and despair serve the great wheels, driven to satisfy the implacable demands for wanton luxury. Out of the shrouded glooms of driving rain a pitiful figure emerges, a woman wearied and stained. To her breast she clasps a tiny burden, her pinched wan face, eyes sunken and lusterless, blurred to dimness by heavy tears, poor strained lips, all tell a woeful tale. Her skirts, heavy with wet, swish sullenly as she moves away. Presently she climbs the parapet and sinks quietly into a watery embrace, which swiftly calms all her needs.

The plight of a little child wakes pity to fierceness, so small and helpless a thing it seems to have been, so cruelly used of fortune. The tiny body, the shrunken and wizened limbs, show a mere framework. A delicate tracery of blue veins alone marks its waxen whiteness, the thin fluttering breath sobs hesitatingly from between parched baby lips. Big glazed eyes, starting from deep sunken sockets, look out upon what has been a world of woe to its poor, dim consciousness. It came to being, only to know starvation. Such things and worse are common as falling leaves in autumn. And yet men boast.

Medical science prates of its achievements, assures us death is painless, promises us immunity from physical suffering. But we recall, perhaps, long torturing years, spent in the valley of the dark shadow, along with horror and agony unspeakable, as we watched over a dear one fallen victim to the modern curse of cancer. And then what availed our prayers, our entreaties, for a little mercy from God or man. Silence and impotence alone answered us.

And what has man to say in face of these hideous assailants to our peace. It should be common knowledge that cancer, insanity, suicide, and chronic alcoholism have seized us in an iron grip. Year by year, silently, remorselessly, they steal a march on science, embracing an ever-increasing number of victims, and baffling all efforts to stem their ravages.

The patient seeker after truth learns, too, that in poverty, cruelty, hardship, in these increasing figures lie the outward and visible signs of man's violation of the great laws of nature. Along with humanity in the so-called march of progress and civilization these grim specters stalk. As the struggle grows fiercer and more increasing, so man, wearying of perpetual toil and strife, falls an easy prey to these fell foes, always and ever on the alert.

And yet the pulse of life beats high toward hope. The shattering of bright dreams has left the ardent youth eager still for goodness; fearlessly he has let fall the garments of delusion and superstition which bound him in the past, "heavy as frost and deep almost as life." Untrammelled by convention and prejudice, he may face life boldly, seek for himself "the mystic vision pure from all delusion free," and realizing the truth through sacrifice and renunciation, may yet bring humanity into harmony with its environment, into harmony with the great eternal laws of nature. It is to the young, to the enthusiastic, the parents of the future, that we must turn to cure a sick world, if remedy there be. Knowledge is power, and in education, based on the lines of truth and righteousness, must lie the salvation of the human race.

It may be that a period of "sturm und drang" is ahead of the human race, that a conflict unparalleled in its fierceness may arise between man and man, and, according to the outcome, so will humanity move forward to well-being and contentment, or rush blindly on to destruction and despair. Let all those who elect to become the champions of truth remember that no reward is offered except the reward of their own consciences. And let them, whatever may befall them, take comfort by the following passage gathered from the noblest of English thinkers:*

"Not as adventitious therefore will the wise man regard the faith that is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well—if not—well also; though not so well."

*Herbert Spencer

# From Reykjavik to Gloucester

## By James B. Connolly

The following story is taken from Mr. James B. Connolly's book Out of Gloucester.* Justice to the author demands that it be stated that omissions have necessarily been made in places.

Elevated above the head of a deep wharfslip, low flanked by a ship-chandler's shop to one side and a sail-maker's loft to another, commanding a fine view of the docks and harbor beneath, and of the bay beyond, perched up where nothing coming or going past Eastern Point will fail to be noticed—this is the lookout tower of the Great Eastern Fish Company of the port of Gloucester, which, be it known, is the first fish mart of our country. In the official bulletins of the company this place is known as the "Observatory," but in the every-day speech of the fisherman it is better and more fittingly described as the "Crow's Nest."

It is the business of the lookout on duty to take his station in front of the window and watch for incoming vessels. If it is a fine day like this one, he will hoist the window-sashes back to the pulleys, push forward his chair, and rest his feet on the rail. When he sights an inbound fisherman, he will identify her at the earliest possible moment, and make immediate report of same to the office.

Their business, as has been said, is to make early report of incoming vessels. They do that very well, and it is for that they are paid; but their pleasure and their most arduous occupation lies in the absorbing art of conversation. In the skillful development of this faculty they are aided by a volunteer staff of regular callers, who much prefer to put in time at this congenial observatory than to attend to any fatiguing business that might arise to meet them were they to stroll incautiously along the wharves.

"I say, Peter," inserted a subtle one, who measured exactly the temper of the sage in the chair, and was eager to forward the psychological moment, "was Wesley Marrs such a devil for driving, after all?"

"Devil? He was all the devils, when it came to carryin' sail. Now, I was with him three years. My last trip, when I fell from the masthead in among the gurry kids and broke my knee-cap, I was with Wesley Marrs in the

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"THE CROW'S NEST"

Lucy Foster. I'm telling you this man'd spread a whole mains'l to a gale as quick as your wife or mine'd hang out a bed-sheet to the sun. When a sail went into the air—busted—Wesley used to follow it with his eyes and then say, surprised-like: 'Don't it beat h——l the rotten canvas they puts on vessels these days.'"

"You must have been with him, Peter, when that record run was made from Iceland—when the Lucy and the English yacht had their big race."

"Was I? Twenty-eight hundred miles, they call it, from Rikievik to Gloucester, and the Lucy came down in nine days and ten hours. That's going, people for any vessel; but this one that time had her hold full of fletched halibut."

"What was it brought him along so fast?"

"Well—I guess wind had as much to do with it as anything. Just plain wind, out of the bosom of the North Atlantic, and p'raps a little just a little of Wesley Marr's drivin' her."

"Who beat?" interjected a voice that should never have been allowed to disturb the silence of this generally well-posted company.

"Who beat?" echoed Peter in scorn. "And when'd you get in and where'd you get your fish?"

*Out of Gloucester James B. Connolly. N. Y.: Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"I say, Peter," put in the subtle questioner on whom devolved the duty of holding the story to its course "were you there when the match was made?"

"Was I? You know how he'd be likely to carry on talkin' 'bout his vessel. The swell-dressed Englishman was takin' it all in. We didn't know who he was, though we suspicioned he was English every time we looked at him. At last he mixes in. He says:

"'Excuse me, but I gather you are fishermen up here for halibut?'

"'You're right,' says Wesley.

"'From the States?'

"'From America? Yes—from Gloucester.' says Wesley.

"'Ah, from Gloucester. Fine, able fishermen from there, I hear'—he kind of drawled his words out—'hardy, courageous, fine, able seamen——'

"'And fine, able vessels,' says Wesley, warmin' up right away. We guessed easy enough what was in Wesley's mind. Somebody or other'd been writing stories 'bout Gloucester fishermen 'bout that time and putting them in the old-style pinkies and square-ended tubs that was the fashion when some of your fathers and mine went to sea. I never yet went among strangers in any of the new vessels that they didn't seem to be surprised at the build of our vessels, and, of course, the Lucy Foster and a few others of that model struck 'em dumb. Anyway, to get along with the story, the Englishman was surprised to hear that the Lucy was a fisherman—he'd an eye for fine vessels, y'see—and had noticed her in the harbor. But he didn't know much about our kind of people.

"Then the Englishman told his story. He owned the big schooner yacht, the all-white fellow with the varnished top-rails and yellow stripe along the run. We'd had an eye on her, by the way, and a handsome craft she was. That was his cruiser. He'd come in the day before from some queer place on the coast of Norway, and he didn't see anything in Rikievik to hold him. He was bound for America next.

"Well, he was a pretty hot sport, this one, and you all know the kind of a boy Wesley used to be when anybody spoke against his Lucy. They had an argument, back to the days of the old America and all that. Finally, they 'greed to race to Gloucester. The Englishman said he'd just as leave run into Gloucester, so long as it was so handy to Boston.

"This Englishman was all right. He says about the money: 'Your word is sufficient for me, Captain. Men that look like you will pay up. If you lose, you pay over a thousand dollars. If I lose, I pay over to you a thousand, to settle as soon as both boats get into Gloucester. And in the matter of time allowance—the Bounding Billow, you must have noticed, is half as big again as you are. She isn't loaded down like you, and I can afford to give it. She has never been beaten at ocean racing, by the way, and I am willing to give you time allowance for our larger measurement.'

"'To hell with time allowance!' says Wesley. 'When fishermen race, they all start together. And first vessel home wins. You're a little longer and more beam and draft—let it go. And's for being loaded down—the Lucy could stow away half as many more halibut, and I wish she had it, the way halibut's been this summer. Don't worry about the Lucy. Those couple of hundred thousand of fletched halibut down below'll just give her a grip on things—sort o' stiffen her up and keep her from layin' over too much when it comes to blow—and it's coming to blow, or I don't know. There'll be wind stirrin' before you or me see Eastern Point, and the vessel that'll carry the sail'll be the lad for the trip. I tell you, man, with all of these September gales coming our way, you won't think you're yachting off Cowes. I hope your gear's been overhauled lately,' says Wesley, and with that they left to get things ready.

"There was a gentle gale stirrin' from the no'th'ard when we sailed out of Rikievik next day—Friday. Wesley liked the look o' things pretty well. We put out behind the Englishman, him under two-reefed mains'l and the Lucy under a single reef—two jibs and whole fores'l, both of us. That was along 'bout dark. Wesley didn't make any attempt to push by the yacht—just laid to wind'ard of her. He did love to get to wind'ard of a vessel—lay off her quarter and watch her. And for most of the rest of that night we stayed there so.

"When the sun ought to have been pretty near to showin' up again, Wesley says: 'Boys, I can't see but what Lucy's holdin' her own, and I guess we'll wear off to the east'ard just a little. We might's well get out of sight of this fellow quick's we can now. I've a notion, too, this breeze'll be coming from the quarter before a great while, and there's nothing the Lucy likes quite so well as to take it just a trifle slanting when it blows.'

"I don't know whether the Bounding Billow people saw us get away or not—p'r'aps they didn't care. Anyway, they didn't come after us. We sunk their port light down after day-

light, and by good sun-up there wasn't a sail of her in sight.

"Well, it didn't come to blow same's Wesley thought it would and, nacherally, he was roarin' 'round fine. We shook out the reef in the main-s'l before noon-time of that first day, and later we set both tops'ls and that whoppin' gauze balloon of the Lucy's. And she carried 'em easy, too. We warn't loafing altogether; we was makin' nine knots right straight along. But that wasn't pleasing Wesley.

"Next day and the next it was the same story and part of the next day it was lighter yet. We hove the log, and got only eight knots for twenty-four hours hand-runnin'. Then, almost all at once, from a nice summer breeze it jumped to a gale. And it was a gale—one of those healthy, able zephyrs that makes up North there and gets a good runnin' start afore it tears things loose in the forties.

"Whoo-o-ish it whistled! A regular old buster of a no'theaster—whoo-o-ish! —and Wesley lancin' on and off the break while he watched it comin' on. 'm thinkin',' he says, 'we can stow some of those summer kites for a while. Might put the tops'ls in gaskets, boys, and that balloon in tops. We won't be likely to need them any more this trip. This is the breeze I've been waiting for—struck in a little late, but it'll make up for lost time soon.'

"And it sure was making up for lost time. The mains'l pretty soon had to be tucked up, and the next day tucked again. And before other day we had to take it in altogether, get the trys'l out the hold and fit that on. Now, you know it was blowing some when Wesley Marrs had the Lucy under a trys'l and a yachtin' fellow somewhere 'round racing him for a thousand dollars a side; and, what was more, the name of the thing after they got into Gloucester.

"We went that way for thirty-odd hours, and Wesley was almost satisfied. 'Maybe,' says he, 'if this fine breeze holds, we'll make up for those yachtin' days in the fifties. What kind of weather, fellows, do you s'pose the Bounding Billow's making of it? Think now she's handling it like the Lucy; hay? I'd give something to know if she's carryin' a whole fores'l and both jibs right now. Boys,' he says, 'but this is fine weather! In forty-eight hours, and this fine breeze holds, we'll be raisin' Thatcher's twin lights!' Wesley was mighty well satisfied with the way things was lookin' just then.

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LEAPIN' FROM THE TOP OF ONE SEA TO THE TOP OF ANOTHER

"That was Friday night, late. After midnight it was, for I went on watch at twelve o'clock. I remember well Wesley and MurdieGreenlaw at the wheel when I came out of the cabin door to go for'ard. We was driving through it and she layin' over. Man, but she was layin' over! I'll tell you how she was layin' over. That very afternoon it was that Billie Henderson had walked along her weather run from her stern to her fore-rigging. You've heard of that trick, some of you. Yes, sir—we had a line on him in case he slipped—that's the truth.

"Well, it must have been getting on toward one o'clock, for I was figuring on being called aft to take the wheel for my second hour, and then in one more hour a fellow could go below and dry off and have a good sleep. We were driving through it—two jibs, fores'l and trys'l.

We hadn't seen the top of her port rail for more than two days; and this was one of those nights when the water gets full of phosphorus. It'd been a new moon gone down, and rain that morning, and you all know how the water fires after rain and a new moon. It was fair afire now. And the Lucy! She was leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another. We made a lane you could see for a cable length behind, and there was blue smoke, I swear, coming from each side.

"Her nose would poke under and we would get it all over. I had my elbow crooked in the fore-rigging, so I wouldn't wash off. When she'd rise, she'd throw the water over her shoulder, and it'd run the whole length of her deck and race over the taffrail. That was only the spray, mind you. She was taking it over the rail all the time, besides, as if she had no rail at all. The skipper and Murdie at the wheel must've been pulp. Three or four others were in the waist—five or six men besides the skipper had to be on deck all the time. We was all in oil-skins and red-jacks, of course, and we was all properly soaked.

"Well, we was whoopin' along; we'd just shot by some lumberin' old tramp steamer that was making awful bad weather of it, and somebody in the waist'd just called out, 'We're this far, anyway, thank the Lord.' The cook had his head out the fo'c's'le gangway—just a narrow slit to sing out to us on deck—when we saw the skipper jump into the main riggin' and look ahead, and then jump back on deck again as if he saw a ghost. He hollers:

"'If there ain't the Englishman ahead, and carryin' a two-reefed mains'l! A two-reefed mains'l, and goin' like a liner! I'll be damned if I'll stand on the deck of the Lucy Foster and see the Bounding Billow beat her home. I'll bust the Lucy's spars, but I'll beat him. Bend on the stays'l. I guess the Lucy can carry as much sail as that window-frame boat. Bend on that stays'l.'

"You can bet that shook the boys up. A stays'l! And her planks rattlin' then! Dan Ross—most of you know Dan—big Dan, that was lost on the Fredonia afterward—Dan was nearest me under the weather rail. He says, 'I'll fix that stays'l.' And he did fix her, as he thought. He yanks the halyards loose and they goes flyin' aloft. We could just make them out slinging between the fore and main rigging, like long devils, with the block on the end.

"Dan hollers out: 'Stays'l halyard-ends loose and can't get hold of 'em—they're aloft.'

"The skipper says: 'Go after them.'

"Dan roars back: 'What do you take me for?'

"'For a man,' hollers the skipper; 'but I guess I was mistaken.'

"'Show me a man crazy enough to go after them,' says Dan.

"'Here's one,' roars the skipper, and so help me, if he didn't start aloft. Blowing? My blessed soul, we needed cotton hooks to hang on by! The boys was curled up under the wind'ard rail with their fingers into the ring-bolts. And up went Wesley Marrs—to looard, mind you. And, however he managed it—we couldn't half make out what he was doing up there—but he got hold of them.

"Down he comes with the ends fast around his waist. 'Here,' he says to Dan, 'take hold of that.' He unwound about two fathom of it. 'That's one end of the stays'l halyards you run aloft a little while back. That snaps into the after upper corner of the stays'l, so long as we got to make things plain to you. And this'—he gave him the other end—'this is what you haul on. Is that plain enough? Then see if you can hang on to it, so's better men than yourself won't have to go aloft in a gale to get them down again. Now, then, up with that stays'l. Call all hands for'ard there, cook—and call all hands aft there, Murdie—and up with that stays'l! Up with it.'

"And up she went. Such a slattin' afore we got her up! But she got there—and then! I she was leapin' before, she was high-diving now The water was firing like I was telling you, firing like an ocean of big diamonds and white sulphur mixed, and there was that blue smoke you could almost smell coming out from both sides of her wake. I misdoubted if we'd ever get home. If I'd had a knife handy, you have seen the stays'l go into the sky. But didn't have a knife, nor nobody else on deck and all we could do was to hope we'd get in walk down Main street just once again, a swearin' we'd never ship another trip with the crazy Wesley Marrs, so long's we lived again Yes, sir; that was an awful run home. We carried our stays'l past the Point. And there the same Lucy and the same Wesley Marrs coming in the dock there now."

"And what happened to the Bounding Billow? Did you pass her?"

"The Bounding Billow? Hell, no. We got Monday morning at five o'clock. There was any Bounding Billow in sight that night—one of them ghost dreams of Wesley's. Englishman didn't get along till about middle of the week."

# The Origin of the English Theater

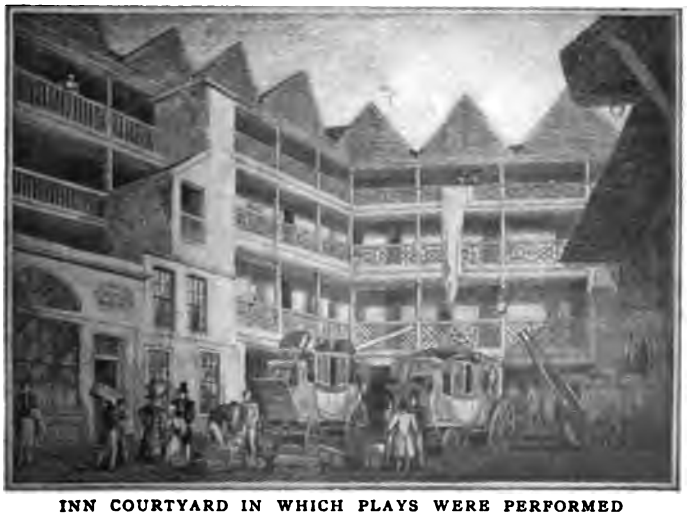
## By Sidney Lanier

The following little romance is taken from Sidney Lanier's lectures on Shakespeare and His Forerunners.* Mr. Lanier never showed himself more a poet than in these very papers in which he has clothed the facts of the Elizabethian stage with rare poetic fancy. In order to show the beginning of the theater, Mr. Lanier's method was to make a "romance in which, taking Shakespeare for a hero, he proposed to weave a picture of his contemporary." The episodes which follow treat of the youth Shakespeare, who has just been to Kenilworth to see Leicester's entertainment to the queen.

Let us now fancy that after having beheld this scene, Shakespeare returned to his home, to give an account of his adventures to his parents. But on his way back he could not forbear going by Warwick, the county town, only four miles from Kenilworth, where a great crowd of the country people, anxious to get a sight of Queen Bess, had collected, to remain during the nineteen days throughout which the Kenilworth festivities lasted. Of course Shakespeare knew that in such a crowd all manner of jugglers and players would be found driving their trades. He is mad to see one of the plays. So, as soon as he canters into Warwick, he makes for the inn. Here he finds that at three o'clock in the afternoon some strolling players are to perform an interlude of John Heywood's, called The Four P's. The hour which is to pass before they begin seems like an eternity to the boy; but it finally expires, and at the first sounding of the horn he pays his penny and passes into the yard of the inn. As you walk with him into this yard you see the original model upon which our modern theaters are built. The innyard of the time was a sort of inner court, inclosed by the rooms of the inn, which looked down upon it, with balconies running along each side.

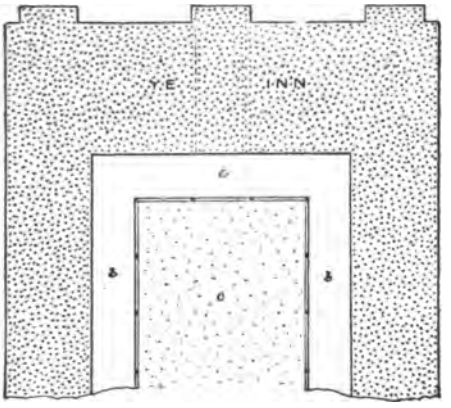
Shakespeare stands on the ground of the yard, along with most of the audience. Here you see the original of two terms afterward in very common use: when Shakespeare speaks of a passage which tickles the ears of the groundlings, he means by "groundlings" those who stood on the ground in what was long called the yard, even in the theaters, but afterward came to be known as the pit. The players are on the balcony at the rear; more pretentious visitors among the audience are seated in the rooms, here on the sides and at the back of the yard, looking through the windows at the performance; hence in Shakespeare's time the "boxes," as we call them, and loges of the theaters built in London were called "rooms." At the time when young Shakespeare is going into this inn-yard, *i. e.*, in 1575, you should remember, no theaters are built. It was not until the following year, 1576, that James Burbage erected the first theater in London. But, as I said, while the common sort are here standing in the yard of the inn, and more pretentious ones are in the rooms, the gallants and high-fliers are seated on stools on the balcony or stage, right in the midst of the players. Presently the horn sounds for the third time, and this is the signal for the performance to begin.

This interlude, The Four P's, by the way, represents the spirit of the first formal English comedy. It was written probably as early as 1530, and when Shakespeare was beginning to write



INN COURTYARD IN WHICH PLAYS WERE PERFORMED

*Shakespeare and His Forerunners. Sidney Lanier N.Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co 2 vols.




A, END BALCONY USED AS STAGE; B, SIDE BALCONY USED BY GENTRY; C, COURTYARD USED BY THE COMMON PEOPLE

in 1598, decidedly better plays in form were being produced here and there; but it fairly represents the plays we may regard as formative in Shakespeare's plastic time, the kind of play he would have been likely to see in the inn-yards of Coventry and Warwick and Stratford when he was a boy.

* * * * * * * *

It was just about this time that a furious debate broke out in England upon the matter of playgoing and plays generally. The quarrel had been smoldering for some years. As early as 1572 Parliament had passed an act which declared that "All Fencers Bearewardes Common Players in Enterludes and Minstrels" were "Roges Vacabounds and Sturdye Beggers" unless they belonged to some "Baron of this Realme or to any other honourable Personage of greater Degree." Upon conviction of anyone as a "Roge" or "Vacabound," within the meaning of this act, he or she—for the act applied to male or female alike—was for the first offense "to be grevously whipped, and burnte through the gristle of the righte Eare with an hot Yron of the compasse of an Ynche aboute, manifestynge his or her rogyshe kinde of Lyef." A third offense was punished with death without benefit of clergy or sanctuary.

Three years later—that is, in the same year of the Kenilworth reception—the Corporation of London expelled all players from the city. This severe measure, however, as often happens, had an effect precisely opposite to its intent. It increased the evil which it sought to diminish. The players, as I showed, had been accustomed to performing in the yards of the inns about London. But, being now banished from the city, they defiantly determined to go on playing as near the city as possible; and so the players proceeded to erect special buildings for their purpose just outside the city limits. Thus the banishing edict of the London Corporation, instead of suppressing the drama, really developed it, and gave us the first theater building in England. In the following year three theaters were erected, all within a short distance of the boundaries of London; one was called "The Theater," one "The Curtain," and a third "The Blackfriars." The latter was built by John Burbage, father to that Richard Burbage who was the friend and fellow-actor of Shakespeare.

This bold act of the players in setting up gorgeous theaters under the very noses of their worships, the London burghers, loosed a prodigious flood of debate over the drama which can scarcely be said to have ended even at the present day. The clergy began a furious attack on the stage. In the very next year, 1577, we find Wilcocks preaching a sermon at Paul's Cross in which he ascribed the awful calamity of the plague which had been devastating London to this fearful sin of the theaters about the city. "Looke," he cries, "but upon the common playes in London, and see the multitude that flocketh to them; . . . beholde the sumptuous theater houses, a continual monument of London's prodigaliti and folly. But I understande they are now forbidden by cause of the plague. . .

The cause of plagues is sinne, if you look to it well; and the cause of sinne are playes; therefore the cause of plagues are playes."

This debate produced many celebrated works. But the most powerful and in many respects the most interesting work against the theater was Stephen Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, entered at Stationers' Hall in 1579. Gosson, a Kent man, had gone up to London and had taken to acting and to writing plays when he was still a mere boy. His prematurity can be inferred from the fact that he had acted, had produced at least three plays had seen the error of his course, had resolved to quit playing and expose the abuses of the stage, and had written the Schoole of Abuse for that purpose, all by the time he was twenty-four years of age.

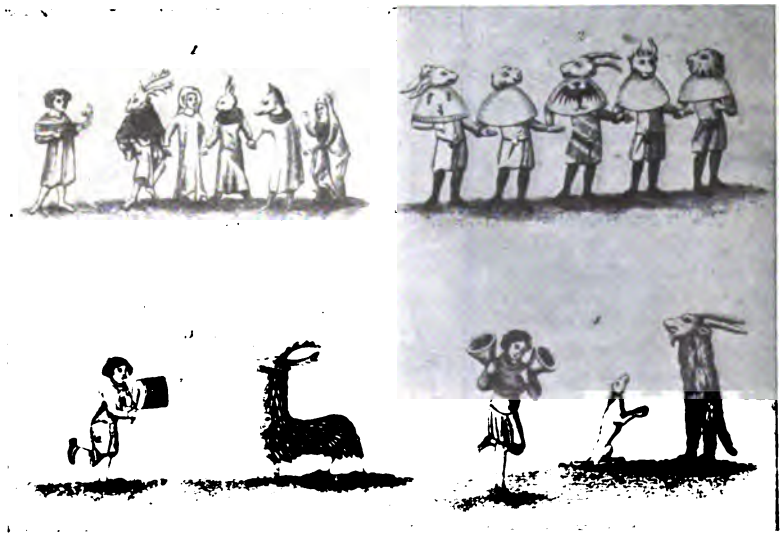
The dedication begins with a quaint story of an anti-climax, and soon acquaints one with one of Gosson's characteristic assemblages of old saws and proverbs mixed with metaphors inventions of his own. He now goes on to describe behavior at the theaters in those

MUMMERS AND STROLLING PLAYERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN ENGLAND

days: "In Rome when Plaies or Pageants are showne: Ovid chargeth his Pilgrims, to crepe close to the Saintes, whom they serve, and shew their double diligence to lifte the Gentlewomens roabes from the grounde . . . to sweepe Moates from their Kirtles, . . . to lay their handes at their backs for an easie staye . . . too prayse that, whiche they commende; too lyke everything that pleaseth them; to presente them Pomegranates to picke as they syt; and when all is done to waite on them mannerly too their houses."

Here follows a lively picture of theater manners in Shakespeare's time. "In our assemblies at playes in London, you shale see suche heaving and shooving, suche ytching and shouldering, too sitte by women; suche care for their garments that they bee not trode on. Such eyes to their lappes, that no chippes light in them; such pillowes to their backes that they take no hurt; such masking in their ears, I knowe not what; such giving them Pippins to passe the time; . . . such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sportes are ended, that it is a right Comedie to marke their behavior. I looke still when Players should cast me their Gauntlets, and challenge a combate . . . as though I made them Lords of this misrule. . . . There are more houses than Parishe churches, more maydes then Maulkin, more wayes to the woode then one, and more causes in nature than Efficients. The carpenter rayseth not his frame without tooles, nor the Devil his woork without instruments; were not Players the meane, to make these assemblyes, such multitudes would hardly be drawne in so narowe roome. . . . The abuses of plaies cannot be shown because they passe the degrees of the instrument, reach of the Plummet, sight of the minds, and for trial never brought to the touch-stone. . . . The very hyerlings of some of our Players, which stand at reversion of VI. S. by the weeke, get under Gentlemen's noses in sutes of silke," (and) "look askance over the shoulder at every man of whom the sunday before they begged an almes.

"This have I set downe of the abuses of Poets, Pypers and Players which bringe us too pleasure, slouth, sleepe, sinne, and without repentance to death and the Devil: which I have not confirmed by authorities of the Scriptures, because they are not able to stand uppe



MUMMERS AND STROLLING PLAYERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN ENGLAND

in the sight of God: and sithens they dare not abide the field, where the word of God dooth bidde them battayle, but runne to Antiquityes. . . . I have given them a volley of prophane writers to beginne the skirmishe, and doone my indevour to beate them from their holdes with their owne weapons."

Now I find no difficulty in fancying that this tirade against the theaters had much the same effect on young Will Shakespeare as banishment had upon the London players. At eighteen, to be told that a thing is dangerous is to resolve to do it. Very likely young Will Shakespeare lay awake much of the night after he had heard Gosson's eloquence.

The result of his meditations was told, possibly, to Anne Hathaway next day. It may be that he went over to her house, and after they two got a quiet moment together he startled the girl by informing her that he had determined to see London. Of course Anne wept, and entreated him not to go; but the fire burnt in him, and go he must. Then suddenly Anne Hathaway's demeanor changes: she consents, and with a certain air of mysterious resolution helps him to get away.

So imagine him arriving late on a Saturday night in the great city of London, a lonesome boy of eighteen, with no definite aim, no palpable money, wondering, now that he is here, why he is here, desolate over the utter unconcern with which people pass him by, yet not without a sense that he has that in him which might work changes in these matters. He goes to the Belle Savage Inn on Ludgate Hill. The yard of this inn had been a famous place for plays before the theaters were put up; but the landlord now descants mournfully to his young guest on the loss of custom he has suffered since those driving days when the performances kept his tapsters busy.

RICHARD TARLETON, AN ACTOR IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

On the next morning—being Sunday—Shakespeare determines to hear a London sermon in the forenoon, before going to the Blackfriars Theater in the afternoon. For this purpose he walks over to Paul's Cross. This famous spot, from which so many great sermons were preached in those days, was an open space near the cathedral where great crowds assembled on Sunday to hear the popular preachers of the time. The audience stood, or sat on their horses or mules, in the open air during the sermon. In bad weather they would adjourn to what was called the "Shrouds," which seems to have been a sort of covered place adjoining the walls of the cathedral.

I am sorry to say that the young man did not stay as long as reverence demands after the last amen of the services. The sermon had been lengthy; it was now growing afternoon and there was barely time to reach the inn and snatch a hasty dinner before the play would begin. It was the custom at this period for a theatrical performance to commence at three o'clock in the afternoon; evening performances were not permitted, for the reason that they brought crowds on the streets at night, and in these days a crowd on the street in London meant brawls and troubles.

Shakespeare's dinner was matter of small moment under these circumstances. He disposed of it in a few minutes, and hastily made his way to the Blackfriars Theater. Here, as he mingled with the crowd at the doors, a grave discussion went on within his mind. The price of admission to the "yard" or pit of the theater, where he would have to stand throughout the performance in the midst of a motley throng of people, was sixpence (it varied from one penny to sixpence), while the better places were from a shilling to two shillings; the best, half a crown. Shakespeare had but a half-crown in all th

world; yet an imperious desire to see the play uninterrupted and to the best advantage possessed him; he felt a dim prophecy of new plays smoldering in his heart; what was a mere trifle and amusement to other people was matter of life and death to him. It was therefore with a sort of sublime reliance upon the God who takes care of genius—a reliance all the more sublime since it was purely instinctive, and not explicit or formulated in any way—that the young man advanced, handed forth his whole earthly fortune, and asked for a place in one of the boxes, or "rooms," as they were then called.

As he entered the room, he observed that a handsome young cavalier, of charming form but slight in stature, passed lightly in behind him and seated himself modestly somewhat in the background. Beyond these circumstances, however, Shakespeare noticed nothing; the crowd, the novelty of the playhouse, all that wild fascination of the theater which is plain enough to those who have felt it and wholly unintelligible to those who have not—these wrapped him away into an ecstasy of content. He was not anxious for the play to begin; he could have sat for hours so; an indescribable glory and sweetness of potential fame filled the air about him; it was as if he caught a breath from that perfect altar of love and reverence which all the ages were to distil for him.

Sitting so, in a great calm, large-eyed, observant, Shakespeare heard the trumpet sound for the third time and recognized it as the customary signal for the play to begin.

The large platform at the other end of the theater, which now appeared before Shakspeare's eyes, was a very much simpler affair than a modern stage. There were no tall scenes, no complex arrangements of grooves and pulleys and "flies" and painted scenery, as constitute the accessories of the most modest theater in our time. As the curtain parted in the middle and drew back to each side, the actors appeared upon a platform which was hung with arras, while, above, a hanging of some blue stuff represented the heavens. Projecting over the stage in the background was a sort of porch or balcony, which had uses as various as the plays which were enacted before it, ranging from Mount Olympus to the battlements of a castle. There were at this time no painted scenes, such as ours; when the place of the action changed the new locality was conveyed to the audience by hanging out a board with the name of the city or land painted on it; thus in one act a board would be hung out with Milan on it, in large letters; in the next act another board might appear with Verona inscribed. If the scenes were interiors, then some little simple stage property might indicate Dame Custance's apartment; a throne on some part of the stage mgiht convert it into a king's chamber of audience; and so on. A little later, however, I fancy that somewhat more elaborate stage properties were used. In the prologue to Ben Johnson's Every Man in His Humour I find some comical allusions to certain stage devices which were in use at the time that play was written, and which appear to have excited great disgust in the soul of the irascible Ben by their transparent absurdity.

THE STAGE IN THE RED BULL PLAYHOUSE

To make a child now swaddled to proceed
Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords
And help of some few foot and half-foot words
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars

And in the tyring house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such to-day as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds and language such as men do use,
And persons such as comedy would choose
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

When the play ended, Shakespeare moved out as well as he could through the struggling throng. Just as he gained the street, he observed that the handsome young cavalier who had shared his box was apparently in haste to get ahead of him. At the same moment Shakespeare noticed that the stranger, while quite elegantly appointed, wore his sword awry and seemed to manage it awkwardly as if unaccustomed to bear arms. In the next moment stronger proof of this fact appeared; for, as the small cavalier quickened his pace forward, his sword dangled between his legs and tripped him, so that he fell flat on the ground. As Shakespeare ran forward and lifted the prostrate young gallant from the earth, the latter, as if to thank him turned upon him a charming face which was now itself a very pretty comedy of blushes and smiles; and in the same instant Shakespeare recognized that the stranger was no other than Anne Hathaway, disguised in male costume.

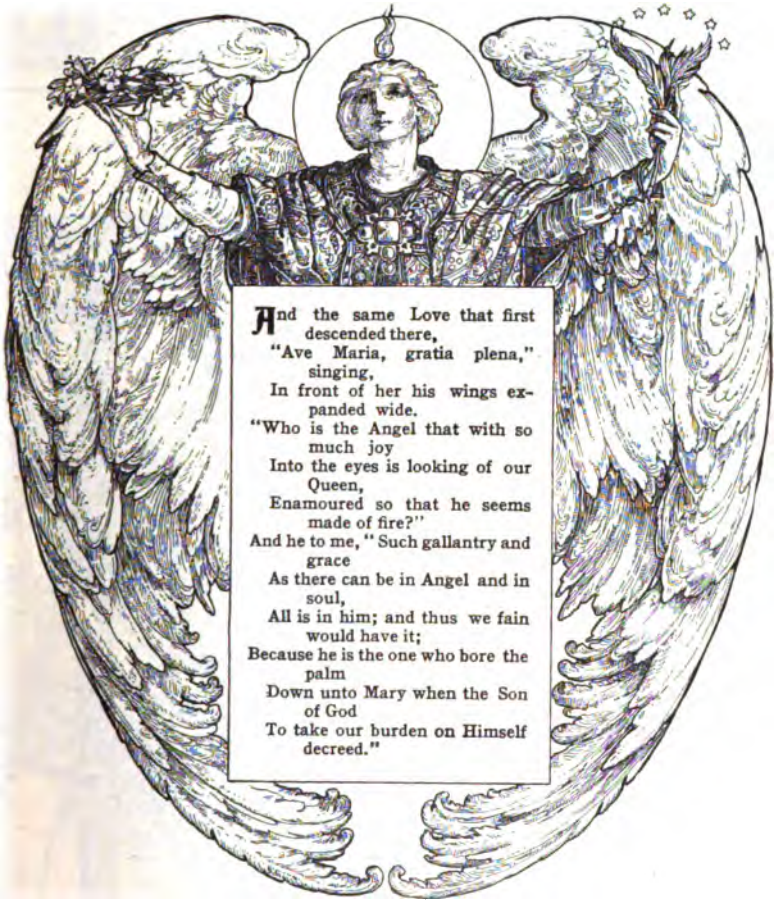
THE GLOBE THEATER AND THE BEAR GARDEN

For the moment he was quite stupefied with astonishment, while Anne Hathaway's eyes shone and sparkled with unbounded merriment at his serious face. As they walked back to the Bell Savage Inn—for Anne Hathaway also lodged there—Shakespeare recovered himself, and presently the whole delicious romance of the adventure took possession of him, and he entered into it with the maddest abandonment. What could be more delightful? Two young lovers on their first visit to London, one a poet with all the world in his soul, the other an adoring, spirited, adventurous girl. It seems that Anne Hathaway, when a child, had a great passion for climbing trees, as I have known more modern girls sometimes to have; and her mother, like a wise farmer's wife, had indulged her in a costume suitable for this purpose, and had allowed her often to roam about the woods dressed in her brother's clothes. Thus she had in early life acquired that familiarity with her present costume of which she had now availed herself to accompany Shakespeare to London.

Perhaps this adventure, or some one like it, is the original of all those employments of this device which Shakespeare so often makes. In As You Like It, you all remember, Rosalind dresses herself in boys' clothes and finds her lover in the Forest of Arden; in All's Well That Ends Well. the sweet, womanly Helena dresses herself in boys' clothes and follows her lover like a protecting angel to France; in Cymbeline, Imogen dresses herself in boys' clothes and fares off towards her Leonatus: in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Julia arrays herself in boys' clothes and seeks her absent Proteus; while in The Merchant of Venice, Portia pranks it as a doctor of laws, Nerissa as a lawyer's clerk, and Jessica as a boy.

And so after a week of glory in London, Sunday came round again, and Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway went again to the theater.

# AD ASTRA*




## Selections from the Divine Comedy of Dante.

## With illustrations by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong

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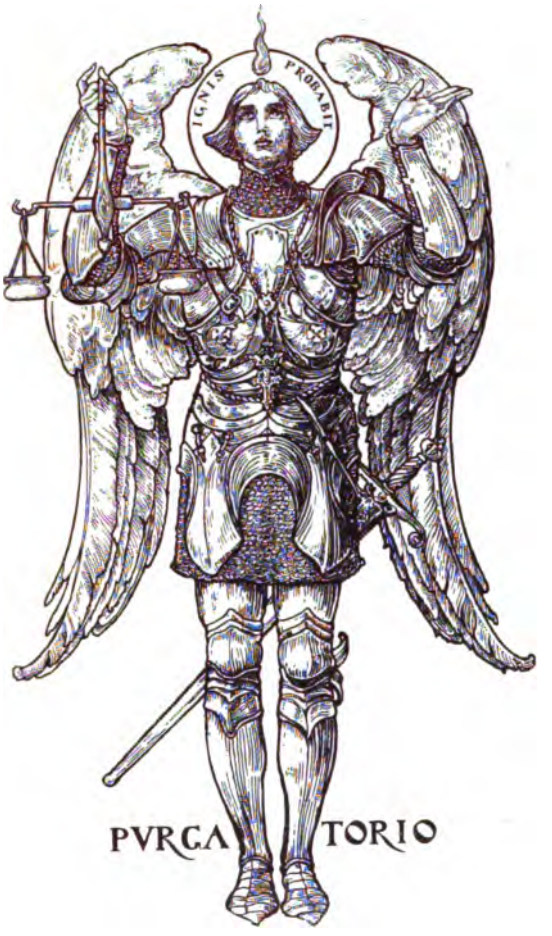
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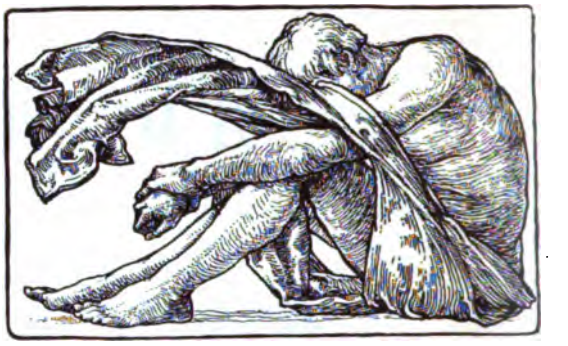
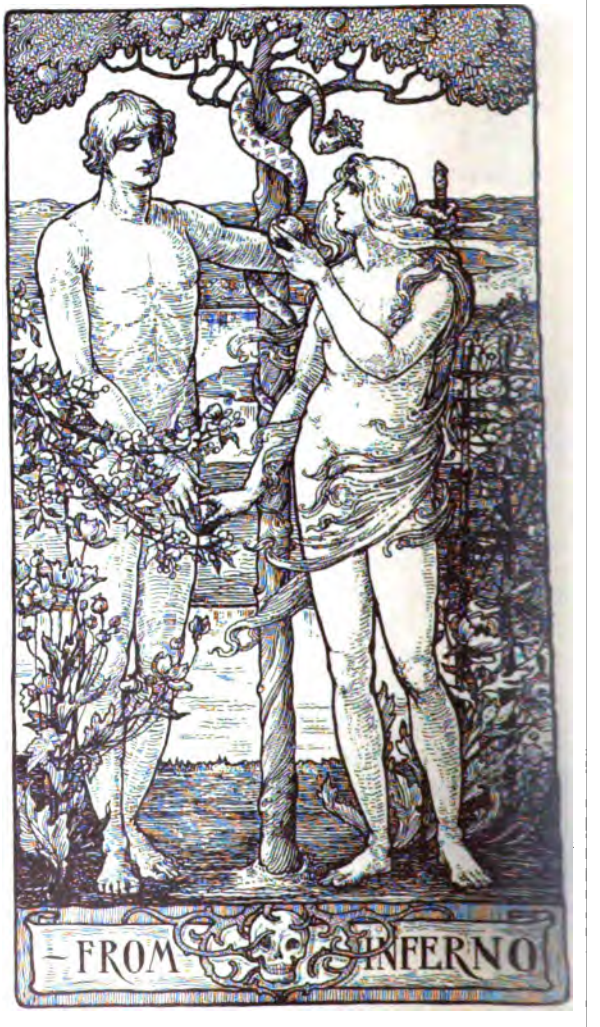
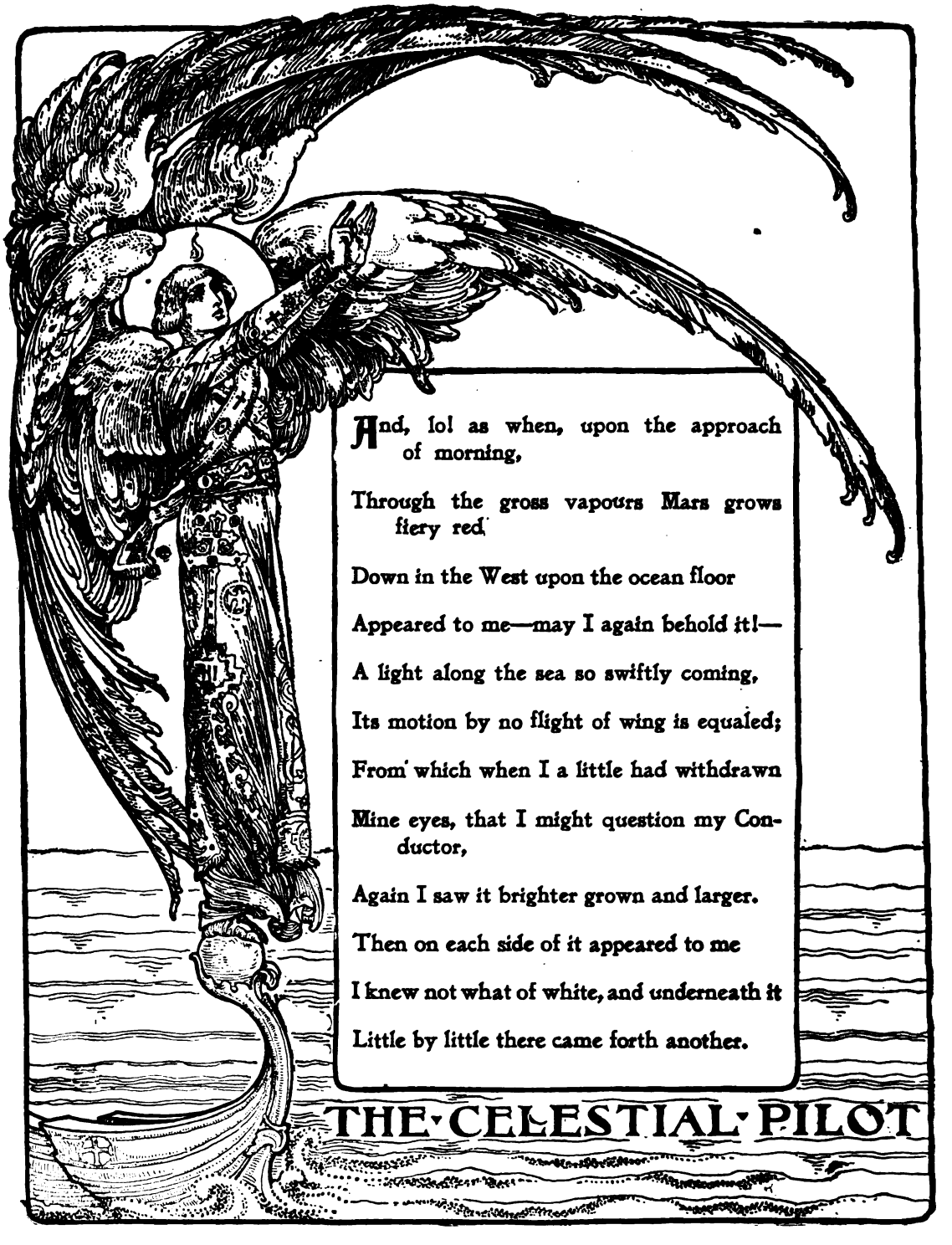



FROM INFERNO

GOD
will forgive thee all
but thy despair

"THE city draweth near whose name is Dis,
With the grave citizens, with the great throng."
And I: "Its mosques already, Master, clearly
Within there in the valley I discern
Vermilion, as if issuing from the fire
They were." And he to me: "The fire eternal
That kindles them within makes them look red
As thou beholdest in this nether Hell."
Then we arrived within the moats profound
That circumvallate that disconsolate city.

THE CITY OF VNBELIEF



And, lo! as when, upon the approach of morning,

Through the gross vapours Mars grows fiery red

Down in the West upon the ocean floor

Appeared to me—may I again behold it!—

A light along the sea so swiftly coming,

Its motion by no flight of wing is equaled;

From which when I a little had withdrawn

Mine eyes, that I might question my Conductor,

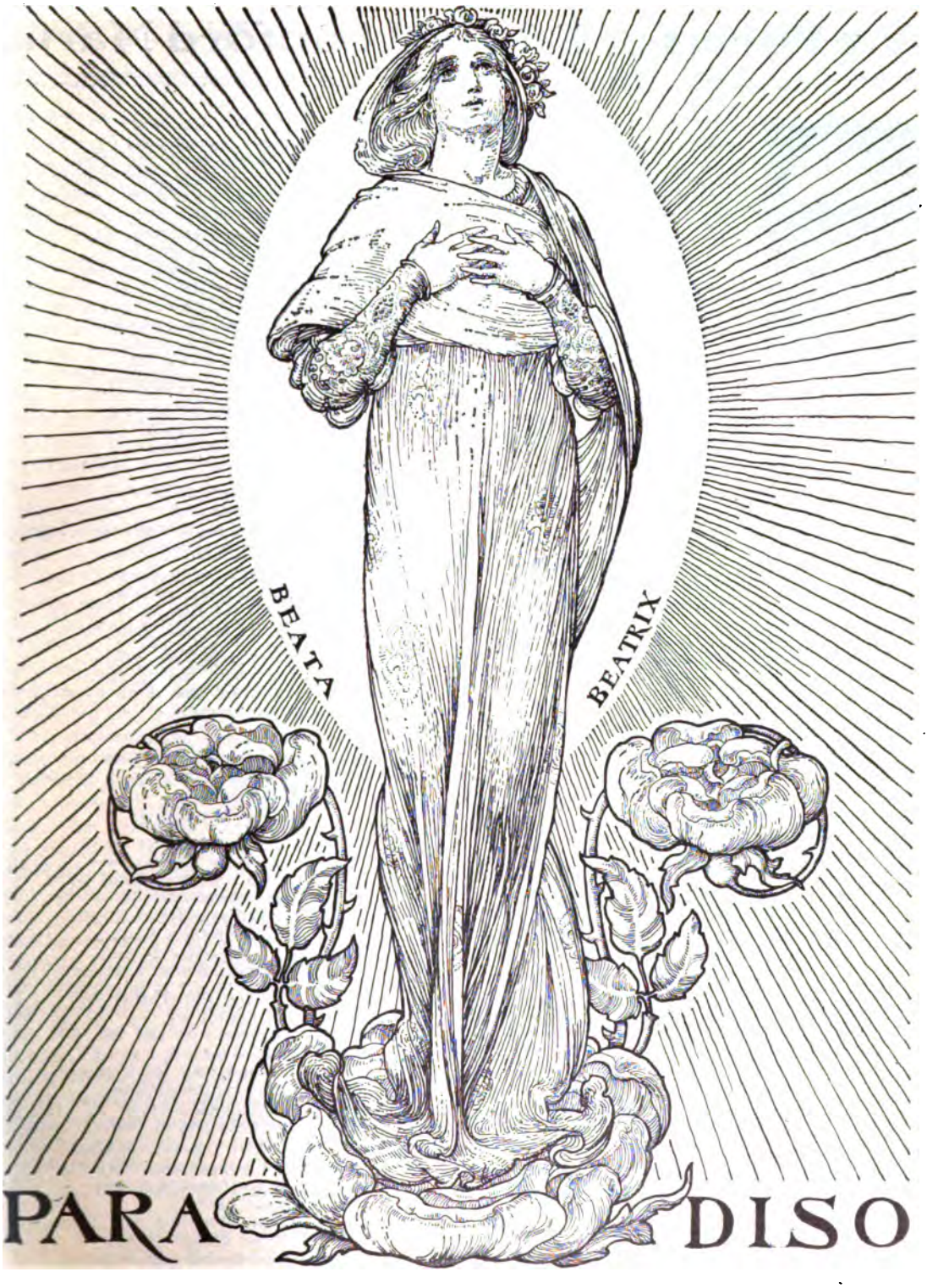
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Then on each side of it appeared to me

I knew not what of white, and underneath it

Little by little there came forth another.

THE·CELESTIAL·PILOT


BEATA
BEATRIX
PARA
DISO

# The Poems of Edward Sanford Martin

The poems of Edward Sanford Martin are marked by an easy and flowing style which at times almost amounts to disregard of technique. They are light and airy, and in all except his few verses of serious turn, enlivened by a genial humor that gives a human interest to every subject upon which he touches. In this regard they remind one of the verse of Oliver Wendell Holmes, sung in a minor key. He has produced two volumes, from the last of which the following selections are taken:*

## LABUNTUR ANNI.

Lost man! Lost man!
People, have you met him?
Idle fellow; loath to delve,
  Indisposed to scheme.
Liked too well to shirk his task
When circumstances let him;
Loved to sit about and loaf,
  And strum the strings and dream.

What he dreamt of, Heaven knows!
Love and faith and beauty—
Towers that glittered in the sun—
  Vales of sheltered peace.
Gone is he this twenty years;
Baffling all pursuit, he
Loiters—where? While fast on me
  The sober years increase.

Lost man! Lost man!
People, have you met him?
Meditative-seeming chap of—
  Maybe—twenty-three?
Good riddance, very probably,
And yet I can't forget him.
I wish I had him back to dream
  My Christmas dream for me.

## BLANDINA.

Blandina's nice; Blandina's fat;
  Joyous, and sane and sound and sweet,
And handsome, too, and all else that
  In persons of her years is meet.
    Behold Blandina!
  She's alive, and testifies
  With all the emphasis that lies
  In busy hands and dancing eyes
    That life's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure—not a bit.

Blandina loves a picture-book,
  Blandina dearly loves a boy;
She loves her dinner, loves the cook,
  Her nurse, her doll, her brother's toy;
And, best of all, she loves a joke,
    And laughs at it.
  And, laughing at it, testifies
  With all the emphasis that lies
  In joyous tones and beaming eyes,
    That life's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure—not a bit.

## A GIRL OF POMPEII.

A public haunt they found her in:
  She lay asleep, a lovely child;
  The only thing left undefiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her supple outlines fixed in clay
  The universal law suspend,
  And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
  Around her girlish figure pressed,
  Caught the sweet imprint of her breast
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art
  Comes this dear maid of long ago,
  Sheltered from woful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart.

And bid mistrustful men be sure
  That form shall fate of flesh escape,
  And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

## BROTHERHOOD.

That plenty but reproaches me
  Which leaves my brother bare.
Not wholly glad my heart can be
  While his is bowed with care.
If I go free, and sound and stout,
  While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
  And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty! Thou who Father be
  Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
  That whichsoever fall,
The other's hand may fail him not—
  The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
  May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed. I would be clad.
  I would be housed and dry.
But if so be my heart is sad—
  What benefit have I?
Best he whose shoulders best endure
  The load that brings relief,
And best shall he his joys secure
  Who shares that joy with grief.

*Poems and Verses: Edward Sanford Martin. Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Bros., N. Y., the publishers.

# Arts and Crafts

**BOOKBINDING AS AN ART .....W. G. BOWDOIN.....OUTLOOK**

Notwithstanding the great progress that we have made in the arts and crafts in America, it was not until the New York World's Fair in 1853 that a copy of Owen Jones's Alhambra, bound by William Matthews in extra binding, was exhibited to show that something had been accomplished by American binders to entitle them to recognition. In 1884 Otto Zahn was encouraged to come to this country and take up binding as one of the earliest practitioners in the infant school of American bookbinding. Upon his arrival here, fresh from the shops of Germany, France, England, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Brazil, the West Indies, and Mexico, he found commercial bindings supreme, and few patrons who were willing to pay what seemed to be large prices for special bindings, when the edition bindings were so prismatic in tint and withal so sightly, compared with the monotony that had characterized native binding since the close of the Revolutionary War. First in New York City and subsequently in Memphis, Tenn., he it was who greatly advanced the art of fine American bookbinding. The beauty of design-forms originated by him, and in which he still excels, was soon noticed, and there sprang up an appreciation of the dressing of books in a style that was in a measure commensurate with the book's worth. Bookbindings began to be admired. It was seen that levant morocco had possibilities of inlay and of tooling that could not be approximated in paper or in cloth. The new school of American bookbinding made a place for itself. Men quickly came to realize that the binding of a book was a serious business, and that it could not be done by a man who knew nothing of the art and its traditions, and who had not the most delicate skill. Step by step the art of bookbinding advanced in America. The time came, within the last ten years, when annual exhibitions of achievements in bookbinding directions were held in several of the larger cities, in which the foreign and domestic products were grouped and contrasted, to the upbuilding and encouragement of the binders who had grown up here.

The art of bookbinding is a very old one. Long before printing took the place of manuscript writing, the early binders toiled with patience to produce bindings, admirably reflecting the art of the period of production. In certain cases these early bindings have come down to us, and in survival they have remained to serve as models from which the binders of our day have derived both inspiration and motif. The time came, however, when the bindings antedating 1800 no longer met modern requirements. The old bindings were in most cases not without a crudeness that was unsuited to the discriminating taste of the book collectors of our day. Collectors have grown to appreciate the most careful finish and perfection of detail, which is now demanded of the binder who would be pre-eminent.

The old masters of binding did pioneer work of the greatest value. Grolier, Nicolas and Clovis Eve, Le Gascon, Padeloup, Derome, Roger Payne, and their successors demonstrated something of the possibilities of bookbinding, and it has remained for our contemporary binders to take up the work where they left it, and to carry it to the perfection that a master binding must now have to attract attention.

The best books are now usually bound in what is known as levant morocco. This is the skin of a hardy mountain goat which comes from the Mediterranean ports of the Levant. A favorite method of treatment is called "crushed" levant. In this the irregularities of surface are beaten down to uniformity, and the surface of the leather is then given a mirror polish that is greatly admired. Red is a favorite dye for morocco, because it keeps its color better without fading than any other tint. Calf bindings are exceedingly sightly, but the objection to them lies in their tendency, in time, to break at the hinges of the cover. In certain cases pigskin makes a very desirable special binding.

The importance of what bookbinders term forwarding cannot be overestimated. No amount of tooling or finishing can possibly correct poor forwarding, and the forwarder, as an artisan, must do his part quite as carefully as the finisher, who is honored with the name of artist, if the binding is to be a perfect one. A "Jan seniste" binding is one which leaves the

outside of the book, except for its title, perfectly plain, but lavishes a wealth of decoration upon the book's inside cover, or doublè. The beauties of such a book remain concealed until the volume is opened and the intricate tooling is thus revealed.

The number of tool impressions in the process of tooling an elaborate book is very great, and requires the most accurate register, as the tool is frequently placed in the same spot several times, and if the slightest variation takes place, the evidence of it remains as a permanent disfigurement. An ordinary decoration of a book calls for as many as two thousand tool-marks, and if the decoration be ornate, the number is greatly increased. Tooling is generally in gold, but when gold or some substitute is not used, the book is said to be blind-tooled.

The standard of bookbinding has been greatly raised during the past few years in this country, and the school of American bookbinding has made considerable progress. In this connection, the comparison of some recent examples with those executed in the days when laws were passed prohibiting ordinary citizens from using more than four diamonds to the decoration of one book, and the nobility to not more than five, would be full of interest.

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**A PASSING ART ..CHARLES H. CAFFIN.. INTERNATIONAL STUDIO**

The practice of the art of wood engraving has been almost entirely discontinued through the introduction of cheaper methods of reproduction, sufficiently good, perhaps, for the great mass of uncultivated patrons of the magazines, but representing a falling off from the high standards of a not distant past. The half-tone print, even with manual finish supplied to the mechanically manufactured plate, is woefully lacking in finer qualities; the interposition of the screen resulting in a general shrinkage of values, with consequent loss of vibrancy, and, as the case may be, of depth or delicacy. Even the more expensive and relatively truer reproduction by photogravure produces a result that is mechanical alongside the intimate personal feeling of the wood-engravings.

It may be said that, in the copying of an old master, we do not want the interposition of another man's feeling; and the objection might be well founded if the mechanical process copied with literal exactness the original, or if the interposition of the engraver's personality were consciously or unconsciously an obtrusion of himself. But neither is true; a photogravure cannot reproduce with absolute fidelity the quality even of a really fine photograph, and approximates only to that of a painting, while lacking entirely in the personal intimacy of feeling which would give it independent value. On the other hand, the wood-engraving of those American masters approximated at least as closely to the original and had just this additional charm of being a new and distinct creation. Such difference, however, is doubtless concealed from proper appreciation, and justifies, perhaps, besides explaining, the necessity of resorting to the cheaper method of reproduction.

Yet it is not inconceivable that if a publisher could be found with sufficient courage to issue regularly a series of engravings, the impressions on fine paper and limited to a certain number, there would be forthcoming connoisseurs enough to make the enterprise a success. The work is, after all, too good for the needs and tastes of a general public, but the number of those who appreciate such matter is continually increasing.

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**LAC AND THE ART OF LACQUERING .....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**

The industrial use of lac in the extreme Orient dates from a far-distant age, and appears to have originated in China. Surpassing in skill those who had imitated them in the art, the Japanese have attained decided superiority. This has been attributed at times to the quality of the material, the trees that nourish the lac-producing insects finding in Japan an exceptionally favorable soil for their development, and, again, to the ability of the operatives. But, according to M. Dumontier, it appears, above all, due to the more delicate esthetic taste of the Japanese.

The art of lacquering includes various steps, which are divulged as little as possible; without them nothing but a varnish of good quality would be realized. Thus, in Tonkin, where the abundant production is the object of an important trade with the Chinese, it is so used only for varnishing, while in China the same product from the same sources contributes to most artistic applications.

When the Annamites propose to lacquer an object, a box, for example, they first stop up the holes and crevices, covering all the imperfections with a coating of diluted lac, by means of a flat, close, short brush. Then they cover the whole with a thick coating of lac and whit

clay. This clay, oily to the touch, is found at the bottom of certain lakes in Tonkin; it is dried, pulverized, and sifted with a piece of fine silk before being embodied with the lac. This operation is designed to conceal the inequalities of the wood and produce a uniform surface, which, when completely dry, is rendered smooth with pumice stone.

If the object has portions cut or sunk the clayey mixture is not applied, for it would make the details clammy, but in its place a single, uniform layer of pure lac. In any case, after the pumicing, a third coating, now pure lac, is passed over the piece, which at this time has a mouse-gray color. This layer, known under the name of *sou lot*, colors the piece a brilliant black. As the lac possesses the remarkable property of not drying in dry air, the object is left in a damp place. When perfectly dried the piece is varnished, and the desired color imparted by a single operation. If the metallic applications are excepted, the lac is colored only black, brown or red.

The operation of lacquering is then ended, but there are parts to be gilded. These are again covered with a mixture of lac and oil of *trau*. When this layer is dry the metallic leaves are applied, which are themselves protected by a coating, composed also of lac and oil of *trau*. All these lac and oil of *trau* mixtures are carefully filtered, which the natives effect by pressing the liquid on a double filtering surface formed of wadding and of a tissue on which it rests. It can only be applied after several months when the metallic leaf is of gold. In the case of silver or tin the protecting coat can be laid on in a few days. It favorably modifies the white tints of these two metals by communicating a golden color. The hue, at first reddish, gradually improves, and acquires its full brilliancy in a few months.

Little information is procurable concerning the processes employed by the Chinese and Japanese. The wood to be lacquered should be absolutely dry. It receives successive applications, of which the number is not less than thirty-three for perfect work. When the lac coating attains the thickness of a half centimeter it is ready for the engravers. The Chinese, like the inhabitants of Tonkin, make use of oil of *trau* to mix with the lac, or oil of *aleurites*, and the greatest care is exercised in the drying of the different layers. The operation is conducted in dim-lighted rooms specially fitted up for the purpose; the moisture is maintained to a suitable extent by systematically watering the earth, which covers the walls of this "cold stove."

In Japan, when the wood is well prepared and the faults have been corrected with pure lac, it is dried, pumiced and covered with a coat composed of crushed flax mixed with glue. Then a layer of lac is applied and covered with a fine linen fabric, which should perfectly adhere in all its parts. This first preparation, suitably dried, serves as a foundation for the successive applications of thirty-three layers. Each coating is rubbed with a fine-grained stone before drying in the moist chamber. This is done with the greatest precaution, so as to avoid impurities and dust. The last polish is obtained by rubbing with the powder of calcined deer horn. The piece is then ready to receive the application of gold or of silver, which is effected as follows:

The design to be reproduced is drawn on very fine paper prepared with a mixture of glue and alum, and on the back of the paper the outlines are traced with a brush of fine rats' hair, dipped in lac, previously boiled over a brisk charcoal fire. This paper is then applied to the object to be decorated, and it is made to adhere by rubbing with a spatula, either of minoki wood or of whalebone. When the paper is removed, the design is found transferred damp, and is rendered more distinct by the application of a white powder by means of a piece of wadding. With one of these transfer papers twenty reproductions can be secured, and the lines can be retraced with the boiled lac, it is said, so as to procure copies almost indefinitely. The outlines remain damp in consequence of the use of the boiled lac, and imperfections can be corrected. In this case the outlines are retraced with a pencil of hare's hair lightly charged with a preparation of lac not boiled. This operation is delicate and requires great care not to displace the lac from the original outlines. When ended the whole is covered with fine gold, silver or tin powder, as desired; the powder is applied by means of a piece of wadding.

Independently of its use in the arts, lac is susceptible of various industrial applications. It serves notably in mixture with oils for the production of the most esteemed varnishes.

For some years the attention of the scientific and industrial classes of Europe has been particularly attracted by this remarkable product, which can be furnished readily and abundantly by our own colonies. Perhaps the day is not distant when it will become to us a profitable source of income.

# Unusual Phases of Animal Life

**"CRIME" AMONG ANIMALS .....LONDON LEISURE HOUR**

Facts show beyond question that in the animal kingdom there are many curious equivalents of crime among men. Cannibalism is not unknown in the animal world. Wolf eats wolf, and in certain circumstances, and despite proverbs to the contrary, dog will eat dog. Well-nourished dogs are not often guilty of this savage custom, though it has been observed where necessity did not impel; but Arctic travelers have frequently fed their famished Esquimo team on the carcasses of brethren that died from effects of cold or hunger, and under such conditions mothers have devoured their puppies with no hesitation or lack of appetite. Domestic cats have killed and eaten their young, and rabbits have been known to feed on one another even when plentifully supplied with food to their liking. The rat is nearly always a cannibal under stress of circumstances. The cannibalistic propensities of the pike need very little stimulus. Young crocodiles are occasionally gobbled by their parents, or at least by their mothers. Warrior ants devour in a fury the ants they have killed in battle.

A certain famous case in the reptile house at the Zoological Gardens was evidently not one of genuine cannibalism, but serpents have been guilty of the act. Infanticide, patricide, matricide and fratricide are aggravating circumstances of cannibalism in the animal world. There are crimes known to our calendar of which the only or the chief motive appears to be the inveterate dislike of one individual (the assailant), for another (the assaulted), and these strange antipathies exist in the animal world, and are the cause of assault and battery, and often of the death of both parties. Horses, dogs and monkeys furnish many examples of violence proceeding from antipathy. The sudden gusts of uncontrollable rage which impel the Malay to run amuck through his native High Street seize at times upon the gentlest of animals, and the results are much the same as in the Malay Peninsula, unless the subject of his brief terrible madness can be caught or slain. Different are the cases of animals proverbial for their patience which may be goaded into a fury.

The dromedary, ordinarily a model of good behavior, is sometimes teased by his drivers until they are compelled to fly before his rage or to strip off and throw him their garments that he may tear and trample them to pieces. Everyone knows to what a pass the docile elephant will carry his desire for revenge, when his dignity has been badly insulted or his good nature abused. More curious it is to note that, among animals as among men, some of the worst offenses that can be committed have their origin in the passion of love. Jealousy burns fiercely in many a brute's bosom, and when affected with the "universal distemper of love," the whole animal creation, from the tiger to the dove, is capable of any excesses against its disturbers, whether of its own or the human kind. Association for deliberate purposes of wrong-doing is not rare among animals, both of the higher and the lesser order of intelligence. Other animals steal in bands. Baboons go out in troops to rob orchards difficult of access. Conditions of climate and change of atmosphere have their influence upon the temperaments of animals. Speaking generally, wild creatures inhabiting very hot countries are more savage than those inhabiting cold or temperate climes.

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**ODD ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS.....LONDON SPECTATOR**

Odd friendships between animals of different kinds are often seen, but an adventure recorded in Nature by Mr. L. C. Hurst is rather out of the common. It often happens that among all the domestic animals of a farm the donkey is the cleverest, and takes the lead when anything interesting is going on. One of these sharp-witted donkeys, kept in Derbyshire, had learned how to open gates, a not uncommon accomplishment of his tribe. Being shut up in a field with two ponies, he soon wanted a change of scene and company, and so opened the gate of his own meadow and walked out with the ponies. He appears to have wished to find another set of companions, for he opened three other gates in order to reach another field where a mare, a foal, and a yearling, all old friends of his, were placed. They, no doubt, were very pleased to see him, and the whole party went out for a walk. They were then joined by a mastiff, and they went on their way together

exactly as animals are supposed to do in story-books—dog, donkey, ponies, mare, yearling, and foal—"until they met a man," to adopt the style consecrated to adventures of this kind. Unfortunately the man knew the horses and foal. (There are men in the country who will even recognize particular pigs when straying, and the eye for identifying horses seems part of the inheritance of most rustics). He unkindly interfered with the walking tour, and rounded up the equine members of it. The donkey, deprived of his friends, then returned home but the mastiff accompanied him in an entirely detached manner, so far as its original owners went, so great was this donkey's power of making friends, and also of keeping them.

As a rule, domestic animals which are much with people prefer their company to that of other animals of any kind. They think them more interesting and distinguished. But if they are not much regarded by those about the house, they are particularly likely to strike up some curious friendship with what would apparently be a very unsuitable kind of companion. There was, and is, a dog at Clifton Hampden, living at the Bridge House, which is not in the least interested either in people or in boating. Instead of barking and being important when parties arrived at the boating-raft, or helping to take the tolls at the bridge, or generally taking the active and fussy interest in the business of his master which most dogs show, he preferred to associate entirely with a horse and a donkey kept in a meadow next to the bridge. The three friends used to spend all day out in the field, the dog lying quietly curled up asleep in the grass if it were fine, or watching the others graze. If it rained he would go and lie against the back of a shed, where he could see the horse, and to which the latter sometimes also came for shelter. He only appeared at the house when the horse was fetched to be harnessed, when he would trot with the cart, and as soon as the horse returned, and was unharnessed, would return with it to the field. In time this dog became so extremely "horsy" in his tastes that he took to eating oats when his friend was fed. It was the custom to put the horse's feed of oats in a tin pan and set this on the floating landing-stage or raft used by boating parties, in order to get the old horse to stand in the water for the benefit of his legs; while at the same time the donkey, which hated water, could not steal the oats. The dog always went down to the raft, and sat on it close to the tin pan while the horse was eating. He would then pick up the spilled-out corns, and carefully crack and swallow them. Both picking up and cracking an oat-corn are rather difficult feats for a dog's mouth and teeth to manage. But he was very expert at this, and used to sit and eat oats till the horse had finished. The latter is now dead, and this scene by the bridge, which used to take place regularly every summer evening, has ceased. The thoroughness and routine with which this dog-and-horse friendship continued could probably be paralleled in many other cases.

Perhaps the most incongruous pair of animal friends at present in England belong to the late Lord Lilford's collection of cranes and wild-fowl, still maintained at Lilford Hall, near Oundle. A large crane was selected as the object of an intense and jealous affection by a female goose. The goose, which was of a curious Australian species with a very short bill and speckled body, practically annexed the crane altogether. When the writer last saw it, it was feeding close by the tall crane, and never went more than a few yards from it, or allowed it to be out of its sight for a minute. If any other crane came near, or any visitor, the goose rushed at it and made as if it would bite. The cranes it did bite, seizing their legs. A mate was found for the crane, and for six months it was kept elsewhere, unseen by the goose. The fresh bird died, and the goose, to whose enclosure the crane returned, at once renewed the friendship. It was quite a personal liking, for there was an unrivalled selection of other cranes to choose from. When a cat and dog become chums one or the other is generally a young one. Their chief object in associating seems to be play or boisterous romps, in which the cat submits to very rough treatment as the dog grows more excited, and always seems to enjoy the sport the rougher it is. We have seen a small cat almost swallowed by a full-grown young bloodhound, picked up and flung into the air, and swung almost from one side of the room to the other, still renewing the mimic fight, until, when quite exhausted, she would slip under a bureau to get breath. It seemed as if her bones must get broken, yet she was not damaged. An Australian opossum and a setter became most excellent comrades, the opossum lying asleep by the setter on the hearthrug by day, and playing with him in the evening. The dog even submitted, though he did not like it, to the opossum washing his face, which it did by licking it all over while it solicitously held the dog's muzzle in its sharp-clawed little paws. The first advances in this case came from the

opossum; but the setter was not a normally-minded dog, being rather given to seek friends among the cats, with which it would play at any hour.

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**HOW ANIMALS FIGHT** ..... **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**

There are no wild beasts in Europe suitable for the combats which Orientals love, or they would certainly have been utilized. Wolves look very promising, and it might be thought that such an ill-tempered animal as the Russian bear could easily be roused to fight a comrade; but we may be sure that the experiment was tried often enough to prove that in neither case was it worth while to make a match. So our forefathers had to be content with the hideous sport of "baiting"—which is not our theme. Had they possessed more ingenuity, however, some diversion might have been obtained fom stags. Even antelopes are used in India, though they need training. It is their nature to fight only at the rutting season; to make them eager for the fray at any time they must receive special treatment, and, above all, they must be kept in practice. But that means a great "consumption" of antelopes, for they battle to the death, and this variety of entertainment, therefore, is not common. Elephants and tigers are the favorite victims, of course; but nothing profitable can be said about their duels, and certainly nothing amusing.

A camel fight is rather curious. The brutes have a pair of teeth far back in the jaw, which rival those of a tiger, and an old male is extremely ferocious. Knowing, however, that these, their most terrible weapons, are useless in a front attack—for, vast as the camel's gape is, it cannot be stretched wide enough to bring them into action—they never try to grip the head or neck or any vital part of an antagonist. All their strategy is directed to the object of seizing one of his legs below the knee, and thus overthrowing him by pressure; then the huge back teeth can be brought to bear upon his throat, and he is no better than a corpse.

The camel's way of fighting is mean and awkward—the *coup de Jarnac* of quadrupeds. But it is the one best suited to its anatomy. A very strong stomach, however, and a nose which has lost the sense of smell are required to enjoy this spectacle.

Of all combats between beasts, perhaps, that between a horse and a tiger is the most thrilling. We have read several descriptions, and always, if we remember right, the horse was the victor. But it must be a stallion, as cunning as brave. To avoid the tiger's spring, in a walled area of limited extent, is impossible. The horse does not try; it is only careful to face the enemy, turning on the same spot as he circles round. At length the spring is made; it sinks its forequarters till the knees almost touch the ground, and the tiger lights, unsteadily, upon its haunches. Instantly the hind legs lash out, with such force that the brute is thrown headlong, and if it does not recover its feet in a second, the battle is over, so rapid and so heavy are the kicks bestowed. In general, however, there is another "round" exactly similar, and the tiger confesses itself beaten.

Such a match, like a fight of camels, has some interest; but the "hammer and tongs" struggle between two elephants, or an elephant and a rhinoceros, must be always as dull in reality as in description. Lions and tigers are not much more scientific in their methods. Oriental ingenuity, however, has devised some eccentricities in this line. The old Greeks loved a quail fight, and the sport is to be witnessed occasionally in southern Europe. Partridges are used in India. That curious book, The Private Life of an Eastern King, which made a stir in our grandfathers' time, gives a lively account of the diversion as practised at the Court of Oude.

The horse-fights of the Northmen must not be overlooked. It was a sport not unworthy of them, for they took part in it themselves, and risked their lives. The owner or a friend attended his stallion to the fray, carrying a short stick, with which he hit it at the psychological moment—that is, at the crisis of the battle. One who has seen well-bred horses fighting will understand that this would be a service of great danger, the stick being short. But also it was the duty of the champion to "assist" his horse when it rose on its hind legs to attack.

How he assisted it we cannot tell, but evidently he must have been quite close—sometimes, no doubt, between the furious brutes. Besides these obvious risks, there was a strong probability that he might strike his antagonist's horse, or even the antagonist himself, and, whether this were done by accident or by an impulse of passion, signified little. In either case the blow must be avenged, unless the rivals were personal friends. A certain Eygulf hit his own stallion, and the stick, rebounding, touched Bjarni's shoulder—showing, by the way, how very close they must have been, horses and men, in the heat of the fray.

He instantly apologized, offering sixty sheep if Bjarni would overlook the accident, and the latter replied that it was his own fault; for there was no ill-feeling between them. But, of course, he expected the sheep. In due time Eygulf looked them out, and Bjarni came to receive them. Thermod, Eygulf's father, was present, and remarked, quite mildly, as we should think, that sixty sheep were a "lot." Actually no more than that—but Bjarni struck him dead. A blood feud followed. But if a charge of foul play were made, and the parties concerned were men of influence, all the people of each district would take sides. Odd, "an overbearing fellow," struck Gretti, who, diving under his horse, which was on its hind legs, delivered such a thrust that he knocked Odd into the river, breaking three of his ribs. The result was a small civil war. Thus horse-fights often ended in man-fights. But that possibly gave further attraction to the sport.

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**DO ANIMALS TALK?....W. T. L.... NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS**

Do animals talk intelligently to one another? Have they a definite vocabulary all sufficient to their limited needs and desires? Professor Garner has been trying to answer this question, so far as it relates to our "nearest of kin"—our cousins several cycles removed; to wit, the apes. His sensational conversazione with the sympathetic simians of Philadelphia's Zoo has been duly recorded, as attested by astonished witnesses; and, while scientists may hold aloof and shrug their shoulders as only savants can, Professor Garner holds the ear of an attentive public.

It is no discredit to Professor Garner that he is not breaking virgin soil. For others long ago preceded him in the fascinating attempt to interpret the utterances of our animal friends. Anyone in the least familiar with the curiosities of coincidence will doubtless see in a certain Frenchman's report, made a generation ago, merely one of those interesting analogies in which life and letters abound.

The report, or rather story, is on the authority of M. Jules Richard, a distinguished French publicist, who died in 1868. It appears that while visiting a patient in a military hospital he became acquainted with a government official who was a bit of a Gascon, but brave and a lover of animals. When rations were distributed all the cats in the hospital would come running to his marvelous "mi-aou-ing" to share his porridge. M. Richard naturally supposed that the cats were deceived by the perfect mimicry of their mew or that they had come to respond mechanically at the accustomed hour.

"By no means," protested the official. "They understand me. I know the language of cats and dogs, and the speech of monkeys I know better than the apes themselves."

Rodolphe Radau, who has put us all in debt for his interesting excursion into this subject in his work on acoustics, quotes Pere (Marin) Mersenne, a French theologian and mathematician (died 1648). Pere Mersenne held that the voices of animals, though differing in times of sickness and health, pain and joy, proceed from necessity, or are involuntary. But M. Radau himself finds this theory somewhat arbitrary, and believes it is indubitable that many animals manage really to converse among themselves.

Mr. Radau cites a remarkable book, published in Vienna, in 1800, by S. E. Wetzel, entitled A New Discovery of the Language of Animals, Founded upon Reason and Experience. The author tries to show that animals make themselves understood by combinations of sounds, which contitute a simple language full of repetitions; that they endeavor to make man understand them, and for their part understand his language; in brief, that it is possible to study the idiom of different animals and thereby determine the forms and variations of their speech.

There is actually in Wetzel's book a primer of animal language, filling twenty pages. He has attempted to translate into German several dialogues of dogs, cats, chickens and birds, to illustrate his principles.

There is not a little contributory testimony to this effect from various sources. The language of chickens, particularly, has long occupied the attention of amateur observers, and controversies have arisen in unscientific circles respecting the exact meaning of various outcries made by the hen. The most superficial summer boarder, pitifully ignorant of nature and nature's children, cannot fail to note how obvious are some of their utterances—how, for example, the self-applause of a hen which has laid an egg is differentiated from her gratification over the discovery of a tit-bit, and how this in turn is modified into the altruistic ejaculation with which she summons other bipeds to share the morsel. It may be objected that the hen's so-called altruism is purely maternal; but that is outside the question.

# Old Poems New Written:
## The Gentle Art of Travesty

**KING COAL GROWING THINNER .....ATLANTA CONSTITUTION**

Old King Coal
Was a merry old soul
As he sat in the summer sun.
He was fat and full,
And could readily pull
The scales to a solid ton.

But now, I am told,
That the wintry cold
Has pinched him past all bounds;
When he steps on the scales,
It is said that he fails
By several hundred pounds.

**THEY ARE SEVEN .....LONDON OUTLOOK**

I met a little villa girl,
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was lank and never a curl
Was seen upon her head.

She wore a pair of spectacles,
Her eyesight being bad;
Her cheeks were pale, so very pale,
Their paleness made me sad.

A hundred books bestrewed the floor,
In red and green and blue.
(Her pa, a well-known editor,
Had got them for review.)

"Oh, why so sad, and why so pale,
And why so glum your looks?
My second boy would dance for joy
Had he those hundred books!"

"I have no hundred books," she said,
"Nor fifty, nor eleven."
"How many, then," I asked, "sweet maid?"
She answered, "They are seven!"

"But stay! in blue and gold alone
I've counted twenty-three."
Stern was the little maiden's tone:
"There are but seven," said she.

"A hundred books of tales and rhymes
May seem assembled here;
But they write each book a dozen times—
A dozen times each year.

"First comes the book that never ends,
The book that's written most,
About a schoolgirl who pretends
To be a sheeted ghost.

"And next the book about young Bob
Who ran away to sea,
And in his hammock choked a sob,
While mates cursed dreadfully.

"The tale about the latest war,
With real names and maps;
The tale of a fool at a public school,
And the bully and other chaps.

"The story of the western main,
Of gold and an Indian maid,
Of grim Inquisitors in Spain
And 'our hero' unafraid.

"The tale of Ralph, the Cavalier,
And Roundhead Ruth, his bride,
And last, the book of Emmy dear,
Who was too good and died."

"But what of Beauty and the Beast,
The Babies in the Wood,
Of Cinderella, or, at least,
Little Red Riding-Hood?"

"Their names I rather think I've heard,"
The little maid replied,
"But have not found a single word
Of how they lived and died."

"When little girls tell fibs," said I,
"They do not go to heaven."
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "They are but seven."

**FROM GHENT TO AIX .....M. W. P. .....NEW YORK SUN**

I sprang to the front seat; and Boris and D——,
Jerked wide the controller—as did all of us three.
"Hi," yelled the gens d'armes, as they fell back aghast;
"Hi," echoed the walls back to us whirling past:
For speed regulations we cared not a sou—
'Twas the prize of the Auto Club we had in view.

Not a word to each other; we kept the swift pace,
Wheel to wheel, hub to bub, never changing our place.
Ere I settled myself I first tested the brake;
Next the tiller ('tis well such precautions to take);
Yet the while, tho' they strenuous strove to defeat her,
My gamesome Green Ghoul never yielded a meter.

'Twas six as we started (six A.M., of course—
Too soon for the betting to start on the Bourse)
And it was twelve minutes past, or rather 12.10.
As we shot thro' the first town, I think Lakeren.
(Its street is as crooked as a B-flat cornet
So that twenty per hour's the best one can get.)

Boom, Duffel and Aerschot were all passed on time.
When just as we heard in the distance the chime
Of Mechlin Cathedral strike quarter of seven,
I heard D—— exclaim in a vexed tone, "Good Heaven!"
(His language, in fact, was much stronger than that)
And there was his right-hand front tire quite flat:

And now there were two of us, Boris and I,
Eyes burning, heads throbbing, and throats parched and dry,
Each jolt of the car like a snickersnee's thrust,
Each breath that we drew filled our lungs full of dust.
But little we recked of details of that sort,
We would suffer a thousand times more for the Sport!

We had run down some ten, and still Boris sat tight,
But just as the smokestacks of Aix rose to sight,
His tiller got jammed and he shot off the course.
And so I rode on with the record, perforce.
And I couldn't but think as they gave me the prize,
How the world since that chap Browning wrote had grown wise.

**AN OMAR FOR LADIES ..JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM..HARPER'S**

One for her Club and her own Latch-key fights,
Another wastes in Study her good Nights,
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the Shopgirl all about us—"Lo,
The Wages of a month," she says, "I blow
In to a hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show."

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundred's gilded halls,
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appalls,
How Ping-pong raged so high—then faded out
To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep
The *dernier cri* that once was far from cheap;
Green Veils, one season *chic*—Department stores
Mark down in vain—no profit shall they reap.

**THE BURNING ISSUE .....SPRINGFIELD NEWS**

Break, break, break,
Firewood on my poor, sore knee,
And no tongue on earth can utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Ah, well for the far-sighted man
Who filled up his bin in the spring;
Ah, well for the prophet and seer
Who stored ere old prices took wing.

And the winter's frost steals on
From its haven in northern hills,
But, oh, for the warmth of a glowing stove
And a respite from ague pills.

Mine! mine! quick!
The coal that is good to see;
For all the gas stoves in all this world
Cannot take this chill from me.

**HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE .....NEW YORK WORLD**

Full stalwart rose Horatius Smith; the hour was growing late.
"Now, who," said he "will strive with me to pass the western gate
Home to our waiting wives and weans by far Gowanus shore?
Aye, who will stand at either hand and try the Bridge once more?"

Then out spake Hans, the copying clerk, a Pomeranian wight:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, nor falter in the fight."
And Larry Hughes, of Antrim, cried from the cashier's cage:
"Upon thy left thou'lt need my heft; thus let the battle rage!"

The three drew near the turmoil and looked upon their foes;
And a frighting din of conflict from the mighty throng arose.
Yet not a moment stayed they—now heaven defend the brave!—
But butted in resolved to win a victory or the grave.

A great array from Bensonhurst withstood their coming stout,
Till a short-arm jolt of Larry's laid the foremost champion out.
And men that clung like bees about a Putnam-Halsey car
Hans in his might biffed left and right, a fair-haired god of war.

But most did brave Horatius approve his valor true.
Full many a staid typewriter maid he buffeted and slew.
And men from Cork and East New York fell by his puissant fist;
He trod upon their cracking ribs. Who, who could long resist?

Not long the brunt of battle could stay their fierce attack;
Those behind yelled "Forward!" and those ahead shrieked "Back!"
They faltered not nor stayed them; like thunderbolts of war
With mighty thews strove Hans and Hughes to gain a Court Street car.

One moment stood Horatius, but constant still in mind;
His dinner was before him, a host of foes behind.
And fain to reach the moving car as slowly out it swung
He strangle-gripped a man who slipped, and in his stead he clung.

And on that night in winter, the while the north wind blew,
There was joy in old Gowanus, 'cause Horatius got through.
Though rent with many gaping wounds, battered, hurt and sore,
He 'lowed with pride he'd almost died, but he'd bucked that Bridge once more.

# Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

**Edited by Robert Blight**

Every civilized nation appears to have a style of gardening peculiarly its own. This is very evident to visitors to the European continent, who note the difference between the gardens of the several countries they may visit. The French, the Italian and the Dutch stand pre-eminently at the head of the European styles, and each differs markedly from that Old English fashion which still rules in England and which was introduced into this country by the colonists from that land. Landscape gardening, with its utilization of natural scenery, is largely an English development, while the continental styles are much more formal and artificial. Some of the most famous gardens in Great Britain possess specimens of each of the characteristic styles of Europe, and thus it is possible to make a comparison of the charms of each. There is little doubt that the palm must be given to the Old English garden with its vast variety, its freedom from formality, its quaint nooks and sunny borders, and its close imitation of nature. Still, other styles have their own attractions, and the following passage well describes some of those met with in the Italian:

**SOME ITALIAN GARDENS. RICHARD DAVEY. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL**

There is no more restful sort of existence than that which can be passed in one of the great Roman, Florentine or Genoese villas. Everybody rises with the sun; and after a light collation, and mass in the chapel which so picturesquely replaces the temple to the household gods of the classical villa, comes a stroll in the enchanted gardens, where you find in May and June a wealth of flowers such as the wildest northern imagination cannot conceive—walls concealed for hundreds of yards by a veritable Niagara of Banksia roses intermingled with the trumpet vine, the delicate purple bougainvillea. the dainty lilac wistaria, and the star jasmine. Then come the great flower-beds, somewhat neglected and weed-grown, but nevertheless overflowing with every sort and variety of rose and lily, and the long, stately avenues of ilex, with their rather forlorn population of Olympian deities, whose nudity is quaintly draped in lichens, or veiled in tender green maiden-hair fern.

In most of these old villa gardens there are mighty tanks of the purest water, covered with weeds, it is true, but also with water-lilies, and generally presided over by some moss-grown water-god or other, who in more flourishing times had sufficient strength to send high up into the air a stately crystal column, but now, being decrepit, he only lets it drip lazily from one great conch shell to another, just to ruffle the surface of the pool. Sometimes, by a chance, these fountains are in excellent repair, and can still send up a lofty spout of foaming water, or tumble it in natural cascades down a flight of artificial steps. In the open glades stand old altars, upon which centuries ago the sacrificial smoke rose to gods whose very names are forgotten. Here is a semi-circle of terminal figures, forming a stately amphitheater, backed by an impenetrable laurel hedge. There is a long vista of woodpath, crossed here and there by broad bands of sunshine. Huge vases, full of geraniums and roses, stand at intervals along the terraces, and orange trees, heavy with their golden lamps, flourish luxuriantly in the colossal terra-cotta pots that alternate with busts of gods and heroes at intervals up the broad grass-grown steps. A real Italian garden is, in short, a quaint combination of art and nature, in which nature, after a time, is allowed to have sway and run riot at her wildest. Hence the inevitable failure of the Italian garden when transplanted to the north. In England it is kept altogether too tidy; the terminal figures must be spick and span, no fern draperies may cover the marble nudity of the statues, and the sight of a weed or a blade of grass on a stairway or terrace would disturb the gardeners.

### LIFE IN THE HOUSE

When the sun gets too hot in Italy and on has to hurry indoors, the blinds are drawn an the shutters closed, but the windows are kep open, so that the air from the sea or mounta filters in, keeping the lofty frescoed chambe deliciously cool. Dinner is served at twel o'clock, an abundant and succulent me generally of fish, eggs and fowl, very little no meat, washed down by native wines, a ending by a feast of peaches and icy-cold fi

Then comes the siesta, when the silence in the house is only broken by the cheerful chirrup of the cicada, or wood-cricket, in the trees outside. Sometimes a huge tiger butterfly sails into the room from the outer world, or a big metallic beetle flops against the wall and tumbles onto the marble pavement, where it lies glittering like a big emerald in a ray of sunshine, and none so energetic as to pick it up. A novel and a doze in this dreary atmosphere is more enjoyable and restful than words can tell. At five we are all up again and doing. If we are English we have tea, whilst the Italians eat fruit and sweetmeats and sip Rosolio. When the heat has gone we can play in the tennis-court, or catch fish in the pools, or climb rather wearily through the hot olive woods up to the top of the mountain at the back of the house, and watch the sun set over one of the landscapes which Turner alone has been able to reproduce. Supper we have on the terrace, whence we can watch myriads of fireflies glittering like a terrestrial firmament in the flower-beds below. Alas! there are drawbacks, and very serious ones. The glorious old tanks and fountains are the birthplaces of the wicked mosquito, who, as night advances, makes his presence only too irritatingly felt. Then the nightingales, all enchanting as they are, can sometimes form an orchestra that, in addition to the frogs, is sufficiently loud to awaken the proverbial seven sleepers. Somehow one gets accustomed in time to anything, and, after all, the net curtains may keep the mosquitos out, and ultimately one ends by missing the croak of the frogs and the shrill silvery cadence of "Venus's simple birds."

### MOONLIGHT IN THE GARDEN

No words can describe the marvelous beauty of a moonlight in a Roman villa garden. It is no "pale moonlight," such as Sir Walter Scott has immortalized, and which converted Melrose's fair ruins to ebony and silver, but a golden mellow glow that gilds rather than silvers all objects upon which it falls, and obliterates from them every trace of age and decay, so that the forlorn statues in the long ilex avenues gleam again in all their pristine whiteness. The steps leading up to the villa itself seem as clear cut as they were on the day they were laid, and you can count the huge terra-cotta vases, brim full of roses and geraniums, which outline the terraces, and, if your eyes are good enough, read the smallest printed edition of your Petrarch or Tasso.

All this is very beautiful, but the lover of flowers does not simply luxuriate in the *dolce far niente*. He longs for close communion with the objects of his affection, and for this nothing can serve his purpose so well as the old-fashioned garden with its borders and beds full of the old-fashioned flowers. Every garden should have such a spot. Did you ever sit down with pencil in hand during the winter months and, making a plan of your garden, dream of what the effect would be if you had certain plants in certain places? Such dreams are pleasant by the fireside, but great is the joy when the planting brings the fruition. You can prepare a scheme which will evolve into a picture of surpassing beauty if you consider habit, color, height and season. And in such a plan the hardy plants must assuredly have a conspicuous place—plants than will not only afford pleasure for a single season only, but become old friends to be welcomed each year. The growth of such in favor is a wholesome indication of a real love for gardening, and the following plea for them will be read by many with sincere delight:

### A PLEA FOR HARDY PLANTS.....J. WILKINSON ELLIOTT*

The great advantages of gardening with hardy plants and shrubs are so apparent, as compared with tender bedding plants, that it seems a waste of time and words to make any argument in favor of one and against the other; but the argument is needed as much as ever, for it is an undeniable fact that nine-tenths of the ornamental gardening in America is still done with a few commonplace and uninteresting bedding plants. Think of the pity of it, that all this enormous annual expenditure should be wasted—an expenditure that leaves our gardens in the fall exactly as it found them in the spring—bare earth, and nothing in it. Is it because the people prefer bedding plants to hardy ones? You who know hardy plants know that this is not so. Who would prefer, let us say, a bed of coleuses or geraniums to a fine group of rhododendrons, or azaleas, or *Lilium auratum*, or Japanese anemones, or to the hundreds of fine things to be had in hardy shrubs and plants? Any one of these has a beauty incomparably greater than can be produced with the most lavish use of bedding plants. Then the bedding plants are a yearly expense, while an investment in hardy plants and shrubs returns the investor an annual dividend in increased size and loveliness. Every dollar spent for them secures a permanent addition to the garden, and the time soon comes when the annual outlay can be devoted entirely to care and culture.

I know a gentleman who carried a fine stalk of *Lilium auratum* flowers into the office of one of the largest business houses in our city.

*From A Plea for Hardy Plants. J. Wilkinson Elliott. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.60

Not a man in the office knew what it was, and all were unwilling to believe that it grew in his garden. They supposed it to be some rare and costly flower grown in a conservatory. Yet these lilies, and dozens of other things as fine, can now be bought as cheaply as bedding plants.

The people do not prefer bedding plants to hardy ones. They have no choice in the matter. They buy what the local florist offers and what they see in their neighbors' gardens. They are not sufficiently interested to make inquiries. They do not read the gardening papers; and, with few exceptions, the managers of the city parks, who should be educators of the people in gardening, are content with what might be called an annual pyrotechnical display of bedding plants, as it is of such short duration and little artistic value.

The popularity of bedding plants is happily on the wane. It occurs to almost everybody after a time that they do not get much for their money when they buy this sort of material; but I cannot say that hardy plants are gaining much. There is no considerable effort made to attract the public attention to their merits; and when some man, more enterprising than his neighbors, does take the trouble to hunt them up and do his gardening with them, the result is not always happy. He is very apt to use them as he would bedding plants—that is, in formal beds cut out of the grass of the lawn. Of course, hardy plants do not lend themselves to this treatment, and it is one of their greatest merits that they do not. Better no flowers at all than that the lawn should be cut up in formal beds for their accommodation.

### THE MERITS OF HARDY PLANTS

An objection often urged against hardy plants is their short duration of bloom, but this is really one of their greatest merits. Let us consider the garden that depends exclusively upon bedding plants for its decoration. It is usually the first of June before they can be planted, and it is well into July before they are effective; often by the end of September they are killed by frost, and every day during their short season of three months they are as unchanging in appearance as the carpets in our houses, and about as interesting. On the contrary, the well-planned and well-planted gardens of hardy plants begins its season with earliest spring and terminates it not with the first light frosts of fall, but when November brings some real winter weather, and then goes to rest only to delight us afresh with the coming of another spring. Almost every day throughout its long season the hardy garden is changing with the changes of the season, something new is coming into bloom, and before it becomes monotonous its season is over and its place taken by some other flower equally beautiful and interesting but entirely different. Our garden is never tiresome; its past is a pleasant memory, its future a delightful anticipation, and its bloom an accurate calendar of the seasons. Is this true, or only fanciful writing? It is true, every word of it—hard but pleasant facts.

### SPRING FLOWERS

Snowdrops are in bloom with the first pleasant weather in spring; some springs they are in bloom during the first week in March. They are quickly followed by scillas and crocuses, and then comes the season of tulips and narcissi, with their countles varieties. What a variety of form in the narcissi! What a wealth of color in the tulips· Their season is fully a month, and before it is done the early flowering herbaceous plants are showing bloom and the flowering shrubs have begun a display that will end only with fall. By May scores of hardy shrubs and plants are in bloom—creeping phloxes, columbines, doronicums, Oriental poppies, German and Siberian irises, and in shrubs, lilacs, early spiræas, Japan quinces, magnolias, and Mollis and Ghent azaleas. We must not forget the hardy climbers, of which the clematis, in its numerous splendid varieties, covers a season of fully six months, and with which alone a most charming and interesting garden could be made.

### SUMMER FLOWERS

June brings such a wealth of bloom that we are at a loss as to what to use and what to reject. Rhododendrons in many varieties and colors, kalmias, Lilium candidum and elegans, and hardy roses are the flowers, perhaps, that hold the greatest share of our admiration at this season, and if June gave us hardy roses alone, our garden should be satisfactory. The memory of a fine collection of hardy roses in full bloom is worth more than all the ribbon and carpet-beds ever devised; and in saying this it is with full knowledge of the much advertised rolls of carpet, vases, worlds of flowers, etc., which some parks exhibit to wondering world. After the glorious beauty of June we might be content to have ov

garden tame for a month or two. But there is no need for tameness. At the beginning of July the magnificent Japanese irises are in bloom, than which there is nothing finer. Wealthy men build and maintain glass-houses at great expense to shelter things not half so fine. After the irises come the Japanese lilies, and with a little management these will give a brave show of bloom throughout the summer and fall until frost comes. To carry us through the summer we have also tall phloxes, yuccas, rudbeckias, gaillardias, tiger lilies, hollyhocks—single and double—campanulas, *Rosa rugosa*, day lilies, altheas, hydrangeas, tamarix, hardy sunflowers, bocconias, boltonias, the splendid tall delphiniums, and the curious and beautiful *Liatris pycnostachya*, which attracts all the butterflies in the neighborhood. These and many other lovely things give a succession of beauty throughout the summer days.

AUTUMN FLOWERS

And when fall comes we have still some of the best flowers in reserve, notably the Japanese anemones and the old-fashioned and really hardy chrysanthemums. The flower of both these good things will endure the early frosts and early snow-storms and delight us with a show of bloom on such sunshiny days as we may be favored with in late fall.

It may be thought that to win my admiration a flower must be hardy. Nothing of the sort. Certainly the basis of all good outdoor gardening must be hardy material; but the skilful gardener or amateur will find a place for many tender plants, and especially for the so-called blooming bulbs, such as gladioli, dahlias, and tuberous begonias, all of which are easily wintered in any dwelling house. He will even find a place for the new large-flowering cannas, but that place is not in isolated beds on the lawn. I have seen them used to the best advantage in small groups in the margin of shrubbery, where the full benefit of their really fine coloring was attained, but their stiffness and ungracefulness concealed. And the many fine annuals that are so cheaply and easily raised from seeds are not to be overlooked—*Phlox Drummondii*, Shirley poppies, sweet peas, asters, calliopsis, are all fine, and I am free to confess that there are but few things among hardy plants that I admire more than a fine mass of tall nasturtiums. The garden of hardy plants is within the reach of the humblest gardener, yet it will satisfy the demand of the most ambitious; and the finest show places of America and Europe are devoted almost exclusively to hardy material.

These are weighty words and indicate a movement that has been going on for some time, and not without success. The supremacy of the old bedding system is passing away, and, judging from catalogues of florists who make a specialty of hardy plants, the demand for these is increasing rapidly. One advantage of a garden of hardy plants, not alluded to in the above passage, appeals to one very strongly. It is the inducement which a large and constant succession of flowers offers for the study of botany and folk-lore of plants. No one who wanders among such blooms can resist the desire to know something about them beyond their adaptability to the decoration of our gardens. The following is an instance of the interesting information which such a study involves:

**THE STORY OF THE DAHLIA.....HOME AND FLOWERS**

The dahlia, as we know it, is a work of art, like its near relative, the chrysanthemum, and many other "florists' flowers." In 1784, Vincent Cervantes, director of the botanical garden of the city of Mexico, sent to Cavanilles, the director of the Madrid botanical garden, a plant unknown to botanists. It was a tall, spindly affair, with nodding little flowers, each of which had a yellow central disk surrounded by five or six red or orange petals. Cavanilles called it Dahlia, in honor of the recently deceased Swedish botanist, Dahl. But when the plant came to Germany, where the name dahlia had already been given to another plant, the botanist Wildenow conferred upon the newcomer the name Georgina, by which name it has been universally known in Germany until within recent years. This name was given in honor, not of George III. of England, as has been commonly assumed, but of a Russian explorer named Georgi. Dahlias were great rarities in Europe until Humboldt and Bonpland brought back a quantity of seed on their return from Mexico.

Botanists and gardeners soon noticed the extraordinary facility with which the color of the flowers could be varied, and their interest increased when the first double dahlia was produced in 1808. Then arose a keen rivalry in the production of new varieties of form and color among the English and German florists. Prizes amounting to hundreds of dollars were offered for the finest new sorts. In Germany, as recently as the '70's, three or four dollars were sometimes paid for one flower. The English florists took the lead in the development of the dahlia until about 1835, after which they were hard pressed by the Germans. In 1836 one of the latter exhibited 200 varieties, mostly of his own production.

# Scientific Progress and Endeavor

**POPP-BRANLY AERIAL TELEGRAPH SYSTEMS ....SCIENTIFIC AM.**

An aerial telegraphy project of unusual interest is now being organized in Paris. It is the intention to establish a subscriber system which will cover the whole city, and the subscribers will be kept posted as to all the important news of the day. A company has been formed for the purpose, which company is headed by Victor Popp, a prominent engineer and director of compressed air and electric lighting systems in Paris; with him is associated Dr. Edouard Branly, whose work in aerial telegraphy is too well known to be dwelt upon. This company has already installed a station at its headquarters, Place de la Madeleine, and two others at the newspaper offices of the Figaro and Journal, besides a third at the Agence Havas, near the Bourse. For some months past messages have been regularly sent between these posts, and there seems to be no question as to the practical operation of the system. Dr. Branly's new improved instruments are used and the masts are mounted on the roofs of the buildings.

The execution of the subscriber system will no doubt be carried out shortly. For this purpose a main transmitting station will be established in a central locality, perhaps near the Bourse. This post will have ample telegraph and telephone facilities for receiving the news of all the important events of the day. As the news is received, the central post will transmit it in turn by aerial telegraphy to a series of receiving stations distributed throughout the city and suburbs. From these cyclist messengers will carry the news to the subscribers' houses say every half hour. Thus the subscribers will be kept posted on all the leading events both of home and foreign news, stock quotations, markets, etc. The relatively small cost will place the system within the means of many persons. The system will be especially valuable for hotels, clubs, cafés, etc., which are to have bulletin boards for posting the news. The utility of such a system will be at once apparent, for it will greatly further the business interests of the city.

Besides the Paris system, the company has a number of other projects under way. It is expected to establish a system of maritime posts all around the coast of France in order to communicate with vessels. At present two such posts are being erected on the north coast, one at Cape Gris Nez and a second at Cap de la Hague. Others will follow, and finally it is expected to cover the whole north and west coasts, as well as those of the Mediterranean. Later on the system will be extended to the French possessions in Africa, along the north coast from Algiers to Tunis, and also on the west coast. It is proposed also to connect Madagascar with the mainland and from thence by telegraph with the north. M. Popp and Lieutenant Monteil have a project for connecting Tunis with Lake Tchad across the Sahara by a succession of aerial telegraphy stations. The Lake Tchad station will connect to the projected telegraph lines extending to the existing Niger and the Congo systems.

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**THE NATURE OF HALLUCINATIONS..F. LEGGE..LONDON ACADEMY**

Subject to the caution that all psychologists do not agree as to the nature of hallucinations, it may be said that they are best defined as deceits of the senses. The only difference that has yet been discovered between true sense-perception or the normal exercise of the senses and hallucinations is that in the first case the object seen, heard, or felt actually exists; while, in the other, it does not. So, to put a fairly familiar case, the sufferer from alcoholic delirium sees rats, dogs, and snakes all around him, although there is nothing there. Yet we know that in this case there can be no effect immediately produced on the retina, and that the brain must therefore be influenced in some other way than in the normal manner through the optic nerve. It should be noted also that exactly the same thing takes place in dreams. How this can be is really the problem that we have to solve.

In order to do so, we may look first at some statistics lately collected by the Society for Psychical Research. According to the report presented by them to their subscribers, they issued a "questionnaire" (no English word so exactly expresses the meaning) to a great many people asking whether the questioned had ever, when completely awake, had a "vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object or of hearing

a voice, which impression was not due to any external physical cause." To this inquiry they received some twenty-four thousand answers saying that the questioned never had such a vivid impression and only three thousand from people who admitted that they had. Of the three thousand cases thus reported—I am taking as round figures as possible—by far the greater number were visual or deceits of the sense of seeing, these being more than twice as numerous as the auditory hallucinations which came next, while these last again were more than double the number of the tactile hallucinations or deceits of the sense of touch. It follows, therefore, that while only about eleven per cent. of the questioned confessed to hallucinations of any kind, more than one-half of the hallucinated saw, or thought that they saw, things which were not actually there. Of these visual hallucinations about one-third concerned themselves with apparitions of living persons known to the hallucinated, about half that number with visions of dead acquaintances, and only a very small proportion—something like twelve in a thousand—with apparitions of a religious kind. After making every allowance for the unwillingness of persons to speak of the illusory visions they have experienced, it seems that the subject of an hallucination is more often than not the apparition of a person well known to the observer.

This seems to me an extremely significant fact, when we consider what it is that takes place in our consciousness when we, as we say, recognize any one. The act is, in the great majority of cases, not an act of perception, but of memory. The first time that we meet again a person whom we have met but once before, but who has made no very deep impression upon us, most of us go through a more or less prolonged period of hesitation until some hitherto unnoticed feature or some trick of gesture give us the clue to the identification we are seeking. But the process is in any ordinary case unconscious, because we have not on the first occasion of meeting the stranger expected to come across him again, and have therefore not closely noted his peculiarities of form or manner. On the other hand, when it is in the daily practise of the observer to note the way by which the observed may be recognized in the second interview, it is astonishing how quickly and unerringly the act of recognition is made. There are hall-porters in London clubs who are said to have never made a mistake in the identity of a member, and the same gift is generally acquired by the sergeant-major of a regiment, to the great disgust of re-enlisting recruits. And, although the comparison may seem to fall below the exuberant loyalty of the hour, the same faculty is said to be generally possessed by kings. That unconscious memory plays the greatest part in the production of hallucinations seems, therefore, antecedently probable, and this coincides well enough with what we otherwise know about the nature of memory itself. As I have before said in these columns, memory is an attribute which the cells which make up the body of man share with inanimate nature, and the nerves and brain retain for a greater or less length of time the impress of all objects with which they have been brought into connection. When anything happens to arouse the memory thus stored up within the apparatus of thought, the machinery is again set going as a tuning fork vibrates to a particular note. But of all the organs of the body, the eye is that which receives most incessantly the greatest number of varying impressions and transmits them to the brain, and it is not perhaps unnatural to conclude that it is the visual apparatus which is most likely under abnormal circumstances to give forth the impressions which it has received irregularly or in the wrong order. We may even suppose, without any great violation of probability, that it is the neurons especially concerned with sight which are at once the recipients and storehouses of the impressions received by the retina, and that under the influence of some abnormal activity or derangement, they themselves reproduce these impressions as if in response to an external stimulus. Without making any dogmatic assertion on a subject which is hardly likely to be for some time submitted to the test of direct experiment, it may be thought that in like manner can be explained the cause of all hallucinations or deceits of the senses of hearing and touch.

Those who thus think will certainly find many confirmations of this proposition in the history of the hallucinations of the hysterical and neurotic. During the Middle Ages, when stories of heaven and hell, of miracles, witchcraft, and devils formed the mental stimulus of all but a fraction of the population, the hallucinations recorded all fall into line with a regularity which is simply astonishing. In the witch-trials that form the records of what was perhaps the most terrible superstition which has ever darkened the earth, confession follows confession with such monotony as to

lead to the theory — for which there is otherwise no evidence—that they must have always been dictated by the judges. At the present day it is, as most people unfortunate enough to be thrown into contact with the insane know well, the telephone and the electric machine which have replaced in the visions of diseased minds the place once occupied by the Sabbat and the grimoire. In all these cases, it is plain that the hallucination is the reproduction of some pictorial or verbal description stored up within the brain and brought out again without any conscious effort. Never, perhaps, does the mind of man show more thoroughly its material nature and dependence than when it fancies it has emancipated itself from the thraldom of matter.

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**GERMAN BRIQUETTES ..... THE AGE OF STEEL**

Prepared fuel is becoming an important factor, not only in the abatement of the smoke nuisance in some German cities, but in the economics of heat production. According to a recent Consular Report, there were in operation in Germany, at the close of 1900, eighty-nine manufactories of fuel briquettes, some of which have a yearly output of more than 100,000 tons. These briquette works are divided in respect to the material employed into two general classes, those which make briquettes from brown coal or carbonized peat, with or without the addition of a bituminous matrix or binder, and those which use as a basic material coal dust or slack—the waste of soft coal mines. In the manufacture of briquettes from brown coal, the lignite is crushed, moistened with water to the consistency of mortar, then passed through the machine, which, by compression under heat, develops the bitumen in the material and renders the mass so plastic and adhesive that it molds rapidly into smooth, glistening briquettes of a black or dark-brown color, which are practically smokeless, and leave after combustion a reddish-brown ash. All processes of this kind are based upon the fact that lignite is a vegetable coal of more recent formation and, therefore, of less perfectly carbonized structure than anthracite or bituminous coal. The process employed in France and Germany has long passed the experimental stage and become a standard industry. What is known as peat-coal requires more artificial preparation to produce a high-class fuel; hence the several more or less successful patented processes for carbonizing peat into so-called peat-coal, an artificial product which can be either used in irregular lumps or molded into briquettes.

What is known as the Stauber process for drying moist substances was first brought to notice in connection with peat-coal manufacture in 1901, when the Imperial Testing Station announced, as a result of experiments made with peat briquettes, made by the Stauber system, that they contained 45.14 per cent. of fixed carbon, 4.54 per cent. hydrogen, 29.34 per cent. oxygen, and 9.09 per cent. ash, and had a thermal value of 3.806 calorics. This system includes a process for rapidly drying the moist peat by means of heated and compressed air within a closed chamber or channel communicating with conduit pipes in such a manner that heated air can be forced through the drying channel and cold air through the outlet pipe, the effect being that the cold air quickly absorbs the hot, saturated air out of the drying chamber, and condenses it in the conduit pipes, thus greatly stimulating the process of evaporation by which the peat is dried. The drying machine is in cylindrical boiler form and of a size to conveniently produce five tons of dried peat per day. In a large plant this unit would be simply repeated, as a number of machines can be worked with air currents generated by the same engine. The peat-coal produced can be used for locomotive or other fuel raw, or it can be coked, and produces a coke wholly free from sulphur and as valuable as charcoal for certain industrial purposes. The cost of such a plant, with a capacity of fifty tons of peat briquettes per day, would be $39,270, including buildings, machinery, steam engine and fixtures, and means of transporting material and product.

The Schoening-Fritz process for making artificial coal and briquettes by carbonizing dried peat is an elaboration by a German engineer of a system used with more or less success in Norway. The process consists in compressing dried peat between hot rollers, by which it is simultanously carbonized and transformed into coal. These briquettes are coal black in color, firm in structure, glazed on the surface, clean as wood to handle, easily kindled, and practically smokeless when burned in an ordinary grate or stove.

Another process, the value of which has been fully established by experience, is in practical operation at Munich and other places. The peculiar feature of this system is that by it black, dense briquettes of high caloric value are made from peat without the application of heat—simply through the action of kneading

and drying. This peat-coal can be sawed, planed, and even polished like cannel coal. If Americans are really interested in the subject, says Consul-General Mason, there is no need of risking any large sums of money in uncertain experiments. They can start at the point of technical knowledge which Europeans have reached after many years of experience.

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**"TELEGRAPHING" PHOTOGRAPHS..... NEW YORK PRESS**

A few years ago a suggestion that pictures —not mere outline indications, but half-tone drawings, as perfect almost in their details as photographs themselves—could be transmitted by wire as easily as messages in words, would have been ranked with the mythical imaginings of an Arabian Nights' dreamer. Yet this can be done, and, while the results at present attainable will undoubtedly be vastly improved upon, they are even now astonishing and revolutionary.

The electrograph is the invention of two young men, H. R. Palmer, a graduate of Cornell University, now a mechanical engineer of Cleveland, Ohio, and Thomas Mills, a practical engineer of the same city. In its present stage it represents five years of patient study and experiment by the young inventors.

By its means half-tone photgraphs were, during the past week, transmitted by wire a distance of a thousand miles—further than between New York and Chicago. The time occupied in sending the drawings varied between six and fifteen minutes, according to the nature and size of the drawing. Pictures of the interiors of buildings, of street and water scenes, etc., where the details of the object are more drawn out, require a longer time, just as a long-word message takes more minutes than a short one.

The method by which the transmission is accomplished is extremely simple. The photograph which is to be sent by wire is first reproduced on half-tone plates through a coarse meshed screen, and the zinc plate then bent around the electrograph's cylinder. The action of this cylinder, by the way, is reversible; that is, it becomes, with a change in the character of the recording point, a receiver as well as a sender. The plate which is bent around the sending cylinder is flooded (after having the photograph reproduced upon it) with melted wax, and then rubbed to a smooth surface. The wax insulates the depressions, leaving the other parts of the plate exposed. The operator then closes his key.

So much for the sending part of the electrograph. The receiving instrument has white paper wrapped around its cylinder. The closed circuit at the sending end starts the machine working automatically, and a fine, steel stylus proceeeds to trace a spiral upon the zinc plate, the wax dots on the plate from which the drawing is being sent rapidly breaking the circuit and causing electrical pulsations upon the connecting wire. These pulsations are recorded upon the receivers by special electro magnets actuating steel pens, which trace corresponding spirals on the recording paper.

These spirals, broken into dots similar to the waxed depressions in the plates, build themselves up automatically, and the picture rapidly unfolds itself, composed of thousands of dots. The result is thus an exact copy of the zinc plate hundreds of miles away, which is itself a perfect half-tone of the original picture. There is said to be no limit to the number of pictures which can thus be made from the same plate.

Speaking of the discovery, Allen S. Williams, who conducted the experiments, said that the hardest task which the inventors had to solve was the synchronizing, or equalizing, the motions of the two distant cylinders. This difficulty had, however, been successfully surmounted, and except for greater smoothness of execution, which would naturally come from further use of the machines, the apparatus was now practically perfect.

Where and whenever a telgraph or a telephone message can be sent, Mr. Williams declared, the electrograph will transmit pictures, and the operator may instantly, if he wishes, cut out the picture service and send a word message, resuming "electrographing" at will. The expense of operating the instrument is the same as an ordinary telegraphic service. An immediate requisition for a picture, map or design of any kind which exists can be supplied as quickly as the object can be procured and put on the wire.

As an indication of the importance which is attached to the new method as a means for the detection of criminals, it is stated that Chief Wilkie, of the United States Secret Service at Washington, is arranging for an immediate installation of the instruments in all the principal cities for the use of the Detective Bureau. This, it is believed, will be followed soon by similar action on the part of the cities themselves.

# Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

**HEARING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.....MEDICAL TIMES**

At a special meeting of the Otological Society of the United Kingdom, held on April 14, of this year, the report of Mr. Arthur Cheatle on the examination of the ears of a thousand school children was read. Out of this number the ears were normal in only 432—or under 50 per cent. Middle-ear disease was that with which the majority were affected, the numbers being—external ear, 49; middle ear, 518, and internal ear, 1. The test used by Mr. Cheatle was the whispered voice at eighteen feet, and the hearing was found to be more or less deficient in 520. Eighty-seven children were found to be suffering from chronic middle-ear suppuration. Of these children 71 had adenoids. The number of cases of deafness from post-suppurative conditions was 247, and of these 171 had adenoids. There were 166 cases of non-suppurative middle-ear deafness; of these 141 had adenoids. Adenoids were present in 434 children, and of these aural trouble was present in 394. Only 40 had normal ears.

**THE STERILIZATION OF UNDERCLOTHING .....LONDON HOSPITAL**

In a recent number of Lyons Medical attention is drawn to the frequency of cutaneous eruptions among the children at certain crêches. These eruptions took the form of boils, pustules, and erythematous rashes, and for several years had been very prevalent at the Crêche de la Charité. The use of antiseptics in the form of lotions and ointments had failed to stay the outbreak. The plan was then tried of using sterilized cloth for dressing the children, and at once an improvement in their condition manifested itself. The infection ceased to spread to new cases except on portions of the scalp, and the use of the sterilized caps soon put a stop to this, while, so far as the children already affected were concerned, they began to improve from the day on which the treatment was commenced. The matter is of some interest, and one can hardly avoid asking what is meant by the sterilization of under-linen? Surely it must mean that it is boiled. It used to be, and perhaps still is, the custom in France to wash clothes in cold running water, a plan by which, however thoroughly they may be lathered and rubbed and beaten, they certainly are not sterilized.

Years ago a virulent outbreak of puerperal fever in one of the London lying-in hospitals was traced to the manner in which the linen of the establishment was dealt with. It was washed, undoubtedly, but it was not boiled, and on its return, in a more or less damp condition, it was stored in a warm closet wherein it was imagined to be "aired." The result was that the cupboard acted as an incubator in which the infection remaining in this damp linen flourished exceedingly, with results which were disastrous. In this case, as probably in the case reported from Lyons, we had an instance of the evil consequences of not thoroughly sterilizing the underclothing. The moral is sufficiently obvious. How then about woolen materials which, lest they should shrink, are merely washed in tepid water? If this were done at home there might not, perhaps, be much to say on the subject, but how about mixing woolen underclothes, fresh from the skins of scores of unknown people, in one common tub, and then, without any pretense at sterilization, returning them to their respective owners? That woolen underwear is comfortable, and that in certain cases it affords a degree of protection from chill which cannot be obtained from any other form of clothing we fully admit. We must not, however, shut our eyes to the risks involved in the co-operative washing of clothes, the texture of which does not admit of their being sterilized by exposure to a high temperature.

**NEED OF AN AMERICAN "D. P. H.".....MEDICAL NEWS**

The progressive application of the ever-widening principles of sanitary science demands training which our medical schools do not now provide. In England the candidate for "D. P. H." is instructed in the statute laws relating to public health, and he becomes familiar with the adulterations and contaminations of food, as well as with the means for their detection. He studies water supplies and their regulation; the principles of hospital, dwelling, and factory construction, ventilation, drainage, and sewerage; the problems of school hygiene, trade nuisances, the diseases of animals in relation to the health of man, methods of dealing with epidemic contagious diseases, meteorology, and vital statistics. The mere

enumeration of these branches of instruction suffices to make evident our own need.

The functions of the modern board of health are legislative, judicial, and executive. Not all branches of sanitary work demand medical training, but for many such training is indispensable. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the control of departments of sanitation will remain generally in the hands of physicians without any effort on the part of the profession to retain such control. The education of the physician furnishes the best foundation for such work, but it must not be forgotten that the engineer, the chemist, the bacteriologist, are also in the field. In large centers of population the co-operation of these experts is necessary. They, no less than physicians, are men of general education and broad ideas, and their claims to leadership will command increasing respect if superior technical training is not made available for their medical rivals.

A recent work on municipal sanitation, from the pen of an engineer, declares that "the bacteriologist, the chemist, the engineer, the intelligent school principal, and a growing body of laymen, understand the need of health protection and the methods necessary to that end, quite as fully as the physician, while their grasp of the subject is often more comprehensive and more in accord with modern ideas." There is an element of truth in this statement. The training of non-physicians in state medicine is not superior to that of physicians, but it is not greatly inferior. While our opponents have not much to boast of, they gain in strength because of our weakness. Medical schools must bestir themselves. If an American medical "D. P. H." is not soon provided the profession will find an important class of public positions slipping from its grasp.

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**SELECTING AN ANESTHETIC..H. O. COLLINS..PHILA. MED. JOUR.**

In selecting the anesthetic best suited to a given case, three things are to be taken into consideration: First, the condition of the patient; second, the nature of the operation to be performed; and, third, the surroundings under which it is to be given. From a theoretical standpoint, at least, the various mixtures in common use are to be deprecated, owing to the uncertainty as to the exact proportions in which the separate ingredients are being absorbed, and therefore the lack of definite knowledge as to what the patient is getting. The differing specific gravities and evaporation-points and, consequently, the different rapidity with which the ingredients of mixtures enter the circulation, render their administration uncertain and unscientific and are likely to cause unexpected results during their inhalation. For this reason pure ether or chloroform seem destined to retain the confidence of the most experienced anesthetists, in spite of the claims which from time to time are made for mixtures of various kinds.

In considering the comparative safety of ether and chloroform, statistics are of value only when taken in connection with knowledge from other sources. All recent statistics point very decidedly to ether as the safer anesthetic. Those of Foy, based upon 877,507 administrations of chloroform, show a mortality of 1 in 4,301 inhalations, while the statistics of Julliard, based upon 314,738 administrations of ether, indicate a mortality of only 1 in 14,987. Other figures, quoted by various observers, give results nearly the same, the average being about one death in two thousand for chloroform and one in ten thousand for ether. Upon the face of these figures, ether is about five times as safe a general anesthetic as chloroform. But this is admittedly not true, as there are other factors which must be considered, and which make the comparison more equal. It is well known that chloroform kills its victims suddenly, while there are after effects of ether, especially upon the lungs and kidneys, which cause death not included in statistics, thus increasing the mortality. But, as compared to the total number of etherizations, these cases are relatively few and do not compensate for the great difference in the death-rate of the two anesthetics. Ether, then, judging from the data now before us, must be conceded to be the safer anesthetic. Each year sees it grow in popularity, even in Europe, where chloroform long held the first place. During the year 1897, ether was given in the London hospitals 2,910 times, nitrous oxide 1,362, chloroform 677, and A. C. E. 510.

The greater safety of ether, as compared with chloroform, is partly due to the manner in which each causes the death of the patient. Deaths from chloroform come quickly, without any previous warning, and the patient is almost immediately beyond the possibility of relief. Patients who die from chloroform are frequently strong and robust, without a single unhealthy organ to put the anesthetist on his guard. The deaths from ether, on the other hand, occur slowly and are first

heralded by warning signs which need not be overlooked and resuscitation is possible long after the danger-signals have been given. However, surgeons have published reports of 10,000 administrations of chloroform without an accident.

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**POISONING BY PTOMAINES ..... SANITARY REVIEW**

Ptomaines are allied closely to a number of substances known as the vegetable alkaloids which include a great variety of most powerful vegetable poisons such as morphine, strychnine, digitalis, and nicotine. There are many of these ptomaine products which act as poisons and they were originally known as cadaveric alkaloids because they were first discovered to be produced by the decomposition of animal substances. Afterwards they were found to be the resultants of animal activity during life, and the two classes of ptomaines would be better termed the animal alkaloids in order to include both those which arise from putrifying processes and those which are the result of physiological action. Many of the more ordinary distresses of life such as headaches, and the feelings of fatigue, as well as more serious nervous troubles, are often due to the failure of the ordinary excretory processes to eliminate these toxic products of vitality. The relation of the bacteria to the animal alkaloids or ptomaines is that they act on the complex albumen molecule, which is the common ancestor of alkaloids whether animal or vegetable, and split it up into several less complex molecules, among which are the ptomaines. This is the process of putrifaction; and the kind of ptomaine formed depends on the particular kind of bacterium, the nature of the material acted on, and the conditions, such as temperature and so on, under which the putrifaction proceeds.

As regards the nature of the material acted on, out of thirteen instances, pig's meat of one sort or another was the material acted on in nine cases, butcher's meat (kind not stated) in two, veal in one and beef in one; and this is stated by Dr. Luff in Quain's Dictionary of Medicine to be probably a fair representation of the relative frequency with which swine's flesh gives rise to diseases from poisonous meat. But fish and cheese may also be attacked. Crabs, lobsters and mussels are the most exposed, the source of infection being the bacteria introduced through the medium of sewage-polluted water, a few months in the open sea removing the poisonous properties. Other poisons than ptomaines are of course produced in food of all kinds by the agency of bacteria. Why some kinds of food are more readily attacked than others that may be eaten with apparent impunity at a quite advanced stage of decomposition, as game, for instance, while pork may be a possible poison though it is so slightly decomposed as not to be detected, is not at all clear. It is possible that, as decomposition proceeds, the earlier and more poisonous compounds may disappear and be succeeded by less noxious products. This is, however, a theoretic uncertainty which does not affect the practical side of the question, which is to prevent all foods in which decomposition is known to be dangerous being prepared under unsanitary conditions for sale.

But there is another and a curious danger from the production of ptomaines in the human body. There have been cases where death has been pronounced to be caused by wilful administration of vegetable alkaloids which toxicologists would now put down as ptomaine-poisoning cases; and innocent people have possibly already suffered and may in the future, though medical witnesses are much more alive to the danger of mistake than they were before the study of bacteriology had advanced to the point it has now reached. The difficulty consists in the fact that there are no chemical reactions by which the ptomaines as a class may be distinguished from the vegetable alkaloids. As ptomaines are present to a greater or less extent, probably, in every organ which is submitted to the toxicologist for examination, it is clear that the most serious mistakes might be made if chemists were not on their guard against too great confidence in declaring ptomaine compounds to be of the poisonous vegetable alkaloids. The latter must have been deliberately administered with food or drink as a vehicle, the former might have been administered either as food taken in the ordinary course, the food itself being the poison and not merely the vehicle, or they might be found in the body after death as the result of the body's own poison-producing capacity during life, or they might have arisen in the process of putrifaction after death. Chemistry alone cannot say which is the solution, and further proof would have to be sought in specific symptoms which could only be produced by some particular known poison, and in the general circumstances in which the death took place. More innocent persons have been killed from undoubted ptomaine poisoning than are likely to hang because ptomaines have been mistaken for vegetable alkaloids.

# Educational Questions of the Day

**PRESIDENT ELIOT ON POPULAR EDUCATION...HARPER'S WEEKLY**

President Eliot says that the results of popular education in this country are profoundly disappointing. That sounds startling and somewhat heretical, but Dr. Eliot expects a great deal of education, and is disappointed if he does not get it. He expects it to make people wise, but he does not find that the Americans as a people have yet attained to wisdom. We have been struggling for two generations with drunkenness, but have not yet found a successful way to deal with it; we still like to gamble, which is very unintelligent in us; universal suffrage has not insured good government to us; crimes of violence are committed in great number all over the country, both by mobs and by individuals; we don't show good taste in our choice of reading matter, nor in the plays we go to see; we are enormous consumers of patent medicines, and credulous patrons of all sorts of novel cures; labor strikes abound among us, and we still tolerate the spoil system in politics. Finally, the development of our minds is arrested too early. Dr. Eliot thinks that if our system of popular education was what it should be these disconcerting phenomena would not be observed. He does not argue that education does not make men good and wise. He thinks the trouble with us Americans is that we don't get education enough. He points out that the average expenditure in the common schools of the country last year was $21.14 per pupil, or 14.7 cents a day of the average school year. The highest expenditure is $41.68 per pupil in New York; the lowest $4.56 in North Carolina. With this he contrasts the expenditure for teaching and school maintenance in the private schools where well-to-do people send their children and shows it to be four or five times as great. This increased expenditure is for better teachers and more of them. The public schools, too, says Dr. Eliot, would have a teacher for every ten or fifteen pupils, instead of one for every forty or fifty pupils, if they could afford it, and there would be a playground around every school-house, and the school-house would be kept in as perfect sanitary condition as a hospital. His deduction is that "we ought to spend more public money on schools, because the present expenditures do not produce all the good results which were expected and may be reasonably aimed at."

**WHY CHILDREN LIE..EARL BARNES..KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE***

Do children lie? Yes; constantly, persistently, and universally. A child does not tell the truth because he could not. He does not know the truth, and his approximation to the truth is very much vaguer than ours. And there are certain qualities of his mind which make it inevitable that he should pervert the truth. In the first place, truth is synonymous with knowledge. He does not know what truth is. He has not yet come to a plane where he can think truly, not even to our plane. His movement of thought is fragmentary; he deals with little bits.

In the second place (and it is the same with us) children gradually approximate the truth. They have their ideas of truth. When I was a boy, if I said, "Hope to die if I don't tell the truth," or something of that sort, I felt more sure of getting a better article than if I didn't take such a precaution. It is something medieval and primitive. The child has a feeling that it is worse to lie to his mother than to a stranger. It is the same thing which makes difficulty in the police courts, where the authorities have to watch the ignorant witness to prevent him from kissing his thumb instead of kissing the book with the idea of escaping the penalties that would follow if he kissed the Bible.

In the third place, the child's imagination drives him often to tell what is not true. The child has an imaginary companion. She knocks on the bars of the gate and leads the imaginary companion into the house. They have a party. When the cakes come around the child takes a cake through the little girl. The child, of course, must do everything for the little girl, and so she eats her cake for her. The next morning her mother finds her tooth-brush out in the garden. When the child is questioned about it she says the little girl took it out there to brush her doll's curls.

The first difficulty—that which comes through lack of knowledge—must be met by education. Nothing else will help us out. The child must be brought constantly in contact with palpable truth and made to feel its exist-

*From a lecture in a Course on Moral Development of Children.

ence! This other disorder must be met by the most subtle education. Stamp out the imagination and you have a being unfit for the relations of social life. Somewhere in the process there should be the child's imaginative vision.

In the fourth place, you have egotism as a source of untruthfulness. One lies because he wants to show off, or because he wants to get into the background. In the one case he lies because he is a bravo; in the other case, because he is a coward. A boy in school was made to stand on the floor because he had written a love letter to one of the little girls. He got some Paris green, carried it to school, and took it there. Doubtless everyone of us with any imagination has lingered over the thought of some dramatic ending of our life which would bring us for once conspicuously before the community.

Contagion is the fifth cause. In the sixteenth century one hundred thousand people were put to death for witchcraft. I have looked over with some care the records in regard to witchcraft, both in Germany and in America. The singular thing is that a great mass of these people were children, and nearly all the witnesses were children, generally girls from twelve to fourteen years old. The children's crusades are another illustration of the same thing.

The sixth cause of children's lies is selfishness—they want something.

If I am right in my treatment of lies, if it is true that we are growing up from deceit to a franker transparency, then we must expect to find people all along the line. If a child misrepresents the truth it is a secondary symptom; it is because he is timid and afraid, perhaps; you whip him, and he is more timid than before. It is because he is a bravo and wants to show off; you stand him on the floor; he has exactly what he wants. He misrepresents the facts of life; you punish him and thereby introduce more difficulty into the understanding of facts of life than before. In every case of lying you have an indirect symptom, and what you want is to get back to the right thing.

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**ENGLISH SCHOOLS... JOHN E. GORST... NINETEENTH CENTURY**

It is no exaggeration to call the state of public instruction in England an emergency. The danger is imminent. There is no time to lose. Teachers and schools cannot be created in a moment by Act of Parliament. If all the authorities in England, the people, the parents, the churches, the county and municipal councils, the central government, set to work this day in earnest to improve public instruction, it would be years before the improved machinery could be got into working order, and our public instruction brought up to the level of that which has for many years already been possessed by our commercial and industrial rivals.

Elementary education in England, the foundation upon which higher instruction has to be built, is provided by two rival systems—the voluntary and the board schools. In the former considerably more than half the school-going children of the country are at the present time taught. In a large proportion of them, though by no means in all, religious instruction is given in accordance with the tenets of some particular form of Christianity. Their income consists of exchequer grants, fees (dwindling away since the Free Education Act), endowments, and voluntary contributions. Some of these schools are excellent, better than the best board schools, but most are inefficient for lack of proper means. The buildings are antiquated; the staff small and often inferior; child labor extensively used; the teaching apparatus inadequate. The weaker voluntary schools have a tendency to drop off, but, if let alone, it would be generations before they were extinct.

Voluntary schools are spread over the whole of England and Wales; but the School Board system has been established in about two-thirds of the country only; and there the board schools, which are richer than the voluntary schools, show a tendency slowly to supplant them. Board schools in large towns are the most efficient part of our elementary system. But if the School Board system has been a success in the towns, it is generally admitted to have been a failure in the country, where the school area is the parish. Some rural board schools are certainly good, many are indifferent, and some are very bad. The worst elementary schools in the country are to be found, not among voluntary schools, but among rural board schools.

All public elementary schools, voluntary and board, are under the supervision of the Board of Education, which distributes among them a parliamentary grant. But the sum out of the rates by which the government grant is supplemented in board schools is on an average much greater than the subscriptions which supplement the grant in voluntary schools. Some of the latter subsist wholly on the government grant and have no subscriptions at all

Such instruction higher than elementary as is now given by public authorities at the public expense falls, like elementary education, under two separate and rival systems—that of the technical day and evening schools maintained by county and municipal councils, and that of the higher grade and evening continuation schools maintained by School Boards. Each system has been supported and supervised by a separate branch of the Education Department. Each school has drawn exchequer grants from one or other of these branches, and the cleverer ones from both.

The schools of the municipalities, and those of the School Boards, are capable of indefinite overlapping and rivalry. In some cases the united wisdom of the council and the board has averted this danger, and the consequent loss to the ratepayers. Joint committees have been appointed, by which the schools of the two authorities are regulated, and made to supplement and not supplant each other. But in many places it is not so, and the ratepayers and taxpayers' money is wasted in a senseless competition. But waste of money is not the worst consequence of the dual system. The character of the instruction itself suffers. Schools are tempted to teach not that which is most profitable to the scholars and the nation, but that which is most popular and will attract most pupils. Preparation for examinations has taken the place of real education. In the day schools the mechanical acquisition of knowledge which can gain marks in an examination has supplanted all methods for cultivating the power of finding things out for oneself, and of applying knowledge to some more useful purpose than merely answering the questions of an examination paper. In evening schools an increasing number dance and swim, and gaze at magic lanterns; a decreasing number avail themselves of the opportunity for real study. As a plan for giving innocent recreation to the masses, the system of evening continuation schools has been a success; as a means of making up the terrible deficiencies of our people in commercial and technical capacity it is a failure.

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**CONCEIT..... IDA M. METCALF.....INTER. JOURNAL OF ETHICS.**

Unbridled and unblushing conceit pervades the school atmosphere of to-day. The well-meant efforts of teachers in the lower schools to lead children to express their ideas freely, and the encouragement given to any attempt however feeble, have established a precedent according to which the pupils demand perpetual tribute of enthusiastic praise. And this supreme self-complacency is accompanied by a total lack of respect for superior ability or more exhaustive knowledge. These girls and boys, fresh from the grammar schools, will airily contradict an expert on his own speciality, while attempts to convince them that such conduct savors of impropriety or presumption fall on unheeding ears. The laws of the scientist or the linguist, questions of taste, or the profoundest problems of philosophy are pronounced upon with equal cocksureness. Counter pleas may indeed be offered or evidence in rebuttal, but all on a plane of perfect equality. An intimation that on certain subjects they possess neither the data nor the mental power and training for correct judgment lays a teacher open to the charge of eccentricity and rank tyranny. It is perhaps on pedagogical questions that they pronounce with the most unerring inspiration, dogmatizing where competent authorities venture only to suggest, and criticising and reprimanding their teachers with an effrontery that would be laughable if it were less disgraceful.

A moderate amount of this discussion might seem to indicate an admirable independence, a commendable spirit of investigation. But it is speedily evident that there has been no investigation whatever and no weighing of evidence. The so-called arguments, couched in whatever form of speech, when reduced to their lowest terms amount simply to an expression of personal preference.

And just here we touch the root of the disease, in so far as so multiform an evil can be ascribed to a single source. These children are individually the centers of their own universe; and the laws of nature and of man sink into insignificance when in conflict with their good pleasure or convenience. The delusion is so extreme as to be almost a mania, and it permeates and poisons the very essence of their work and character.

What these young people most need to learn is the dignity of labor and the fact that self-respect demands obedience to law—in short, the supremacy of duty over personal inclination. What they are learning is to do voluntarily only what they find agreeable and interesting, and to consider the fact that their work is hard or makes them nervous the best of reasons for neglecting it. They see themselves and their moods as the pivot of a complaisant social order—and for this distorted view of life the school system is seriously to blame.

# Sociologic Questions of the Times

CHILD LABOR.....W. E. WALLING.....ETHICAL RECORD*

The widespread agitation against child labor in the South has reopened the discussion of this very important problem throughout the whole country. It has been found that the work of the children in the textile mills in the South is reduplicated not only in other industries in the South, but in the Middle States, and in more than one Northern State, notwithstanding many years of child-labor legislation. The tobacco factories of Virginia and Kentucky, for example, are known to employ children under almost as injurious conditions as obtain in the cotton States; the slaughter-houses, tobacco shops, and bakeries in Chicago are employing children below the age of fourteen years under equally sordid conditions, and by night as well as by day; the enormous glass industry of New Jersey is employing children below the legal age under the most injurious conditions; the mines of Pennsylvania are using thousands of boys on the breakers, a large part of whom are known to be below the legal age; and the office boys, messenger boys, delivery boys, newsboys, and bootblacks of New York, as well as those of other large cities, are totally without legal protection.

Child labor in the North does not take place, as a rule at such an early age as it does in the South; but its very much greater extent in this section makes it an even more important public issue. Besides the thirteen thousand children under sixteen employed in the factories of New York, there are thousands in the stores, thousands on the street, and other thousands scattered throughout the offices of the city. The street boys are as young as any of those employed in the Southern mills, and work in an environment equally or more injurious to their habits and character.

There is no question that the employment of children has become a universal custom among the working population of our large cities. Exceptions occur only among the most skilled artisans, and in an occasional family unusually ambitious for its children. Unfortunately, the census has not been taken in such a way as to throw the light we need on the extent of child labor in the United States; but whether the total number of children employed is increasing or not, it has assumed stupendous proportions. Wherever any exceptional decrease has been noted, it has been due to restrictive legislation, and has taken place in spite of the underlying tendency which forces the children to work at the earliest possible age.

Few persons realize what a broad subject the regulation of child labor is. It is by no means a question merely of restricting the employment of children to those above a certain age, and enforcing this restriction; although the enactment of a minimum age is required, and its adequate enforcement is the first and most fundamental feature of every child-labor law. Equally important is the requirement of certain educational qualifications on the part of every child that goes to work. A child should have gone to the public schools or some other recognized educational institution for the full period, and should have acquired the capacity to pass certain elementary educational tests. Child-labor legislation should also be accompanied by a more rigid enforcement of the compulsory education laws, and the raising of the compulsory education age.

A familiarity with the varied tasks that are assigned to children in the factories and workshops will make it clear to anyone that there are classes of work totally unsuited to weak, sickly, or defective children; and other kinds of labor that are totally unsuited to children under any conditions. Germany, Belgium, England and all the enlightened manufacturing nations have recognized this. Only the United States, which is built up on its system of the training of children, and is absolutely dependent upon it, has (with the single exception of the State of Massachusetts) failed to recognize this salient industrial fact. Several States have clauses in their laws forbidding the employment of children at dangerous trades, but the machinery which is absolutely necessary to make such a law anything more than a pious aspiration has not been developed.

Children are deformed, maimed, weakened and made diseased for life in many of the trades flourishing in every industrial community. All those employed in sweatshops,

*Member of the Executive Committee of Commission on Child Labor.

home labor, and other more or less isolated occupations, are subject to every unsanitary condition prevalent in these places. Those employed about such dangerous machinery as is common in the tin-can factories, stamping-mills, and saw-mills suffer more than the adults from the dangers of such employment. An undeveloped child cannot be expected to take the precautions of a man. In the Minnesota Bureau of Labor, for instance, the statistics show that the accidents among children are many times more common than those among adults.

The dangers, diseases, and unhealthy conditions of certain occupations is a subject of immense importance to a community which spends the larger part of its waking hours at work. It is impossible to give even the most general idea of the extent of these evils in a brief account. Among the worst of them are the necroses resulting from employment in potteries, and the phosphorus poisoning in match works. The writer has seen a small boy with his teeth ready to drop out from the necrosis of lead poisoning, and is assured by medical authorities that this was only a symptom of the softening of all of the bones in the body.

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**TEMPERANCE REFORM .....W. O. ATWATER .....OUTLOOK**

The complexity of the drink problem is well stated by Prof. F. G. Peabody, in speaking of the "later developments of the so-called temperance cause":

Here is a social movement which has been very generally regarded as an isolated and specialized work. A few obvious remedies have seemed sufficient to meet the portentous evil of the drink habit. The pledge of abstinence, the prohibition of sale, the physiological instruction of children, the constant agitation of public sentiment—these and kindred methods of direct reform have appeared to bound the sphere of temperance work. More and more, however, it has become evident that, beyond these specific agencies of reform, there are on every side of the temperance question influences and movements which are among its most threatening enemies or its most powerful allies. Domestic, economic, even psychological and racial conditions are intimately correlated with the problem of drink. Is it drink which destroys the family, or is it the disordered family life which tempts to drink? Is the drink habit a morbid passion, or is it in many cases a normal and healthy craving for recreation which drives men to the saloon? Is it true, as one distinguished economist has said, that the thirst for liquor among workingmen is not so much a question of drink as of food, and that to know why a poor man drinks one has but to look in his dinner-pail? Is it drink which robs men of their earnings, or is it the fluctuations of earnings which drives men to drink? Would the drink traffic be less pernicious if wisely converted into a municipal industry? Is the moral tone of the community weakened by prohibitory legislation? How does it happen that the wine-drinking peoples of Southern Europe are temperate, and the water-drinking Anglo-Saxons intemperate? These are but indications of the varied inquiries which now confront anyone who looks below the surface of the problem of temperance. What seemed to be a detached question concerning a personal habit is in fact correlated with almost every movement of social or economic reform. The most effective attack upon the drink habit may come of some flank movement, in the interest of better homes, or healthy amusement, or regular work, or nourishing food, or State control, or the education of a new and superior desire. . . . Temperance reform was in grave danger of being side-tracked from the main line of modern interests, and given over to politicians and the pious. It is now seen to be one aspect of the comprehensive social movement of the time, and, to many careful observers, the problem of economic progress appears to be in very large degree dependent upon the problem of drink.

The saloon has three powerful supports: the thirst for drink, the need of a part of the community for social intercourse, and pecuniary profit.

The taste for drink is very general; it often increases with the using, and the saloon-keeper has learned how to foster it. But if the evidence of men who know the saloon and its patrons is to be accepted, this liking of alcohol for itself is the least of the three factors.

The social need is legitimate and very large, and the saloon meets it with wonderful skill and success. The life of thousands of wage-workers is monotonous, how sadly so most readers of The Outlook are too fortunate to know. The number of men whose homes are unattractive is great, and the number of those who have no homes to go to perhaps even greater. The saloon attracts the transient visitor, and serves as the "poor man's club." The social instinct in man is strong; he is happy with his fellows; he wants a place where he can meet them on equal footing, without restraint, and without obligation save that for which he pays. The saloon gives him exactly what he wants, and the social glass makes it all the more acceptable. Despite the harmfulness of the saloon, some of the most competent and candid students of the subject question whether there are not many cases, especially in large cities, where it could ill be spared unless a social substitute were provided.

The manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors is a great business interest, thoroughly organized and very profitable. The producer and wholesale dealer are back of the retailer. The retailer not only makes money, but has

large influence, and is often a political leader. License fees help to relieve the burden of the taxpayer. Manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer, and the public derive profit, and the patron satisfaction, from the saloon. For a business which is so large and so remunerative, it is advantageous and easy to acquire political influence and to enlist the public in its support. All this the saloon does with great effectiveness.

None but those who have carefully studied into the matter can realize the strength of the social and financial foundations of the saloon. Hitherto these factors have been neglected, and the main effort against the liquor evil has been through legislation.

Prohibition has been backed by tremendous moral earnestness, and has had the support of many of the wisest and worthiest citizens. That it has done untold good in cultivating a moral sentiment in opposition to the liquor evil, that it has prevented the sale of liquor in many places, and diminished both its sale and use in many others, there is, I think, no question. And although the stern logic of events pronounces against State prohibition and the present reaction is natural and inevitable, it is perhaps both necessary and fortunate that the experiment should have had thorough trial. Society, like the individual, learns many of its best lessons from its failures. Where failure follows honest purpose, where the reasons are diligently sought, and where experience is utilized in improvement, there is the greatest hope for ultimate success.

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**THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT** ..... **ARENA**

A book entitled To-morrow has been written by a Londoner that bids fair to be as epoch-making in the field of practical industrialism as Looking Backward was in the realm of social idealism. Out of the very prosaic plan set forth in this book a movement has grown that has culminated in a chartered organization named the "Garden City Company." Briefly stated, the purpose is to obtain tracts of land comprising about 6,000 acres each upon which to locate, at a residential center, several thousands of industrialists of the agricultural, manufacturing, and artisan classes. Surrounding this residential center a belt of land must be reserved for the culture of vegetables, fruit, poultry, and dairy products. The distinguishing feature of the Garden City, as contrasted with cities that have grown haphazard, lies in the presentation at the outset of a complete plan, the fulfilment of which insures harmonious development in all its parts. The project includes: (1) perpetual preservation of a surrounding agricultural area: expansion must be carried on by duplication—by the development of new residential centers that must each be environed by their rural area; (2) insistence upon sanitary, commodious, and artistic building in accordance with an original and homogeneous plan; (3) setting apart the unearned increment of land values for the improvement and upkeep of the municipality; (4) profit-sharing, or labor copartnership, in the factory or other business of the community wherever practicable.

The devotees of the Garden City plan assert that it holds the solution of those perplexing city problems—the housing of the poor, the abolition of the slums, and the supplying of employment to the untrained, unorganized poor.

The unique aspect of this movement is the unprecedented enthusiasm it has generated in people of widely separated social and commercial position. At a Garden City meeting held in London in July, the Bishop of Hereford spoke with enthusiasm, and the Bishop of Rochester declared his reason for attending to be a compelling interest that would not permit him to remain away. Prominent labor leaders and practical workingmen mingled with distinguished M.P.'s and sundry "Sirs" of wealth and prominence.

Among the substantial patrons of this movement are several men of large wealth and long experience as owners and managers of vast manufacturing establishments. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has taken one thousand shares in the company, and he says: "There can be no two opinions as to the great benefits that the British nation would derive from the general adoption of the Garden City scheme. If only as a means of pointing the way to Parliament and the municipalities, a concrete experiment on the Garden City lines is the need of the hour in social reform." Mr. James Branch, an extensive employer of labor, says: "If in two or three years I find it advisable to extend my business I should be very glad to go and make a start in a Garden City." Other prominent Londoners interested are the Earl of Carrington, Earl Gray, the Countess of Warwick, the Right Hon. James Bryce, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Marie Corelli, and Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

The Garden City Company has offices in Chancery Lane; and one of the largest and most influential London dailies is a strong champion of the new movement.

**NEW YORK'S FOUNDLINGS...JOHN MATHEWS...LESLIE'S WEEKLY**

In the new method of saving the lives of the little foundlings the city co-operates with two charitable organizations. These are the State Charities Aid Association, a Protestant institution, and the Guild of the Infant Saviour, Roman Catholic. A child found is taken at once to Bellevue Hospital, and lodged in the children's ward. Every morning Miss Walker, superintendent of the work for the State Charities Aid Association, and Miss McIntyre, superintendent of the Guild of the Infant Saviour, call at the hospital for foundlings. The children are taken away in turns by these young women—Miss Walker has possession of the first and the next is taken by Miss McIntyre. There are usually about four foundlings a week. The system in both cases is the same. Each child is carried away in the superintendent's arms the morning after it is found, so that no foundling remains in Bellevue as long as twenty-four hours.

It is first baptized in the hospital ward—those in charge of Miss Walker are christened by the Protestant clergyman at the hospital and those which are cared for by Miss McIntyre receive the baptism from a Roman Catholic priest whose parish includes Bellevue. So that half of the little ones which are found are made Protestants and half Catholics, no matter what their race or color, unless there is some indication of an expressed preference by someone who had a right to decide.

The foundling, when it is taken from the hospital, goes at once to a mother who has just lost her own child. It finds its place in arms made empty by death. The tender love of the mother flows again, wrapping in its softness and warmth the lonely little foundling. The foster-parent takes the new infant to her breast and cares for it as her own.

For this she is paid from $10 to $12 a month until the child is old enough to be weaned. Then it is taken into another home, where it is fed by another mother until it is ready for adoption. The great majority of foster-mothers are Italians. One reason for this is the high mortality among their own infants at birth, brought about by a prejudice which exists among the ignorant of this nationality against the presence of a doctor at such times. There is a health and physical vigor and a warmth of nature in the Italian mother that make her a most desirable foster-parent. The foundling becomes one of her family, and its place is assured because it contributes in a substantial way to the family's support.

While the little one is in the care of its temporary mother it is visited once a week, sometimes oftener, by the superintendent who has placed it there. If the child is sick the foster-mother calls a doctor employed by the State Charities Aid Association or the Guild of the Infant Saviour, whichever may be the sponsor for the infant. When the little foundling's period of nursing is ended there is usually a pathetic scene in the Italian home. The foster-mother has learned to love the little *bambino* for whom she has cared, a love the strength of which she does not appreciate until the parting. Italian mothers with half a dozen children of their own and depending sometimes on the wages of a day laborer for support plead fervently to be permitted to keep the child as their own, but the plea must be refused, and the system moves on. These first homes of the foundlings are far up-town or in the suburbs, where there are free air and green grass. In the second home the foundlings are no longer nursed, but are fed as befits children of their age, and those who care for them receive the same pay from the city as the foster-mothers, $2.50 a week.

Only the persons who are engaged in the work of finding homes for children appreciate the number of childless homes in America. There are more of those who would adopt children than there are children to be adopted. And none of New York's foundlings in good health has reached the age of two years before it has been placed in a permanent home, and the child cannot be legally adopted then until it has been in this home a year, so that the new parents before they bind themselves by law will fully appreciate the responsibility which they have assumed. These families are investigated, too, as to their character and circumstances before they are permitted to adopt any child.

"People very often ask me," said Miss Walker, superintendent of the care of foundlings for the Charities Aid Association, "if it is not a dangerous thing to take into the home one of these foundling children, about whose parents nothing is known or will ever be learned. The question cannot be answered from the experience of our own society, but a medical inspector who followed for twenty years the careers of foundlings has said that the foundlings compare favorably when they reach their growth with the children among whom they live, that there is no greater tendency apparent among them toward vice or crime."

# The Sketch Book

## Character in Outline

**THE VETERAN WHO KNEW SPANISH.....PHILADELPHIA LEDGER**

Like all wars, the difficulty with Spain developed a crop of warriors like Bret Harte's man who was with Grant. They are yet returning from Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

A consequential small negro stepped into a drug store on Chestnut street to buy something they did not keep, and, having been made to understand that fact after considerable trouble, he remarked to the man who had waited on him:

"I see dar's a gentleman jest come hyar to 'stablish a class 'n teach Spanish. 'Pears like ter me ef de peeples hyar wants ter learn how ter speak Spanish dey'd better des go ter Cuby, an' Porty Rikey, an' aroun', an' learn hit des laik I did—by extrac' wid de people."

"So you have been to Cuba and Porto Rico, have you?"

"Oh, yes; yes, sah. I'se trabled mighty neah all ober de worl' myself."

"Whereabouts in Cuba did you go?"

"Des allober; ev'rywhar, neahly."

"Well, what places did you visit?"

"I was in de City of Havanner, an' odder cities; in fac', I was des all ober de place."

"Did you go to Cobra-di-Capello?"

"Oh, yes. I 'members dat place berry well; hit's right on de coas'."

"Then there's a town way in the interior; right almost in the middle. Let's see. What is the name of it? Boa Constrictor? That's it—Boa Constrictor. Did you go there?"

"You des bet I did; dey was a consergent camp dere, an' I was sent wid a 'spatch to de Gin'ral. I 'members dat place mighty well."

"Did you ever happen to get to Canine de Hydrophobia?"

"Law, yes! Our rigimunt was camped dar. Dar's a nice spring right in de oberskurts ob de town, an' I tell ye we enjoyed drinkin' dat watah. Dat's a nice place."

"You learned to speak Spanish right along, did you?"

"Laws-a-massy, mister, I learned to speak Spanish des as well as de nativitiles; an' dey all said so. Spanish ain't no hard langwig. All yer got ter do is ter make hit soun' des as little like yer own langwig as yer can, and you'se got it."

Then the man behind the counter, who speaks Spanish pretty well, addressed him in language which, being interpreted, expresses the thought, "You are a low-down, contemptible, worthless person."

"Yes, sah; dat's hit. You'se got it, boss. Whar'n de worle did you learn Spanish? Yes, sah. Dat's de trufe what you says. But I'se got ter go to de Pos'-office, right erway," and thus speaking the learned traveler and linguist departed.

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**CHANGES AND CHANCES .....LONDON VANITY FAIR**

"Can't you spare me one more?"

She shook her head, smiling. "Look!" she said, and held out her programme.

A step sounded in the corridor.

"Your partner?" he queried.

"Most likely."

His fingers drummed nervously on a small table by his side.

"There's no time now—I want to say something—may I come to-morrow?"

Her eyes searched his face swiftly, and she colored.

A figure darkened the doorway. "My dance, I think?"

She bowed.

"Later," she murmured, as she rose to go.

Half an hour afterward, she sat in a curtained alcove. Her partner was fetching her an ice. There was a subdued light in her eyes and a half-smile on her lips. Presently the sound of voices reached her. A man and a woman paced slowly past, and paused, a few yards off, at a window. The man's voice was angry.

"You are insufferable, Lydia. Have you been watching me all the evening?"

"Almost," she admitted, coolly.

"Why?"

"Because I think it's a pity you should commit yourself to what you will regret later."

Her manner was irritatingly calm.

"I shall never regret it," he said, shortly.

"No?"

"No." His voice was full of the defiance

of uncertainty. She laughed mockingly, and waited. "What do you mean?" he said at last.

"You won't like it."

"Tell me."

"It will hurt."

He looked at her curiously.

"Why do you want me to know?"

For the first time she hesitated.

"Oh! we are cousins—family feeling, I suppose, and—"

"Yes?"

She flashed a look at him, and laughed nervously. "That is all," she said.

"Well, what is it I am to know?"

Her breath came faster. "There is insanity in her family," she said, slowly; and then there was silence.

The girl in the alcove moved. She gently pushed aside the curtain and looked once at the man's face. It was enough.

Later he saw her into her carriage.

"About to-morrow?" he murmured, as she said good night. But he did not look at her.

"I think not," she said, gently; and before the carriage moved she had time to see surprise give way to relief on his face and the grayness fade from his cheeks.

They met one day in the Park. It was ten years later and not in the Season.

"Is it really you?"

"And you! How little you have changed!"

"You, too!"

That was at first. Afterward, sitting down on an empty bench, they looked again. He noticed a hollowness in her cheek which had not been there ten years ago. She looked at his waist, and first smiled, then sighed. He caught the look, and reddened, wondering vaguely whether she had noticed his hair when he raised his hat.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Africa, India, New Zealand. I've just come home to settle down. And you?"

"England, Scotland and Ireland," she said, with a laugh. "Exactly the same as it used to be."

He kept his eyes turned away.

"I wonder—did you ever hear—why I—" He stopped confusedly.

"Oh, yes! I heard. Ten years ago."

"And you thought—"

She looked surprised. "Thought? Oh, well, you know, there wasn't much to think about. It wasn't true."

His stick fell with a clatter. "Then Lydia—"

"Told a lie," she said, quietly.

There was a long pause. His eyes began to brighten. She felt herself curiously able to follow his thoughts.

"I am not married," he said at last, abruptly.

"Nor I."

"Then—?"

There was a world of inquiry in the word. Her hour had come, and she deliberately suppressed a generous impulse which assailed her. She looked at him, smiling, and then let her eyes travel slowly down his person in one comprehensive survey. He bit his lip.

"All the glamor has gone," she said, cruelly.

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**AN UP-TO-DATE PROPOSAL .....CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER**

"Yes, I put your father on to a good thing last month."

"Did you? That was nice of you. Papa asked me the other day if I knew you."

"What else?"

"When I told him I had met you he asked me if I thought you had the money-making instinct. And I told him I didn't think you would be asleep when dividend day came around."

"That was nice of you. I gave your father a good tip yesterday. He took it, too. It must have netted him a couple o' thousand."

"Why, you are quite a good fairy, Mr. Slimmer. I'll remember that tip the next time I strike papa for my pin money."

"But why not give poor papa a rest?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Why not let somebody else put up for the pins? I happen to know that papa isn't on Easy street often enough to establish a permanent address there."

"Pray make yourself a little plainer, Mr. Slimmer."

"That's quite impossible, Miss Bimler. I feel that nature has done her worst for me."

"Ah, you are fishing for a compliment."

"No, Miss Bimler, you wrong me. I have no time for fishing. But let me particularize. I am neither young nor handsome. My temper is fairly good, my health excellent. That, I think, disposes of the minor details. Here is a schedule of my worldly possessions, subject, of course, to the daily fluctuations of the market. May I trouble you to look it over?"

"With what end in view, Mr. Slimmer?"

"I will come to that presently, Miss Bimler. I have shown your esteemed father a dupli-

cate of this schedule. It seemed to please him. He even entrusted me with a note for you. Here it is."

(He hands her a sealed envelope, which she opens with a "pardon me." It contains but two lines. "My dear, nail this chap—I need him in the business. Your doting papa.")

"It is quite evident, Mr. Slimmer, that you have made a favorable impression upon papa."

"And how about papa's daughter?"

"Will you make that a little clearer, Mr. Slimmer?"

"With pleasure. How does the sum total strike you?"

"Oh, of the schedule? Why, it seems very satisfactory."

"And—and will you share it with me, Miss Bimler—subject, of course, to the market fluctuations?"

"Oh, Abner, this is so sudden!"

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**THE WEB SHE WOVE.....W. O. McGEEHAN....S. F. ARGONAUT**

The Quiapo district of Manila is densely populated with the poorer class of Filipinos. Yet the people of this quarter once owned the richest prize in all the Philippines, the Galio Blanco, who was victor of as many mains as he had feathers. In those days the Quiapo was almost prosperous, for the Galio Blanco doubled its income by means of bets.

Legally he was the property of the Widow Mercado, who kept a little fruit and *beno* stand near the corner of the Escotta and the Calle Roan. But her neighbors regarded the bird as a district possession and the widow as custodian, which, in itself, was an honor to be coveted. She would have sold that honor and all that she owned to possess Isadoro, the dissipated young wood-carver, who strolled in every evening and, after becoming loquaciously drunk with her *beno*, went forth to make love to Maria, the baker's daugher.

Aside from the *beno* stand, the Widow Mercado was blessed with no charms. She was of the dark-complexioned type of Filipino, and several years older than Isadoro. He might, at any time, decide to mend his ways and marry Maria. This cost the widow many sleepless nights and numerous *centimos* for candles to gain the good offices of Nostra Señora del Quiapo.

Down at Malate they had a game-cock which had vanquished all the champions of that suburb, and a match was arranged for him and the Galio Blanco. The people of Quiapo were jubilant because the Malate folk, with the courage of their convictions, backed their bird, even money.

Isadoro, who seconded the Galio Blanco in all his duels, appeared at the *beno* stand early in the afternoon to bear the feathered warrior to the battle-ground. The widow had always smiled sweetly at Isadoro, but this afternoon her smile was sugary to the extreme. Almost before he had seated himself she placed the seductive *beno* bottle at his elbow, and he immediately commenced a long series of toasts to the Galio Blanco, while the widow went to the little yard to get the bird.

She loosened the tethering string from the trunk of a banana, and, drawing the fowl toward her, gathered him into her arms. She glanced stealthily around; there was a scarcely audible snap, and the bird pecked viciously at her face.

"In the name of Nostra Señora del Quiapo," she murmured.

By the time she returned to the shop Isadoro's mind was in a musty state, and he was singing Sobre Los Olas out of tune. The *beno* bottle was empty.

"*Dios!*" cried the widow, in apparent indignation; "you are too drunk to manage the Galio Blanco to-day."

Isadoro drew himself up with maudlin dignity. "You mistake, señora—only a few glasses to the health of our king. Too drunk? Bah! No one else could manage him. It would be unlucky. I am the king's man, I, Isadoro. Even money. The Quiapo will be rich to-night. *Viva el rey!*"

The wood-carver staggered down the Calle Roan with the bird under one arm. The widow watched him until he disappeared around a corner. Then she withdrew to the inner apartment, and falling on her knees, whispered: "By to-night he will be mine. In the name of Nostra Señora del Quiapo."

Isadoro arrived at the Malacañan cockpit none too soon. Several preliminary fights had taken place, and the crowd was becoming impatient for the great event. The Malate bird's second had already adjusted the gaff to his charge's leg and stood holding him carefully in his arms. One of the Quiapo men held the Galio Blanco while Isadoro fastened the sharp little knife to its place on the leg. He could have performed the feat blindfolded, so accustomed was he to it. The thread was knotted securely, and everything was ready.

The pit was cleared of all save the seconds and the judge. The former brought their respective charges close together, and permitted them to peck at each other that the blood would be stirred to the fighting temper. At a word from the umpire, the seconds dropped the birds and drew back. The crowd watched the crouching fowls breathlessly and with bulging eyes.

It had been the custom of the Galio Blanco to spring at his adversary almost as soon as he touched the ground. This was the secret of his success, for the gaffs used in the Philippines are three or four inches long and razor-edged; consequently, the cock who gets in the first blow usually puts his opponent *hors de combat*.

The Galio Blanco crouched with head forward, neck feathers bristled, just an instant too long. The brown bird of Malate sprung upon him like a flash. There was a blurred tangle of brown and white and a little cloud of gray dust. When it subsided, the Galio Blanco faced his adversary, wabbling unsteadily, while a little scarlet stream spurted over his glossy white feathers. A deep groan and a storm of imprecations came from the Quiapo people. The Galio Blanco made a last weak attempt to reach his foe, stumbled, and rolled over dead.

In the pandemonium of cheers and curses several Quiapo men leaped into the pit. One of them, old Alessandro, the shoemaker, an expert on cock-fighting, seized the body of the Galio Blanco and examined it minutely. Suddenly he waved his hand for silence, his wrinkled face distorted with rage.

"His leg is broken," he shouted in Tugalo. "Isadoro has crippled him." There was a general movement toward the pit, but the old man cried out just in time: "Back! Remember that the American soldiers are here. We can do nothing. Let us go to the Widow Mercado and get her to make an accusation to the American officials."

The Quiapo portion of the crowd began to move out of the enclosure. "Come you pig, and son of a pig," said Alessandro to the dazed Isadoro; "come, or a knife in the back of you, speedily."

Isadoro followed him like one in a trance. Now and then he muttered through cracked lips: "*Dios!* I did not do it. My king, oh, my king!"

Maria, the daughter of the baker, spat upon him as he passed her. "Animal!" she cried, furiously. Isadoro had been tried and found guilty. At the official trial numerous witnesses would be produced to swear that they saw him cripple the bird, and he would be sent to Bilibid Prison for several years. The people of Quiapo had been impoverished through the deed, and wanted satisfaction. If they had lost fairly they would have borne it philosophically, for the Filipinos are "good gamblers," but to lose through apparent treachery roused their fury to the highest pitch.

Were it not for the fact that several of the older men realized that the American authorities were unreasonable enough to set a higher value on a human life than that of a game-cock, Isadoro would have been disposed of long before they reached the *beno* stand.

"My little ones will starve," shrieked a mother of many; "all we had was on the Galio Blanco. Kill the traitor!" And others echoed the cry of "Kill."

The widow was serving Private Smith, of the Manila constabulary, with contraband liquid when the procession arrived. At sight of the khaki uniform most of the crowd drew back.

"Señora," said the old shoemaker, with forced calmness, "Isadoro crippled the Galio Blanco, and he was killed. Come with us to the court and make complaint."

Isadoro cast a look of mute appeal at the widow. It was entirely superfluous. She shrugged her lean mahogany shoulders. "It may be true or it may not," said the widow, quietly; "but I will not make complaint. The Galio Blanco was mine. *Vamos*, or I will tell the policeman to drive you away."

She laid her hand gently on Isadoro's shoulder and drew him into the *nipa* hut. With muttered curses the crowd withdrew.

"To-night," announced the widow, "we will go to the padre at the Church of Nostra Señora del Quiapo to be married."

Isadoro drew back from her with a curse. He looked into that unattractive face with something much akin to hatred. "If not," added the widow, with a look of determination, "I will tell the policeman to take you."

Then Isadoro realized that he was chained to her by circumstances and that, save for her, he had no friend in all the Philippines. Also, Bilibid Prison was a place to be avoided.

"I will go," he said, finally, in accents of despair.

"In the name of Nostra Señora del Quiapo, *gracias*," murmured the widow.

# Table Talk:
## Concerning Eating and Drinking

**PENNY DINNERS** .....**LONDON DAILY NEWS**

I had just dropped in at a little chapel, all gray and dilapidated-looking, at the back of the Bethnal Green Museum, to see the penny dinners which the London Vegetarian Association are providing for the hungry little ones of our schools. Inside there was much stir and bustle; the kindly Mrs. Fisk was handing out slices of hot pudding as fast as she could, and the chef—an old ship's steward, worth twenty waiters—was ladling out soup like a white-capped and jacketed Trojan.

And there had come for the penny dinner a little child of a year and nine months, led by a sister of six, a wee thing so tiny that her baby lips could not compass the spoon. That baby, toddling through the ice and snow in this twenty-second month of her earthly pilgrimage, wore a cotton frock. And had that cotton frock been removed the small form would have been as naked as when it entered this world in the autumn of last year. There was a boy of ten, too, eating his second helping, the shoulder of whose jacket, with a great tear showing the naked flesh, told the same tale. An outer garment—for decency's sake—they all had, but often that was all.

But now my eye began to take in the details of the scene. What a noisy, rampageous, unconventional meal it was! The big, strong, good-natured man who was keeping "order," and bustling the children out when they had finished to prevent them from getting into mischief, really did not mind the noise, and thought he was succeeding admirably. Certainly no plates were overturned, no soup (except a few drops and splashes) was on the floor or tables, and nobody got hurt. But all round the chapel there was an incessant movement like that of ants when their nest has been overturned. Here was a little boy with full plate held in both hands, head bent forward over it, and eyes staring hard, moving forward with overwhelming caution and slowness in the effort to get to a seat without spilling. There was a girlie who had finished her soup standing on the pulpit steps while she held her enameled plate before her face like a mask. Behind the plate one knew that a small and active tongue was eagerly licking every part for the last drops of nourishment. Then came a perfectly natural consequence. Little girls cannot stand on stairs for long with their eyes covered up by iron plates. So the figure with the invisible face swayed and lost its balance, and came tumbling down on the floor. Luckily she was not hurt, and a fortunate inspiration had led the Vegetarian Society to provide plates that did not mind that kind of thing.

Round the corner where the steward ladled out the soup was an eager string of small boys waiting their turn for "more." Happily for them they were not to meet with the fate of Oliver Twist, for the penny buys as many helpings as you like. And so as fast as they were served they started off, a slow moving line of round heads covered with about a quarter of an inch of hair, and spread about to the nearest available seats. All around the platform boys and girls were eating a standing lunch, plates resting on the cocoanut matting; and every moment or so at the tables in the middle some girl with a tangle of hair falling in all directions would get up and climb over the back of the seat to get another plateful.

Five hundred meals were provided altogether that day at Bethnal Green, 330 in the chapel, and the rest sent out in special cases to board schools. Miss Nicholson, secretary of the society, showed me the excellent cooking plant which has been set up through the kindness of Mr. A. F. Hills. There are five steam coppers which will cook 250 gallons of soup—enough fo 2,000 meals—and a special oven which wil bake an equal number of portions of pudding The wholemeal bread and wholemeal plun cake are bought from outside.

The poorest children do not pay their ow pennies, but bring checks supplied by th School Dinners Association to their school Some parents send their children with the pennies, and some dinners are bought an carried away. The London Vegetarian S ciety, however, charges a penny for each me

The penny pays for all the food and all t fuel, but not for the labor, so that the socie has to come upon its friends for this pa

of the cost. A large increase in the number of meals provided would not increase the labor cost much, so that this item might be relatively brought down to a mere trifle. To schools too distant to send their children the meals are sent free by cart, with plates and spoons, which are afterward brought back and washed up.

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**SOUP IN MANY ASPECTS .... MILES BRADFORD....WHAT-TO-EAT**

It is somewhat difficult to trace the history of soup back through the "dark ages" of cookery which preceded the eighteenth century, and it is extremely doubtful if prior to the Renaissance the juice of meat was generally used for such a purpose. It is true that the early Italian novelists have spoken of "capon broth with flour paste," and that tradition has told us of the black soup which was eaten by the Spartans, yet as we know that the soup of the heroes in the Iliad was nothing more than white onion broth, and that the jura and juscula described by Apicius were merely mixtures of oil, acids, spices and vegetable juices, one is inclined to believe that these boasted soups of the ancients could no more be compared to the delicious liquid foods of this day than could the hell-broth of the witches in Macbeth, with its toads, its tongues of dogs, its lips of Tartar, and its nose of Turk.

The most celebrated cooks and epicures have long been advocates of the claims of soup to be recognized, as Careme says, as the provocative agent of the good dinner, while Grimod de la Reyniere goes still further. "Soup," he says, "is what a portico is to an edifice. It is not only the first object of attraction, but, if it is well combined, it gives a true foretaste of the temple itself, just as the overture of an opera shadows forth the subject of the work." And while the masses may not have held such an exalted idea of the purpose of their soup, they were not tardy in recognizing the merits of a food which had so much to recommend it outside of its advantages from an economical point of view. Oxtail soup, for example, although now regarded as a national English dish, was unknown in England prior to the abrogation of the Edict of Nantes, having been invented by the French Huguenot emigrants because of the cheapness, at that time, of the little used ox tail.

So, too, in a great degree, nearly all the soups which have come to be known as "national" are just such combinations of material which represent but little cost. The Scotch mutton and barley broth, the hoche pot, the cherry soup of North Germany, the Russian tschi or cabbage soup, the sopa of Spain, or the caldo of Galatia, not to mention many others, are foods whose economical features have had much to do with their popularity, and yet it is these soups, rather than the more expensive combinations of many kinds of flesh and vegetables, which have found a place in history and literature. Where is there a reader of books, for example, who does not know the broths of Scotland, or the cuscus of the Arabs, while Gautier's descriptions of the olla podrida and gaspacho of Spain are scarcely less familiar. To Gautier olla possessed merits that were undeniable, even though it was more of a stew than a soup, but of gaspacho he could not speak disparagingly enough.

While not less "messy," the rich and savory stew which Thackeray has done so much to immortalize will appeal more strongly to the ordinary palate:

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
  A sort of broth, or soup, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all kinds of fishes,
  That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red pepper, mussels, saffern,
  Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace,
All these you eat at Terre's tavern,
  In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

But Thackeray is not the only man of letters who has visited Marseilles and ever afterward has sung the praises of its Bouillabaisse, nor is Marseilles the only spot on earth where this delectable dish can be prepared. Of course, there are fish in the Mediterranean which cannot be found elsewhere, but the fact that other fishes may be substituted can easily be demonstrated, for it is just as possible to prepare good Bouillabaisse within the borders of the United States as it is to make Lafcadio Hearn's gumbo herbes outside of the city of New Orleans, or the vaunted clam chowder of Rhode Island far from the waters of Narragansett Bay. To accomplish such culinary feats, however, one must exercise as much care in the selection of the recipe as in following the local methods of cookery to the letter, for otherwise it will be impossible to attain results that will in any sense prove satisfactory.

Less difficult to prepare are the onion soups of which both history and literature make such frequent mention, for soups of which the basis is the onion have been the delight of the bravest and wisest men since the day when soup was first invented. The Homeric heroes dined

well upon it, Stanislas, King of Poland, loved it so dearly that he gave it his own name, while the great Dumas spent days in the invention of an onion soup which, to his taste, surpassed all his previous efforts.

If one is in search of new culinary sensations, he cannot do better than follow the guidance of Dumas, for no soups are more delicious than those which he has taught us to prepare. Select his mussel soup, or if time presses too closely to permit of spending five or six hours over a single dish, his onion soup, which requires but a few minutes of cooking.

In the entire category of soups, however, there are none that to the loyal Englishman can compare to those which have made the name of Birch's a household word. This establishment, which was opened in 1711, was long one of the most popular of London eating houses, and its spring soup, so lauded by Walker, and its mock turtle soup, for the making of which the famous Dr. Kitchener left such explicit directions, received the highest praise from "The Committee of Taste," that company of the elite of the grand gourmands and wits of that day who met with regularity at the doctor's table to test his recipes and pass judgment upon the merits of all new dishes.

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**WOMAN AND DRINK .....N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER**

Do society women drink? The average "society" woman does not "drink" in the sense in which the hag in the slum and the bibulous cook do. She is too careful of her sylph-like figure and of her porcelain skin to indulge in much champagne, and she has enough to make her nervous without whiskey; but what she does take is a sip of liqueur here and a thimbleful of madeira there and a drop or two of cognac in her coffee after luncheon, and maybe a cocktail, to give her an appetite for dinner. This all counts up at the end of the day, and after a while madame feels the need of her little fillips and encouragers in order to enable her to carry out the exacting routine of her busy social life. She doesn't realize that she drinks. But stimulate she certainly does.

Living, as she does, in an electric atmosphere and under highly unwholesome and artificial conditions, with nerves always strung to the highest state of tension, and ever looking out for some new form of excitement, it is almost inevitable that artificial stimulants should be resorted to in order to enable the jaded human organization to meet the excessive demands that are made upon it. From morning till night, and often through the night as well, there is one long round of worry and excitement.

The demands of fashionable society are so exacting that even the simplest things become either fatiguing or exciting. The mere act of dressing, for instance, which has to be repeated several times in the day, makes a severe call upon the strength of a delicate woman, even if she has a clever maid to assist her; and after having been laced into her armor of satin and lace, and had her head coiffed elaborately, she is too tired to go out without having recourse to a nip of cognac or cordial to brace her up and give her courage to face the world with the stereotyped smile of amiability expected from her.

Then there are the ordeals of shopping and trying on. Standing on high heels and in a tightly laced corset—straight-front hygienists notwithstanding—to have a heavy velvet gown fitted in a superheated room is an ordeal that would cause most men to topple over and faint. But the poor fashionable lady has to stand it, and perhaps drive off to pay a half-dozen calls after she has been dismissed by the dresssmaker. But the dressmaker knows the psychological moment when the customer is just on the verge of fainting or hysterics, and comes forward with an offer of a glass of Benedictine or the "tiniest drop" of green Chartreuse, and her fair customer finds it so grateful and comforting that, on her next visit, she looks out for it as a matter of course, and in a short time starts a bottle in her own room, if she has not already done so.

The high-sounding names of the various expensive liqueurs have such a distinguished ring about them that it never occurs to the lady who is consuming them that she "drinks." Some women delude themselves still further by drinking eau de Cologne or some other perfume on the assumption that a pick-me-up of this kind is quite harmless, whereas, if anything, it is more deadly than the other.

Of course, it is not suggested for a moment that all women who have recourse to this kind of thing go the length of making themselves intoxicated. But they do often get as far as acquiring a color, and a sparkle in the eye, and a style of conversation, all of which are quite foreign to their real nature, and the effect, in the long run, is bound to be unmanageable nerves, if nothing worse.

"FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND" ..... HARPER'S WEEKLY

It is Memorial Hall at Cambridge, that massive, commemorative structure dedicated to the Harvard men who fought and fell for their country in the Civil War, which stands to-day as the largest college "commons" in the world. Twelve hundred fellows, rich and poor, lamb and lion, North and South, sitting shoulder to shoulder, eat here regularly; and at Randall Hall, across the way over a thousand more are provided for three times a day. The rest of the five thousand, in smaller detachments, find comfort for the inner man at the many private eating-clubs, the motherly boarding-houses, and the thrifty restaurants with which the "Elm City" is bountifully supplied.

No pilgrim to Harvard, if he be properly escorted, misses a visit to Memorial Hall. The dinner hour on Thursdays during the winter proves the most popular occasion. This from the reason that vesper services are held at the college chapel on that afternoon, and it is a much-practised custom among the more susceptible of the undergraduates judiciously to invite in turn all the pretty girls they know out to these services, and to pilot them afterward to the gallery of Memorial, where they are accorded the unique privilege of "seeing the animals feed." In this gallery have doubtless stood as many distinguished men and women as on any other single spot in America. The royal road of travel, both for visiting foreigners and for one's own countrymen, is a well-thronged one to Harvard and to Cambridge, and no by-path of it is better known than that to Memorial.

This gallery is at one end of a vast, high, vaulted hall—such a hall as one might fancy the Saxon kings of old must have banqueted in. Along its sides are large, finely-colored memorial windows, the gifts of classes that have come and gone, and below them, thickly hung, are paintings of famous dignitaries and other worthy personages, who, from their dull-varnished canvases, look down rather too soberly, it occurs to you, upon the blithe scene below. From the vantage-point that this gallery affords you see stretched away beneath you, softened by the cloister light which the windows give, a seemingly endless field of white linen—the tables, checkered by cross-lines of black—the rows of eaters. Up and down the aisles rush the waiters, for the lad of twenty is not only a good trencherman, but an impatient one. The rattle of many dishes; the rise and fall of eager conversation that sounds like the surf on a summer's day; the glare of many lights and the glitter of much silver; the tramp of many feet, and the frequent outbursts of unrestrained laughter—all lend to the scene a strange and fascinating animation. For a waiter to drop an overloaded tray, and thus receive a vigorous encore from the boys, or for two of the white-frocked servitors to come to blows over some question of precedence, is merely an additional detail that frequently enlivens the situation.

It is not without its customs and stories—this gallery. One in particular, should you chance through ignorance to disregard it, is speedily forced upon your attention. Gentlemen on entering the gallery are supposed to remove their hats, but as there is no printed legend posted to this effect, the breach of etiquette is often committed. When discovered, as it almost immediately is, the whole hall begins to stamp its feet under the tables and to look you square in the face. Not a few visitors, mistaking the cause of this action, consider it a welcome, and bow profusely in response.

The story is told of a foot-light favorite who appeared one day on the gallery, and was immediately recognized by the hall. It was an undisputed case of she came, she saw, she conquered. A tremendous ovation was accorded her, and in an unguarded moment, and to show her appreciation of the welcome, she threw the contents of a bon-bon box to the fellows at the table directly beneath her. The results were unfortunate. It would seem that every man in the hall had suddenly acquired an acute taste for chocolates; the rush which took place for that spot under the balcony has never been equalled on any gridiron.

So far we have not gone behind the scenes. Fancy, if you can, the housekeeping problem that is presented for solution to the management of Memorial and Randall Halls, where in one week and in two rooms the following little list of edibles is consumed: 30,750 pounds of meat, 2,900 gallons of milk, 1,700 dozen eggs, 215 bushels of potatoes, 40 barrels of flour.

The object of both Memorial and Randall Halls is to provide good board cheaply, and the object is admirably well achieved. Both of these halls are managed by an association chosen from and by the students. Memorial is run on the "American plan" and Randall on the "European plan." The price at the former averages less than four dollars per week, while at the latter, paying only for what they order, the men, as a rule, get along comfortably on two and a half dollars a week.

# Vanity Fair

## Fads Foibles and Fashions

### THE SOPHISTICATED DEBUTANTE .....LONDON OUTLOOK

The debutante is young in years, of course, but her knowledge of the world is considerably greater than that of her mother and grandmother. She is aware that she is not the fashion just now, so she emulates her married sister in the matter of startling conversation in order to stimulate public attention. The mere man on being introduced to her suppresses a yawn and is trying to think of a suitable topic of conversation, when she forestalls him with chaff about his past or her own future. She is abnormally healthy, plays every game with enthusiasm, and is full of suppressed mental excitement. She is never tired. She will dance till 4 A. M. and be riding at 9. Every man who has sat out three dances with the debutante knows more of her than her mother who has studied her for years. There is no environment she finds so trying as that of her own family, and she extricates herself from it as rapidly as possible.

Her sensations are delightful. She is always getting "thrills" and has delicious panics about nothing in particular, which she fancies are scandalous. Though she is now brought out for the first time, she has so long brought herself forward that she has quite a clique of her own. She is so hopelessly demure and dull when with her mother that the latter is quite surprised at her success, for she hears her praises from every quarter to which she herself has no affinity. Whatever her dress allowance, she speedily exceeds it.

The debutante can do most things well enough to be a capital sporting companion, and she is sufficiently fresh to stimulate the most jaded man about town. Toward the end of the season her flirtations are seventeen deep and are mostly with married and middle-aged men. She is a deep disappointment to her mother because she never marries in her first season. Proposals are part of the fun. She gets a number which are not at all serious, and which flatter her vanity while they entail no broken hearts. When she is nine-and-twenty she will tell her fiancé how frightfully silly she was when she was "young," and he will smile indulgently and remember that he was not very wise himself at that period of his life.

### THE MODERN ENGLISH DANDY .....SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN

Since King Edward took to wearing one, the bracelet has become so common among Englishmen, especially among those of the impressionable age, that it no longer attracts attention on the arm of the silk-hatted young clerk who sits opposite you on the 'bus or in the suburban train, where you can't help but see what is snuggling under his coat sleeve. The fact of itself would be enough to worry the American scientist who recently expressed alarm because so many young men parted their hair in the middle; but what would he say to some of the later developments of men's fashions in England? The masculine adoption of bracelets is nothing to it. Although the subject may seem rather frivolous, it manifests a tendency that has become worth serious consideration, for it is a fact that the gilded youth and middle-aged men who are supposed to set the fashions for London are borrowing feminine adornments and customs to a surprising degree. That American psychologist would find a fertile field for investigation over here.

Corsets are a case in point. There have been little paragraphs in the London papers every now and then for the last few months touching upon the increasing demand for men's corsets. To make sure about it, I asked a fashionable corset maker for news of the business. "Is it really true that Englishmen are taking to corsets?" "Mon Dieu, yes! Lots of Englishmen. Every corsetiere now understands the making of a good pair of men's stays. The Englishman he says to himself 'Tiens! I have the marvelous figure. It should be more marvelous!'" And then the author proceeded to explain that the corset maker had begun with the military man—they compare notes on corsets in some of the army clubs as gravely as they discuss the education at the National Liberal club.

Masculine "beauty shops," so called in deference to the feminine establishment, have not yet sufficient prestige in London to come boldly out and state their business. Men still insist that wrinkles must go and freckles vanish are obliged to take treatment under cover of a manicure shop. "The best people" have not countenanced with sufficient enthusiasm the

little foibles on the part of men to encourage beauty "artists" in the frank acknowledgment of their employment. Even in shops where one knows positively that men take complexion treatment, the proprietors only smile blandly and say: "Oh, yes; but our men customers wouldn't exactly like to have it known that they came here. We attend to our business quietly. Few of our clients use rouge, but blacking the eyebrows is common. It is a great improvement to many men. Powder, as every one knows, long ago became recognized as a necessity on a gentleman's toilet table. Cosmetics bought for male use are exactly the same as those sold to women. Absolute purity of manufacture is demanded by men just as it is by careful women. They must have the best cream and lotions. So trade is brisk in our line. A little later, perhaps, our men customers will be less timid about avowing openly the advantages derived from treatment." "There aren't enough women in England to use all the perfume we sell," said one distinguished representative of the cologne trade. "The women buy for the men. Not that we object, mind you. It's all right for business that men will scent themselves up to smell like sachet bags, but we on the inside wonder how far it will go. Not only is there a greater amount of perfume sold in London to men now than ever before, but the demand for masculine scent bottles and other toilet articles is much keener."

This tendency to effeminacy is noticeable in the manufacture of nearly all kinds of clothing for men.

Any Bond street dealer will tell you, without the slightest hesitation, that he employs dozens of workwomen to embroider dainty garments for his male clients. One shop never sends out a garment without embroidered initials and featherstitching on it, and another devotes its energy to decorating the legs of man's socks with silk initials and other needlework. A fanciful conceit in this line is the billiard-shirt monogram. The latest fashion insists that a really up-to-date man should not be caught playing billiards without a monogram or crest on his shirt sleeves just above his right elbow. Nothing, however, is more strikingly imitative of women's dress than the latest departures in the glove department and the collar box. The latest glove for man is our old friend the mousquetaire. This buttonless covering for the hand is frequently made of buckskin, but I understand that the style will soon appear in dress gloves. The mousquetaire is almost symbolical of everything that is daintiest and most refined in the get-up of a dainty woman.

The De Joinville tie and collar, which is coming back into fashion, is nothing more or less than the satin stock made familiar by the shirt-waist girl. The popularity of the hunting stock brought the fashion into being, and it is predicted by the haberdashers that this shirt-waist-girl collar will be the rule rather than the exception in day dress for men.

Men's shirts for evening wear are now nothing less than soft muslin creations such as the average American girl uses for her best shirt-waist. Waistcoats are heart-shaped and are finished with a modest single-breasted row of buttons. The Englishwoman's latest fancy-work is crochetting of silk waistcoats for her men friends. Coquettish bow-knots are the thing for dinner ties, in black, and the haberdasher says that gayer neck ribbons are only biding their time, and will ere long descend upon the wardrobe of well-dressed English gentlemen. Then there are the handkerchiefs. Lavender, pale blue, pink and delicate green are the favorites, and, furthermore, the up-to-date male handkerchief is soft and clinging and frequently tucked and embroidered. In size, it often measures no more inches than a lady's.

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**SHE IS ANCIENT** ..... **CHICAGO CHRONICLE**

One of the pet reproaches made against the new woman is that, in her unseemly longing to stand upon the same footing as her aforetime lord and master, she invented the fashion of wearing garments of a mannish cut.

This is most unjust, and she may readily be proved guiltless of the charge by a trifling investigation of the fashions of ancient times and of conservative countries, where the poor things are as unemancipated as possible, and still wear the same style of garments as their foremothers of a thousand years ago.

The Chinese lady, as every traveler testifies, is one of the most modest, retiring, and conventional of creatures, yet she wears clothes almost exactly like those of her husband and brothers. Indeed, in China trousers are considered much more proper as feminine garments than skirts.

The Turkish woman's dress is identical with that of the husband who keeps her so carefully shut away from all new-fangled notions, and the Eskimo woman clothes her little fat legs in tight sealskin breeches, finished off with smart fur-topped boots.

The happy woman of Siam, who has never been obliged to go in for woman's rights, having always been as free as air and the equal of any man of her acquaintance, wears, like every man in the kingdom, a square of cotton or silk curiously adjusted about the legs and fastened by tucking two of the ends through at the waist in what travelers describe as a perilously insecure manner.

The Greeks, with their hunting goddess, their Amazons, and their swift Atalantas, in the athletic games, have shown us how beautiful women can be in the short tunic worn by the youths. But no doubt even then old folks mentioned a prehistoric time when girls were not so bold.

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**THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES..F. ADDINGTON BRUCE..N. Y. TIMES**

It was a very ancient philosopher who gave utterance to the phrase, "The tailor makes the man," and it was long before the true inwardness of this remark percolated the brain matter of that philosopher's fellow-beings. In due course of time, however, one of them, by name Thomas Carlyle, was impressed by the immensity of the thought, and forthwith sat him down and indited a voluminous essay on clothes and tailors, giving the essay to an eager public, to the end that the eager public should only be further mystified and perplexed. Sartor Resartus, as the essay was styled, contained much that was brilliant, albeit somewhat mystical. But Sartor Resartus left a good deal unsaid, and some day another philosopher will be born to expound still further on the weighty subject of clothing.

That clothes have their ethics cannot be denied, but truth compels one to acknowledge that these ethics are terribly tangled. For instance, we see a sedate-looking gentleman, whose habiliment is not of the latest cut nor of the newest material, and at once we are constrained to say: "There is a man whom Dame Fortune has not treated kindly."

This is the natural inference, and proceeding from it we are often led into the grievous error of saying or doing something that may offend the man. Now experience should teach us, if other evidence than that of the man's clothes is not forthcoming, that the one we sneer at may be a multi-millionaire. There have been rich men in this world, and there are rich men in it yet, who delight in hiding their light under a bushel, so to speak. Unless a Legislature passes a law compelling men to dress in accordance with their circumstances, we will be left as much in the dark as ever, if our only criterion is the cut of their garb.

Consider now what would be the effect of such a law. We would naturally find the humble laborer going to his day's toil in the plainest of homespun. The beggar, without work and without home, would fittingly don sackcloth and ashes. Iron gray would be the color of the miner's dress. Checks would suit the businessman, the size of the check being proportioned to the height of his rating. The haughty bank clerk would have to dress in suits of a well-figured pattern. The newspaper man or author would of course wear black and white. A coat of many colors would be extremely appropriate to the politician. The promoter would be compelled to array himself in broadcloth, as typical of his smooth manner of doing business. The saloon keeper must display himself in dark brown clothes, as indicative of the taste of his wares. The poet would be forced to wear spring suits at all seasons. Green would be the color of a critic's apparel. Finally, millionaires would have to promenade in cloth of gold.

Reflect, however, how terrible would be the consequences were such distinguishing marks given to every man. Robbers and cutthroats would lie in wait only for men dressed in cloth of gold. Editors would recognize a poet the moment he entered the sanctum, and the unlucky songster would be given a short shrift. Indignant actors and authors would slit the gullet of every man they caught in a green suit. Gentlemen in broadcloth would be avoided like poison by gentlemen in checks. The wearers of black and white would be easily dodged by those whom they sought to interview. Dark brown suits would never dare to go to church. Politicians would have a terribly hard time of it with office seekers. Beggars would have no chance at all. In fact, the whole universe would be overturned.

As it is, there are certain distinguishing marks in the clothing of some men which infallibly betray their calling or characteristics. Do conceited men ever wear boots that don't squeak? Would a miser wear a necktie if he could grow a beard? Do undertakers wear other than black from head to foot? Did one ever behold a bank clerk whose collars were less than three inches high? Do actors ever take their morning walk along the Rialto without a silk hat and tan boots? Do musicians ever buy other than velvet coats? Can a golf player be found without a red necktie? Just think a bit about it

# Choice Verse

**THE SAILOR'S SONG....JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM ...SCRIBNER'S**

Oh, the wind's to the West and the sails are filling free!
Take your head from my breast: you must say good-by to me.
You'd my heart in both your hands, but you did not hold it fast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

O it's I must away, and it's you must bide at home!
I am sped like the spray, I am fickle as the foam:
It was sweet, my dear, 'twas sweet, but 'twas all too sweet to last,
For the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

We have clasped, we have kissed, but you would not give me more:
I must win what we missed on some other, farther shore.
You can never hold the gray gull that swings about the mast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

You will mourn, you will mate, but 'twill never be with me:
I am off to my fate, and it lies across the sea.
For it's God alone that knows where my anchor will be cast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

**THE MAN HE KILLED ....THOMAS HARDY....HARPER'S WEEKLY**

SCENE: *The settle of the Fox Inn, Stagfoot Lane.*
CHARACTERS: *The speaker (a returned soldier), and his friends, natives of the hamlet.*

I

Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin.

II

But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him, as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

III

I shot him dead, because—
Because he was my foe,
You see; my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

IV

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

V

Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown.

**THE TURNING DERVISH..ARTHUR SYMONS ..LONDON SAT. REVIEW**

Stars in the heavens turn,
I worship like a star,
And in its footsteps learn
Where peace and wisdom are.

Man crawls as a worm crawls;
Till dust with dust he lies,
A crooked line he scrawls
Between the earth and skies.

Yet God, having ordained
The course of star and sun,
No creature hath constrained
A meaner course to run.

I, by his lesson taught,
Imaging his design,
Have diligently wrought
Motion to be divine.

I turn until my sense,
Dizzied with waves of air,
Spins to a point intense,
And spires and centers there.

There, motionless in speed,
I drink that flaming peace,
Which in the heavens doth feed
The stars with bright increase.

Some spirit in me doth move
Through ways of light untrod,
Till, with excessive love,
I drown, and am in God.

**A BALLAD OF SEMMERWATER.....WILLIAM WATSON....CENTURY**

Deep asleep, deep asleep,
Deep asleep it lies,
The still lake of Semmerwater,
Under the still skies.

And many a fathom, many a fathom,
Many a fathom below,
In a king's tower and a queen's bower
The fishes come and go.

Once there stood by Semmerwater
A mickle town and tall;
King's tower and queen's bower
And the wakeman on the wall.

Came a beggar halt and sore:
"I faint for lack of bread."
King's tower and queen's bower
Cast him forth unfed.

He knocked at the door of the eller's cot,
The eller's cot in the dale.
They gave him of their oat-cake,
They gave him of their ale.

He cursed aloud that city proud,
  He cursed it in its pride;
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
  Down the brant hillside;
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
  There to bide.

King's tower and queen's bower
  And a mickle town and tall;
By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin
  Folk have seen them all.

King's tower and queen's bower
  And weed and reed in the gloom,
And a lost city in Semmerwater
  Deep asleep till Doom.

**ALLUREMENT.... MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.....McCLURE'S**

From yonder hedge, from yonder spray,
He calls me onward and away.
Broad lies the world and fair to see;
The cuckoo calls—is calling me.

I have not seen nor heard of Care,
Who used my very bed to share,
Since that first morn, when airily
The cuckoo, calling, called to me.

My sweetheart's face? I have forgot.
My mother? But she calls me not.
From that sweet bank, from that dim lea,
The cuckoo calls—is calling me.

And I must go—I may not choose;
No gain there is, nor aught to lose;
And soon—nay, now—on some wild tree
The bird sits long and waits for me.

**LOVE'S MIRACLE .....WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.....ATLANTIC**

'Tis not the touch of hands, 'tis not the light
  Shining from eyes that tenderly do gaze
  On the beloved face, 'tis not the praise
Of spoken words or sung, that may aright
Reveal the spirit's worship; these give sight
  Of Love's fair flower and tender leafy sprays;
  But Love's fruition must be found in ways
More subtly sought, and moods more recondite.

'Tis rather in the hours when far apart
  From the dear sight of her whose very thought
  Hallows the soul, the hours with memories fraught,
With yearnings filled, when to the eyelids start
  Unbidden tears; Love's miracle then wrought
Touches with fire the altar of the heart.

**DUST AND THE SOUL ..HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD..HARPER'S**

Out of the depths the star-dust drew,
  Out of the primal pulse in space
  That at the Word took shape and place,
Refined through great and fervent heat
  To purpling light, to rounded grace.

Out of the dust we gathered life.
  We from the pulses of the dust
  That whirls upon the windy gust,
That still to meet the world of sky
  Aspires in every grass-blade's thrust.

The grass, the flint, the flower is one
  With our own substance, we who are
  The little brothers of the star
That through the outer universe
  On mighty lines rolls free and far.

Yet one with star-dust though the frame,
  The spirit which informs its clod
  Is that of the archangels shod
With fire, His flaming ministers,
  And but the living breath of God!

**INGRATITUDE.....A. L. G. H. .....ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE**

Not till the cruel roughening of the way,
  Not till the hopeless tiring of the feet,
Not till the dusk and fading of the day
  Is home most sweet.

Not till our joy has turned to memory,
  Not till our hearts are wearied out with fasting
Do we lift beaten hands and cry to thee,
  Life everlasting!

**IDEALISM ..... WALTER LENNARD.....FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW**

Do you remember, love, when once I dreamed,
  In a rose sunset by a rosy sea,
While o'er our heads the changing colors gleamed—
  Of all that human life, well-lived, might be?

You laughed. I think I hear your laughter rend
  The sweet illusion of a future age:
It was not thus, you said, that "that great end"
  Which we all hope for "dawns on history's page."

No, "life is earnest, life is real"—you
  Had proved it so through many a dreary act:
And dreams were valueless: and only true,
  "Hard, dry, experimental, actual fact."

Dear, fond, prosaic babbler! Yet you knew
  The thousand unrehearsed effects of morn;
In twilight pale the inimitable hue:
  In midnight dark the mystery forlorn.

You saw the golden glory of the flower,
  You saw the pageantry of heath and tree.
What are they? Visions of a dreaming hour,
  Brain-pictures, deftly wrought by you and me.

Who paints the rosy tints of sky and sea?
  Whose is the rapture that the poet dreams?
What is the true save what we think to be?
  What is the real other than what seems?

**THROUGH SLUMBER GATE ....JOHN WINWOOD....SMART SET**

Could she but know the dream I send
  To her white bed to-night,
The road o' sleep, from end to end,
  Would blossom with delight.

And tenderly this dream of mine
  Should lead through Slumber Gate,
In pathways delicate and fine,
  To that far place I wait.

Why is it that the nights go on,
  And still I stay alone
Between the darkness and the dawn,
  Sick-hearted for my own?

Perchance, my dream came not to her,
  Or loitered until day;
Perchance, she mocked my messenger,
  And flouted it away.

Ah, well, I only know I wait
  Until that night may be,
When she shall slip through Slumber Gate,
  And laugh and run with me.

# Literary Thought and Opinion

**LONDON'S CHOICE OF BOOKS .....LONDON ACADEMY**

In accordance with our custom, we sent last week to a number of well-known men and women a request that they would name the two books which, during the past year, they have read with most interest and pleasure. We have been obliged to omit the reply of a certain eminent scholar, as we could not read his handwriting. We print some of the replies below:

Mr. Herbert Spencer—I have not read any new books this year.

Mr. Thomas Hardy—Margaret L. Woods's The Princess of Hanover.

Sir Charles W. Dilke—Two recent books have made more impression on my mind than did any of the spring publishing season, but one of the difficulties of writing once a year is that one is apt to think, in the absence of any book of the first rank, of those which are fresh in one's mind. La Maison du Péché, which has had an extraordinary success in France, and Vandal's first volume of his Avènement de Bonaparte, are the two books which, in your words, have pleased and interested me most: though in the case of the novel the pleasure is qualified by pain.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton—During the last year my reading in pure literature has been chiefly among old books. I therefore am not entitled to express an opinion upon the question you raise. Still I have read a few of the books published during the last year, and I may mention one that has specially struck me, on account of its brilliance, its fecundity of thought and style. I allude to Love and the Soul Hunters, by John Oliver Hobbes, a quite remarkable book as regards texture of style and literary qualities generally.

Dr. Jessop—W. S. Lilly's India and Its Problems. Rudyard Kipling's Just So Stories.

Dr. Garnett—The Cambridge Modern History. The Life of James Martineau.

Professor Skeat—None; I have quite enough to do to read the old ones.

Mr. Frederic Harrison—Stephen Phillips's Ulysses. C. H. Frith's The Cromwellian Army.

Mr. Arthur W. Pinero—Sir Horace Rumbold's Recollections of a Diplomatist. De Wet's Three Years' War.

Mr. Edmund Gosse—No work of the imagination which has been published in 1902, and which I have read, has seemed to me so original, so subtle, or sustained at so high a pitch of excellence, as Mr. Henry James's The Wings of the Dove.

Mr. Arthur Symons—I think Lady Gregory's Cuchullain of Muirthemne is the most important book published during 1902.

Mr. W. B. Yeats—But for a few works sent me by young authors I should have read no book published this year, so far as I can recollect, except Lady Gregory's Cuchullain of Muirthemne. I am entirely certain of the immortality of this book, and doubt if such noble and simple English has been written since the death of Morris.

Mr. Sidney Lee—Sir Leslie Stephen's Studies of a Biographer (second series). Mr. A. E. W. Mason's Four Feathers.

Mr. E. V. Lucas—Cunninghame Grahame's Success. Barrie's Little White Bird.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton—Hilaire Belloc's The Path to Rome. Rudyard Kipling's Just So Stories.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti—I could only name one. I read, in an Italian translation, the beginning (but by no means the whole) of Maxim Gorky's tale entitled I Tre (The Three), and thought it an interesting, remarkable work. I also read Conan Doyle's book The War in South Africa, its Cause and Conduct. Did not particularly like it, and considered it to contain some serious misstatements.

Mrs. Craigie—Prof. William James's The Will to Believe. Tolstoy's Les Appels aux Dirigeants.

Miss Braddon—Arthur Morrison's The Hole in the Wall. Miss Cholmondeley's Moth and Rust.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett—Austin Dobson's Richardson. J. M. Barrie's The Little White Bird.

Mr. H. G. Wells—The book that has interested me most this year is William James's Varieties of Religious Experience. In addition, I have found at least seven novels or short stories interesting and remarkable. I send you the list for inclusion or omission as you think fit: Henry James's The Wings of the Dove, Joseph Conrad's Youth, Arnold Bennett's Anna of the Five Towns, W. W. Jacobs's

The Monkey's Paw (in The Lady of the Barge), J. K. Jerome's Paul Kelver, Florence Popham's The Housewives of Edenrise, Marriott Watson's Godfrey Mervale (with the amusingly brilliant finale).

Mr. W. W. Jacobs—Jerome K. Jerome's Paul Kelver. Florence Popham's The Housewives of Edenrise.

Benjamin Swift—Horatio F. Brown's The Venetian Republic. Sudermann's Es Lebe das Leben.

Ian MacLaren—Kipling's Just So Stories. The Life of James Martineau.

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**TWO SORTS OF FICTION.....H. W. BOYNTON.....ATLANTIC**

One of the facts now commonly admitted is that the short story writer is exempt from many of the requirements laid upon the novelist. A scene, an episode, a rapid series of events, we are told, is all that he can be expected to deal with; and conciseness and saliency are the only qualities we can require in his product. But how is this saliency to be measured? How are we going to distinguish between the taking story and the story of permanent power? In accordance with what principle is the blessed remnant to be chosen by time from among the ten thousand short stories now printed every year? Or will they be chosen for different reasons, and not in accordance with any single principle whatever? They will of course possess style; but as I understand style to be nothing more than personality grown perfectly articulate, and a quality possessed by every true work of art, I see no reason for emphasizing its importance to the art of story-telling. The main question would be answered, but in such a way as to leave it practically open. For the question that we are really asking is, How does the best style in short story writing differ from the best style in long story writing? That it does differ is apparently indicated by the greater difficulty we experience in determining the relative value of short stories. As applied to the novel, we do not find it hard to solve the problem after a fashion. We say that the novel will live or not according to the richness or poverty of its interpretation of human life. A man must have a big view and a round and hearty voice, or he will not be a great novelist; this is our theory. It provides us with an admirable means of judging the massive, epical type of novel.

But here we must begin to qualify. A story is not necessarily massive because it is long, or insubstantial because it is short. And from this consideration we may be led to speculate whether much of the confusion which attends our appraisal of the short story does not result from an attempt to make an arbitrary distinction upon mechanical grounds. We are not able to classify canvases according to their size, or poems according to their length. Why should we apply the foot-rule to works of fiction? No doubt a composition in the grand style is more likely to be effective if the scale is not restricted. But small things are not always trivial. Not every short story is confined to the scene or the episode; and very many long stories achieve intricacy but not mass. More than one of Mr. Kipling's tales is a condensed novel, and more than one of Mr. James's novels is an expanded episode. What, then, is the conclusion of the matter? Something like this, it seems to me: That the quality of the tale, so far as it is differentiated from the novel, is lyrical rather than epical; the more or less emotional interpretation of some phase of human experience, in contrast with the interpretation of the experience in the large, as discerned by the creative spirit in its loftier and serener mood.

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**CHILDREN'S BOOKS, OLD AND NEW .....LONDON SPECTATOR**

Would it be possible to establish some kind of a standard child's library? Would it, that is, be a possible and a useful undertaking to collect together some dozen or twenty books which the verdict of time has pronounced to be good rather than merely exciting—a child's book can easily be, but not often is, both—and which a child would be the happier for reading? The question is suggested by the enormous output of books for children which during the last few years has flooded the market. Their quality is undoubtedly different from that of the children's books of thirty and forty and fifty years ago; it is at least doubtful whether it as as good.

To take a random dozen—Grimm and Hans Andersen could never be left out—what books that have been published in the last ten years could be set on the same shelf with, say, Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking-Glass, The Heroes, The Water Babies, Masterman Ready, The Children of the New Forest, The Coral Island, The Dog Crusoe, The Prince and the Pauper, Feats on the Fjord, Dick Sands, and Tom Brown—all of which were children's books twenty years ago? Mr. Kipling's Jungle Books and the Just So Stories, of course, would bear the comparison; so would Mr. Andrew Lang's series of fairy-tale books, with Mr. Henry Ford's charming illustrations, though

these are mostly old tales retold. But when you come to the majority of children's illustrated books of to-day—at least, to those which appear to be popular—you get to a really curious comparison between what children like (or are supposed to like) now and what was liked in the "sixties" and "seventies." To-day there is a queer tendency toward hideousness. Instead of being given stories and pictures of beautiful princesses and knights and kings and fairies, children are presented with ugly distortions of human beings. The pictures, which presumably are meant to amuse, are of men with enormous heads, ugly bodies, tiny legs; the nearer you can get to a conception of ugliness alive the better, apparently, for purposes of illustration. What is the reason for it? Do children really like looking at and thinking about pictures and stories of ugly creatures? We do not believe it. All children have an appreciation of what is quaint and out of the way, and like to be told stories of queer beasts and beings. But they do not naturally love what is ugly. If they did they would like ugly people and ugly animals in real life, and they do not like them.

The truth is that there is in reality a large ethical question—or perhaps, we should say, a broad educational problem—underlying the simple question of the selection of a book to give a child. Is it a good thing or a bad thing for a child to look at—even if only to laugh at—what is ugly? Is it not rather the fact that the more that ugliness is pointed out to a child, and the more often he is asked, as a child, to look at what is ugly, the more inclined he will be to expect and to select what is ugly when he is a man? The men and women who take the most charitable views of their fellow-creatures, who habitually look for and point out to others what is good rather than what is bad, are not those who can be imagined to have taken, as children, a delight at gazing at pictures of monsters. It is the child who is afraid of the bobbing and shrieking puppets of the Punch and Judy show who will grow up the kindliest of critics. But if it is admitted, as it surely must be, that it is better for children to see beautiful rather than ugly things, how are we to account for the present tendency toward hideous books? Certainly we cannot attribute it to a general desire on the part of children for ugliness—a demand, that is, which is bound to be met with a supply. Children do not demand any particular kind of book: they take what they are given. They were delighted with Kate Greenaway twenty years ago: they could be taught to be delighted to-day. The responsibility for the continued existence of children's books crowded with ugliness and distortions lies with the giver of the book, who is not a child. He is attracted, perhaps, by the novelty of grotesque illustrations, and thinks that children will be attracted also. Yet if he realized that children, like other people, see and look for what they are accustomed to see and have pointed out to them, would he not change his gift-book? A child's book—a book belonging to the child's library—ought to have a certain nobility about it. The princes ought to be brave and the princesses beautiful; the men and women and children ought to do gracious things, not to clown through a hundred pages of knockabout tomfoolery and twisted ugliness. Yet that is undoubtedly a tendency of children's books of to-day—to insist on what is bizarre, ridiculous, and monstrous. The tendency will disappear in time, when people realize that it is a bad thing to give children hideous things to play with and think about; but the strength of the contrast between the nursery and schoolroom books of to-day and thirty years ago is curiously noticeable.

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**BEGINNINGS .....CAROLYN WELLS.....CRITERION**

Some one, I forget whom, said, "Beginnings were invented to obstruct continuations," but this can't be true of novels, for, notwithstanding the obstructive beginning, novels continue, and probably will do so, so long as any author and reader both shall live. But of the various possible beginnings it is interesting to note which one different authors consider the least obstructive. Perhaps the bold plunge *in medias res* is oftenest used by our best, or, at least, our most confident authors. This beginning apparently presupposes the reader acquainted with the characters of the author's book, and therefore establishes at once a confidential intimacy. Kim is a fair example of this beginning:

"He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammeh on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaibgher—"

Stevenson adopts this plan in most of his books. The Master of Ballantrae begins thus:

"The full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for and public curiosity is sure to welcome."

Henry James, too, affects this opening. The Awkward Age begins:

"Save when it happened to rain, Vanderbank always walked home, but he usually took a

hansom when the rain was moderate, and adopted the preference of the philosopher when it was heavy."

Perhaps the climax of assumption of the reader's familiarity with existing facts is reached in What Maisie Knew, whose beginning sounds more like a continuation:

"The litigation had seemed interminable, and had in fact been complicated; but by the decision on the appeal the judgment of the divorce court was confirmed as to the assignment of the child."

Though used much of late, this beginning is not of recent origin, for Jane Eyre is an old instance of it:

"There was no possibility of taking a walk that day—"

Another often used and more simple beginning is the Once-Upon-a-Time style.

Witness Jerome:

"One morning in early May, when the wind was cold and the sun hot, and Jerome was about twelve years old, he was in a favorite lurking place of his, which nobody but himself knew."

Frank Stockton, of blessed memory, often adopted the Once-Upon-a-Time opening.

Ardis Claverden opens:

"On a pleasant morning, at the very end of summer, a man was sitting upon a fence by a roadside."

The conversational opening is a favorite with many authors, and, in capable hands, it has its advantages. Kipling begins The Light That Failed in this way:

"'What do you think she'd do if she caught us? We oughtn't to have it, you know,' said Maisie."

And Sir George Tressady begins with an unprovoked speech.

Reference to Infancy is another mode. This dates back to David Copperfield, occurs in Richard Carvel, but is found in its most delightful phase thus in Sentimental Tommy:

"The celebrated Tommy first comes into view on a dirty London stair, and he was in sexless garments, which were all he had, and he was five, so, though we are looking at him, we must do it sideways, lest he sit down hurriedly to hide them."

The Geographical Beginning is rational, and much used by practical writers. The Gentleman from Indiana says first:

"There is a fertile stretch of flat lands in Indiana where unagrarian Eastern travelers glancing from car windows shudder and return their eyes to interior upholstery, preferring even the swaying caparisons of a Pullman to the monotony without."

Mr. Howells, being extremely practical, begins Indian Summer thus:

"Midway of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, where three arches break the lines of the little jewelers' booths glittering on either hand—"

While Kate Bonnet plainly states:

"The month was September and the place was in the neighborhood of Bridgetown, in the island of Barbadoes."

A large concourse of authors follow the lead of the Pictorial Beginning. Note Caleb West:

"The rising sun burned its way through a low-lying mist that hid the river and flashed its searchlight rays over the sleeping city."

And The King's Jackal:

"The private terrace of the Hotel Grand Bretagne, at Tangier, was shaded by a great awning of red and green and yellow, and strewn with colored mats, and plants in pots, and wicker chairs."

An amplification, or perhaps a development, of the Pictorial Beginning is the Atmospheric Opening. This is more subtle and gives the reader a hint of conditions rather than a material picture. It is useful to indicate a bucolic atmosphere—witness David Harum:

"David poured half of his second cup of tea into his saucer to lower its temperature to the drinking point, and helped himself to a second cut of ham and a third egg."

The influences of locality may be cleverly indicated by this Atmospheric Beginning. On the first page of Blix we read:

"It had just struck nine from the cuckoo clock that hung over the mantelpiece in the dining-room, when Victorine brought in the halved watermelon and set it in front of Mr. Bessemer's plate."

And turning to Trilby, a book that is all atmosphere, we find in its Atmospheric Beginning only a foretaste of joys to come:

"It was a fine, sunny, showery day in April. The big studio window was open at the top, and let in a pleasant breeze from the northwest. Things were beginning to look shipshape at last. The big piano had arrived from England and lay, freshly tuned, alongside the eastern wall; on the wall opposite was a panoply of foils, masks, and boxing-gloves."

After reading that, who could help continuing?

Wherefore, let the young and inexperienced author have a care as to his beginning, for thereby often hangs the success or non-success of a tale.

# Brief Comment:
## Literary Sayings and Doings

The London Academy, following its custom of some years' standing, has written to a number of prominent men and women asking what two books of the last year they enjoyed the most. In our department of Literary Thought and Opinion we print several of the replies thus received. Many very noteworthy things come from a study of these. First, that some very eminent men of literary quality have read no new books, their position being very well contained in the words of Prof. Skeat, the renowned student of Chaucer: "I have quite enough to do to read the old ones." Of the others many have found but a single book worthy of remembrance. And finally, of those who recalled one or two books, few thought any novels of the popular sort of value. Mr. James's new book, The Wings of the Dove, has won the admiration of Mr. Edmund Gosse and H. G. Wells. Mr. Kipling's Just So Stories has appealed to Ian MacLaren, G. K. Chesterton and Dr. Jessop. While Mr. Barrie's The Little White Bird has a single admirer in E. V. Lucas.

——The list is peculiar—very peculiar—but it is a great sidelight upon the reading of the literary man. The very divergence of taste shows individuality and power of discrimination. And where these exist there is no such thing as an immense literary popularity. It is blind following that makes the tremendous sales. Just as the persistence of advertising advances the sale of a new breakfast food, so does advertising advance the sale of the new novel. And as the sale dies out on the cereal up comes a new cereal, so as the sale of one book dies out up comes another. As Misther Dooley once remarked, "Women do all the readin' of books"; the figure of the cereal is still carried out.

——More works and more upon the Boer War. And now the literary instinct has tainted even the practical sober women. Mrs. Delarey is to publish a book, telling of the war as it affected the women. The Transvaal will soon be so Anglicized that every Kopje will contain upon its tiny peak a poetess or novelist. Mighty is civilization!

——It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. Kruger's book of memoirs is almost a drug on the English market, while De Wet's is a veritable bargain counter specialty. There is always an element of romance about the fighter that the statesman never possesses. This may account for the above state of affairs; likewise there might be some question of personal feeling in the matter.

——The London Reader of Plays again rushes into the breach and saves the day. His most recent dictum is the refusal to grant a license for a play called Paradise Lost, based upon Milton's poem of the same name. The censor bars the play on the ground that it is "scriptural." Evidently the gentleman refuses to make his position a sinecure.

——Among a collection of letters and drawings by Thackeray to be sold shortly is an excellent unpublished specimen of his cleverness in writing rhymed prose epistles. The letter in question, which is to Miss Kate Perry, reads as follows:

Well, I thought as sure as sure could be, should find a letter from kind J. E. Pray why doesn't she write to me? I'd like to know, and if not she, where's her sister, Miss K. P.? One or other is surely free to send a line to double you tea. What is the reason? I have often said. Are Kate and Jane both ill in bed? Is that little shivering greyhound dead? or has anything possibly happened to Fred? or have they taken a friend instead, of that old fellow they've often fed (along with Venables, Clem and Sped) with a broken nose and a snowy head? Tell me, how shall the riddle be read?

——The London Punch has been giving Aids for Authors, "being a few suggestions for intending novelists who are otherwise thoroughly equipped for the profession of letters, but happen not to have any initial ideas." We give below one of these "plots":

IN QUEST OF THE INFINITE.
*A Study on two Planes of Being.*
(*Esoteric Series.*)

Romney Vandyke, artist, prostrate with aggravated neuritis, brought on by three months' incessant toil on his picture, A Vision of Vastness, content to recognize that the Soul is All, the Body Nothing, and Pain non-existent. Feels henceforth that the sole duty of Man is to liberate the Ego from the chains of sense, and to send it forth enfranchised in quest of the infinite.

Awkward situation with Mary Brewer, his betrothed. Mary, suffering with toothache, refuses to believe that there is no such thing as Pain, resents her lover's attempts to raise her to the Higher Levels, and prefers to go to dentist. Soul of Romney grieved. Further progress of Romney in the realms of mysti-

cism and further occasions of loss of temper on part of Mary. Engagement finally broken off on ground of incompatibility of temperaments. . Marriage of Mary to man of strictly business habits. Departure of Romney to the Temple of Wisdom in California for the Higher Consolation.

——Mr. A. B. Paine is to write a biography of the late Thomas Nast. This book, which was authorized by the dead cartoonist, should be full of interest.

——Mr. J. W. H. Crosland, who wrote that sensational book, The Unspeakable Scot, is to produce another book which, judging from the title and author, should be even more striking. Lovely Woman is Mr. Crosland's new theme, a theme old enough and big enough for any man. No woman ever attempts this; wherein the gentler sex proves itself the wiser.

——A new book, containing one long and several short stories by Henry James, is announced. Commenting on this, the Tribune takes occasion to say:

With Mr. James's preferences in the matter of an abiding place his readers have nothing whatever to do; but they are certainly justified in wondering what effect an American environment would have had on his talents. Life in France and in England has apparently confirmed him in careful, finical, fastidious literary methods—methods almost old maidish in refinement, precision and frigidity. His earlier work is stronger, if less finished, than his later books. What would the latter have been if the author had remained an American?

——The poems in Kipling's Just So Stories have been set to music and will be published in a volume by themselves. If we are not much mistaken, this is a going back to source. All of Kipling's verse has a lyric swing and musical cadence which suggest that it might have been composed to the accompaniment of a piano.

——A rather fancy sum was that paid for a book the other day in London; $2,500 was the price given for an original edition of Carslake's Gaelic Translation of John Knox's Geneva Liturgy. There are very few copies of this work extant and none are in perfect condition. At the same sale a first edition of Keats' poems inscribed by the poet to B. R. Haydon was sold at $885. Alas for the poets of to-day. There are many editions which do not bring in as much. Nor is the proportion in accordance with merit. For we have really good poets to-day, and were the emolument greater, would have more. Recently there has been a pleasurable increase in the number of books of poems. There is a fund of good poetry waiting to be discovered.

——When Dr. Henry Van Dyke's The Story of the Other Wise Man was translated into Turkish, it was submitted, in the usual course, to the censor. That worthy approved all the book except its title, which he said would not do.

"Why will it not do?" the publisher asked.

"Because it is not true," was the solemn answer.

The publisher was puzzled. "Not true?" he asked. "In what respect is it not true?"

"Because," explained the censor, "there is no Wise Man but Mahomet."

The title was accordingly changed to one which, if translated freely into English, would read, "How the Other Scientist Got Left Behind."

——The North American Review began the new year with a decided innovation in admitting fiction between its covers. The first installment of Henry James's novel, The Ambassador, appeared in the January number. If the Review can keep its fiction pure in quality and very small in quantity, the innovation will prove decidedly a benefit.

——Horace Howard Furness, Jr., is following in the footsteps of his famous father, the editor of The Variorum Shakespeare. Mr. Furness has been a deep and ardent admirer of the Avon Bard, is a pupil of the late Professor Child of Harvard, and has been associated with his father in editing the above edition, which is, of course, the finest and completest edition of Shakespeare. He will hereafter devote himself to the historical plays, while his father edits the comedies.

——The announcement that Mr. Irving Bacheller will shortly publish a book of poems is not without suggestive meaning. The number of well-known novelists who write verse increases daily. The versatile genius of Mr. Kipling or the charm of Mr. Le Gallienne of course hardly applies here. But Mr. Meredith has written some very beautiful poetry, as have also Mr. Howells and Mr. Hardy. Miss Ellen Glasgow recently had published a small volume of poems from her pen and Mr. Owen Wister has his name in print over some rather humorous verses done for Remington drawings. These are but examples.

——It is not surprising at all to see novelists thus writing poetry. Every great novelist must have the instinct of the poet in him. It is poetry which lifts his work and stamps it with the mark of lasting worth. The greatest difference between the ephemeral and the enduring novel is that one is narrow, petty, and small in its appeal, while the other has the breath and sweep of life in it. And it is poetry that gives this very quality.

# General Gossip of Authors and Writers

There is not much to be said about Mr. J. M. Barrie. Those who have read him need not be told of his exquisite humor and pathos, his absolutely unique individuality and charm. Those who have not read him will not draw a whit nearer to him for all the words that may be written. After all one might sum up Mr. Barrie: "Only name him and he is all-praised."

Mr. Barrie is now in his forty-second year. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University. His literary success began with Better Dead, in 1887. Since that time the principal novels and stories which have come from his pen are as follows: Auld Licht Idylls, An Edinburgh Eleven, When a Man's Single, 1888; A Window in Thrums, 1889; My Lady Nicotine, 1890; The Little Minister, 1891; Sentimental Tommy, Margaret Ogilvy, 1896; Tommy and Grizel, 1900; The Little White Bird, 1902. In addition he has written many successful plays: The Professor's Love Story, 1895; The Little Minister, 1897; The Wedding Guest, 1900.

Sunlight and optimism and art play all through Mr. Barrie's writings. Who can forget Tommy or Margaret Ogilvy or Grizel; or, to go further back, the fanciful Lady Babbie? Absolutely unique he stands in his field, a man who writes honestly and beautifully, one who betters the world of letters and life.

——Maurice Maeterlinck has completed two new plays, both of which will probably be produced in Paris this summer. It is good to notice that while one of them is a fairy story the other is a play of modern life. Let us hope that M. Maeterlinck will hereafter put his poetry nearer to the daily life and bring his idealism and power to the portrayal of human beings rather than abstractions.

——This recalls the fact that Mr. Alfred Austin's three-act drama in blank verse has been secured by Beerbohm Tree. The title is Godden Field. Here is a chance for the Laureate to redeem himself. The world attends. Likewise let Mr. Phillips look to his laurels.

The London Academy, discussing Mr. Austin's venture, says that, "in writing a play for Mr. Tree, Mr. Alfred Austin is strictly following the precedent set by Poets Laureate. Tennyson had three plays produced at the Lyceum, and if Wordsworth is unknown as a dramatist, all the earlier holders of the office were playwrights, from Ben Jonson, Davenant, and their obscure successors to the great day of Dryden, and the less illustrious reigns of Shadwell, Nahum Tate and Colley Cibber. Really it was almost demanded of Mr. Austin that he should write a play."

——But Mr. Austin is not the only English poet to have his fling at the drama. Mr. Laurence Housman—he of An Englishwoman's Love-Letters fame—has written a religious drama called Bethlehem, which has already been produced. The conception and execution of this Nativity play are so modern and unique that Mr. Housman has felt the need to justify them. This he does in the following terms:

> In spiritual matters the past tense is foolishness; everything "is," nothing "was." Christmas is not merely commemorated; it is in our midst year by year; and the present tense is the only one that can be applied to it. To make Christmas present in my play has been my chief aim. So my shepherds are not Hebrew shepherds; they are English and Christian. They do but rehearse, as do the peasants of Oberammergau, the event which already fills their lives. No explanation is needed as they run to Bethlehem, knowing already what awaits them there; and when they enter the stable it is as Christian worshipers coming to kneel by the "crib," and to say a "Hail, Mary!" before the Lady-Altar. My wish is to show how the thrill of the expected event can give as great a dramatic effect as the unexpected; that the knowledge of things does not in any degree lessen the wonder of them; an essential element of the drama will be its familiarity to those that hear it.

——Nothing could be better than to see how the literary and poetic drama is coming back again. Plays are being widely printed and are read more and more each day. It will not be long now before the drama shall again take its prestine place. It is bound to come. We are growing so wearied of the machine-made novel. Art is bound to have its turn.

——Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam has been stirring up a hornet's nest in the ranks of the army of women's rights. First a lecture before the staid Pilgrim Mothers, and then a climax in the January Harper's, with her Omar for Ladies. This is not quite the light in which we have been wont to view that delightful portrayer of child life, but it is none the less a pleasant one. Continue the good work, Miss Daskam.

——S. E. Kiser's charming little book, Love Sonnets of an Office Boy, is getting a good deal

of notice abroad. The book deserves it, for it is delightfully, refreshingly original and piquant.

——Mr. Kipling's recent poem in the London Times on the Anglo-German alliance has produced a prodigious stir. This is quite natural. Everything Kipling does produces a stir. And how he does love the foreigners. The Russians! and now the Germans:

That we must lie off a lightless coast
  And haul and back and veer,
At the will of the breed that have wronged us most
  For a year and a year and a year!

There was never a shame in Christendie
  They laid not to our door—
And ye say we must take the winter sea
  And sail with them once more?

Look South! The gale is scarce o'erpast
  That stripped and laid us down,
When we stood forth but they stood fast
  And prayed to see us drown.

The dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
  Our wounds are bleeding yet—
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
  To help them press for a debt!

'Neath all the flags of all mankind
  That use upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find
  That ye strike hands with these?

Rather strong words these and—rather good poetry. It is hard ringing verse, but it beats and throbs with vitality and power.

——The death of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, on December 26, robbed American literature of a woman whose work was full of promise and merit. Mrs. Catherwood was a Western woman. Her home for several years had been in Chicago. She was born in Ohio in 1847, and was married to James Steel Catherwood in 1887. Mrs. Catherwood wrote Craque-o'-Doom, Old Caravan Days, The Secret at Roseladies, The Bells of St. Anna, The Story of Tonty, The Lady of Fort St. John, Old Kaskaskia, The White Islander, The Chase of St. Castin and other Tales, The Spirit of an Illinois Town and the Little Renault, The Days of Jeanne d'Arc, Bony and Ban, Mackinac and Lake Stories and Spanish Peggy. Her most important book was, of course, Lazarre.

——The death of Mrs. Catherwood causes one to look back over the past year and consider how great has been our literary loss. In Bret Harte there has passed away one of our most famous writers. Scarcely less sad and even more poignant was the death of Frank R. Stockton. The tragic end of Paul Leicester Ford closed abruptly a career that was just beginning to shape into definiteness. While the pitiful death of Frank Norris is so recent that the pain is still felt. In addition, the gloomy sad record contains the name of E. L. Godkin.

——This is, indeed, a heavy roll of honor. But the world at large has also suffered. Jean de Bloch, Émile Zola, Aubrey de Vere, George Henty, George Douglas Brown, Mrs. Alexander, and Lord Acton are some of the better known names that circle the globe.

The grief is, however, not absolute, for while the loss has been great, it has not left us utterly bereft. We have still great men left: men like Tolstoi and Ibsen, and Morley, Phillips, James, Swinburne, to mention but a few from many.

——Realism in fiction has found a new sponsor in Mr. Anthony Hope. Imagine the author of The Prisoner of Zenda and Dolly Dialogues in this rôle, you who can. Perhaps it is the case of the comedian who ever thinks that he can play tragedy. Still Mr. Hope has come nearer to realism than ever before in his new book, The Intrusion of Peggy—delightful, fanciful, romantic realism.

——Dr. Charles A. Eastman, author of Indian Boyhood, an excerpt from which we published last month, is a full-blood Sioux Indian. Mr. Eastman lived for fifteen years of his past life as a member of a Sioux tribe in what we are pleased to call "savagery." Then brought into civilization by his father, he was educated in the "white man's way," and lives in that way to-day. The significant facts of his life are these: He was trained as an Indian for fifteen years, and as a white man for nearly the same length of time. Beginning without a word of the English language or a civilized conception, he prepared for college in nine years. He never attended a Government school, but spent twelve years of his school and college life in leading institutions for the higher education. Neither he nor any of his forebears were "agency" Indians, nor has he ever received rations or annuities. He has been for many years a citizen and a voter, as was his father before him. By profession he is a physician, and has for many years been Government surgeon connected with the Indian Bureau.

——Mr. Jack London, the novelist, is an ardent student of sociology, and has lately spent some time in the East End of London busy in observing slum life there. He dressed as an American sailor looking for employment and carried little or no money. Just now he is living in a bungalow near San Francisco, with an outlook over the Golden Gate.

# In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

**BEWITCHED .....C. FOX SMITH .....LONDON OUTLOOK**

O none may share the sorrow
And none may break the spell,
For I ha' crost the weird water
An' drunk o' weepin' well.

An' I ha' pluckt the bitter fruit
Of Elfinland forlorn,
An' spoke wi' the wan woman
Beneath the twisted thorn.

O I ha' bought dark wisdom
For the heart within me sold,
An' I ha' gi'en my livin' soul
For a mint of fairy gold.

The stream runs on i' the old way,
The birds sing on the trees,
An' the sun shines on the hillside,
But I know nought o' these.

There is no man dare speak wi' me,
No home where I may dwell,
For I ha' crost the weird water
An' drunk o' weepin' well.

**OLD HOME WEEK IN PODUNK.....H. S. KELLER....N. Y. HERALD**

How air ye, Ezra? Wal, by gum!
It duz me good ter see ye hum.
This Ole Hum Week, it seems ter fetch
The ney'b'rin folks right down the stretch.
Be'n 'way a lot o' years frum us—
Le's see, ye useter drive the bus
Ter bring the people frum the train,
In sunshine or in time o' rain.
An' then, b'gosh! ye got a pull
In politicks, an' soaked yer full
O' 'fluence till ye got a seat
In State Assembly, slick an' neat.
An' then ye got anuther lift,
An' took a new holt on yer shift,
Until ye landed in the pen
Where Uncle Sam keeps Congressmen.
Ye ain't forgot the old-time joys
Ye had among the Podunk boys?
Good; glad yer memory hain't slow—
How 'bout thet ten loaned years ago?

**MORE PROBLEMS .....ATLANTA CONSTITUTION**

Moses in de bullrush,
Mighty clost de sea;
'Spose de tide hed riz up?
Whar would Moses be?

Joshua in de battle,
Ain't got light ter see;
'Spose de sun been sleepy?
Whar would Joshua be?

Jonah in de big storm—
Whar would Jonah be
Ef de big whale hadn't said:
"Dis too much for me?"

Tarryfyin' problems—
Des won't bresh away!
Hope we'll see 'em plainer
Wen come de risin' day!

**A RURAL REALIZATION....JOSH WINK....BALTIMORE AMERICAN**

Our Alice has got back from the city—
Hair fixed up fine as a fiddle,
Which ain't nothin' half like so pretty
As her usual part in the middle.
Happenin' t' drive down t' the station,
Sight of her set my heart hummin',
Though I wouldn't for the all of creation
Admit that I knew she was comin'.

Cars had stopped when I spied her—
Somethin' 'fore time t' get out,
An' I wasn't slow gettin' beside her,
If there was other people about;
But 'count of her 'cquired city graces,
An'idees I saw she had found there,
Though I hauled up home her an' her laces,
I didn't feel fit t' go 'round there.

Still I found her as pleasant as ever
Next evenin' on happenin' t' call;
'Nquired 'bout the folks, an' the river,
An' the farm, an' the pasture an' all—
But town life don't hitch up with Alice,
She'd lost twenty pounds I could see—
Worst of it—though I don't bear no malice,
It's the part of her used t' like me!

**"THE BLACKBIRD" .....MOIRA O'NEILL.....OUTLOOK**

There's a bird that sings in the Narrow Glen,
The brave black bird with a golden bill,
He'll call me afther him, an' then
He'll flit, an' lave me still.
A bird I had was one'st my own,
Oh, dear, my Colleen Dhu to me!
My nest is cold, my bird has flown—
An' the blackbird sings to me.

Oh, never think I'll tell her name,
I'll only sing that her heart was true:
My blackbird! ne'er a thing's the same
Since I was losin' you.
'Tis lonesome in the Narrow Glen,
An' rain drops heavy from the tree;
But whiles I'll think I hear her when
The blackbird sings to me.

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Her image all its child shall be,
My throbbin' heart shall rock to rest
The care that's wasting me.
A Night of Sleep shall end my pain,
A sunny Morn shall set me free,
An' when I wake I'll hear again
My blackbird sing to me.

**"MARY LIZ" .....BALTIMORE AMERICAN**

'Pears to be a certainty,
  Ev'ry dadblame' fad they is,
Comes aroun' to this here town,
  Is took up by Mary-liz.
First, she had the "higher art,"
  An' the attic's cluttered yit
With the buckets, pans an' things
  That she said was—I forgit.

Then she tried to elocute!
  Raised the rafters—it's a fac',
When she tore her hair, an' howled
  In that piece, "The Maniac."
Nex' she had was—le' me see—
  What was that there kind o' art
Where you learned to fall down right?
  What's the name? Oh, yes! Delsarte.

Women's clubs! She's joined enough
  To bewilder any saint.
Wrote a paper—has it yet—
  "Is it Womanlike to Faint?"
Then she had the euchre fad—
  Talk an' shuffle—cut an' jump,
Half the time she'd be in tears,
  'Cause she didn't play the trump.

Women's fads is just like germs—
  Always catchin'! An', gee whiz!
They know what they're doin' of
  When they hunt up Mary-liz!
Don't know what she'll take up nex'.
  Kind o' wonderin', you see,
'Cause just at the present time
  Mary-liz's fad is me!

**THE WAY OF THE REGULAR..ROBERT V. CARR..COLLIER'S WEEKLY**

Reg'ler soldier, such they name me—bin that way fer twenty years.
Arizona, Injun-fightin'; Cuba, helpin' volunteers.
Googoos got some malo feelin's after old Manila's fall,
Then we takes a hike to China—up against that heathen wall;

Which Pekin she was good, however, loot there was with the advance,
But a reg'ler wouldn't touch it—not unless he got a chance.
Fightin', yes, an' foreign service, sights an' things to fill your eyes,
Heathen gods an' heathen people, heathen lands an' heathen skies.

An' I'm here in 'Frisco loafin'—clean discharge an' mucho tin,
An' I'm sayin', my amigo, that I won't take on agin.
No, siree! I'm thro' with hikin' an' the service has my scorn—
Shave-tail, I was fightin' plenty 'fore your shoulder-straps were born.

Then you come around all snarly, "Dress up, there! say, can't you see?"
"Front!" you yell, you kid of twenty, looking bayonits at me.
An' you fill my soul with feelin's of extreme an' great fertig,
With your way of doin' business, like a private was a pig.

Why, the service's gone to blazes; everything is clear N. G.,
An' you bet your extra pesos that the same is shut of me.
Fer I'm here in 'Frisco loafin'—clean discharge an' mucho tin,
An' I'm sayin', my amigo, that I won't take on agin.

LATER

Well, say! I jes' got lonsesome, couldn't stand it much nohow,
This civilian life's a dead one, mucho malo I'll allow.
Loafed around an' spent denero till no más of such I had.
Got to thinkin' that the service wasn't—well, oh, not so bad.

Chow an' quarters an' a bunkie, an' your clock a bugle call,
Once a soldier, soldier always; you can't help it, that is all.
Queerest thing, you git so lonesome, honestly, that's what you will,
Actually you git clear homesick fer inspection or a drill.

So I quit the game of loafin' when I'd spent my travel tin;
Say, amigo, I feel better since I have took on agin.

**YE MAYDE WHO COOKED BY MAYLE .....WHAT TO EAT**

A Proper True Gem of Poesie, ye Whych Contaynes some Goodlie Thoughtes & a Verie Wise Moralle at ye Ende.

Alle putte in Easie Verse by Bylle Nesbytte, ye Scrybe.

There was a gentyll mayde,
  Who dallyed in ye Dough,
In Kytchenne Garbe arrayed,
  For it became her soe.
She soughte toe bake ye Breade,
  And felt she colde notte fayle,
"For I," she bravelie sayde,
  "Learned 'How toe Cooke by Mayle'"

She putte ye Loaves wythinne
  Ye Ovenne, pypinge hotte,
And soone she razed a dynne
  By shriekynge: "I forgott
I know notte what toe do
  Now that ye Loaves are there"
She wepte, "Alas! Boo hoo!"
  And tore her Auburne Hayre.

She straightwaye soughte her penne,
  As I'm a truthfulle Barde,
And wrote ye Teachinge Menne
  Uponne a Postalle Carde.
"Ye Loaves," she wrote, "are placed
  Wythinne ye Stove toe Bake;
Please answere me in Haste,
  What next steppe I shalle take."

Oh, Maydennes, heede thys rhyme;
  Ye Breade, alas! was burned;
She heard noe Weddynge Chyme,
  By Lovers she was spurned.
Take heede! Nowe, do notte fayle
  Ye lessonne fayre toe see:
If you muste Cooke by Mayle,
  Buy from ye Bakerie.

# Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

**THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY**

Mr. Anthony Hope's new book[1] contains the elements of the Dolly Dialogues and the Prisoner of Zenda. It is delightful, fresh, and really worthy. It shows greater insight into character than anything which Mr. Hope has heretofore done. It is distinctly a larger thing than his previous work. It is to be hoped that such "intrusions" may be repeated both by Peggy and Mr. Hope.

**BY FREDERIC REMINGTON**

A graphic picture of Western life during the late campaigns against the Indians, together with a very unusual phase of Western character, is to be found in John Erminie.[2] A book not without flaws, but one which wins, in spite of them; thoroughly readable and unquestionably interesting.

**OUT OF GLOUCESTER**

It has been years since as fine stories of fisherman's life have appeared as those to be found in Mr. Connolly's book.[3] The author is a downright realist, but he has not forgotten poetry and humor. A virile, strong, vital book.

**THE LAST WORD**

The Last Word[4] is a romance of newspaper life, mixed with elements of Texas character and vocation. A strange compound of cowboys and journalists, full of lights and shadows, with contrasts that somehow adjust themselves. There are many pithy sayings and some rather noteworthy scenes. Distinctly a book of promise.

**ALEXANDER GORDON**

Politics and art and a social problem are the ingredients of Mr. Alexander Black's Richard Gordon.[5] The story is strong and well written, and the characters are drawn with sureness and skill. The thread of tragedy which ever clings in the background of the theme gives dignity to the tale.

[1] The Intrusions of Peggy. Anthony Hope. N. Y., Harper & Bros. $1.50.

[2] John Erminie of Yellowstone. Frederic Remington. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

[3] Out of Gloucester. James B. Connolly. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[4] The Last Word. Alice MacGowan. Boston, L. C. Page & Co.

[5] Richard Gordon. Alexander Black. Boston, The Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.

**A PRAIRIE GIRL**

The Biography of a Prairie Girl,[1] by Eleanor Gates, is the story of the life of a child in a Dakota farming-house, from her birth until her departure for an Eastern college. There are many delightful passages which tell of the pleasures of living close to nature, and several thrilling incidents are related such as would occur in the land of prairie fires and Indians. The book is a good one to put into the hands of young people, especially, but it will also be appreciated by their elders.

**HOUSEWIVES OF EDENRISE**

In The Housewives of Edenrise,[2] by Florence Popham, we have an excellent, and often delightfully humorous, picture of life in a suburban village not far from the English capital. The village gossip, tea-drinkings, entertainments, and croquet matches are well described. Mixed up with all this is a very sensible wife with a very sensible husband.

**SIDNEY LANIER ON SHAKESPEARE**

A thoroughly worthy book, both from an educational standpoint and from a literary one, is the publication of Sidney Lanier's lectures on Shakespeare.[3] A highly valuable book, with a rare sidelight upon the poet and the great dramatist, printed with rare taste and edited with unusual skill.

**BOOKS ON THE BOER WAR**

It is touching to contemplate such a picture of an aged patriot crushed by defeat as we have in The Memoirs of Paul Kruger, Told by Himself.[4] Aided by secretaries, an editor, and a translator, he has placed before the English-speaking world such an account of his career and of his devotion to the independence of his country and people as must long remain one of the most remarkable records of patriotism which history contains. Mr. Kruger's passionate invective will find an echo in many a heart; but, if we would be worthy students of history, we must remember that in these memoirs we have only one side of the controversy between

[1] The Biography of a Prairie Girl. Eleanor Gates. N. Y., Century Co. $1.50.

[2] The Housewives of Edenrise. Florence Popham. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

[3] Shakespeare and His Forerunners. Sidney Lanier, N. Y.; Doubleday, Page & Co. 2 vols.

[4] Memoirs of Paul Kruger, Told by Himself. N. Y., The Century Co. $3.50.

Great Britain and the Boers. Probably the other side will never be known in our time, for it lies in the archives of the British Colonial Office, and there will remain, unless some persistent member of the British Parliament succeeds in unearthing it. Whether or not Mr. Kruger's terrible arraignment of the conduct of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain, and his subordinates is impartially stated in every particular, it will be easily forgiven for its severity by all fair-minded persons who sympathize with a struggle for liberty. How desperate and noble that struggle was may, in some measure, be gathered from Three Years' War,[1] by Christian Rudolf de Wet, the ubiquitous Boer Commandant. It is a story of swift, vigorous and unceasing action against heavy odds in numbers, if not in position, and it demonstrates the great change that arms of precision and long range have wrought in modern warfare. It shows how easy it is for a body of determined and brave men, operating in a country with which each one is familiar, to not only hold at bay, but harass and defeat a numerically superior body, however well equipped, to whom the contour of the district is unknown.

De Wet premises that he is not a writer. It would have been well if some one had warned him against the excessive use of the eternal "I." Its incessant use in these pages has imparted an air of egotism which becomes painful. Still, the book is a remarkable one, and it is to be hoped that the brave author of it will be accorded the generosity of those "fellow-citizens of the British Empire" to whom he dedicates the volume.

**FORSTER'S LIFE OF DICKENS**

John Forster's Life of Dickens,[2] in three volumes, published in 1871-2-4, a classic as it is among biographies, appealed to the few rather than to the many of those who desired to know something about the literary and personal life of the great popular author of half a century ago. As Dickens's works still hold, and will continue to hold, a high place in English literature, it must be a boon to his many admirers in the present day that an abridgement of Forster's large biography has been issued in such a form and at such a price as to place it within the reach of a widely-extended body of readers. Mr. George Gissing has had charge of the work, and has taken the opportunity of revising passages in accordance with recent information. He has also substituted some of his own criticisms for those of Forster; so that we have a Life of Dickens which may be said to have been brought down to date. Mr. Gissing's part is thoroughly well done, the book is admirably illustrated, facsimiles of several manuscripts add interest, and, taken altogether, the volume will be a welcome addition to the libraries, not only of students of literature, but of general readers.

**LONDON AT NIGHT**

In The Night Side of London[1] Robert Machray has given an intimate picture of the seamy side of life after dark in the world's largest city. The account will be found, by older readers, both interesting and instructive, but one cannot help feeling that the night life of one of the great cities is much like that of the others. The drawings made by Tom Browne, R.I., and R.B.A., are illustrative of the text in the highest sense.

**THE STRONGEST MASTER**

A student of Harvard, son of a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, expelled from his university for gambling, is the hero of The Strongest Master,[2] by Helen Choate Prince. Following out his determination to work his own way in the world, he becomes a clerk in a shoe factory. The principal *motif* is not a pleasant one, but Mrs. Prince's careful, judicious, and excellent work makes the book very readable.

**THE TASKMASTERS**

The Taskmasters,[3] by George Kibbe Turner, is a worthy addition to The First Novel Series. It is a tale of industrial and political conditions in a New England manufacturing town, and relates the struggles of a son of a deceased mill-owner who, finding himself penniless, starts life as a lawyer. Mr. Turner has treated his subject with skill, and has shown a keen appreciation of dramatic antithesis of character and situation. His handling of plot, description and individuality is most promising, and his book well deserves attention and warm appreciation.

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[1] Three Years' War. Christian Rudolf de Wet. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

[2] Forster's Life of Dickens. Abridged and Revised by George Gissing. N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 00.

[1] The Night Side of London. Robert Machray. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.

[2] The Strongest Master. Helen Choate Prince. Boston and N. Y., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

[3] The Taskmasters. George Kibbe Turner. N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

**THE POET AND PENELOPE**

A delightful story, full of the charm of delicate touches and close contact with Nature in her varied moods, is The Poet and Penelope,[1] by L. Parry Truscott. Penelope is a delicious creation, exemplifying all the artlessness of a child of Nature, and showing how true simplicity can pass unscathed through the tempests of a London season; while the Poet, with his dreamy devotion to his art, his little eccentricities and sensitiveness, and, withal, his strange blindness to that love which a poet is usually supposed to be able to fathom so well, is a fitting companion to the picture of his beloved. To make an ancient bronze vase the *deus ex machina* is a stroke of genius. The book is one to be read and re-read for the sake of its dainty word-painting.

**THE ASCENT OF THE SOUL**

Those who are interested in the development of the Soul will find much that is helpful, instructive and inspiring in The Ascent of the Soul,[2] by Amory H. Bradford, D.D. The author does not enter upon any sophistical treatment of the tripartite nature of man, body, soul, and spirit, so dear to medieval schoolmen, but takes the simpler standpoint of man's dual nature, body and soul, regarding the soul as an entity equally with the body. The volume may well contribute largely to a deepening of the spiritual life.

**I WILL REPAY**

I Will Repay,[3] by George Dyre Eldridge, is a weird tale embracing many characters, all of which are sketched with care and much dramatic power. The gist of the story seems, at first, to be a mystery concerning twin brothers, but it shifts ere long to the question why the character really occupying the most prominent position should have wrecked his own life and that of another in order to escape from the consequences of an accident. As a tale of New England life, it is interesting.

**MORE REVOLUTIONARY FICTION**

It takes long and diligent toiling to exhaust the treasures of a rich and extensive lode, but, looking at the long array of literary brilliants already gathered from the mine of the Revolutionary War, one would be inclined to think that the day must assuredly have arrived when it would be announced that it was worked out. But no! From the day when Fenimore Cooper staked his claim to the present moment the mine has been exploited, and we have no guarantee that next year also will not show some more products. From this rich treasure-house Francis Lynde has extracted the Master of Appleby,[1] in which a few historical incidents are used as a setting for a romantic love story. It is by no means a milk-and-water story. Dueling, slaughter, Indian cruelty, hairbreadth escapes and the like are crowded into the pages in such abundance as to satisfy the most exacting of sensationalists.

Burton Egbert Stevenson also has added another Revolutionary tale in The Heritage,[2] but the scene is laid in the West, and deals with General St. Clair's unfortunate expedition, followed by General Wayne's successful one. The story is a thoroughly good one and is well told.

In Under Colonial Colors,[3] by Everett T. Tomlinson, there is no love element at all; and this is, probably, because the volume is intended for boys, and, of course, they never dream of love. The book gives the story of Colonel Benedict Arnold's expedition to Quebec, great stress being laid upon the severity of the march up the Kennebec and the sufferings of the young hero and his companions in a British prison. The author's intention, in showing what patriots will undergo for their country, has been to enclose history in such a setting of fiction as will make it interesting. He has most certainly succeeded.

**GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS**

In his new book, Glengarry School Days,[4] "Ralph Connor" has again carried us to that part of Eastern Ontario which produced the Man from Glengarry, one of the best specimens of humanity depicted in recent fiction. In the present work we are treated to inimitable, detached sketches of the school life of the sturdy descendants of a sturdy Scotch ancestry, and through all runs the influence of the noble woman around whom so much of the interest of the former Glengarry volume gathered. Glengarry School Days will rank with the best of the "Ralph Connor" books.

[1] The Poet and Penelope. L. Parry Truscott. N. Y., Putnam's. $1.00.

[2] The Ascent of the Soul. Amory H. Bradford, D.D. N. Y., The Outlook Co. $1.25.

[3] I Will Repay. George Dyre Eldridge. N. Y., Lewis, Scribner & Co.

[1] The Master of Appleby. Francis Lynde. Indianapolis, Bowen-Merrill Co.

[2] The Heritage. Burton Egbert Stevenson. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

[3] Under Colonial Colors. Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.20.

[4] Glengarry School Days. "Ralph Connor." N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.

# Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Following is a list of books received at this office between December tenth and January tenth:

### Essays and Miscellany

Addresses on War: Chas. Sumner: Introduction by Edwin D. Mead: Boston, Ginn & Co. $0 50

Biographic Clinics: The Origin of Ill-Health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning: Geo. M. Gould, M.D.: Phila., P. Blakiston's Son & Co. 1 00

Can Telepathy Explain? Minot J. Savage: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons 1 00

Everyday English: Jean Sherwood Rankin: Boston, Educational Pub. Co.

Isle of Content, The: And Other Waifs of Thought: Geo. F. Butler, M.D.: Concord, Mass., Erudite Press

Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Amer. Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution 1897-98: J. W. Powell: In Two Parts: Wash., Gov't Print. Office.

Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales: Birdsall Jackson: N. Y., F. M. Buckles & Co. 1 25

Successful Advertising: How to Accomplish It: J. Angus MacDonald: Phila., Lincoln Pub. Co. 2 00

Text-Book of Nursing, A: Clara Weeks-Shaw: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 75

Woodsman's Handbook, The: Henry Solon Graves: Wash., Gov't Print. House

### Fiction

Eshek the Oppressor: Gertrude Potter Daniels: Illustrated by G. C. Widney: Chic., Madison Book Co. 1 50

Father Tom of Connemara: Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville: Illustrated: Chicago, Rand, McNally & Co.

Hidden Fortune, The: An Educational Story: Des Moines, Shisster Chase Co.

Old Plantation Days: Martha S. Gielow: N. Y., R. H. Russell

Quest of the Holy Grail, The: Ferris Greenslet, Ph.D.: Illustrated: Boston, Curtis & Cameron.

Under the Sun; Or, The Passing of the Incas: Charles W. Buck: Louisville, Sheltman & Co.

Vale of Cedars, The: And Other Tales: Grace Aguilar: Illustrated by T. H. Robinson: Phila., Jewish Pub. Society

Week in a French Country-House, A: Adelaide Sartoris: Illustrated: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 1 50

### Historical and Political

Ancient Athens: Ernest Arthur Gardner: Illustrated: N. Y., Macmillan Co 5 00

As It Is In the Philippines: Edgar G. Bellairs: N. Y., Lewis, Scribner & Co. 1 50

Civil War Times, 1861-1865: Daniel Wait Howe: Ind., Bowen Merrill Co.

Future of War, The: Jean De Bloch: Boston, Ginn & Co. 50

Historic Highways of America: Vol. 3: Archer Butler Hulbert: Cleveland, Arthur H. Clark Co. 2 50

Mont Pélee and the Tragedy of Martinique: Angelo Heilprin: Illustrated: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. 3 00

Spain and Her People: Jeremiah Zimmerman, LL.D.: Illustrated: Phila., Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. 2 00

### Poetry

Argonauts of Immortality, The: Mason Carnes: N. Y., Brentano's

Black Prince, The: and Other Poems: Maurice Baring: N. Y., John Lane

Crœsus and Ione: A Drama in Four Acts: Charlotte E. Wells: N. Y., Riggs Print. & Pub. Co.

Immortalite: Madame G. De Montgomery: Paris, Alphonse Lemerre

Jonathan: A Tragedy: Thos. Ewing, Jr.: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1 00

Pinnacle of Parnassus, The: Clarence E. Eddy: Salt Lake City, Tribune Print. Co. 50

Plantation Bird Legends: Martha Young: N. Y., R. H. Russell

Poems of the Heart: Rev. T. F. Hildreth, A.M., D.D.: Norwalk, O., Laning Co.

Queen Moo's Talisman: The Fall of the Maya Empire: Alice Dixon Le Plongeon: N. Y., Peter Eckler 1 50

Rainbows: Olive Custance: N. Y., John Lane.

Rollicking Rhymes of Old and New Times: N. W. Bingham: Illustrated: J. A. Jameson: Boston, Hy. A. Dickerman & Son

Selected Poems: Wm. Watson: N. Y., John Lane

Things: Geo. W. Stevens: Illustrated by Ardo D. Condo: Toledo, O., Franklin Press 1 25

Triumph of Love: Edmond Holmes: N. Y., John Lane

Whimlets: S. Scott Stinson: Pictured by Clare Victor Dwiggins: Phila., Hy. T. Coates & Co. 1 20

### Religion

Divine Question, The: Lionel Josaphare: San Francisco, A. M. Robertson 25

Proofs of Life After Death, The: Compiled and Edited by Robt. J. Thompson: Chicago, Robt. J. Thompson 2 00

Next Step in Evolution, The: I. K. Funk, D.D., LL.D.: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. 50

Unitarianism in America: George Willis Cooke: Boston, Amer. Unitarian Association 2 00

# Among the February Magazines

Some Communities with Striking Individualities might be the title of a volume in which had been collected the papers on various American towns which have from time to time been contributed to Harper's by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D., the Professor of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin. The latest of these is the paper in the present issue in which Mr. Ely, under the title of A Decreed Town, makes a study of Greely, Colo. To the political economist it is a study of peculiar interest. The intimate history of another community, although another phase of it, is given in George Edward Woodberry's account of The Literary Age of Boston. Professor Woodberry has the chair of Comparative Literature at Columbia University. Glimpses of two far-away parts of the world are given in Mary H. Piexotto's A Summer in a Gondola, which sails, of course, the Venetian canals, and Edwin Lester Arnold's The Edge of an Empire, which follows the course of the well-preserved, ancient wall across England from Tyne to Solway, built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian. The illustrations in the former article are two-color drawings by E. C. Piexotto. Following upon Benjamin Kidd's paper on The Man Who Is to Come in its last issue, Harper's presents this month another discussion of the Darwin theory in the article by Thomas Hunt Morgan of Bryn Mawr College on Darwinism in the Light of Modern Criticism. He prefaces his argument in this manner:

> Darwin's theory of natural selection was formulated primarily to explain the origin of those existing structures and of those adjustments in animals and plants that are useful to them in competition with other animals and plants and with the surrounding conditions. Only secondarily does the theory serve to explain the Origin of Species, since it takes into account solely those structures and reactions that are of vital importance to the individual, and it is well known that many specific characters of organisms are of little or of no use to their possessors. If, therefore, it could be shown that processes highly important for the welfare of the individual could not have arisen as the result of competition and of the survival of the fittest, a wide door for skepticism would be thrown open, and we should be justified in questioning whether other useful acquirements are in reality the outcome of a battle for existence and the survival of the successful competitor.

A discussion by Léon Gérôme of True Gods and False in Art is prefaced by a slight account of the artist-author by André Castaigne, who has also made three drawings of scenes about Gérôme's studio and home. The Dutch Founding of New York, by Thomas A. Janvier, gives us the historical number that nearly always may be found in this magazine.

The fiction in Harper's can be indicated only. There is too much of it even to mention all. Beside the serials the more prominent stories are: Buondelmonte, by Maurice Hewlett; The Caravan, by Mary Tracy Earle; The Hundred and Oneth, a child story, by Annie Hamilton Donnell; The Last Gift, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; and The Rights of Man, by George Madden Martin, author of Emmy Lou. The Pine Lady and The Mer-Mother, by Richard Le Gallienne, are two poems which are illustrated in colors by Sarah S. Stillwell.

——In the Atlantic for February, under the title The Sensational Journalism and the Law, and over the signature of Geo. W. Alger, there is an arraignment of the habit of the so-called yellow journals in interfering in the course of events of law trials. It is a timely article and recalls some incidents and examples that are striking. Another paper of much importance and from a high authority is the discussion, by President Hadley of Yale, of Academic Freedom in Theory and Practice. He speaks of the principles of academic freedom from early times until the present day.

In the first chapters of a biographical relation, entitled My Own Story, J. T. Trowbridge tells of his First Experiences As a Writer, making an exceedingly interesting reading of the beginning of a literary career. Some Episodes of Boston Commerce is from the pen of M. A. de Wolf Howe and throws much light on some happenings of historical interest to the Hub of the Commonwealth, while The Pre-dynastic Kings and the Kings of the First Three Dynasties at Abydos makes some comparisons of life as the ancients knew it with the Persian life of to-day, and tells of some remarkable discoveries of Persian furniture in ancient tombs. The Basket-maker is an interesting sketch by Mary Austin. This number is exceedingly rich in matters of belles-lettres interest. Lafcadio Hearn is

made the subject of an article by Paul Elmer More, while Early Persian Literature is the title of a review of Edward G. Browne's Literary History of Persia. Co-operative Historical Writing is a comprehensive review of The Cambridge Modern History, and particularly of Volume 1, which treats of the renaissance. Libin, a new writer of the realistic school, is treated as an interpreter of East Side life. Mr. Charles Rice tells us something of him in the following paragraph:

Libin, the author of this volume, is a poor, untutored proletaire, a newsdealer by trade. He created somewhat of a literary furor by his pen-sketches or rather snapshots of the East Side reality. His little volume was hailed with delight in many a Jewish home throughout the country. His numerous admirers regard him little short of a Yiddish classic, a pioneer in a new departure of realistic fiction. Thousands of intelligent readers in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere, read and reread his sketches, discuss warmly their merits and their weak points. The general verdict of his readers and critics assigns to his work a permanent place in good Yiddish fiction; and good or even tolerable Yiddish fiction, as well as good literature in general, the American reader must keep in mind, is a very rare article, especially in this country. A heap of rubbish is annually dumped on the Yiddish book market by a host of pensters without a shadow of literary quality about them. Amid this insipid stuff offered the Yiddish readers as an apology for tolerable fiction, Libin's volume stands out in striking relief as something unique, refreshing, and of lasting literary worth.

——The prominent part played by the Senate in our political organization is made the subject of a study by Henry Loomis Nelson in The Century for February. Mr. Nelson writes in an easy style, yet there is directness and a force in his sentences that drive home the points he would make:

The Senate is the most powerful body in the government. It is often spoken of as an oligarchy; but this is not absolutely accurate. Sometimes the President defeats it by an appeal to the country; but the Senate yields slowly even to the country, for the people have a long time in which to forget the early sins of a senator, who, if he be wise, will be cautious during the latter half of his six years' term. But two-thirds of the Senate can be careless until their indifference or obstinacy threatens the party. A senator is not chosen by the people, and legislatures are rarely held to a strict account for the manner in which they select senators, or for the kind of men whom they choose. There is a general immunity for the middleman in politics. The executive who appoints is often punished for a frailty of judgment, or for partisan blindness to bad character, while the senator who votes for confirmation may go scatheless. The people have not often been watchful over elections to the Senate, and are not accustomed to take failure to elect good men, or the actual election of unworthy men, as anything that they can help. They seem to suffer from the inertness which often accompanies a conscious lack of power.

In Part III. of the Prologue of the American Revolution, Justin H. Smith recounts Arnold's Battle with the Wilderness. It is a serious paper and worth serious consideration. Two other serial articles are those of The Poe-Chivers Papers, the second installment of which is given, and Khartum to Cairo In an Adirondack Canoe, by William Gage Erving, which has also reached Part II. The initial number in this magazine is Frank Wilbert Stokes's description of The Aurora Borealis. The beautiful picture which he pens of this northern phenomenon is wonderfully crystallized in the four remarkable paintings which he has made and reproductions of which, in full colors, accompany the article.

Besides the continuations of serials, of which there are a number, there are numerous shorter stories. Among them we notice The Baby from Ruggles's Dip, by Kate W. Hamilton; Her Freedom, by Virginia W. Boyle; Knights to the Rescue, by Virginia Cherry Waltz, and When the Consul Came to Peking, by Abigail H. Fitch. There are a number of poems, some of which are illustrated.

——The New Navy at Work in the World's Work for February is a well-written article and an exceedingly well illustrated one. A good idea is given of the great difference of our present navy from that of the time of the Civil War. After reading this article, one should have a fairly broad idea of the life, the work, and the play of the new navy. Growing Cuban Tobacco in the United States tells of successful experiments in producing Cuban leaf in Texas and Ohio. The question of whether or not we can compete with Cuba in the production of the finest leaf-tobacco is intelligently discussed in this paper by Marrion Wilcox. A study of Herbert Spencer is made in a paper by George Iles, several photographs of Spencer, his home and its environments accompany the article. Two articles that might be read with great profit are those of What We Can Learn from German Business Methods, being a careful estimate by Louis J. Magee, and The Work of a Japanese Craftsman, in which Herbert G. Ponting tells of the marvelous care spent on the details of Japanese art-ware. One of the features of this number is the article by Arthur Goodrich on The United States Steel Corporation's Profit Sharing Plan, in which he makes clear a matter of business detail which has aroused not a little curiosity

in outsiders. Mr. Goodrich's articles are remarkable for their explicitness of statement and clearness of insight. There are many other articles which lack of space do not permit mentioning, but the splendid paper by Dr. Floyd M. Crandall, in which he tells of The Prevention of Physical Breakdown, should not pass unnoticed. It should be read by every one and can be done so with great benefit.

——There are a number of short stories in McClure's current issue. Jimps is the tale of a wee little girl, and a likeable little girl she is. The story is by Florence Wilkinson, and is illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. The Phonograph and the Graft, by O. Henry, is humorous and tells a tale of a very interesting mix-up. F. Luis Mora has made some pen-pictures for it. Another story illustrated by pen pictures and also with a touch of humor is the first installment of a continued tale entitled The Triumph. It is by Arthur Stanwood Pier, and promises well. As a Tale That Is Told by Mary Clark Huntington, is a third short story, while the second installment of The Flying Death brings that narrative to an end. A society story is Edith Wyatt's Snow-White and Rose-Red. The characters are both Austrian and American, and the scene is Chicago. The matter other than fiction in this issue does credit to the magazine, no number of which has contained any article more readable or more welcome than the present paper by Lieutenant Peary, The Last Years of Arctic Work. The following clipping tells of his discovery of what Mr. Peary considers to be the most northern land:

One march from here carried us to Cape Washington. Reaching the low point, which is visible from Lockwood Island, just at midnight, great was my relief to see, on rounding it, another splendid headland, with two magnificent glaciers debouching near it, rising across an intervening inlet. I knew now that Cape Washington was not the northern point of Greenland, as I had feared. It would have been a great disappointment to me, after coming so far, to find that another's eyes had forestalled mine in looking first upon the coveted northern point.

It was now evident to me that we were very near the northern extremity of the land, and when we came within view of the next cape ahead, I knew that my eyes at last rested upon the Arctic Ultima Thule. The land ahead also impressed me at once as showing the characteristics of a musk-ox country.

The cape was reached in the next march, and I stopped to take variation and latitude sights. Here my Eskimo shot a hare, and we saw a wolf track, and traces of musk-oxen. A careful reconnaissance of the pack to the northward, with the glasses, from an elevation of a few hundred feet, showed the ice to be of a less impracticable character than it was north of Cape Washington. What were evidently water clouds showed very distinctly on the horizon. This water sky had been apparent ever since we left Cape Washington, and at one time assumed such a shape that I was almost deceived into taking it for land. Continued careful observation destroyed the illusion. My observations completed, we started northward over the pack, and camped a few miles from land.

The two following marches were made in a thick fog, through which we groped our way northward over broken ice and across gigantic, wavelike drifts of hard snow. One more march in clear weather, over frightful going, consisting of fragments of old floes, ridges of heavy ice thrown up to heights of twenty-five to fifty feet, crevasses and holes masked by snow, the whole intersected by narrow leads of open water, brought us at 5 A.M. on the 16th to the northern edge of a fragment of an old floe, bounded by water. A reconnaissance from the summit of a pinnacle of the floe, some fifty feet high, showed that we were on the edge of the disintegrated pack, with a dense water sky not far distant.

Of sociologic nature is Francis Nichol's paper, The Children of the Coal Shadow, in which the author tells of child-labor in the coal regions. The initial article in the magazine is Will H. Low's A Century of Painting in America, in which is told the beginning of American Art by notes descriptive and biographical on Smybert, West, Copley, the two Peales, Trumbull, and Stuart, with reproductions of many of their most famous canvases. Of great value is the symposium on The Surgery of Light. This treats of Dr. Niel Finsen of Copenhagen and His Discovery of the Healing Rays. First Jacob Riis gives a word about The Man Himself, then Cleveland Moffett tells of Dr. Finsen and the Story of His Achievement. This is followed by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's account of the Finsen System in England, and by Dr. George G. Hopkins' of the Finsen System in America, Its Use in Combination with the X-Ray. A photograph of Dr. Finsen and illustrations of his earlier and later apparatus are presented.

——An account of the Canadian Indian is given in Outing by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. In The Children of the Bush he explains that

To the residents of Lower Canada the whole world is divided into two parts, the "settlements" and the "bush." You go through the settlements on the train until the railway ends. Then you drive until you come to the last house. Here the road ends, and all beyond is the bush. When you stand for the first time on its edge and look away toward the North Star, you suddenly realize that the bush runs all the way to the pole. If it is night and winter, and a wind like fine shot is coming down from the Ungava, it seems to you that a wolfish presence hangs over the bush ready to seize anyone who ventures beyond the last house, and you understand why the Indians see an evil spirit in the land, and give good furs to the *windago* for that spirit's appeasing.

When winter comes the white wastes are peopled by nomad families, who have left the reserves and

missions to tramp over the rocks and snow fields and frozen lakes, pitching and folding their tents more silently than the Arabs, in pursuit of furs—furs which come to the markets for you and me to buy, if we can afford them. I wanted to know something of these men of the bush, to know the motive that inspires their lives, and to see what the forest holds of joy or sorrow for its people. So, one day I rode through the Laurentides to the railroad's end, and from there went northward to the reserve of the Montagnais.

A succinct account of what he found there with a description of the people and their life make up the rest of the article. The New York Horse Show is made the subject of a paper by C. B. Davis. It is illustrated with pen sketches. On Chinese Roads is a descriptive article from the pen of the author of Through Hidden Shensi, Francis H. Nichols. The photographic illustrations are unique. Pistols with Pedigrees is the title of an unusual article by John Paul Bocock. The tales of many pistols that have figured in incidents well known to history are given, and some of these interesting firearms shown in illustration. Two other papers tell of President Roosevelt's hunt and of The Business of Travel. Where the Waters Are Frozen contains descriptions of ice sports by several writers, while Some Little Outdoor Stories is made up of three little tales, by three authors.

——In the February Cosmopolitan, an issue which, by the way, is bright from cover to cover, Emma B. Kaufman writes of Barbaric Jewels as Worn by Modern Women. She gives countless illustrations of prominent titled and even royal personages who, she declares, verge on barbarism in their display of personal jewelry. Sixteen photographs of well-known examples are presented for the delectation of the reader. Another article that should be dear to the hearts of women is one by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen 2d, one of the editors of the magazine. He writes of The American Bride, and makes some altogether enjoyable remarks on that wonderful being. Photographs of well-known American brides of 1902 are given. Accounts of President McKinley's tours and scenes from them are given in a paper by W. W. Price. Mr. Price declares that:

No President, while performing the duties of Chief Executive, ever did half as much traveling through the United States as the late President McKinley, although President Roosevelt promises to equal the record of his predecessor, if he should be elected for another term. These presidential trips constituted one of the methods President McKinley had of getting close to the people of the country. Not only did he greatly enjoy these tours, but he found immense benefit, physically and mentally, in them. As he grew in popularity, his speeches and addresses while on these trips, frequently from the rear end of splendidly equipped palace-cars, were received with unbounded enthusiasm. President McKinley made it a point guardedly to feel the pulse of the people by carefully worded statements in his speeches, and he never returned to the White House from one of these journeys without being able to come to a conclusion as to what the people wanted. President Roosevelt, too, is following the same course. The desire of the people to have the latter among them is growing as fast as was the universal wish of the nation to have President McKinley visit in all directions.

The Triumphal Tour of Adolf Lorenz is a short appreciation by John Brisben Walker. Making a Choice of a Profession is treated in a second paper in which Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones sets forth the advantages and trials of the ministry. The Captains of Industry who are told of this month are William A. Clark, Henry M. Whitney, and August Belmont, a metropolitan trio. Harry Thurston Peck tells of What a Father Can Do for a Daughter. H. G. Wells continues his Mankind in the Making, and Richard Le Gallienne his Old Love Stories Retold. Viscount Wolseley writes of The Young Napoleon, while Elbert Hubbard tells of Leo Tolstoi. In fiction there are stories by Louise J. Strong, this being a curious affair, entitled An Unscientific Story; Octave Thanet and James Edmund Dunning, and a continuation of Barlasch of the Guard, by Henry Seton Merriman.

——The Courts of the Rajahs is the very interesting initial paper in Everybody's for February. It is quite a comprehensive account of Rajah grandeur, and indicates the part the Rajahs took in the recent Durbar. The series of accounts of Great Days in Great Men's Lives in this issue speaks of the Life of Benjamin Franklin.

A Viking of the East is by H. S. Canfield and tells the strange adventures of James Brook, Rajah of Sarawak. It is well illustrated. Some account is given of Miss Jane Addams, the well-known worker at the Hull House in Chicago, with a photograph. Under the heading of Courage or What? O. K. Davis tells of remarkable feats of bravery in the service in the Philippines and China. The New Medical Science of Prevention is described by Thomas L. Stedman, M.D. The fiction in the number includes, besides serials, The Rapier of Farrara, by Atherton Brownell; Three Little Stories of Real Life, by G. W. Ogden, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, and Catharine Holland Brown; A Japanese Gentleman, by C. V. C. Matthews, and Hygeia at the Solito, by O. Henry.

——The Woman's Home Companion presents an unusually attractive number in its current issue. A Neglected Birthplace, by Clifton Johnson, tells of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. Another paper, by Arthur Branscombe, speaks of The Birthplace of the American Flag. What the Congregationalists Are Doing for the Good of Mankind is an exposition by H. A. Bridgman, the editor of The Congregationalist. The modern snow-plough and its economic place in railroading of to-day is told by Anne O'Hagen, the text being accompanied by some excellent photographs. The Calling of the Dead, by Winthrop Packard, is a story of the memorial services held in Gloucester each year for the fishermen drowned from vessels from that city. A good short story is that of Enter, Mr. Dunn—Exit, Mr. Dunn, by Tudor Jenks. Clara Morris has contributed The Love That Follows Us, which is the story of the affection of a dog. The Flight of Fenella, by Richard S. Howell, is continued. The remainder of the fifty-odd pages of the magazine contains departmental contributions and readable miscellaneous matter.

——Country Life in America presents an array of articles timely for this season of the year. The Carnation and How to Grow It is full of valuable suggestions. The Orange in California and Florida tells something of the great orange-growing industries of the semi-tropical parts of our country. We are taken among these scenes again in A. Radclyffe Dugmore's article, The Pleasures of Florida Camping. Mr. Dugmore has taken some interesting photographs in Florida, some of which are presented here. An insight into the business of seed-growing is given by W. S. Harwood in A Great Seed-Growing Estate, while John A. Craig tells of The Points of a Good Sheep. Other articles, a few poems, and some unusually good photographs complete an interesting number.

——The Criterion for February contains an account of the Grand Opera of the present season under the title, Art New and Old in the Season's Opera, by Catharine M. Roofe, while Charles Meltzer tells in a companion article of how things go behind the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House. Arthur E. Bostwick seeks to give the meaning of The Carnegie Library System, and tells of this great philanthropist's sensational library gifts. The Literary Associations of Litchfield County, Conn., are treated of by Gen. James Grant Wilson.

——The National for February seems to be an improvement over its former issues, and includes, besides a number of always well-edited departments, an amount of miscellany which amuses, interests, and instructs. The First World Movement of Science is a striking excerpt by Elmer Gates from a recent publication. In Art Movements of To-day, Frederick Coburn discusses what he pleases to call the triple alliance of painters, sculptors, and architects. Florida scenes are shown in the article In the Playground of the Millionaires, while In a Tub to Tangier gives a picturesque account of Morocco's second city. There are numerous short stories, poems, and miscellany.

# Magazine Reference List for February, 1903

### Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Art Movements of To-day.....National
Art, New and Old, in the Season's Opera..Criterion
Behind the Scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House ..... Criterion
California's Year in Art .....Overland
Century of Paintings in America, A....McClure's
Chinese Theater.....Overland
Continental Tendencies in Arts and Crafts..Chatauq.
*Moral Influence of the Theater, The....Cornhill
"Municipal Art" .....Chautauquan
Paintings of the Barbizon School.. Chautauquan
True Gods and False in Art.....Harper's
Woman's Success in Photography, A....National
Work of a Japanese Craftsman, The..World's Work

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

### Biographical and Reminiscent.

Addams, Miss Jane.....Everybody's
Builders of California, The.....Overland
Captains of Industry .....Cosmopolitan
Finsen, Dr., Story of His Achievement..McClure's
Hearn, Lafcadio .....Atlantic
Libin, Interpreter of East Side Life.....Atlantic
*Life of Spurgeon, Chas. Haddon, The.....Sunday
Reminiscences of Wendell Phillips..New England
Spencer, Herbert .....World's Work
Tolstoy, Leo.....Cosmopolitan
Work of Bela L. Pratt, The.....New England

### Educational Topics

Academic Freedom.....Atlantic
*Life in an Industrial School.....Leisure Hour
Rapid Growth of Public Libraries ..World's Work
*Woman-Student at Oxford, The.....Chambers's

**Essays and Miscellanies**

American Bride, The.....Cosmopolitan
American Girl, The.....Woman's Home Comp.
*Animal Wind-Bags .....Knowledge
Appropriate Dressing..Woman's Home Companion
Barbaric Jewels Worn by Women..Cosmopolitan
*Business Side of Literature, The.....Chambers's
Chronicling Small Beer.....Lippincott's
*Confessions of a Cigarette-Smoker....Chambers's
Courage or What?.....Everybody's
Early Persian Literature .....Atlantic
*Garden Wife, The.....Cornhill
*Germs of the Waverly Novels.....Cornhill
Imperial Alexander Lyceum, The...Chautauquan
Indian Money.....New England
Literary Age of Boston, The.....Harper's
Literary Associations of Litchfield Co. ..Criterion
Literary Pilgrimage, The.....Atlantic
Meaning of the Carnegie Library System, Criterion
New England Editors.....New England
Pistols With Pedigrees.....Outing
Playground of the Millionaires, The.....National
Poe-Chivers Papers, The.....Century
Prevention of Physical Breakdown, World's Work
Rapid Growth of Pub. Libraries ....World's Work
Real Forces in Literature.....Atlantic
Renter in a Country Town, The....Country Life
Sensational Journalism.....Atlantic
*Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris..Leisure Hour
Unwritten Chapter of Les Misérables..Lippincott's
Watchers of the Fog, The .....Overland
What a Father Can Do for His Daughter....Cosmo.

**Historical and Political**

Birthplace of the American Flag, The
.....Woman's Home Companion
*Brown, John ..... Leisure Hour
City of Hartford, The..... New England
Courts of the Rajahs, The ..... Everybody's
England and Russia in the Politics ...Chautauquan
Damascus..... Cosmopolitan
Dutch Founding of New York, The ....Harper's
Edge of an Empire, The ..... Harper's
Historic Mansion, An..... New England
Lincoln's Neglected Birthplace....W. Home Com.
Lost State of Franklin, The..... New England
Moscow .....Chautauquan
New Navy at Work, The..... World's Work
Overshadowing Senate, The.....Century
Pre-Dynastic Kings at Abydos.....Atlantic
President McKinley's Tours..... Cosmopolitan
Prologue of the American Revolution, The .Century
Viking of the East, A.....Everybody's
Young Napoleon, The.....Cosmopolitan

**Religious and Philosophical**

*Bible and Science, The..... Sunday
Christendom to Rally in Jerusalem.....National
Literary Loss of the Bible, The.....Century
*Personal Forces in Religious Journalism
..... Leisure Hour
*Receiving Moderators.....Cornhill
*Ruskin's Bibles.....Good Words
What the Congregationalists Are Doing
..... Woman's Home Companion

**Scientific and Industrial**

*Animal Pedometers .....Knowledge
Aurora Borealis, The.....Century
*Barrages of the Nile, The .....Chambers's
*British Wild Flowers.... :.....Knowledge
Case of Protective Coloring, A.....Country Life
Darwinism in the Light of Modern Criticism. Harper's
*Engineering. .....Cornhill
Episodes of Boston Commerce.....Atlantic
Era of Thrift in the Middle West, An..World's Work
*Ether and Wireless Telegraphy, The...Chambers's
Finsen System in America, The.....McClure's
Finsen System in England, The.....McClure's
Great Seed-Breeding Estate, A .....Country Life
Growing Cuban Tobacco in the U. S...World's Work
How Railroads Fight Snow.....W. Home Com.
*Journalism as a Profession in France..Leisure Hour
Judging Corn ..... Country Life
Last Years of Arctic Work, The .....McClure's
*Lunar Eclipse of 1902 .....Knowledge
Making a Choice of a Profession .....Cosmopolitan
New Medical Science of Prevention, The.Everybody's
Orange in Florida and California, The.Country Life
*Pea Family, The.....Knowledge
*Photographs of Comets.....Knowledge
Points of a Good Sheep, The.....Country Life
Science, the First World-Movement..... National
*Secrets of Arctic Geography.....Good Words
Surgery of Light, The.....McClure's
Triumph of Adolf Lorenz, The.....Cosmopolitan
Trolley Lines in a Railroad System ..World's Work
Wave Motors .....Lippincott's
West African Trading Station, A..... Lippincott's
What a Father Can Do for His Daughter
.....Cosmopolitan
*World on Fire, A..... Chambers's

**Sociologic and Economic**

Children of the Coal Shadow.....McClure's
Law and Status of Politics in Negroes.... Overland
*League of Ministering Children, A...Leisure Hours
Mankind in the Making.....Cosmopolitan
Present Status of the Professions....World's Work
Rights of Man.....Harper's
Study of a "Decreed" Town, A.....Harper's
U. S. Steel Corporation's Profit-Sharing Plan, The
.....World's Work
*Visit to Manitoba Penitentiary, A.....Chambers's
What We Can Learn from German Business Method
.....World's Work
Work with the Hands.....Everybody's

**Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors.**

*Adventurer in Spain, The.....Good Words
Angling ..... Outing
Business of Travel, The.....Outing
Caring for the Bird Dog.....Outing
Carnations .....Country Life
Children of the Bush, The.....Outing
Hated Rogue of the North, The.....Outing
Hockey .....Outing
In a Tub to Tangier.....National
Khartum to Cairo.....Century
New York Horse Show, The.....Outing
On Chinese Roads.....Outing
*On the Ruins of Carthage.....Leisure Hour
Pleasures of Florida Camping.....Country Life
*Poacher, The.....Chambers's
Pres. Roosevelt's Miss. Bear-Hunt.....Outing
Rise of Saber Fencing, The.....Outing
Shelburne Farms.....Country Life
Six-Day Racing.....Outing
Summer in a Sandola, A.....Harper's
Skating Just for Fun .....Outing
St. Bernard Dog, The.....Country Life
*Treasure of the Incas, The.....Chambers's
*Unexplored St. Andrews.....Chambers's

# Wit and Humor of the Press

A gentleman telegraphist "called" a young lady operator in another office repeatedly without response. At last the "click, click" came, and he telegraphed back vehemently: "I have been trying to catch you for the last half hour!" The maiden wired back: "That's nothing! There is a young man here who's been trying to do the same thing for two years and he hasn't caught me yet!"

——The day after Thanksgiving: "What are the probabilities for to-morrow?" asked the star boarder of the drug clerk, who was looking over the paper. The drug clerk turned to the weather page and, seemingly unconscious that the landlady was behind him, read: "For to-morrow and Saturday, hash, followed by turkey soup and croquettes."

——"Burble, I never saw you looking so ghastly. Why don't you ask some doctor what ails you?"

"Because I know what ails me. It's quick consumption."

"Quick consumption?"

"Yes; having to bolt my breakfast in two gulps and hurry to catch the train for down town."

——Bunkoed Again—"I don't think much of this museum," said Jinks; "why, they ain't got no skull of Napoleon Boneparte, and the one I was in, up to New York, has two."

——Jones: "You are looking better than you did the last time I saw you."

Brown: "Yes, I have got wholly over the effects of my summer vacation, and am now building up my strength in preparation for next year's vacation."

——Casey: "Well, ye can't prevint what's past an' gone."

Cassidy: "Shure, ye could av ye only acted quick enough."

Casey: "How could ye?"

Cassidy: "Shtop it before it happened."

——"I suppose," said the very young man who was seeking knowledge, "the secret of success in politics is learning to treat one's inferiors with deference." "Preferably with beer or whiskey," replied the wise old politician.

——"Is her social position an assured one?"

"I should say so! Why, it's bounded on the north by two generations of scandals; on the east by Newport; on the south by ten millions; and on the west by South Dakota."

——"But what will you do when all the vermiform appendices shall have been removed?"

The great surgeon smiled. "I was reading only to-day," he said, "that the stomach may be taken out."

"Without killing the patient?"

"How funny you are!" exclaimed the great surgeon, and laughed outright.

——"Hiram, I see where that college that our Zeke goes to up in Chicago has bought 50,000 bugs."

"Gosh, Mandy, don't send any more money, an' maybe we can pay his schoolin' in potato-bugs."

——Kentucky teacher (of infant geography class): "Tommy Blood may tell us what a strait is."

Tommy Blood: "It's jis' th' plain stuff 'thout nothin' in it."

——Biggs: "I understand that you lost money on that chicken-raising experiment of yours."

Boggs: "Yes, I did; but I expect to get it all back again. I am writing a book on how to raise chickens."

——"Well," remarks Gladys, "I suppose you are all through your holiday worries, aren't you?" "Yes," replies Nanette, "I exchanged my last misfit present this morning, and have settled down to enjoy myself."

——Doctor—Your temperature is up to one hundred and seven degrees. Auctioneer (drowsily)—Hundred an' seven! Hundred an' seven! Going, going at hundred an' seven! Who'll make it a hundred an' eight?

——Jerrold—I took Dolly out in my auto yesterday. Harold—Of course you proposed to her? Jerrold—No! Every time I started to I broke down.

——Salesman—This is the best stove in the market. It will save half your coal. Customer—Is that so? Then give me two of them so's I can save it all.

——Sunday-school Teacher—And it took Noah a hundred years to build the Ark. Street Arab—What was the matter—was there a strike?

# Over the Wine and Walnuts*

### HAD ALREADY LEFT FIFTY

From Burnley, England, comes to the column a story of a young married woman, whose husband brought her wealth without giving her either position or social distinction. But she was persistent, and started out in a coach to make calls on her new neighbors.

"John," she said to the Lancashire lad she had invested with a footman's livery, "take the cards from my dressing-room and leave one at each house where we stop. I shall not get out of the carriage."

The countryside was well covered within two hours, and she bade him start for home, saying, "Turn into the left road, John, and we'll stop at the Vernon's, the Smythes' and the Graham's on our way back."

"Cawn't do it, mum!" protested John. "One of the nobs will 'ave to be left hout. Hi've honly the hace of spades and the ten of clubs left, mum!"

### KNEW HIS MAN

A good story is told of the late Dr. S——. He was for upwards of fifty years a prominent member of the Maritime Synod. At length, grown old in years and unable (as his congregation thought) to minister to their needs, he was asked to resign, the idea of being to superannuate him. The Doctor refused, feeling that his days of usefulness were by no means over.

The party opposed to him was, however, the stronger, and, much to his regret, he was compelled to hand in his resignation. An aged friend tried to comfort him by getting him to take a reasonable view of the matter, and not to fly in the face of Providence. He succeeded but poorly.

"Hoot man," replied the Doctor, "Providence had naething ava to do wi' it. It was the MacCurdys, the Archibalds and the de'il!"

### KING EDWARD'S REPLY.

Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Sea, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, etc., was recently at a reception in London where various classes of society were largely represented by both sexes. An extremely wealthy costumer, who enjoys an international reputation, approached him and remarked familiarly:

"The crowd is a somewhat mixed one this evening, your Majesty, is it not?"

"Well, my dear——," responded the King, apologetically, and with an amiable smile, "we can't all be tailors, you know."

### JUST PROVOCATION.

A good old Quaker was milking a cow whose lively disposition often tried his patience severely. On this occasion she managed to overturn the pail, which was nearly full. The old man arose in righteous indignation and said: "I will not kick thee, neither will I beat thee, but I will twist thy durn tail!"

### TOO PATRIOTIC

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of crossing-tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm:

"Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust mesilf to remimber to wave a red flag whin there was a green wan handy."

### NOT HER FINGERS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was one day seated near the refreshment table, at an entertainment, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. He said kindly, "Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly.

The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight: "Not my fingers."

*d from Short Stories.

# Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

928. Can you give me the sources of the following quotations:

'Curved is the line of beauty
Straight is the line of duty:
Walk by the last and thou shalt see
The other ever follow thee."

"A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek."

"Oh, doth not the joy of a meeting like this——"

I have not the remainder of this quotation and shall be glad if you or any of your readers can furnish it.

"And whether crowned or crownless when I fall
It matters not so that His will be done."

—J. N. Campion, Omaha, Neb.

929. Can you tell me the authorship of the following lines:

'Lucifer'—kindly said as 'Gabriel,'
Lucifer'—soft as 'Michael;' while serene
He, standing in the glory of the lamps,
Answered, 'My Father,' innocent of shame
And of the sense of thunder.

The lines are found on p. 269 of St. Elmo, by Augusta J. Evans, a work published by Dillingham. If you will answer in your Answers to Correspondents page I shall esteem it a favor.—Felix H. Pickworth, Anamosa, Iowa.

[It is the editor's impression that these lines are found in Festus, a poem by Philip Jas. Bailey.]

930. Can you kindly assist me in the search for the poem beginning as follows:

'Neath Heaven's high arch
A glorious form appears.

If you succeed in finding it will you please let me know where it can be obtained, or publish it in Treasure Trove.—C. B. Kinyon, Ann Arbor, Mich.

[Can any of our readers place this quotation?]

931. (1) Could you kindly help me to find the words of an old song entitled, The Song of All Songs, part of one verse of which is:

Just before the battle, Mother, what are the men about,
Good morning, Horace Greeley, does your mother know you're out?

It goes to the tune of The Captain With the Whiskers.

(2) Also where can I find the song, The Regular Army O.—Wm. Hardman, Kaspar, S. D.

932. Can you inform me through Open Questions where I can get the following poem, the title of which I do not know:

Even the snow flake lets a shadow fall,
As to earth it softly sinks to rest.
So may the whitest, purest souls of all
Seem sometimes wrong to those that
love them best.

—Mrs. Luxton, So. Butte, Mont.

933. Have you ever published an illustrated article on Ella Wheeler Wilcox; if so, what was the date?—O. C. Painter, 1511 Guilford avenue, Baltimore.

[We have never published such an article.]

934. Please inform me in what issue of your magazine I can find a review of the new book Dawn-Thought, by J. William Lloyd.—E. L. Browning, Brooklyn Post Office, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[This book has never been reviewed in our columns.]

935. Have you ever published, or do you know where could be obtained, a poem, the title of which is either The White Rose or The Rose That Grew Too High for Me? I do not know the author. I am very desirous of obtaining it.—Mrs. Harold L. Butler, Valparaiso, Ind.

[The Editor does not know this poem. Perhaps some reader may.]

936. Will you kindly inform me as to where I can secure a copy of a selection called The Tooter? I heard it recited on the stage last season. It is the story of a boy who greatly annoyed his neighbors, practising on his horn, but one young maiden prophesied that some day he would be famous, and after this prophecy was fulfilled the maiden heard him play at—I think—some grand musicale. Perhaps the piece is also known under some other name than The Tooter. I hope you can help me, for I am exceedingly anxious to get it.—Cora H. C. Young, Le Roy, Ill.

937. I should like to have a copy of the poem, or, better still, see it published in CURRENT LITERATURE, of which the following is a part, as near as I remember:

Girls have been known
To lightly turn the corner of the street,
And days have lengthened to months
And months to lagging years
Ere they looked in loving eyes again,
And we have other fears
Yet dare not explain.

And also another poem, similar to the above, regarding the parting of friends. They were both published in a Washington, D. C., paper about a year ago. Will someone tell who the author is?—Lamar C. Oyster, Lumberport, West Va.

[In the lines you give have you not confused two poems? The editor did not see those printed in the Washington paper, but well recalls Coventry Patmore's beautiful lines entitled Parting. They are given below, and it easily may be seen that some of the lines you quote are from this poem:

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell.
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that tomorrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain,
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth.
Unseen, fate goeth too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest, with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.]

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ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

889. Your statement concerning my answer to No. 889, in the December issue, contains a slight error which I wish to correct. Along the Way is the title of a volume of Mary Mapes Dodge's poems, including The Two Mysteries. I said that the collection from which your correspondent quoted was wrong in attributing the poem to Whitman.—F. A. Brewer, Battle Creek, Mich.

[We are glad to make correction of this error in the report of our correspondent's letter.]

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903. Would like to suggest that The Star Monthly, published at Oak Park, Ill., at 50 cents per year, is a good monthly for boys.—R. M. Worsen, Cannon City, Colo.

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910. Replying to query 910, the quotation mentioned is from Longfellow's translation of the Divine Tragedy, and can be found in the Third Passover, seq.—J. N. Campion, Omaha, Neb.

[Many thanks for this prompt reply.]

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911. This is part of a temperance song, said to have been composed by J. B. Gough when first he foreswore liquor. It was quite popular in the enthusiastic temperance meetings of that period, and could be found in the old temperance songbooks. It is a parody on the old English ditty of Long Ago:

Give back the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago.

It begins:

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead,
Long, long ago, long ago.
She was an angel, my love and my pride,
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried,
Poor broken heart, it was well that she died,
Long, long ago, long ago.

I do not remember any more just now.—E. Sobey, Kalal, Molokai, Territory of Hawaii.

[Many thanks to this far-away correspondent who takes the trouble to send us this information. Also to Mrs. Frank Beach of Seattle, Wash., and M. R. Treat of Portland, Me., both of whom have sent complete copies of the poem. These will be forwarded to the querist, C. D. W., if he will send us his name and address.]

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914. That celebrated sunset description can be found on page 71 of the Life of Samuel Sullivan Cox, by his nephew, William Van Zandt Cox, and his friend, Milton Harlow Northrup, published by M. H. Northrup, Syracuse, N. Y., 1899. The article first appeared in the Columbus Statesman for May 19, 1853, under the caption, A Great Old Sunset. This biography of Mr. Cox also contains several other fine selections from his writings and speeches.—Walter Hurt, Cincinnati, Ohio.

[The editor begs to thank his correspondent for his kind interest and information. Another reply to this query will be found in the December issue of CURRENT LITERATURE.

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922. Replying to query 922, the quotation therein wanted (although not quoted correctly) is from Whittier, in Cassandra Southwick, stanzas 27 and 28.—J. N. Campion, Omaha, Neb.

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926. (1) The stanza asked for by a correspondent in your January number is in Tennyson's In Memoriam, Section LIV. and as follows:

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.
—Elizabeth Ackers, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

[Answers to this query have been sent also by J. R. H., New York City; L. F. Valentine, Clay Center, Kan.; Lena B. Leary, Mattoax, Va.; J. N. Campion, Omaha, Neb., and Henry J. Fuller, St. Paul, Minn., to whom the editor desires to return thanks. As these answers are the same as that given above, they are not printed.]

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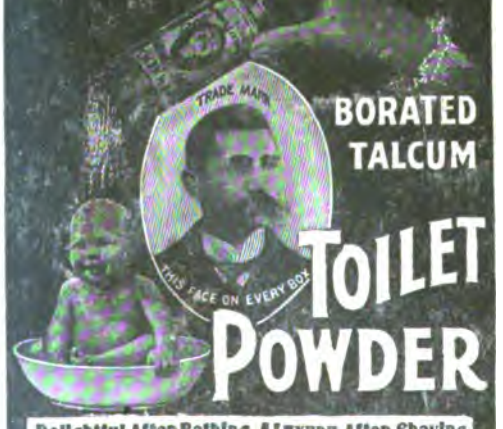


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# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

Vol. XXXIV., No. 3 — *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.* — MARCH, 1903

MAR 9 1903

### ANNOUNCEMENT

**With this issue Current Literature announces a change in its policy, brought about by the absorption of Current History, a magazine heretofore published in Boston. Current History, while not quite so old as Current Literature, has lived an honorable life and a useful one, making from month to month a brief and well-analyzed record of the great events of the day. It has devoted itself to contemporaneous history, while Current Literature, more general in its scope, has busied itself in the many diverse fields of the world's work. It seemed, therefore, quite proper that the two publications should join hands, and thus give their combined list of subscribers a single magazine covering the broader area previously embraced by both. Owing to the late date upon which the change was determined and consummated, the preparation of the present number is not as complete as those of the future will be. The record of the month's great events will hereafter be the main feature of Current Literature. This new departure rounds out the plan of the magazine and completes it as nothing else could. It broadens its mission and doubles its worth, making it a bigger and a better publication—one which must appeal to every student of the times.**

# The Progress of Events

## International Affairs

**THE VENEZUELA IMBROGLIO**

Whether in the debt-collecting blockade of Venezuelan ports by the warships of Germany and Great Britain there is anywhere an ulterior purpose to test the validity of the Monroe Doctrine is a question scarcely suppressible, doubtless, amid the occurrences of the very interesting history now being made in the Caribbean, at Washington, and elsewhere; yet it will be well to defer till a later date confidently expressed interpretations of events and solutions of problems.

Unpleasant as the entire situation was, nevertheless matters, under the felicitious handling of Minister Bowen and President Roosevelt, seemed to be progressing toward a happy outcome when, on January 11, Mr. Bowen sailed from La Guayra for Washington. An agreement had been reached [illegible] by arbitration the matters in dispute. It had also been agreed to refer the case to the Hague Tribunal, Germany consenting on certain conditions—her reluctance being in perfect accord with her well-known incompatibility with the Hague idea. To satisfy the feeling of both Germany and England that their warships should not be withdrawn from the Venezuelan coast until some preliminary assurance had been given that their claims would be met, a conference of commissioners in Washington had been determined upon. On this commission the various ambassadors at Washington were to act for their respective countries. Venezuela did Minister Bowen the honor of appointing him as her representative, with full powers, at the conference. He started for Washington on January 11, hoping to be able to achieve a settlement of the whole case by direct negotiation with the European commissioners.

He arrived in Washington on the 20th. But on the 17th the world had been startled by the tidings that the German warship Panther was bombarding Fort San Carlos at the entrance to Lake Maracaibo. This followed a decree by President Castro opening the Colombian frontier to commerce by way of Maracaibo. The bombardment continued through succeeding days, other German warships participating. Germany's explanation was that the bombardment was necessitated by the situation, and on the 23d she announced that the blockade would be continued till the difficulties were settled. Even at the end of the month it was not exactly clear what immediately precipitated the conflict at Fort San Carlos. Which-

ever side fired the first shot, the fortress was badly battered, though bravely defended, and the village of San Carlos suffered greatly. The affair produced a bad impression in diplomatic circles.

Meanwhile, in Washington, Mr. Bowen was holding interviews with the ambassadors, the plan having been adopted of having each nation, by its representative, treat separately with Mr. Bowen. Venezuela offered, through him, her customs as a guaranty for the fulfilment of her obligations, but declined a request to give the position of preferred creditors to Germany and Great Britain—a request based on the trouble to which those allied nations have gone in the attempt to force Venezuela to pay her debts. A compromise plan, giving the allies a temporary preference, was submitted to the Home Governments, but was rejected by them. It should also be noted that France, in 1885, renounced the right, previously granted, to collect customs in Venezuela, on condition that the interest on her loans should be paid regularly. As they have not been, she gave indication that she, too, would enforce her claims.

At the month's end, a deadlock having apparently been reached, the situation looked grave. England seemed tired of the alliance with Germany. Signs of impatience were discernible in the United States. Even the German people were apparently losing their calmness. Dispatches from Paris showe increasing skepticism as to a near peacef solution. Italy, whose war vessels were co-cp erating with those of Germany and Englan seemed anxious that her attitude in the situa tion should be understood in the Unite States as conciliatory and pacific.

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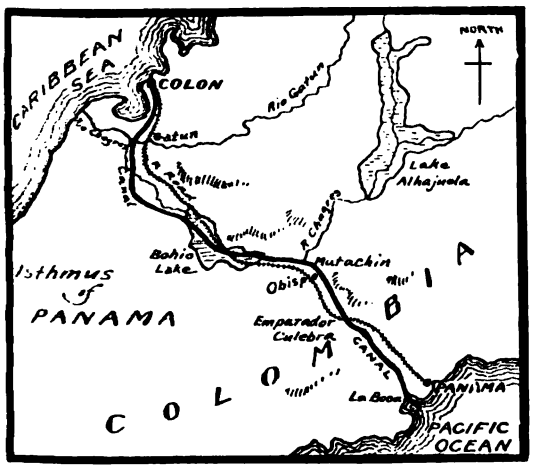
**THE PANAMA CANAL**

The United States treaty wi Colombia for the construction the Panama Canal was signed the afternoon of January 22 by Secretary H and Dr. Thomas Herran. It is a relief to kn that the long and difficult negotiations are an end. The approval of the treaty by t assemblies of the two nations will mark t

achievement of another great event in the history of the world. Much credit is given to Secretary Hay for the manner in which he has handled the negotiations in view of the irritation recently caused to Colombia by the intervention of American marines on the Isthmus, and her natural disinclination to yield to another nation the vast advantages that will belong to the owners of the prospective canal. But Colombia really gets much out of the bargain. She is to receive $10,000,000 down (the original offer of the United States was $7,000,000) and an annual payment of a quarter of a million beginning nine years hence. This annuity is a compromise between the hundred thousand that the United States offered to pay and the six hundred thousand that Colombia asked. But the annuity is not subject to any increase hereafter, as was the amount fixed in the orignal proposition. This money will be a timely help to Colombia in her impoverished condition, and the relations established with the United States should imply much to her advantage in coming days. The United States is to have a renewable lease for a hundred years of a strip of territory extending three miles on each side of the canal. The titular sovereignty of Colombia over this strip is fully recognized, and she is to have the right of free transit of troops through it. There is some basis for criticism in this joint government of the strip.




**THE ALASKA BOUNDARY**

On January 24 provision was made in a treaty signed by Secretary Hay and Ambassador Herbert for settlement of the disputed boundary of Alaska, the last serious question at issue between this country and Great Britain. This settlement was warmly welcomed in the United States as evincing British good-will; also as a notable success of American diplomacy, inasmuch as it is identical with Secretary Hay's proposition in 1899 which was rejected by the British members of the Joint High Commission. That proposition was for reference to a commission of six jurists, three to be appointed by each of the two governments. The British counter-proposal then was for a commission of three jurists from each country, but having a seventh member from some third nation to cast a deciding vote in case of an equal division. The United States' plan contemplated a final settlement by adjudication; the British plan, which was the Canadian, a settlement by arbitration.

The United States has always insisted that the question was utterly inappropriate for arbitration, since it was one purely of legal title which could be absolutely and definitely confirmed one way or the other, and in no degree a case for mutual concession. In 1825, Russia's title to the unbroken coast line was explicitly confirmed, with the accepted result that Great Britain was excluded from ownership on the coast north of latitude 54: 40. The United States, by purchase of Alaska in 1867, acquired Russia's complete title to the coast lands—a title unchallenged and repeatedly acknowledged and confirmed by Great Britain until the discovery of gold in the Klondike occasioned a challenge and claim from Canada with a demand for arbitration as to the boundary. Canada's claim was that not the edge of the mainland but the outer rim of the islands which skirt the shore should be considered as the seacoast. This would give Canada several seaports, including Dyea and Skagway. Secretary Hay's position has been that a case in which one party, Canada, would have all to gain and nothing to lose, while the other party, the United States, would have nothing to gain and all to lose, was a case not for arbitration, but for an impartial adjudication. That the United States will be able to show a clear title as against Canada is the almost universal opinion.

**THE MACEDONIAN MENACE**

The widespread disturbance in Macedonia has continued to present its threat of an insurrection throughout that misruled province which might easily fire the explosive elements in other parts of the Ottoman Empire. Diversity of race and of religion among the Macedonians may, however, be expected to prevent, as hith-

erto it has prevented, any forceful and abiding union of them in a revolt. In the southern district the population is almost entirely Greek; in the northern it is Slav; while the middle district is a scene of constant strife between Greek and Slav. Though the Turkish oppressor is the object of hatred by all the Christian races, they are never able to combine in common action against him. Shrewd observers remark that not only does the Turkish government play off one race against another, exciting envious animosity by occasional acts of favoritism now on this side, now on that, but that also the rival interests or fears of outside powers, such as Austria and Russia, have an effect in preventing the emerging of a truly Macedonian Macedonia on the field of southeastern Europe.

Among many suggestions of remedy for the present intolerable and menacing situation, the most pertinent is perhaps the question why, if the great powers wish a real and enduring peace in this dangerous region, they do not insist at Constantinople that the method successful in the cases of Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Crete, for rescuing Christian provinces from Ottoman misrule, be applied in the case of Macedonia, raising it into a principality paying tribute to the Sultan, but governed by its own prince with his own armed police?

A communication in a recent issue of the St. Petersburg Official Messenger, explaining the action and attitude of the Russian government regarding Macedonia, states that Russia is insisting on concessions by the Porte of efficient reforms, but adds that the first condition to the success of these efforts is the abandonment of agitation by the Macedonian insurrectionary committees. Moreover, it declares that Russia's firm resolve to guard against widespreading complications in the Balkan peninsula has the complete sympathy of the other powers.

Announcement not designated as official is made that Count Lamsdorff of the Russian government has visited Austria for consultation with the Austrian government, and that, by the scheme devised, the two governments will act jointly to ameliorate the condition of the Christian population in Macedonia, while maintaining the *status quo*. Further, it is said that the plan is soon to be submitted to the powers, and then forced on the Sultan. An outline of the proposed reforms is given in the Novoye Vremya. It proposes the control by Turkev of the Macedonian tax collection and of the payment of troops and officials. Control of the gendarmerie is to be exercised by officers chosen from the subjects of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. The general administration of Macedonia is to be intrusted to a personage of high standing and authority who is not to be hampered by Turkey. Turkey's view of this plan is not known.

Meanwhile, the Macedonian leaders are reported to believe that their country must first strike for independence and then appeal to diplomacy; and it is stated that an insurrection early in April is decided on. Turkish troops, numbering 115,000, are said to be on the Macedonian border ready to crush such a movement. The Porte, in a circular addressed to the European powers, attributes the Macedonian agitation to the continued violent action of revolutionary committees in Bulgaria—the ultimate object being to annex Macedonia to Bulgaria. The most trustworthy accounts, however, qualify this Turkish statement; they ascribe the principal danger to the desperation to which the Christian population has been reduced by Turkish oppression and misrule. The peasants, after years of suffering under an iniquitous system of taxation, now find themselves harried on one hand by the various insurgent bands, and on the other by the Turkish troops and gendarmes—their humble homes, in many instances, pillaged or burned. Thus, their former submissiveness may easily give place to a readiness to take part in revolutionary movements.

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**PASSAGE OF THE DARDANELLES**

The British Embassy at Constantinople, in the first part of January, is credibly reported to have addressed to the Porte a protest against the passage of four Russian unarmed torpedo-boat destroyers through the Dardanelles to the Black Sea, pointing out that such action constitutes a violation of the international treaties closing the Dardanelles to the warships of all countries. In the view of Great Britain, the character of a warship is in no way changed by the disarmament of the vessel and the hoisting of the commercial flag—this having been the device adopted by Russia to secure the passage of the four torpedo-boat destroyers in question.

Russia, on her part, maintains that a vessel disarmed and flying the commercial flag is not to be regarded as a warship. The Porte yielding to Russia's insistence, adopted this theory, and in September, 1902, authorized the passage of the four boats, which immediately

steamed through the forbidden way. It is known that these are not the first Russian warcraft that on one or other pretext have made the passage in spite of the treaty of London, 1841, pledging the Sultan and binding the five great powers to the closure of the straits against the ships of all foreign governments with which the Porte is at peace. This rule was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris, 1856, and by the Convention of 1871. At the Berlin Congress the Russian plenipotentiaries expressly insisted as against a supposed theory that liberty was reserved for British ships to enter the straits "with the consent of the Porte"—that "the principle of the closing of the straits was a European principle" binding "not only as regards the Sultan, but as regards all the powers signatory to these transactions."

Russia's objection to admitting armed warships has strong reason. The mighty navy of England could speedily move to the control of the Black Sea, capturing or closing all its Russian ports. Russia's claim for right of entry for unarmed ships is in view of the fact that only Russia could derive any benefit from that right, inasmuch as no other power than Russia has facilities for re-arming such vessels after their entrance into that sea.

Germany's attitude of neutrality on the present issue draws unfavorable comment in England. It is said that she can never be relied on to use her influence at the Porte for the general interests of Europe, but prefers to keep the favor of her great northern neighbor.

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**THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO**

Morocco, Abyssinia, and Liberia are the principal countries in Africa that have not yet fallen under the control or protection of European powers, and the most desirable of these is Morocco. Five or six nations covet Morocco, chiefly because of its geographical position. "Great Britain, owning Gibraltar, just across the strait, and being much interested in the Mediterranean, would like to lay hold upon at least the northern part of Morocco, or would greatly dislike to see some possibly unfriendly power get it. Spain, owning Ceuta, would like to extend her dominion from El Riff clear down to Cape Blanco. France, owning Algeria, the Senegal, and the Sahara, and thinking herself the rightful mistress of the Mediterranean, regards herself as the only legitimate heir to the Shereefian throne. Even Russia has intrigued for a footing there as well as in Abyssinia, while Italy and Germany are by no means offering to pose as negligible factors."

Such a rebellion as that now in progress against the Sultan suggests the possibility of a "protectorate." Mr. Bryce's prediction is recalled that Morocco will be the next scene of imperialistic exploitation. So also is Lord Salisbury's opinion, expressed in 1891, that Morocco will one day carry with it a menace to the peace of Europe. Is that day at hand? Probably not, because it is not likely that the rest of Europe would consent to any one of the powers taking possession of Morocco. It seems clear enough that the Powers have agreed to consider the present rebellion as a purely internal affair and to maintain the *status quo*. Foreign warships are, of course, on the Moroccan coasts, but they will not interfere unless the rebellion develops cruelties to foreign residents or injury to foreign interests. Yet to-day Tangier is surely one of the greatest prizes open for international competition.

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**TREATY WITH NEWFOUNDLAND**

The limited reciprocity treaty recently negotiated between Messrs. Hay and Bond, representing the United States and the colony of Newfoundland, awaits ratification by the legislatures of the two countries. The treaty has called forth a warm debate from New England representatives of the fishing interest—those in Gloucester opposing it in the fear of the competition which might arise under it resulting in a domination of the American market by the Newfoundland fishing interest, while those in Boston see in it a prospective benefit to American interests. A joint resolution protesting against it passed the Maine legislation, January 14. The fate of the treaty, which depends on the United States Senate, will be decided probably in the latter part of February.

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**DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS**

Baron Speck von Sternberg, the newly appointed chargé d'affairs for Germany at Washington, has succeeded to the duties of Ambassador von Holleben. The latter's retirement has occasioned many conjectures. Rumor has it that he has been virtually recalled in consequence of failure to bring about certain ends desired by the German government. He himself declares that his retirement is devoid of other significance than a broken state of health. On January 5, President Roosevelt sent to the United States Senate these nominations to posts in the foreign diplomatic service of the United States: Dr. David Jayne Hill, now Assistant Secretary of State, to be Minister

to Switzerland; Francis B. Loomis, now Minister to Portugal, to be Assistant Secretary of State; Charles Page Bryan, now Minister to Switzerland, to be Minister to Portugal. On the 6th it transpired that the President would appoint Dr. Lyons, a colored Baltimore preacher, as Minister to Liberia. M. Cambon, the eminent French diplomatist, has been made Ambassador to Spain. The new Minister to Spain from Cuba is M. Marchau.

## Affairs in America

**UNITED STATES CONGRESS**

In explanation and defense of his bill for curbing the power of great industrial combinations, Senator Hoar, on January 6, delivered a speech in which he claimed for Congress the constitutional right of defining the conditions upon which corporations, artificial beings, creatures of law, may carefully engage and continue in interstate commerce. These conditions are: (1) publicity in the conduct of their business and the constitution of their organization; (2) the power to stop their business altogether if they violate the laws enacted by Congress; (3) strict penalties on them and their officers for such violations; (4) personal liability for all debts, obligations, and wrong-doings of the directors, officers, and agents. If this bill should prove ineffectual, he would make each stockholder personally liable.

On the same day Senator Vest (Dem.) of Missouri made a speech, urging that speedy action be taken to remove the duty on imports of coal. This is no longer, he said, a partisan question, but a question of absolute humanity; yet Senators stood dumb, either afraid or unwilling to take any action, answering the appeals of the poor, freezing women and children with the party cry, "Stand pat," for nothing is to be done with the sacred elephant of the Dingley Tariff Law. Of the proposal to refer the matter to the Finance Committee, Senator Vest said: "Don't we know that when we send the resolution to that committee we send it to its execution?" On January 14 the Senate approved the House bill providing rebates of the duty on coal, with some slight amendments offered by its own Finance Committee. These amendments having been accepted by the House, the bill on the same day was sent to the President and was signed by him, thus becoming law. Under this law, anthracite is placed permanently on the free list, and the duty on all other coal is refunded for one year. The same day, in the House, Representative Jenkins (Rep.) of Wisconsin, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, offered a resolution calling for an investigation by his committee of the power of Congress to take possession of all coal mines in the country and of all lines of transportation of coal. If such power exists, then a bill is to be reported declaring the necessity of the exercise of such power and providing the means for appropriation of the coal fields and the means of transportation. While the Diplomatic and Consular appropriation bill was under consideration in the House, January 19, Mr. McClellan (Dem.) of New York submitted documents to prove that the consular service is "underpaid and overmanned." Compared with the salaries paid by other countries of the first rank, those paid by the United States to its consular and diplomatic agents are the lowest; and yet the total cost of the service is very large, because of the excessive number of officers and employees, in some cases double and treble the number employed by other countries. Representative Slayden (Dem.) of Texas followed with a criticism of the character of American consular officers, especially in Mexico. Some of the consulates of the United States in Mexico, he said, are merely "asylums for invalids and drunkards." He cited many cases in proof.

In the House Committee on Military Affairs, on January 13, it was decided that no action would be taken in the present session of Congress toward restoring the canteen to the military post exchanges.

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**THE NATIONAL MILITIA**

The bill for reorganizing the militia of the United States became law on January 22. Under this law the present organized militia constituting the National Guards in the several States, numbering 115,000 men, becomes formally a part of the armed force of the general Government. In time of war this entire force may be called into active service by the President for a term not exceeding nine months and within the boundaries of the United States. When volunteers are needed for service outside of those boundaries, the members of this organized force will be the first to be invited to enlist. The arming and equipping of the force will be the same as for the regular army. The law authorizes the expenditure of $2,000,000 for the purpose of effecting the change

**CABLE LAID TO HONOLULU**

At 11.03 o'clock, January 1, the first word by cable from San Francisco was received at Honolulu, seventeen days after the connection of the deep-sea cable was made with the shore cable at San Francisco. Congratulations were exchanged between Governor Dale and President Roosevelt. On January 2 the line was open for business and detailed reports of the incidents of the laying of the main cable and splicing it with the shore cable off Honolulu were transmitted to the press. The laying of the remaining sections was to be commenced from Manila in the first week of May, and it was confidently expected that the whole line would be completed by July 4.

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**COAL STRIKE COMMISSION**

Testimony proving the existence of lawlessness in the anthracite region during the strike was presented to the Commission on January 7. Five witnesses had had their houses more or less seriously damaged by dynamite explosions, the acts in some cases of persons known to be union men. Witness also told of a dam being blown up, an engine damaged, steam pipes wrecked, bridges and fences fired, and attempts at wrecking railroad trains. A young woman was dismissed from her place as school teacher because her brother worked in the mines during the strike. A young man as he issued from church with his new-made bride was assailed, and had to take refuge in a colliery, while his bride got home as best she could. On hearing this testimony, Chairman Gray exclaimed: "What sort of a community is this, anyhow?"

The testimony of General Gobin, commanding the militia in the disturbed district, was given in the session of January 9. He declared that "an excited state of lawlessness" existed in the region, that disturbances were numerous, that the presence of the militia was absolutely necessary to preserve order, and that it was difficult to do that, even with the whole National Guard of the State. His order "to shoot and kill" was no idle menace, but expressed a fixed determination; it had a most salutary effect, so that it was not necessary to fire one shot.

Abel J. Culver, controller of the Delaware and Hudson Company, testified January 10. He presented a statement of the wages paid by the company, which showed that 6 per cent. of the men were receiving more than $1,000 a year; 3 per cent., $900 to $1,000; 6 per cent., $600 to $700; 12 per cent., $500 to $600; 10 per cent., $400 to $500; 9 per cent., $300 to $400; 9 per cent., $200 to $300; and 26 per cent. received less than $200. These last worked on an average only about half a month in a year.

On January 26 G. B. Markle & Co., independent operators, made answer to the complaints of their employees as stated in testimony before the Commission. The miners had alleged that the size of the coal cars had been enlarged to the prejudice of the men. Markle & Co. exhibited statements of the firms that built the cars, showing that the capacity of cars had not been increased. Regarding the charge of inhumanity in evicting miners, the accountants of the firm testified that the earnings of the evicted men in 1901 varied from $350 to $1,000. The father of the boy Chippie lost his life through his own negligence. He was not indebted to the company at the time of his death. Henry Coll, one of the evicted men, had always received good wages; Coll's wife did not die in consequence of the eviction: she lived for a month thereafter. A statement of the earnings of contract miners during eleven and a half months, including eleven men receiving the highest wages and five receiving the lowest, showed that the highest received $4,000 and the lowest $400. The taking of testimony was ended in the first week of February.

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**IN THE PHILIPPINES**

The annual report of the Philippine Commission and a separate report of Governor Taft were made public on January 4. No definite determination has been reached regarding Mindanao. The hostility to the Americans, the Governor states, does not extend beyond the Moros of the Lake Lanao region. The Governor believes that the Sultan of Jolo may be induced to part with some of the rights he claims in the Jolo group. The people do not understand popular government, and prefer control by Dattos. Possibly, far in the future, control by Dattos may cease, but for the present it is necessay only to provide a paternal and strong but sympathetic government for these followers of Mohammed.

The adverse economic conditions in the Philippines have made it necessary to purchase about $15,000,000 of food for the agricultural population. The severest blow to agriculture in the islands was the destruction of about 90 per cent. of the water buffalo, on which the cultivation of rice is almost wholly dependent. In the depressed state of rural industry, with the temptations to ladronism,

the constabulary will probably need for some time to be sustained by the military. Still, it speaks wonders, says the Governor, for the ease with which the Philippines may be governed in normal times, that there has been comparatively so little disorder since the surrender in April of the insurgents in arms. Since July, 1902, not a shot has been fired by an American soldier, the country having been policed by the constabulary force of 5,000 or 6,000 men. Nevertheless, it may be necessary in a province like Cavite, where ladronism seems to be imbued in the people, to proclaim martial law, and even to call in the military finally to suppress it.

Distress and ladronism prevail in the Tagalo, and some of the Visayan provinces, where rice is the staple product. But in the provinces which produce mainly kemp there is prosperity. And though food costs more than formerly, the people have money enough for improvements. They are building schoolhouses, making roads, buying agricultural and other machinery, and in all respects are making progress.

A petition addressed to the Secretary of War was transmitted to Congress by Mr. Root on January 20. To relieve the great distress of the population of the Philippines and to repair the ravages of war, Aguinaldo proposes a loan from the United States Treasury of $20,000,000 gold in cash and a credit of $80,000,000 gold to guarantee an issue of notes which shall serve as money in the islands. The advance so made by the United States he would make payable within twenty years in three instalments at the end of ten, fifteen, and twenty years. Both the $20,000,000 cash and the $80,000,000 of credit would be without interest. The loan and credit approved, a bank would be open under inspection and supervision by the insular government, and money would be loaned, on good security, to agriculturists, at 4 per cent. interest. The petition concludes with these words:

> I am convinced that with this plan or some other of the same description the tears of this people can be dried—a people on whom the government looks as a child in need, dependent upon the loving protection of its mother and confiding in the noble and praiseworthy intentions which the North American people have always shown since their arrival on these shores.

A decision rendered by the Secretary of War on December 31 confirms a previous decision of Governor Taft's, and refers to the insular courts the determination of the controversy over the title to the ecclesiastical property in the islands. The organized seceders from the Church of Rome in the Philippines, under their Archbishop Agilpay, have taken possession of much of this property, and the Catholic Church authorities appealed to Governor Taft for an order to dispossess them. The property in question is part of that title which is to pass to the United States if the negotiations in progress between Governor Taft and the Pope's representative, Mgr. Guidi, succeed.

The report having reached Manila that Governor Taft would soon be recalled and appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, a remarkable demonstration of the popular regard for him was given by the people of Manila, January 11. Placards were posted throughout the city with the words, "We want Governor Taft," in English, Tagalo, and Spanish. A crowd of eight thousand men marched in procession to the Malacanan Palace, the Governor's residence, and there addresses were made to the Governor by spokesmen of the Federal, Liberal and Nationalist parties, urging him to remain. Governor Taft's presence, the speakers declared, is necessary to preserve order, to prevent political disruption, and to insure the maintenance of the present policy. In reply, the Governor said that not till August would it be decided whether he was to leave the islands or remain: in either event the present policy would stand unchanged. Much pleased with this manifestation of the popular sentiment toward Mr. Taft, President Roosevelt, after taking counsel with his Cabinet, decided that the Governor should remain in the islands. The President had previously signified to Governor Taft his purpose of appointing him a justice of the Supreme Court; on January 13 a cable dispatch was received by the President from the Governor expressing his appreciation of the offer, but saying that, in view of all the circumstances, it would be best for him to remain where he is.

In the course of the court-martial trial of Major Edward F. Glenn, of the Fifth Infantry, at Manila, on January 6, counsel for the defense insisted on the necessity of having General Smith in court as a witness. Counsel alleged in effect that the records of the Sixth Brigade had been tampered with, and that important documents had been removed. It was desired to examine General Smith with regard to those documents and certain written and verbal orders. For similar reasons the defense wanted General Chaffee to appear as a witness. The court refused for the present to grant the

request. Major Glenn's counsel raised the question of the constitutional right of the accused to have in court both the missing documents and the witnesses. January 8, Louis E. Caulfield, a lieutenant of Philippine scouts, who commanded the detachment which put the seven native guides to death, testified that, though Major Glenn had ordered the guides to be executed if they failed to conduct the column to the enemy, he did not repeat that order to the detachment. He gave no orders himself for the killing, nor did the killing result from the orders given by Major Glenn. He did not see the killing, but learned of it from Preston and Ramos, civilian scouts. A native sergeant testified that four of the guides were killed by order of Ramos, who was in command of a subdivision of the force; and Preston, in charge of the rear guard, reported the killing of three guides who had sought to desert. In subsequent sessions of the court military officers detailed acts of savage cruelty committed by rebels in Samar, such as burying prisoners alive, mutilations, torture, and murder of prisoners. An order of the rebel general Lucban was produced, directing the use of poison against Americans. The witnesses held that the policy of General Jacob H. Smith was absolutely necessary. A Spaniard, once a prisoner at Lucban's headquarters, testified that in May, 1900, he saw an American prisoner roasted to death; sticks were driven into the man's body and he was slowly turned over the fire till he was dead; the body was then left to be devoured by hogs. The trial was ended on January 14. The accused was found not guilty.

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**NEW ALASKAN GOLD FIELDS**

Intelligence received at Seattle on January 19 from Dawson is to the effect that at a point eighteen miles distant from the Tanana River, and three hundred miles below its source, gold has been found in such quantities as to eclipse all previous finds in Alaska. The district is in American territory, and prospectors were hurrying into the field. The holes which have demonstrated the richness of the diggings were made late in the winter of 1901-2, and the first to bring the news to the outer world is a Japanese named Wada, a man well and favorably known in Dawson. The district, he says, in its physical features, resembles the Klondike, but with a heavier growth of timber. When he left Dawson, December 22, gold had been found on eight creeks. The original find was made on Pedro Creek, parallel to the Tanana. The creek is staked for miles.

**IMMIGRATION**

The Bureau of Immigration reports a larger number of cabin and steerage passengers arriving at the port of New York in the year 1902 than in any year since 1882. The number of cabin passengers was 139,848 and of steerage passengers 574,276. The numbers for previous years, of cabin and steerage passengers, respectively, were 99,223 and 252,350 in 1896; 90,932 and 192,004 in 1897; 80,586 and 219,651 in 1898; 107,415 and 303,762 in 1899; 137,852 and 403,491 in 1900: and 128,143 and 438,868 in 1901. The immigration from Italy and from Ireland showed the greatest proportional increase.

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**GOLD AND SILVER OUTPUT**

The estimates made by George E. Roberts, Director of the United States Mint, of the gold and silver produced in this country last year, puts the production of gold at $80,853,070, an increase of $2,186,370 over the year 1901; and the production of silver at $31,040,025, a net increase of $3,352, 084. The States producing gold and silver in amounts of $1,000,000 or over were:

| SOURCE OF PRODUCE. | GOLD. VALUE. | SILVER. COM'CIAL VAL. |
|---|---|---|
| Alaska | 7,823,793 | ..... |
| Arizona | 4,155,039 | 1,680,100 |
| California | 17,124,941 | ..... |
| Colorado | 27,502,429 | 9,085,714 |
| Idaho | 2,067,183 | 3,180,000 |
| Montana | 4,134,365 | 6,890,000 |
| Nevada | 3,514,212 | 2,120,000 |
| Oregon | 1,860,465 | ..... |
| South Dakota | 7,398,057 | ..... |
| Utah | 3,720,930 | 6,360,000 |

The product of Nome ($5,023,256, gold) is included in the estimate for Alaska. Not so the product of the Klondike, which is estimated at $14,562,191.

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**NITRE DEPOSITS IN CALIFORNIA**

Hundreds of miners and prospectors are flocking into the Death Valley in California, moved by the reports of the discovery of fields of nitre in that desolate region that are said to be more extensive than those of Chile. A corps of explorers under direction of Lewis E. Aubury, State Mineralogist, found in the valley deposits of nitre sufficient to meet the world's demand for many years. The deposits cover a territory more than twenty-five miles long by fifteen miles wide. Chile imposes on nitre an export duty, and from 1878 to 1892 the revenue of Chile from that source amounted to $158,696,664, while the total value of the nitre export from Chile in the same period was $337,182,500.

# Affairs in Europe

**GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**

Various writers are engaged in emphasizing the decline of republican principles in England and the revival of the monarchial sentiment. The strong and growing republican movement of thirty years ago, when Citizen Dilles, the youthful Joseph Chamberlain, Charles Bradlaugh, and many others, were declaiming against the hereditary principle in government, is now said to have utterly collapsed. "It cannot be said," says a London writer in the Boston Transcript, "that in any political party or fraction of a party there survives at the present time a genuine belief in the necessity of a destruction of monarchy as an essential in political progress, or any belief at all in the possibility of such a consummation." In connection with this may be noticed an article in the January North American Review, by Sir George Arthur, Bt. He asks, "Is the British aristocracy on the wane?" He says that thirty or forty years ago almost everybody believed that "aristocracy" was, as a political, if not as a social, force, nearly "played out." "The rising flood of democracy was to swamp and overwhelm all other authorities than its own." To-day, however, the Church of England is declared stronger than ever, the question of disestablishment having been removed from the field of practical politics; the House of Lords is so powerful as to win emphatic popular approval in withstanding the principal legislative measure of the strongest minister of modern times; and the throne is more deeply rooted in the hearts of the people than at any previous period of England's history. Few may incline to argue against this, but it is not easily forgotten that the pendulum has two motions. The present partial reaction against individualism is likely to become a spent force some day.

The comments of the London papers on Colonial Secretary Chamberlain's declaration in his Johannesburg speech (January 17) have been extremely commendatory. It is to the effect that the Government will submit to Parliament a bill to guarantee a loan of $175,000,000 on the security of the assets of the Transvaal and Orangia, the money to be used in the development of the country. As soon as possible after the first, another loan will be raised, to be called up in annual instalments of $50,000,000. This second loan will be treated as a war debt, and will be secured on the assets of the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain further stated that a number of South African financiers had undertaken to subscribe the first $50,000,000 without receiving preferential security.

Favorable revenue returns are reported from England. The estimated receipts, it is said, will be exceeded in nearly every instance. The grain tax, against which there was at first so much opposition, is likely to stand so long as it exerts no appreciable effect on the price of food. There is no talk of relaxing it in favor of the colonies. Labor conditions are reported as very bad. There is much distress among large numbers of the unemployed in London. Serious conditions also exist elsewhere. An endless stream of country folk is pouring into the overcrowded cites. Inducements offered for emigration to Canada and the colonies find unsatisfactory response. At the same time the tide of alien immigration is reported as steadily rising, especially in London.

A conference at Dublin, early in January, between Irish landlords and tenants seems to have awakened expectations of a nearly settlement of the land question. But some of the wealthy landowners boycotted the conference, and in dealing with its suggestions the British government may yet show the "haggling spirit" which it often exhibits in dealing with Irish demands. It is noteworthy that the London Quarterly Review publishes an article in which Irishmen are asked to believe that connection with the Empire does not mean the stamping out of national individuality, but, on the contrary, a full development of what is worthy and admirable in it. In an address in Edinburgh, on January 17, Mr. John Redmond expressed disbelief that the settlement of the land question would end the home rule question.

The passage of the Education Act in December has placed its opponents in a position that is thus described by an English correspondent:

> Every individual Nonconformist in the country must make up his mind within a few months either to contribute toward the working of the act or to adopt the policy of "passive resistance," which is being undertaken with the deliberate purpose of making it unworkable. There is no middle course. The choice between these alternatives is rapidly dividing the English Nonconformists into two distinct groups.

The trial of Colonel Arthur Lynch, on charge of high treason, being accused of havin

aided England's enemies during the Boer war, began in London on January 21. He was adjudged guilty and sentenced to death, but the sentence was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for life. A contemporary thus states the case:

> The fact is that Colonel Lynch was not tried and convicted because he was guilty of treason; he was tried because he and his Galway constituents bragged of their treason so openly that the government, which would have willingly condoned the crime, was forced to take notice of the flaunting of it in the face of the world.

The successor of the late Dr. Temple as Archbishop of Canterbury is Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson, Bishop of Winchester since 1885.

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**FRANCE**

In the elections for one-third of the Senate, which took place in France on January 4, the Government made a net gain of thirteen seats. In almost all the departments the Nationalists were worsted. There was a general agreement that the government of Premier Combes had been given new lease of life. The Legislature re-assembled on the 13th. M. Bourgeois was re-elected President of the Chamber by an increased majority. The Socialist, Jean Jaurés, was chosen one of the vice-presidents. Premier Combes, continuing the examination of papers, relating to the religious congregations in France, refused authorization to 147 more, making in all 947 refusals thus far. On the 15th, by a vote of 313 to 211, the Deputies approved the acts of the Government respecting these religious orders. In the Senate, M. Fallieres was re-elected President.

The stability of the Third Republic is to be explained, says the leading clerical organ in Paris, by its "war on religion." The cry of Gambetta, "Clericalism—that is the enemy!" still sounds in the ears of French statesmen. And yet France is a Catholic country. Of its 38,000,000 inhabitants only about 700,000 are Protestants, and 80,000 are Jews. Nearly 37,000,000 belong, nominally at least, to the Roman Church. The conflict between Church and State cannot primarily be concerning the foundations of religion. The political power in the hands of the Catholic leaders is still very great. Perhaps some time the representatives of Church and State, instead of contending, will harmonize their differences. That would be a happy day for France. A French Protestant preacher, Louis de Saint André of Dordogne, says that the one great mistake of the Catholic Church in France is that it has linked its political destinies—despite the warnings of Leo XIII—with the fortune of the retrograde factions, Bonapartists, Royalists, etc. As to French Protestantism, La Nouvelle Vie has said that it is now more powerful, more energetic, and more successful than it has been for a hundred years. In the centers of population it is increasing. In 1835 Paris had only ten Protestant churches; to-day there are 105 in the city and suburbs. In 1857 there were only 738 pastors in France; now there are more than 1,200. Whole villages have here and there gone over to the Protestant faith.

Great popular interest naturally attaches to the case of the Humberts, the authors of "the greatest swindle of modern times." The famous safe, which was supposed to contain a hundred million francs, has been placed on exhibition in a Montmartre theater.

It is stated that it is not likely that any French coal will be shipped to the United States as a result of the action of the United States in placing coal on the free list. The French mines are unable to meet the demands of the home market.

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**GERMANY**

The strained condition of things in Germany, shown in the rancor during and following the tariff struggle and the hard economic situation in general, has provoked many criticisms of the Government. The Liberal organs affirm that parliamentary institutions have suffered a breakdown. Doubts are expressed of German capacity for self-government. A remarkable individual utterance is that by Professor Mommsen, the historian. In a published article he declares that in Germany constitutional government has become a dead letter. In the Reichstag (which re-opened on January 13) the Emperor has been attacked by Radical criticism and defended by Chancellor von Bülow. The critics complained that the Empire is afflicted with a "malady of suddenness" and with excessive taxation for military and naval burdens. Respecting the latter fact, a thoughtful writer of the day remarks that Germany is the great paradox among the nations. Sincerely loving peace, striving for ideal results in the works of peace, it is the nation in particular that gives the others strong cause for fearing it as the one possible danger to peace.

The Imperial budget for 1903 estimates the expenditure for the year at $616,243,183, over forty millions above that for 1902. A loan of over fifty millions will be necessary in order to

balance accounts. Individual states of the empire also show serious deficits and must be assisted by a national loan, to be regarded a floating debt.

The presidency of the Reichstag was resigned by the venerable Count von Ballestrem, on January 23, on account of complaints of his rulings in restricting freedom of speech. His retirement is a triumph for the Socialists.

Among recent appropriations is the first quota of one for a royal palace at Posen. In this connection the following declaration by Baron von Rheinhaben is quoted: "I hope this will further convince the people that the Prussian eagle never lets go of what it has once taken. I say this especially for those who dream of resurrecting the Polish kingdom."

Criticisms are numerous in Germany of Dr. von Holleben, who has been recalled from the ambassadorship to the United States.

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**AUSTRIA** The reported threat of the Emperor Francis Joseph that he would resign unless the quarrelling Austrian and Hungarian statesmen would adjust their differences and renew the Ausgleich seems to have been effectual. That important basis of commerical union has been renewed for ten years. In the two parts of the Dual Monarchy the customs duties are made uniform. The tariff on grain and meat is increased to a degree that surprises even ardent protectionists. In some instances the new duties exceed the German tariff.

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**RUSSIA** The Russian Minister of Finance, De Witte, has announced that the budget for 1903 requires over a billion dollars, perhaps the largest expenditure ever required by any country in a single year during a time of peace. The deficit, as estimated, will be nearly ninety millions. Over eighty millions are to be devoted to railroad building. Minister De Witte places Imperial defense first in importance. Educational and similar interests must simply take what they can get.—There are reported declarations of Ministers De Witte and Plehve in favor of constitutional reform. One of the strongest representatives of autocracy, what the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times calls "obscurantism and bureaucratic despotism," is Prince Mestchersky. In a letter to the Times the Prince states as his objection to constitutional government that it would substitute for a single autocratic ruler, noble by race and instinct, good and just within the limits of what is humanly possible, nine hundred tyrants and despots, picked up from the streets, and capable of all enormities under the shield of absolute irresponsibility. Against popular education he enters the curious plea that it is better to have no schools than schools with bad teachers, and there is no certainty that good ones are to be had.—A new general customs tariff was proclaimed on January 30 Russia follows the example of other countries and increases rates in view of the impending expiration of her commerical treaties.—One of the St. Petersburg dispatches in January reported that the government had prohibited a banquet on the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the first Russian newspaper, because it was intended on that occasion to make some demonstration in favor of freedom of the press.—Letters from the famine-stricken districts of Finland contain appalling pictures of the prevailing destitution.—The official figures show that 4,714 persons lost their lives and that 33,112 houses were destroyed as a result of the recent earthquakes at Andijan, Russian Turkestan.—The German Crown Prince, Frederick William, was a guest of the Czar about the middle of January.

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**SWEDEN AND NORWAY** The Swedish Riksdag opened on January 17. The government proposed reorganization of the consular service, an extension of the Parliamentary franchise, the introduction of a duty on malt, and the raising of the duty on all spirits. The duty on maize, however, was to be reduced. Grateful recognition was made of contributions from home and abroad to relieve the famine sufferers in the north of Sweden. Reports have stated that as many as 70,000 people are affected by the scarcity and that over $6,000,000 will be needed to save the population from decimation.—Near the end of January, King Oscar, having decided, in accordance with medical advice, to escape the cares of government for a time, the Crown-Prince, Gustaf, was made Regent.—The Norwegian Storthing has adopted a motion affirming the desirability of separate consular systems for Norway and Sweden, independent of the diplomatic service and of the ministry of foreign affairs.—Sweden has the most northerly railroad in the world, the Riks-graensbanan, reaching about 68 degrees north.—Excitement has recently been created in Stockholm circles by reports of copper discoveries in the "Norrland," in the very heart of the famine district.

ITALY

Published correspondence from Naples in January represents Southern Italy in a state of increasing fermentation, in consequence of the awakening of the people to a sense of their industrial degradation. The improvement in the condition of the masses, which long ago began in Northern Italy, has but just begun in the South. Milanese labor leaders have been organizing trades unions in the Neapolitan district. The first result of the demand for more pay and shorter hours was a street railway strike last June. Recently a strike has occurred at the great grain port of Torre Annunziata, a little south of Naples. It was started by stevedores who had been working fourteen hours a day for a single lira (twenty cents).—Foreign Minister Prinetti was stricken with paralysis on January 29 and taken to his home in a serious condition.—Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Catholic Church, in succession to Cardinal Parocchi, who died on January 15. He is regarded as the probable successor of Pope Leo.

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SPAIN

Señor Sagasta, the late Premier, died at Madrid on January 5, aged 75.—On the 10th an attempt on the life of King Alfonso, as was at first supposed, was made by an insane man armed with a pistol. The King was returning in a carriage from church to the palace. The would-be assassin afterward declared that he sought the life of the Grand Chamberlain.—On the 29th, Finance Minister Villaverde announced that the final results of the budget showed a surplus of over nine and a half million dollars.

## Affairs in Asia and Oceanica

INDIA

The Imperial durbar at Delhi, in recognition of King Edward's accession to the British throne, which opened on January 1 and closed nine days later, and which, as a gorgeous spectacle, is described as probably unrivaled in modern times, cost, according to the reports, more than $5,000,000, of which the Indian government pays the larger part. But the durbar was not the whole of it. The festivities at Delhi, the ancient Mogul capital, only began scenic displays and rejoicings all through the land. As late as January 26, dispatches from Calcutta stated that coronation rejoicings had just begun with school feasts and city illuminations. At a splendid ball, given by the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, over fifteen hundred guests wore costumes in vogue a century ago. The proper interpretation to be given the stately pageant of the durbar and ensuing festivities is thus expressed by the New York Tribune: "It is a practical confirmation of the rule which holds Sikh and Ghoorka, Rajput and Mahratta, Pathan and Bengali, Punjabi and Parsee, Hindoo and Moslem, altogether in peace and harmony, and which so adapts itself to the individual passions and predilections of each one as to make itself acceptable and beneficent to all. It would be too much to say that British rule in India is free from faults, and from grave faults. But when we consider the complexity of the task and the number and magnitude of the difficulties which beset it, we must confess that such success as has been attained by it is worthy to rank among the governmental wonders of the world."

British administration, in its present form, in India dates from 1858 when, at a solemn durbar at Allahabad, was published a proclamation that Queen Victoria had assumed the government of India; and many comparative statements of conditions in India date from the year preceding that event. According to a monograph issued by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics at Washington, the commerce of India in 1857 was: Imports, $72,000,000; exports, $128,000,000. The figures for 1902 are: Imports, $264,000,000; exports, $392,000,000. The railroads in operation in India in 1857 were 275 miles in length, and in 1902, over 25,000, the exact figure for 1901 being 25,035 miles. In 1857 the number of post offices in operation was 1,000, and in 1900, 30,645, handling annually 521,664,746 letters, newspapers, and packages. The number of miles of telegraph in operation in 1857 was about 1,000; in 1900, 52,909, with 170,666 miles of wire, and transmitting during that year 5,237,301 messages. The irrigation works, most of which have been constructed since 1857, irrigate about fourteen million acres, and the value of the products of the area thus irrigated often exceeds in a single year the entire cost of the works, which aggregates up to this time a little more than one hundred million dollars. The railways and irrigating works have been constructed largely with money borrowed by the Indian government, but the receipts from the canals and railways

are sufficient to meet fully the interest on the cost of construction. A qualified showing of the condition of India is made in Mr. Edward Digby's Prosperous British India, recently published in London. He makes full recognition of the social and legislative reforms effected under British rule, and also of the great benefit following the establishment of the Pax Brittanica throughout India. But he holds that, from the economic point of view, British rule has made the country much poorer than it was a century ago. He recalls an estimate made seventy years ago that the annual drain from British India of three million pounds had amounted in thirty years, at the usual Indian rate per cent., to £723,900,000. But during the last thirty years the drain has amounted to at least £900,000,000. Even deducting the large sums loaned by England for public works—which are largely unproductive, and the cost of which must be repaid—the balance in favor of India is, as says a contemporary, "staggering." In the Bombay Presidency, according to the McDonnell Famine Commission, "four-fifths of the cultivators are heavily in debt. In 1880, Sir William Hunter testified that 40,000,000 of the inhabitants of India go through life on insufficient food. And the native hand industries of almost every kind have been crowded out by manufactures introduced by England. The traveler in India, seeing the enormous volume of trade, and the signs of wealth at the great centers, is very reluctant to believe in the poverty of the country, but the simple facts that, in 1900, in the Surat District 85 per cent. of the year's revenue was paid to the Government by money lenders, and that drastic legislation has been enacted in the Punjab to prevent money lenders from owning all the land, are far more significant than a tourist's impressions."

The United States is a large purchaser of the products of India, our importations from India and the British East Indies generally having grown from twenty-four million dollars in 1892 to forty-eight millions in 1902. Up to this time our exports to India have been small compared with the imports from that country, the total exports from the United States to India and other British East Indies being, in 1892, $3,674,307, and in 1902, $4,621,876. The principal imports into the United States from India are manufactures of jute, about nine million dollars annually; unmanufactured jute, four millions; and hides and skins, six millions. The principal exports from the United States to India are: mineral oil, about one and a half million dollars annually; iron and steel manufactures, two millions, and cotton cloths, a half million dollars.

It appears that the institution for child widows at Poona, of which the famous Pundita Ramabai is the head, working in conjunction with the American Ramabai Association, has ceased to be a secular institution (which character it had in order to reach the high caste Hindus) and has become an avowedly Christian institution. A movement is reported on the part of Ramabai to remove the institution to a new locality in order to get away from Mohammedan influences.

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**CHINA**

Interest in China largely attaches to questions of international import. But are there any questions relating to China that are not of international import? The course of events during the recent past appears to have made the Chinaman's business everybody's business. It is doubtless a good thing for China that this is so. Internal convulsions, "Boxerism," even violence due to missionaries, may work for the ultimate regeneration of China if these things bring the forces of western civilization to bear upon her in such a way as both to arouse her to vigorous action and at the same time cause her to perceive clearly what it is that she lacks in comparison with the progressive races of mankind. Among the movements that distinctly augur well for the future of China is that which promotes education largely in accordance with western conceptions. The plan begun thirty years ago, of selecting the best students throughout the provinces and sending them to foreign countries to study politics and science, was renewed a year and a half ago by an Imperial edict which also decreed the institution of a general system of education by means of primary schools, common schools, and colleges in every province for the enlightenment of the people. In January the report was confirmed that the Viceroy of Chili, Yuan-Shi-Kai, had proposed to pay the expenses of about sixty Chinese students to the military school at Tokio, Japan, because he realized that compulsory education in foreign learning for the officials is one of the two great needs of China at present, the other being elementary education for the masses. In preparing China to what a contemporary calls its "education renaissance," a leading agency has been the "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese."

"Whatever harmony of progress now exists between China on the one hand, and Europe and America on the other, is largely due to the wise and persistent endeavors of this society." With the gradual introduction of the new education the development of the material resources of China is taking a rapid pace. Notable progress is being made in railroad building, in ship building, in gun making, and in mining. The investment of foreign capital in China is already enormous; and it is rapidly increasing. This has many consequences, one of the most notable of which is the existence of a real civil service reform. Another is the very great increase of the postal service. There is no more interesting or significant process now going on in the world than the gradual permeation of the "Flowery Kingdom" by the ideas, practices and standards of "the foreign devils."

The Shanghai correspondent of the London Times reported in January that the year 1902 had ended in China with large stocks in the hands of merchants and gloomy prospects for the import trade, owing to the continued exactions of the likin tax and the decline in the purchasing power of silver. Nevertheless, the customs revenue of all China for 1902 increased 5,000,000 taels (about $3,000,000) over that for 1901.

Local rebellions, extending over considerable areas, continue to harass the Government. On January 29 a dispatch from Hongkong stated that the revolutionary movement which led to the arrest of seven Kwang-Si rebels was a very serious attempt to overthrow the central power and establish a separate government in the south of China. None of the arrested men are prominent; the real leaders are said to be in the interior collecting forces. The revolutionary organization embraces the provinces of Kwang-Tung, Kwang-Si, Kwei-Chau and Fokien. The insurrectionists are posing as reformers and are anxious to secure foreign sympathy.

The monument to Baron von Ketteler, the German minister who was killed shortly after the outbreak of the Boxer troubles, was dedicated at Peking on January 18, Chinese and German officials participating in the ceremony. The monument, erected by demand of the German Government, is a marble arch spanning the principal street at the spot where the minister was assassinated. The speakers at the dedication warned the Chinese that the monument was looked upon as a guarantee that China would hereafter preserve friendly relations with the foreign powers.

Lieutenant-General Miles was in Peking early in January, inspecting the small detachment of United States troops there. The almost unprecedented honor of a complimentary lunch party was given him by the Dowager Empress and the Emperor.

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**JAPAN**

Mr. John Barrett describes Japan as "the schoolmaster of Asia." She is, indeed, developing some such relationship to China, Korea, and Siam—a relationship in which increasingly good feeling appears to exist between teacher and pupils. In a recent address in Montreal, the Rev. Y. Hiraiwa, President of the Methodist Conference in Japan, dwelt upon the breadth of the Japanese educational system on secular lines. The Government has largely excluded all religions in the schools, colleges, and universities, mainly on account of Buddhistic opposition to the progress of Western ideas. This tends to facilitate the advancement of especially Protestant Christianity in Japan, and we need not be surprised to learn that recent statistics show an increase of 10 per cent. in the membership of the Protestant churches as against 2 per cent. in the Roman Catholic, and 4 per cent. in the Greek communities. The Protestants enroll nearly eleven thousand pupils in their schools. In organization they are said to lead the mission fields of the world. The union of the Methodist bodies is nearly achieved. That accomplished, says The Outlook, there should follow Baptist federation; and then the five great churches—Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian—should eliminate the last trace of sectarian rivalry and present a united front to Buddhism and Japan.

The political issues between the Cabinet and the various parties in the Diet have been referred to the general election in February. Some statement of the situation can be given next month.

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**AUSTRALIA**

The Commonwealth of Australia is now in the third year of its history, the confederation of the six States having been proclaimed at Sydney on January 1, 1901. The unprecedented drouth which has afflicted a large portion of the country, though partly broken, still causes great loss and suffering. Cattle continue to perish in large numbers for want of fodder. Though the Australian constitution forbids the removal of the fodder tariff, Premier Barton has prom-

ised that any State desiring to omit the duty may do so without criticism from the Government. Long sessions of Parliament have been held to dicuss the pitiful appeals from the rural districts. Figures given for New South Wales show that in that State only about a third of the number of sheep held a few years ago now remains. In grain there is a shortage of over six million bushels. The shortage in all the States is estimated at twice that amount. Wheat and meat, Australia's ordinary staples, are now being imported, the first largely from California, and the second from New Zealand. United States Consul Goding, at Newcastle, reported last November that two hundred thousand tons of breadstuffs must be imported from wheat-producing countries to Australia to meet the harvest deficiencies.

The Sydney correspondent of the Toronto Monetary Times says that Canadian papers have been giving too much attention to the threatened retirement of Queensland from the Australian Federation because of dissatisfaction with various Federal laws. It is asserted that the very things complained of in Queensland had the indorsement of nearly all the members sent by it to the House of Representatives and the Senate. "The Commonwealth shoulder is sore," says the correspondent, "but in time it will wear the Federal collar. It won't take it off."

Premier Barton is reported as saying that the proposed agreement for an increased Australian naval subsidy, drawn up at the recent Colonial Conference in London, will be the last of its kind. In 1911 Australia expects to be able to establish her own navy.

The determination of Australians to push straight through the stormy seasons of national infancy to future greatness is shown in many ways. The world is now told that the South Australian Government is to receive bids in America, Germany, and France for the construction of a transcontinental railway from Adelaide on the south to Port Darwin on the north, a distance of about twelve hundred miles. South Australia and the Northern Territory together occupy the whole of the middle of the Continent. This vast area is now undeveloped and but sparsely peopled. In a Government pamphlet the railway scheme is declared to be "a magnificent opportunity for the capitalist to embark in one of the few truly great undertakings with a golden future in prospect yet left to the world to be achieved."

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**NEW ZEALAND**

To the student of labor problems New Zealand is one of the most interesting countries in the world. The provision there for the unemployed (preference given to married men) consists largely of work on railroads, of tree-felling and road making. A government subsidy is given to enable the Salvation Army to prevent suffering among the needy. Mechanics' wages are not as high as here, while the cost of living may average about as much. The railways are almost entirely held by the Government, and the taking of the coal mines has begun. In factories men, according to law, work not ov forty-eight hours a week and women no forty-five. Five shillings a week is the mum wage for a minor employed in a factory. The famous Conciliation and Arbitration Act, originally passed in 1894 and since variously amended, provides for the formation of industrial unions. In the case of employers any two persons, in the case of workers any seven, can form a union, and become registered. Cases in dispute are brought before government conciliation boards. From these boards cases may be carried to the Arbitration Court. It is said that workers have made considerable use of the Act, the employers less so. Accordin to a writer (Mr. Tom Mann, the English labo leader), in the Nineteenth Century, in 31 cases there were not more than six that pro duced serious dissatisfaction. There are som complaints over the working of compulsor arbitration, but, on the whole, the writer abov quoted gives it his emphatic indorsement aft a careful study of it from the view-point trades-unionism.

## Affairs in Africa

**MOROCCO**

The young Sultan of Morocco, Abdul Aziz, is tossed like a bubble on the meeting seas of Mohammedan and Christian civilizations. The Berber revolt which, under the lead of a fanatical alleged Pretender to the throne, broke out last September, has defeated his armies and shut him up in his capital of Fez. some it is said that the trouble really began year ago when a fanatical Moor, who had kil a Christian missionary in the streets of F was, by order of the Sultan, subsequen shot in the public square. At all events. Pretender made a proclamation at Teza

fall, some eighty miles east of Fez, and preached war against the Sultan and death to the Christians. The Sultan had grown very unpopular because of his leaning toward European ways and inventions. The Moorish tribesmen had come to denounce him as an "infidel." He appears to be learning how difficult it is to be half Mohammedan and half Christian. The trouble in Morocco is fundamentally the conflict between Islam and Christian ideals. As in China, the revolt proceeds directly from hatred of foreigners. In this aspect, it may entail great consequences. The European powers will scarcely permit "Boxer" outrages to be enacted in Morocco. The points of international interest respecting the Moroccan revolt are touched upon under "International Affairs."

Forced to intrench himself in his capital of Fez, the situation of the Sultan at the beginning of January seemed desperate. The European residents were hastening to the coast. Christian missionaries especially were everywhere in great peril. They were bitterly denounced as "cursed dogs" and "filth in the streets." Fez has long been one of the sacred cities of Islam. Its capture, and the removal from it of every trace of foreign influence, would naturally be considered by the Pretender and his followers an act of superlative merit. Reports have been current that the Pretender declares that he has no ambition for the Sultanate, but that he aims to place upon the throne the Sultan's brother, Mulai-Mohammed. The troops of Abdul Aziz were so severely handled by the forces of the Pretender in the last conflicts that he seems unwilling to assume the aggressive again. Frequent skirmishes, however, near Fez and in various parts of the North were reported near the end of January. In the South the insurgent tribes appear to meet with no opposition. According to a report from Tangier, an English drill sergeant in the service of the Sultan says that the imperial army contains about twenty-five thousand men, including a Shereefian body-guard of 2,000 picked men, armed with Martini-Henry rifles.

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**EGYPT**

The most formidable of the Arab hordes which roam the Sahara is that of the Senussi. Somewhat vague and conflicting accounts are given of this tribe or Mohammedan sect. But it is generally regarded as comprising the most numerous, fanatical, and powerful obstacle to European advance, whether French or British, into the regions that lie west of the Nile and east of Lake Chad. The Senussi look upon their sheikh as the true Mahdi. Their rallying-cry is said to be the founding of a great Moslem empire in the north of Africa, and they have gathered to their ranks hordes of fanatics and all the broken remnants of the defeated Khalifa, whom the English finally crushed in 1899, and of the Sultan Rabah, whom the French accounted for in 1900. Near the end of January reports reached London, from both Egypt and Tripoli, of an advance among these tribes toward the Nile. The movement, it is said, began last year under the son of the dead founder of the Senussi. He died in August and the advance was temporarily checked. It has re-commenced under a new leader. Its precise objective point is a matter of conjecture, though there is what is regarded as pretense of a religious pilgrimage, request having been made of the Egyptian government (but refused) for permission to pass through the Egyptian territory, by way of Berber and Suakin, to Mecca. Possibly this may be the true story, for Christian missionaries have said that the Senussi are without political aim, are opposed to violence, and, though strongly organized, are without arms. Yet that they can fight the French know, from experiences in the vicinity of Lake Chad. And a widespread fear surely exists that the Senussi will one day destroy the peace of all North Africa. The garrison at Khartum has been strengthened. The sirdar, General Wingate, was there at the end of January.

The widely reported address of Lord Kitchener at the recent opening of Gordon College at Khartum has drawn attention to the progress of education in Egypt. The land of the Pharaohs is now under the tutelage of Great Britain. The Secretary of the Egyptian Education Department is Dr. Douglas Dunlop. "There are voluntary schools," says a writer in the Nineteenth Century, "but though the work done by the American Presbyterian Mission, by Roman Catholics, and, to a smaller extent, by Anglican missions, is educationally excellent, these are professedly proselyting agencies, and are outside the educational system of the country." When the English occupation of Egypt began, the Egyptians had only the Kutlab schools (in which the children are not even taught to write) and the University of Cairo—the El Ahzar, the greatest Mohammedan school in the world, whose faculty holds that the earth is flat! The modern system of education introduced by the British has in

Cairo a well-equipped school of medicine, a polytechnic institution, and an excellent agricultural college, and several schools in which boys are prepared for subsequent professional training. It is stated that in two or three years French will have become supplanted by English as a medium of instruction in Government schools. The law of Egypt being based on the Code Napoleon, one of two things must, however, happen—either the Egyptian Code must be revived, or the French language must be taught as a third tongue to boys intending to become lawyers. At present the schools in Egypt appear largely devoted to preparing occupants of the innumerable clerkships required in the administration of Government affairs. Education is not compulsory. Islam is the religion of the State and is taught in all the Government schools. Christianity is ignored. The Coptic children, however, are permitted to be absent during the hours of religious instruction.

The British agent in Egypt, Earl Cromer, has paid a tribute to American missionaries in the Soudan. Speaking at a banquet in Khartum recently, he said:

> Let me testify to the special pleasure afforded me by a visit to the admirably conducted establishment of the American missionaries on the Sobat River, and to that of the Austrian missionaries on the White Nile. One is a Catholic institution and the other a Protestant, but I know no distinction between such efforts among the pagans, and they shall receive encouragement and assistance.

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**SOUTH AFRICA**

The cordiality with which Colonial Secretary Chamberlain has been received in South Africa, in the execution of what the London Graphic calls "one of the most memorable enterprises of British statesmanship," is what neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet would have ventured to foretell not so very long ago. Murat Halstead has recently recalled in a published article that James G. Blaine was a man of such fascinating qualities that those who did not desire to accept his influence as irresistible were warned not to commit themselves to acquaintance with him. Some such influence Mr. Chamberlain seems to be wielding in South Africa. He landed at Durban on December 26. In his first speeches he struck vibrant notes that set both English and Dutch to cheering in sweet accord. Three weeks later, though yet but "on the fringe of his enterprise," in the exercise of "a benevolent dictatorship" he had secured in Natal a renunciation of very large war claims, and in Pretoria he had finally dealt with the attempts of the Boers to obtain a revision of the Vereeniging settlement. He convinced the Boers of the hopelessness of further agitation—whether or not so far against their will that they are of the same opinion still. At Johannesburg, in dealing with the thorny question of the Rand contribution to the cost of the war, his mission seemed again to justify itself. His decisions in favor of a settlement of the Transvaal loans on easy terms find no opposition within the Ministry, and the judgment of the British press is favorable. "The bargain made at Johannesburg," says the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, "is not a hard one, but it is a businesslike solution of the complete problem. It does not involve an alliance between Downing street and the Park lane millionaires, and control of South African affairs is kept in the hands of the Secretary of the Colonies until the confederation. Mr. Chamberlain receives full credit for his incomparable talent in exciting colonial enthusiasm and carrying out an enlightened British policy in a masterful way, after hearing whatever representative men of all the interests had to say."

In London, on January 15, members of leading firms representing South African interests met and definitely agreed on a war contribution of $150,000,000, payable in three annual installments of $50,000,000, and covered by a loan not redeemable before ten years. The first $50,000,000 will be issued in 1904. The question of labor for the Rand is one of great moment. It is stated that the mine owners so readily agreed to contribute $150,000,000 to meet the expenses of the war because they believed Mr. Chamberlain would consent to the importation of Asiatic laborers. But the London papers have been pointing out the dangers experienced in the United States and elsewhere in the employment of "yellow men." In a conference held at Johannesburg, Mr. Chamberlain declared himself not in favor of employing Uganda natives for fear of introducing the dreaded sleeping sickness which killed 30,000 persons last year, but he warned the mine managers that it would be hard to secure an adequate supply of Asiatic labor In conclusion he declined to pronounce a definite opinion on the matter. In a public address a few days later (January 17) he suggested that the British Government be requested to appoint a commission to inquire into the matter.

# Contemporary Celebrities

**DR. VON HOLLEBEN'S SUCCESSOR**

Baron Speck von Sternberg, who succeeds Dr von Holleben as Germany's representative at Washington, is not unknown to Americans, as he was formerly secretary of the German embassy at Washington. He comes to this country nominally as Chargé d'Affaires, but vested with ambassadorial powers. It is believed that his promotion to ambassadorial rank is only a question of time. In addition to his services rendered the Germany embassy here several years ago, Baron von Sternberg was one of the German Commissioners at the Samoan conference, and was prominent in the negotiations following the outbreak of trouble in China, which necessitated his recall from Washington to confer with the heads of the German Foreign Office in Berlin. In recognition of his services, he was appointed German Consul-General at Calcutta, India, a position he has held for two years, and which he now gives up for the more important post at Washington.

*Courtesy of The Literary Digest*

BARON SPECK VON STERNBERG

It is peculiarly gratifying at the present time, when relations between Germany and the United States have approached dangerously near the straining point, to have a German representative in Washington who is thoroughly conversant with American thought and action. Baron von Sternberg is fortunate in understanding the importance which Americans attach to the Monroe Doctrine. This seems not heretofore to have been fully appreciated and understood at the German embassy. The new representative of Germany is thoroughly in touch with that American spirit which the Kaiser calls *Amerikanische Gesichtszüge*.

So far, Baron von Sternberg has shown a disposition to be most fair and friendly in his diplomatic dealings at Washington. In so doing he is simply carrying out the policy of Chancellor von Bülow who recently declared before the Reichstag that he was far removed from a policy of adventure, and that the rôle of Germany was upon the path of thoughtful calmness. As a rebuff to a jingoistic press, he further declared that in his foreign policy he strove to strike the middle course and that he was not in favor of a policy which would extend German sphere of action excessively, and which would be dependent upon ebullitions of feeling instead of being fixed by the well-considered, plainest interests of the German people.

Such a statement, if uttered in good faith, augurs well for the foreign relations of Germany, foreign relations being dependent upon the diplomacy and tact of ambassadors. Chancellor von Bülow was aware of this when he appointed Baron von Sternberg to Washington.

Baron von Sternberg is in a position not only to establish friendly diplomatic relations between the two governments, but also to bring about a friendlier public opinion between the two countries.

**SPAIN'S NEW PREMIER**

The dominating characteristic in the recent history of the Latin nations of Europe has been their frequent Cabinet changes. In Spain has this been especially evident. On the death by assassination of Señor Canovas del Castillo, in 1897, a Liberal Cabinet under Señor Sagasta took office. This cabinet existed throughout the war and conducted the peace negotiations. Weakened, however, by humiliations inflicted upon the country, it was succeeded in March, 1899, by a Conservative Government under Señor Silvela. In October, 1900, a new cabinet was formed by General Azcarraga. This existed until a Liberal Cabinet under Sagasta came into power in March, 1901. Señor Francisco Silvela, who now for the second time is succeeding the venerable Sagasta in the premiership, is a statesman of character and force.

Señor Silvela is a native of Madrid. Trained for the bar, he early became a member of the Cortes. His first portfolio was that of Minister of the Interior in the Martinez Campos Cabinet of 1879–80. Under Canovas he was Minister of Justice. Señor Silvela assumes the premiership at a most auspicious time. The situation to-day in Spain is better than it has been for several years. He is thus in a position to instigate and carry out his theories and reforms. There is somewhat of a resemblance between the careers of the new Spanish premier and of the former French premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. Both were prominent lawyers before taking up political life. Both are orators of eloquence and brilliant writers. Both are men of the highest integrity and of marked talents. A citizen of a Republic, the future looms big and dazzling for M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The subject of a king, the political power of Señor Silvela must of necessity be limited. In bringing to the services of his king and country the ability of his great statesmanship, Señor Silvela is in a position to prove to the world that the term "poor Spain" is at best only a catch-word invented by certain believers in Latin decadence.

FRANCISCO SILVELA

*Copyright by Aimé Dupont*

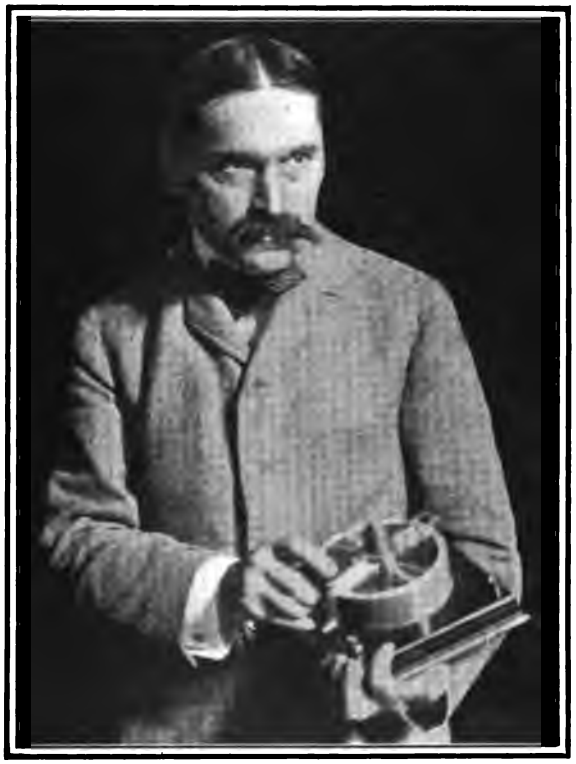
MAURICE GRAU

**THE RETIREMENT OF AN IMPRESARIO**

The news of the temporary retirement of Mr. Maurice Grau from the management of the Metropolitan Opera House comes not only as a blow to all music lovers of this country, but especially to the city of New York, which has been the scene of his great managerial triumphs. It is a well-recognized fact that grand opera is rarely a financial success. In Paris, Berlin, and Dresden grand opera succeeds only because it is liberally subsidized by the State. That Mr. Grau has been able to pro-

duce grand opera in New York with both artistic and financial success points conclusively to his great ability as an impresario.

Mr. Grau is an Austrian by birth and came to this country when a mere boy. His first ambition was to become a lawyer, and, with that end in view, he studied at the Columbia law school and later entered a law office. Finding the practice of law unsuited to his tastes, in 1872 he began his managerial career with Charles A. Chizzola in exploiting Aimée, a popular opera-bouffe singer. A few years later he managed Rubinstein in a series of concerts. Returning to opera-bouffe, he successfully managed a number of foreign singers. In 1882 he joined Henry A. Abbey and John B. Schoeffel in the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, which had been built in opposition to the Academy of Music, managed by Colonel Mapleson. The first attempt of the triumvirate was a failure, and they gave up the management for the next season. For the next seven years German and cheaper opera was in vogue at the Metropolitan. In 1891, the stockholders of the Metropolitan invited Mr. Grau and his partners to resume the management and to produce Italian and French operas. This season was successful and marked the first appearance here of the De Reszkes, Emma Eames, and Plançon. After the death of Mr. Abbey and the disastrous western tour of 1897, the affairs of the company were in a bad state. In May, 1897, the Maurice Grau Opera Company was organized, and Mr. Grau was made president and managing director. Since then Mr. Grau has directed grand opera in New York. Mr. Grau's management was so eminently successful, that it made this city one of the great musical centers of the world.



*Courtesy of Harper's Weekly*

MICHAEL I. PUPIN

**AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST**

The recent wonderful results obtained in Germany in an investigation of Professor Pupin's system of telephonic transmission over long-distance air lines and cables has produced a sensation in the German press and among German scientists. It is gratifying to note that Professor Pupin's invention demonstrates that American scientific methods are just as accurate and progressive as those employed in Germany which, until recently, has been considered the leading country in scientific thought and invention. The tests made lately in Germany prove that it is possible, with the same expense, to telephone over a distance four times greater than at present, and that telephonic communication between cities as widely distant as Paris and St. Petersburg, Berlin and London, could be easily established.

Professor Pupin's invention "consists of inserting into telephonic conductors small coils of copper wire wound over a core of fine iron wire. The construction of these coils is extremely simple and carried out in accordance with definite mathematical laws, first established by the inventor. Their distance apart is also determined in accordance with the same laws. Save for the installation of these coils, nothing is altered in the system at present in vogue. The principle of the system is to provide additional strength to the lagging current at intervals determined by mathematical formulæ. The electric impulse is transmitted along the wire, and every time it begins to lessen in its energy to a perceptible degree, it is stimulated by meeting one of the coils, which sends it on with renewed impetus."

Professor Pupin graduated from Columbia College in 1883. In 1889 he received the

*From The Pinero Birthday Book* *Courtesy of R. H. Russell*
ARTHUR WING PINERO

degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Berlin. In the same year he won the John Tyndall Fellowship in Columbia University. He was made adjunct professor of mechanics in Columbia in 1892. At present he holds the chair of electro-mechanics in the University. In addition to his university duties, Professor Pupin is connected with many scientific societies in this country. Still a young man, Professor Pupin has a great career before him. He not only has the opportunity to greater enhance the prestige of Columbia in the world of scholarship, but also to serve again and often that field of American science of which he is such a distinguished representative.

**AN ENGLISH DRAMATIST**

It is said of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero that he has many traits in common with Dumas *fils*, the well-known French dramatist of the last century. Be this as it may, it is interesting to note that both are responsible for fresh forces in the dramatic literatures of their respective countries.

Like many other men of letters, Mr. Pinero was educated for a barrister, and in his father's office at Lincoln's Inn Fields he first acquired that liking for literature that later took on a purely dramatic phase. In 1874 Mr. Pinero joined Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham's company at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh. After short engagements both with Irving and the Bancrofts, he left the stage to take up the profession of play writing. The period, from the successful production by the Kendals of The Money Spinner in 1880 to the Iris of to-day, marks a career distinguished in the cause of English drama.

Mr. Pinero's early dramaturgic attempts were farces and comedies, and they range in tone from the boisterous and often coarse humor of Dandy Dick to the witchery and delicate sentiment of Sweet Lavender. The problem play, as we know it to-day, had not yet got a strong foothold on the English stage. But the time had now come, according to Mr. Pinero, when the dramatist could show his independence. Accordingly, in 1889, he wrote The Profligate, which was the first of his problem plays. This was followed in time by The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, his greatest play; The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, The Benefit of the Doubt, The Gay Lord Quex, and Iris—problem plays all of them, and dealing with the big moral questions of the day. But the man who wrote Sweet Lavender could not altogether devote himself to such themes and forgot the vagaries, the conceits, and the foibles of the day. So, from time to time, he has given us other plays—The Weaker Sex, with its poignant satire; Lady Bountiful, with its pathetic story; The Amazons with its witchery "that only to hear were sweet," and The Princess and the Butterfly, with its love that is ever young. Thus Mr. Pinero has written the pure farce, the farce mingled with sentiment, the comedy with often its satiric element, the play of fancy and the problem play.

Although by no means a great dramatist in the highest signification of that word, Mr. Pinero stands to-day at the head of that school which has done so much in the renaissance of the Victorian drama. Like the elder Dumas, Mr. Pinero brings to all his creative work an unmoral attitude of mind. He never preaches, but there is generally a moral to his tale. He is a master of technique, and he knows his stage and its business to perfection. He has a style of remarkable brilliancy and a happy ability of expressing a page in a few lines. In cleverness, his dialogue is unexcelled.

For his technique Mr. Pinero has gone to the French, and found it largely in the work of the

younger Dumas, and to some extent in Scribe. For his ideals he has gone to the Norwegian, and has been influenced by Ibsen. Although he reflects an influence, he is not subservient to it. His own work is too strong, too fecund, not to stand supremely upon its own originality and force.

**CHARM**

If one had to characterize the art of Annie Russell by a single term, the word charm would immediately suggest itself. In one of his delightful and entertaining essays. the Idler affirms that charm can be defined only by negatives, the only way in which subtle subjects can be approached. That the word charm can be applied to the work of Miss Annie Russell is no idle *critique* to that young lady's histrionic attainments. In her case, however, the term need not be defined by negatives. To say an art stands for this or that thing indicates a certain merit or otherwise. But to say that a certain art defies absolute definition is of greater merit, because it is illusive and because it suggests possibilities foreign to itself. The art that suggests art is the greatest art. Such is the art of Annie Russell as embodied in the word charm.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL

Miss Russell's first success was achieved in Esmeralda, in which she appeared nearly a thousand times. Other plays in which she is pleasingly remembered are Engaged, The Fatal Card, A Bachelor's Romance, Sue, Catherine, Miss Hobbs, and The Girl and the Judge. At present she is appearing in Mice and Men. Miss Russell's delightful personality is known not only to American audiences, but to English as well, for in 1898 she made her first London début.

In any profession or calling it is hard to estimate relative ability. Of none is this truer than the art of the actor. Individuality plays such a large part in histrionic art that it is difficult to find a standard of measurement in regard to individual worth. Sarah Bernhardt is a great actress; so is Rejane. But one cannot compare them. Although a lesser gulf separates the art of Rejane with that of Jane Hading or Madame Bartet, the same difficulty is encountered. It is the same on the English stage with Ellen Terry, Irene Van Brugh, and Mrs. Campbell. What is true of the French and English stage is none the less true in this country. Accordingly it is difficult to assign to Miss Russell her relative rank among other American actresses. That she holds a certain rank is impossible to gainsay. That this rank is high and is identified with the best in American dramatic art is also undeniable. Further than this it is both difficult and impossible to assert.

Among minds differently attuned there may be some who cavil at the word charm and demand a criticism less illusive. For them the charm of Annie Russell may resolve itself into certain qualities of magnetism, poetic delicacy, sentiment, and force of realizing dramatic ideals.

An English critic once characterized Miss Russell as the Duse of America. While such criticism is decidedly extravagant, it is not too much to say that she is one of the most delightful actresses of the contemporary American stage.

*From The London Graphic*

THE VICEROY AND LADY CURZON

GENERAL VIEW OF THE VICEREGAL PROCESSION ENTERING THE ARENA

# The Recent Durbar at Delhi

The recent celebration at Delhi, which officially proclaimed Edward, Emperor of India, was a spectacle of barbaric splendor such as modern history cannot duplicate. The picturesque costuming, the rich trappings, the gorgeous gems, the lavish display of wealth, produced a magnificence which recalled a story in the Arabian Nights. The reader is apt to rub his eyes and inquire in what century we are living—the date and year. It was the meeting of the East and West—poetry and power, civilization and orientalism. The Anglo-Saxon mind stands awed at the very thought of that wonderful display. No word-pictures, no photographs can convey it. The best that can be done is to suggest something of its significance and character. And in doing this brevity will avail as much as the most ample verbosity.

In the first place, it might be well to give some idea of the meaning of the Durbar. A fellow of the Punjab Oriental University is quoted as follows by the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

I was present at the Delhi durbar in the year 1877, and as reminiscence is one of the consolations, if not one of the virtues, of age, I should like to trouble you with a few observations on that great historic event.

That great Oriental pageant was the creation of the Semitic mind. It originated with Lord Beaconsfield, the Prime Minister of England, and was carried out by his Secretary for India, then Lord Salisbury, strictly in accordance with the Prime Minister's wishes. It is well known that Lord Beaconsfield had hoped to make Queen Victoria Empress of Great Britain. But the British people thought such a title contrary to constitutional government. The case was otherwise with regard to India. The title was singularly suitable, and the Prime Minister said he had discovered that in certain almanacs the Queen had already been styled Empress of India. He set about to make her one in great earnest. The good old Queen, who was always imperial in her conceptions of things, was immensely flattered. Lord Beaconsfield rose in favor.

*From London Black and White*
AN INDIAN CHIEF AND QUEEN GOING TO THE DURBAR

For such a distinctively poetic conception of imperial rule in India it was necessary to have a poet Viceroy, and so it came to pass that the author of Lucile was intrusted with all the details of the great imperial durbar at Delhi. He was made Viceroy for this very purpose, and not to fight the Afghans. This is important as a distinction, because it has been said that, if Lord Beaconsfield was distinguished for his knowledge of men, why did he send out a man of Lord Lytton's stamp to fight Russia in Cabul? It was never contemplated. It was hoped that an imperial durbar at Delhi would settle once and for all England's prestige in Asia.

A suitable Persian title must be found to express the English word Emperor. A wide search was made and it was found that all the emperors had claimed the title of Shah-un-Sha, or King of Kings. It was a title with which the native mind was accustomed. But an objection was raised by the Bishop of Calcutta, who called attention to the fact that in the Hindustani prayer-books this term was applied to the Almighty, in the prayer for the Queen.

Dr. Leitner, an Anglo-German educationalist, and the founder of the Punjab Oriental University, came to the rescue. He suggested the title of Kaisar-i-Hind or the Cæsar of Hindustan. The title commended itself to every

*From London Black and White*
LORD CURZON'S "THRONE." THE STATE HOWDAH VALUED AT £150,000

one, and almost everyone has claimed to be the originator of it. But the credit belongs exclusively to my old friend, the late Dr. Leitner, and to no one else.

Then an imperial salute had to be fixed. The ordinary royal salute of twenty-one guns was given to certain native Princes, such as the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Rajah of Mysore, and the Maharajah of Cashmir; and so a great imperial salute of 101 guns was assigned to the Viceroy. What a blazing away of powder there was! Each of the forty-two native rulers entered Delhi under salute ranging from nine to twenty-one guns. Then all the high English officials, secretaries of States, Governors, and commissioners, had their share of powder.

But the native Princes liked it. How well do I remember the intense delight of a great Rajah as he entered Delhi on a splendid charger, at the head of some magnificent troops, as his twenty-one guns were booming. The whole Anglo official community laughed at it, and there was something in Owen Meredith, the poet Viceroy, the little man in uniform on the great golden elephant, to excite the risibility of his brother Britishers. But there were 250,000,000 natives of India, from Peshawur to Cape Comorin, who did not laugh, but who said it was a revival of the days of Akbar the Great.

It is almost impossible for the average American to realize what this imperial durbar at Delhi means. British India and the United States are so different in their whole make-up. The great native Princes of India some of whom have large standing armies, would not care two straws about a Brooklyn bridge over the Chenab, or a rapid transit through the Afghan hills, but they do care about their historic dignity and their State independence. And this is what the imperial durbar of 1877 assured them, and this is what the imperial durbar of 1903 confirms.

No matter who rules England, Queen Victoria, or King Edward, or King George, the great rulers of the native States will still retain their royal rank, and are as much a part of the British Empire as the Lord Mayor of London and General De Wet. The independent State rule of India is as closely bound up with the interest of the Empire as independent State rule is essential in the United States of America.

The expense of this durbar is enormous. But it gives employment to hundreds of thousands, and the great Rajahs, Sultans, Nizams, Guikwars, Nawabs, and Ameers scattered gifts at Delhi at the present time as freely as divine Providence gives rain in its season. In fact, it is impossible to catalogue all that the imperial durbar does give. But, in the concrete, it assures a population of about 300,000,000 people in India of everything which Mr. Chamberlain is endeavoring to impress upon the lesser millions of South Africa, namely that the imperial rule of Great Britain is firm, stable, and enduring.

This article gives a very good résumé of the preceding durbar. For a description of the one just past one cannot do better than take the bare telegraphic reports as they came through the press. The account in the Commercial Advertiser is typical:

Amid all the magnificence and pomp which Oriental imagination can devise and unlimited wealth provide, King Edward was proclaimed the Emperor of India.

Tens of thousands of persons from Delhi and villages far and near began gathering at daybreak on the great plain outside the city. There they waited patiently for the supreme announcement of the durbar, that King Edward was Emperor of India. Soon the great plain was filled with crowding masses of people, and the brightly colored clothing of the vast throng covered the space with gorgeous hues. The crowd on the plain was composed largely of the common people, but among it could be seen the retainers of the various rajahs who had assembled for the function.

The attention of all was fixed upon a white amphitheater in the center of the plain where the announcement was to be made. The amphitheater was adorned with gilded cupolas and surrounded by batteries, squadrons and battalions of the Indian army. Beyond the amphitheater, in the distance, could

seen great numbers of elephants, camels and horses. So vast was the multitude that the troops appeared as mere splashes of color.

The arrival at the amphitheater of the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and other dignitaries and the princes was one of the brilliant episodes of the day. The princes were clad in silks and adorned with jewels, and their horses and carriages were brilliant with trappings of gold. The spectacle within the arena was most striking. The Pathan chiefs and the sirdars were resplendent in brilliant raiment. Soldiers, civilians and visitors from far distant countries were included among those within the amphitheater.

Upon the entrance of the veterans of the Indian mutiny there was tremendous enthusiasm, and as the arrivals marched to their places the bands played national airs. The carriage of the Duke of Connaught, who represents King Edward, was escorted by a detachment of cavalry.

As the duke and the duchess were driven around the arena, the assemblage gave them an enthusiastic welcome. Amid the acclamations of the people the duke took his seat at the left of the throne, while the duchess proceeded to a place behind the throne.

When the great amphitheater was filled and the hour of the announcement drew near, the multitude within and without awaited expectantly the first act of the proclamation ceremony.

Then the approach of the Viceroy was heralded. Preceded by members of his bodyguard clad in white, blue and gold, and under the command of Major Grimston, Lord Curzon appeared at the entrance of the arena in his carriage. The postillions wore uniforms of scarlet and gold and the carriage was drawn by four bay horses. The Viceroy was escorted by Sir Pertab Fingh.

Alighting from his carriage, Lord Curzon mounted the dais to the throne, which was decorated with golden lions and around which were placed massive silver footstools. The throne itself was surmounted by a canopy of white and gold.

*From The Illustrated London News*

LORD AND LADY CURZON AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT MOUNTING THEIR STATE ELEPHANTS AT THE RAILWAY STATION, DECEMBER 29

When the Viceroy reached the throne the national anthem was played and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. When the spectators had resumed their seats after the anthem, there was a flourish of trumpets from the heralds, and Major Maxwell, at the command of the Viceroy, read the proclamation opening the durbar. The royal standard was then raised on high and the imperial salute was fired.

The massed bands marched by playing, bonfires were started by the troops outside, and it was announced that King Edward was Emperor of India. There was another flourish of trumpets and Lord Curzon arose and stood for a moment impassive. Then in impressive tones he delivered a speech and read the message from King Edward.

As the Viceroy finished reading the king's words the assembled people broke into cheers for the king and emperor. The cheering was taken up by the multitude outside the amphitheater and was long sustained.

Then followed the presentation of Indian

princes to the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught, and political officers paid homage to the sovereign. This ended the ceremony, and the royal cortége then left the arena, followed by the delegates from foreign powers and the Indian princes. Lord Kitchener, after the ceremonies, entered his carriage and was driven to Delhi.

*From The Illustrated London News*
THE HOMAGE OF NATIVE PRINCES TO THE VICEROY AND DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

"From every part of the Indian race came a long array—ninety-eight feudatory chieftains in all, representing nearly one-fifth of the entire human race—to tender their allegiance."

It is not possible to enter into details. Yet one ceremony of the great pageant in its description reflects something of the splendor of the whole spectacle. One of the noteworthy events was the investiture of the Viceroy of the Star of India and the Indian Empire. The account of this proceeding with dazzling effulgence of gems and pomp will be a fair index to the durbar. The London Times so describes it:

In the Diwan-i-Am, the hall of public audience of the Mogul Emperors, was held a solemn investiture of the Orders of the Star of India and the Indian Empire. In its original shape a parallelogram 100 feet by 60 feet, and open on three sides, the Diwan-i-Am has been converted for these celebrations into an enclosed hall twice that depth by an architectural device as skilful and successful in its way as the temporary porch adapted at Westminster Abbey for the coronation. A triple arcaded gallery is supported between engrailed arches upon three avenues of stately double columns, the red sandstone being continued in wood of almost exactly the same tone; and under the soft light diffused by clusters of tinted electric lamps fixed in the paneled roof, the old and new structures blend into one homogeneous whole.

Facing the entrance from the great court of the palace, in front of a recess where once stood on a marble platform the famous peacock throne carried off by Nadir Shah in 1739 after the Persian conquest of Delhi, a dais has been raised, upon which silver chairs of state, heavily ornamented with gold, are placed for the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught. On either side, in the body of the original hall chairs are disposed for the members of the two orders and those about to receive investiture. By the appointed hour all the rest of the great hall is packed with a brilliant gathering of spectators. At nine o'clock a flourish of silver trumpets from the heralds and trumpeters formed up in a line of crimson and gold under the entrance, announces the beginning of the solemn function. From the robing rooms in which they have assembled, a procession, stately as it is brilliant moves up the central aisle toward the dais to the strains of a grand march—first the companions of both orders, the Star of India taking precedence, then the knights, and then the grand commanders, each, the latter supported by two attendants. The Europeans are in full uniform, the natives in their costliest attire, which is partially concealed in the case of the highest members by the flowing mantles of their orders. Next follows the Duke of Connaught, wearing the insignia and robes of the Star of India, his blue mantle held by two pages, dark, bri

eyed boys in shining raiment, both scions of princely Indian houses; and last, the Viceroy, as Grand Master, wearing the same robe and insignia, and also supported by two princely pages, one of them the youngest son of the Begum of Bhopal, the only reigning lady in India. The Viceroy's staff closed the procession, and, the members of the two orders having filed off right and left to their places, the Duke of Connaught and the Viceroy ascended the dais, and, as they took their seats, the band struck up the national anthem.

The scene at this moment was of surpassing splendor. The light concentrated on the dais shone full upon the two stately figures of the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught, with the Duchess of Connaught and Lady Curzon, both sparkling with diamonds, behind them. At the foot of the canopied white marble throne whence Nadir Shah gave the signal for the Delhi massacre the four little pages, two in cloth of gold and two in brocaded velvet, with enormous turbans, crouched on pale blue satin cushions, while on either side stalwart native officers in scarlet, with blue and gold turbans, lined the wall. Immediately to the

from *The London Sphere*

THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI

"Undoubtedly the most thrilling sight for European eyes at Delhi was the procession of gigantic phants on the occasion of the Viceroy's state entry into the ancient capital of northern India on December , 1902. As Lord and Lady Curzon and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, mounted on elephants d preceded by their staffs, left the station precincts and passed out through the line of ruling chiefs aiting them, the elephants of the latter saluted by trumpeting and throwing their trunks into the air, senting a most imposing sight, and then fell into line behind the procession, forming a column of seventy ossal animals. The ruling chiefs, having been presented to the Duke of Connaught, left the station d returned to the road, where at a given signal the mahouts caused the entire line of elephants to lie wn while the princes entered their howdahs, the huge animals rendering implicit obedience to the word command. With heralds and trumpeters at intervals sounding spirited fanfares the procession passed front of a magnificent line of about 150 superb elephants carrying the brilliantly-dressed retainers of the ing chiefs. The animals all saluted and joined the rear of the official procession. It was a happy contion that allowed the second long line of splendid elephants, on which rode the Ministers and retainers the ruling chiefs, to form the concluding portion of the pageant, for despite the general brilliance of the cession the elephants practically absorbed all public interest."

right and left of the dais were grouped the highest British officials, civil and military, and the Viceroy's most distinguished guests in full uniform. These masses of somewhat crude color were softened down by the more delicate tints of the ladies' dresses and their white arms and shoulders. Facing the dais sat the members of the two orders according to their rank, and in the front rows were arrayed all the foremost princes and ruling chiefs of India. Priceless jewels gleamed in their head-dresses, and their mantles failed to hide entirely the flash of huge ropes of diamonds. The Gaikwar of Baroda, for instance, wore his famous necklace, alone worth a quarter of a million sterling, with the historic Star of the South as a pendant. The background was filled in with serried ranks of spectators, natives and Europeans, the brilliancy and beauty of the West competing, not altogether unsuccessfully, with the gorgeousness of the East. To this dazzling picture the stately lines of pillars and arches and the warm tone of the sandstone furnished in their sober simplicity a noble setting.

The Viceroy having given leave to open the Chapter of the Order of the Star of India, the recipients of new honors in that order, granted to commanders, knights commanders, and companions, were in turn brought up to the dais, where they received investiture at the Viceroy's hands with the full ceremonial appertaining to their respective ranks. Before opening the Chapter of the Order of the Indian Empire the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught retired to the robing room, where they exchanged their robes and insignia of the Star of India for those of the other order. On their return to the dais the second investiture took place and at its conclusion the procession withdrew to the strains of the national anthem.

*From The London Graphic*
MAJOR MAXWELL PROCLAIMING THE KING-EMPEROR

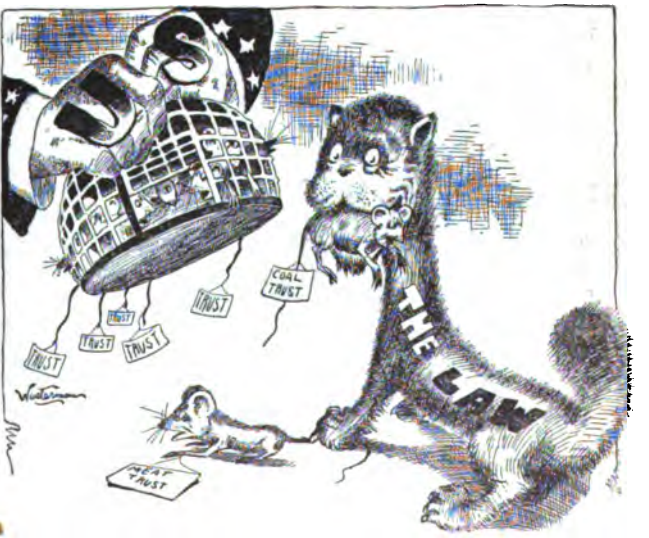
When the Viceroy had mounted the dais, the massed bands played the National Anthem, and th a salute of thirty-one guns was fired. Sir Hugh Barnes, the Foreign Secretary, having obtained pe mission to declare the durbar open, gave a signal to the bandmaster. Drums rolled, and the ban poured forth a triumphant peal of music. In answer to this summons the silver trumpets of the herald trumpeters rang out, and at the entrance to the arena facing the dais the herald, Major Maxwell, of th 6th Prince of Wales's Bengal Cavalry, stood forth in his gorgeous tabard of gold and many colors, on black charger. Behind him, also on black steeds, were his drummer and twelve trumpeters—six Briti and six native—in uniforms closely resembling those of the Household Cavalry bands. They halted for moment, sounded another flourish, and breaking up into two parties, the herald with six trumpete on one side and the drummer with six trumpeters on the other side, advanced up the arena towa the dais. At its foot both parties formed up again together. They halted and sounded a third flour The herald saluted, and, receiving the Viceroy's command to read the proclamation, wheeled t charger sharply round, and, facing the entrance to the arena, he proceeded to read it in a loud voice. its close, Major Maxwell again turned to the dais and saluted the Viceroy. Another flourish of the sil trumpets followed. Then the Royal Standard of the King-Emperor was unfurled from the flagstaff in the center of the arena, and the massed bands rolled out the National Anthem.

# Cartoons upon Current Events

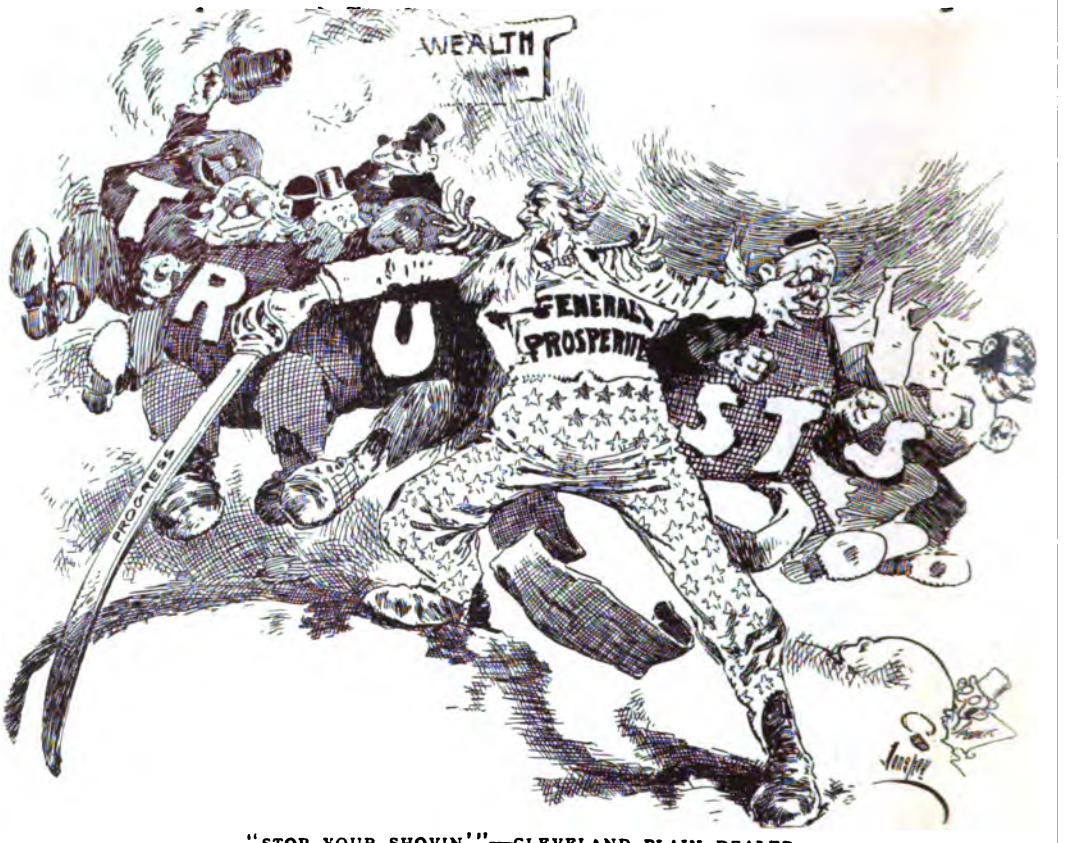
J. B—"COME OUT O' THAT, YOU BLOOMING IDIOT"
—N. Y. WORLD

TRYING TO ECLIPSE THE SUN.—BROOKLYN EAGLE

"THERE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AMERICA?"
UNCLE SAM—"GUESS"—BALTIMORE HERALD




THIS IS THE ONLY KIND OF MICE CONTEST WE WILL STAND FOR—OHIO STATE JOURNAL

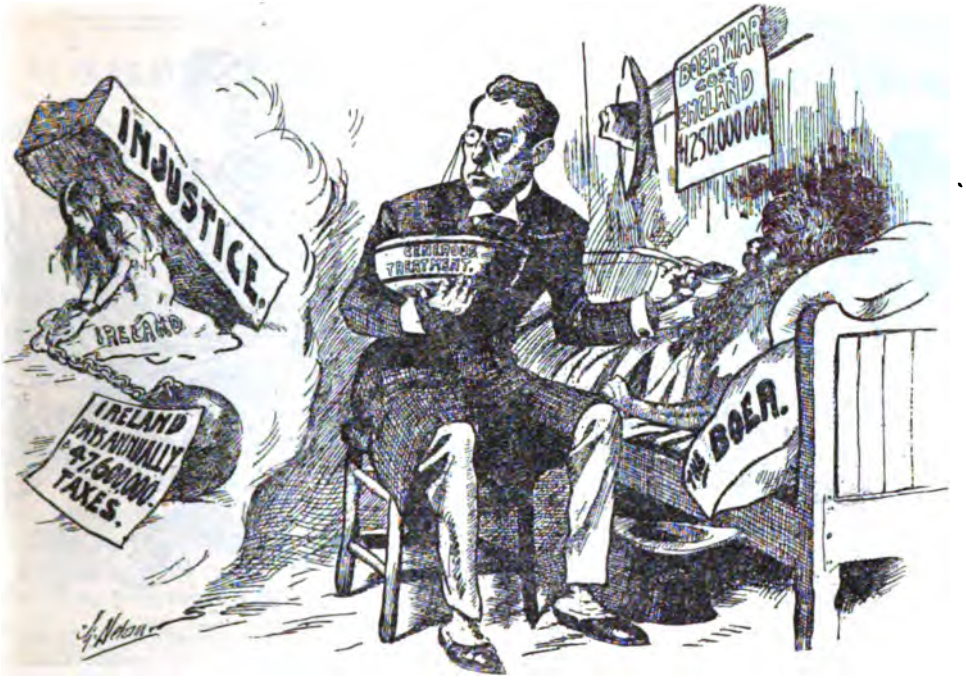



"STOP YOUR SHOVIN'"—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

*Copyright, 1903, by W. R. Hearst.*

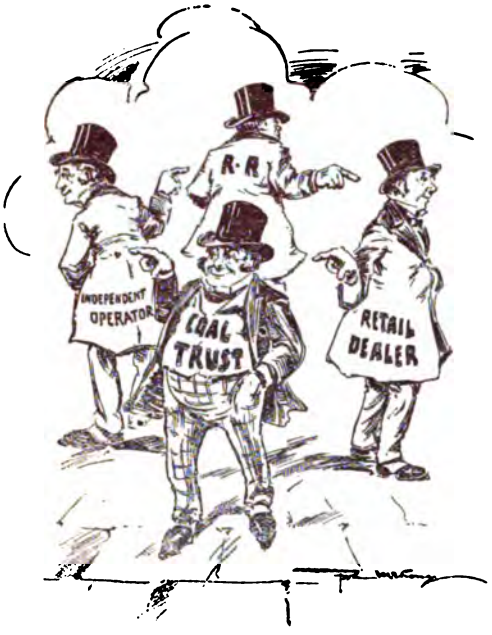
It's march, march, march and march and march away
From Way Down East to Californay,
Drums and fifes so sweetly, sweetly play,
As we march, march, march with the
Grab-it-all Guards—N. Y. AMERICAN

THE HAT IS NOT YET OUT OF DANGER
—MINNEAPOLIS JOU



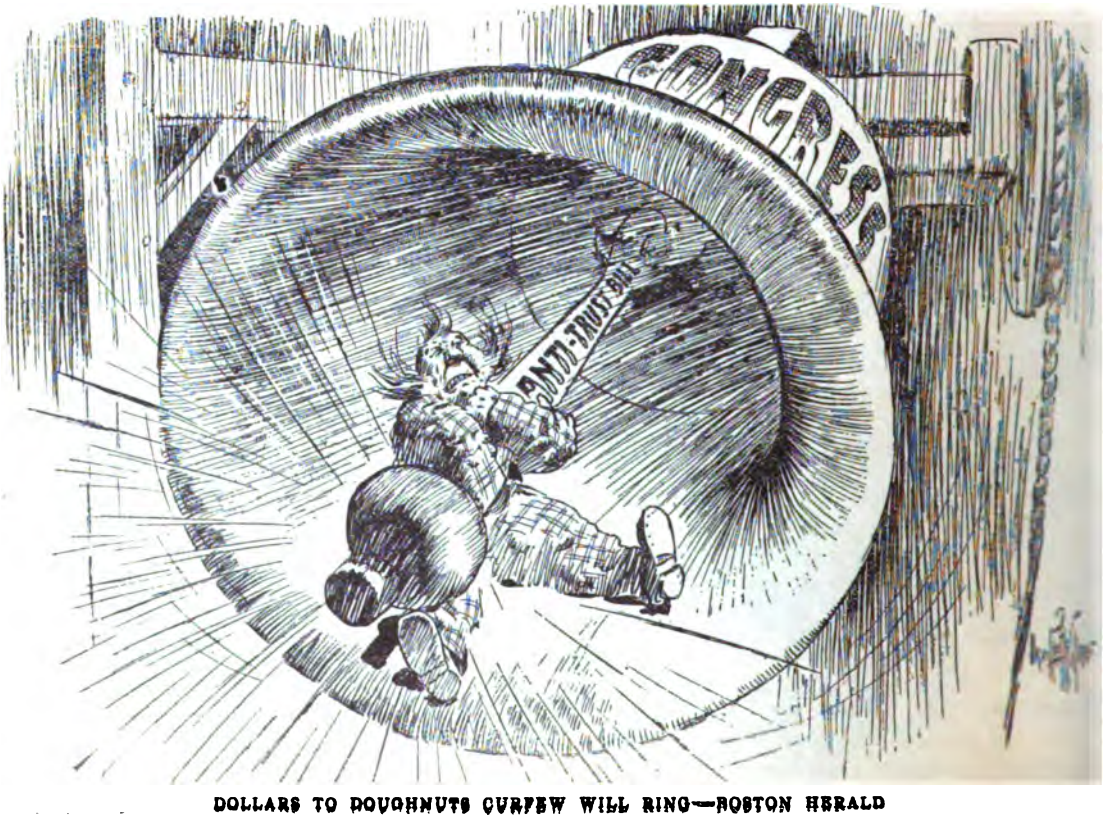

ONE DYING IN AGONY—THE OTHER NURSED BACK TO HEALTH—ATLANTA JOURNAL

YOU ARE MY PRISONER.—NEW YORK HERALD




THE ROUND ROB(B)IN'—WASH. STAR

THE CRITICAL SITUATION IN MOROCCO
—CLEVELAND LEADER




DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS CURFEW WILL RING—BOSTON HERALD

# Unusual Methods of Livelihood

## Queer Feminine Vocations

**WOMEN'S CALLINGS.....MAHIN'S**

Women workers are invading every line of employment. The census of 1900 makes returns for 303 separate occupations, and in only eight of these do women workers fail to appear.

None will be surprised that there are no women among the soldiers, sailors and marines of the United States Government, yet there are 153 women employed as "boatmen" and sailors.

Women have not yet invaded the ranks of the city fire department, still not less than 879 women are returned in the same general class of "watchmen, policemen and detectives."

There are no women street-car drivers, though there are two women "motormen" and thirteen women conductors.

They have not as yet taken up the employment of telegraph and telephone "linemen," yet 22,556 of them are operators for these companies.

There are no women apprentices and helpers among the roofers and slaters, yet two women are returned as engaged in these employments.

There are 126 women plumbers, forty-five plasterers, 167 bricklayers and stonemasons, 241 paperhangers, 1,759 painters and glaziers, and 545 women carpenters and joiners.

No women are returned as helpers to steam boiler makers, but eight women work at this industry as full mechanics. There are 193 women blacksmiths, 571 machinists, 3,370 women workers in iron and steel, 890 in brass, and 1,775 women workers in tin.

Among other unusual employments for women are 100 workers as "lumbermen and raftsmen," 113 woodchoppers, 373 sawmill employees, 440 bartenders, 2,086 saloon keepers, 904 "draymen" and teamsters, 323 undertakers, 143 stonecutters, sixty-three "quarrymen," sixty-five whitewashers, eleven well-borers, and 177 stationary engineers and firemen.

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**HE NEWSPAPER GIRL..ELEANOR HOYT..COLLIER'S WEEKLY**

She's an awesome body, the newspaper girl f fiction. Now and then, when two or three ewspaper women are gathered together, they peak of her in hushed tones, speak of her wonderingly and ask each other whether perchance they, too, have had experiences like unto those of the book girl. The newspaper heroine of fiction has her various incarnations. As her creators' imaginations and theories, so are her exploits and her morals.

Yes, they have their points of difference, these newspaper women of fiction; but, one and all, they are likely to put false notions into the head of the young person who comes up from Podunk to try newspaper work in a great city. If she has taken the careers of these heroines as her standard of measurement, she is doomed to discouraging quarter hours. Probably she is doomed to them in any event —but that's another story. If she has carefully studied the newspaper woman of fiction, and has attuned her ideal and expectations to the concert pitch of that journalistic wonder, the sooner she makes friends with an uninspired but rational newspaper woman of fact the better.

If every girl burning to enter the newspaper profession could have one heart-to-heart talk with a sane, sympathetic newspaper woman of long experience, office boys would not, as now, fight, bleed and all but die in the effort to protect editorial privacy from feminine invasion.

To the girl who cannot take this treatment, one can but administer pellets of written warning or encouragement. The work demands good health, more than average intelligence, dogged persistence, and indomitable pluck. No girl without this equipment should allow the newspaper woman of fiction to allure her to (alleged) brighter worlds and lead the way. Even when fitted out with these rudimentary essentials, she may find discouraging hurdles upon that road to fame which the newspaper heroine treads in such hot-foot haste.

The prospective newspaper woman does not invariably, as a perusal of fiction might lead one to believe, walk into a newspaper office, obtain, within five minutes, a position at a high salary, and depart blithely, leaving the business of the office at a standstill and the entire force paralyzed by admiration.

On the contrary, she usually wears out much optimism and shoe leather trailing from office to office, and when finally one editor, less stony-

hearted than the rest, drops into that well-worn phrase, "Well, write something and let me see it," the chances are that she cries from sheer gratitude. If she doesn't, she feels like doing it. Small encouragement looms so large upon her dull, gray horizon. Then again, outside of the newspaper novel, it is not an unwritten law that, within the first week of a girl's connection with a paper, every man on the staff, from editor-in-chief down, will fall violently in love with her. One should await the event with patience; indeed, one should not be too bitterly surprised if it fails altogether to materialize.

The diligent reader of recent fiction will perhaps question this statement, and it is an ungracious task to shatter the fond illusions of girl candidates for journalistic triumphs; but the fact remains. Statistics, carefully collected. prove, beyond refutation, that the editor-in-chief has been known to escape. Yes, that the city editor has gone scot free; that one cannot even count confidently upon the sporting editor.

With proper effort and lavish expenditure of smiles, conversation and small change, the newspaper woman may perhaps make sure of the affections of the youngest office boy, but there her unquestioned sovereignty ends—in the world of fact. They do these things better in the world of fiction.

In the matter of assignments, too, fiction has a dash and spirit that may be lacking in the Gradgrind environment of Park Row. No girl should be utterly discouraged if she does not write the greatest story of the season within twenty-four hours after joining the staff of the paper. The girl in the book seldom waits longer than that, but in real life circumstances are sometimes unpropitious. Even if a week goes by without an entire first page being devoted to one of her stories and her picture, the newspaper novice must not lose heart. In the slow-moving world of fact, Fate is not always ready with a great fire, strike, war or other cataclysm sufficiently spectacular to provide opportunity for her grand coup. If, in the interval, some notorious criminal can be persuaded to make full confession to her, some famous statesman, for love of her *beaux yeux*, will furnish her a political or diplomatic "beat," her time has not been wholly wasted. Such light filling is introduced into fiction, where the action of the story is not too rapid.

In the realm of fact, our newspaper girl will be probably reduced to still homelier methods filling in the interval of waiting—may be called upon to write lotion recipes for the cure of freckles, and settle the doubts of Lovable Lizzie, who wants the question and answer department to tell her how she can show her affection for a young gentleman without running after him. After all, a cure for freckles is worth more to humanity at large than a front page of impassioned rhetoric, and Lovable Lizzie's confession has its human interest.

The Woman's Page is not a royal road to fame, but presumably it is read; and though fires and floods, political revolutions and sudden deaths, may come and go feminine vanities go on forever. If one could but get at the statistics, there's little doubt one would find that the fashion page of the paper exerts a direct influence far beyond that of the most inspired editorial page. The girl who goes in for newspaper work should cultivate divine philosphy, and pigeonhole the newspaper woman of fiction with the sea serpent and the shark.

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**"PERSONAL SUBSTITUTE"..O. F. GUNBY..N. Y. COM. ADVERTISER**

The personal substitute is another and different order of being from the secretary or companion. As nearly as possible she answers to the mistress's second self, as it were; "delegated duties" are her peculiar field. Unlike her compeers of lower rank, her services come high; unlike them, she must be the sort of person that could not possibly be overlooked or ignored, unless she herself gave the cue to that attitude.

If there is a lawyer or man of business to be seen about some matter, the personal substitute sees him. And the mistress rests easy, satisfied that the right thing was said to him at the right time and in the right way. If it is an "at home" day and the mistress is fatigued or in a mood to be left free and undisturbed or for a siesta, the personal substitute sees eve the intimates who call, pours tea and preside with the same ease that her chief might hav done. She can entertain. She has tact an the sense not to rub people the wrong way, c to talk metaphysics or bring up dry-as-du subjects to people interested in mere surfa matters and fashionable data.

"That's a clever woman you've got. She as good fun as you are," is said afterward this deputy hostess. And the employer agre heartily and is pleased at the judgment a savoir faire of her chief of staff.

"She takes all the worry off my shoulde no matter in what line it comes up," is t testimony. "The other day there was a di

cult letter to be composed. I didn't know what I wanted to say myself, and had made one dash at it and got disgusted. Mrs. X rose to the occasion like a daisy or a born interpreter, and sent off something that filled the requirements all around. Now, the secretary, that nice looking young woman I had last year, couldn't begin to do anything like that, although she was well educated. She'd write off two or three painstaking drafts or sample copies for my inspection, stiff-stilted, letter-writer sounding things, not a bit like me, and that wouldn't answer at all. I had just as much responsibility about my correspondence all the time as though she wasn't here. Now, the substitute takes hold of things from my end, as it were, and we get along famously.

"Anybody sick among my friends, she goes to inquire, and they take it as a personal compliment. She went to an out-of-town wedding for me lately. Got the present and all without my bothering. And she invented the sprightliest sort of answer to a witty note I received not long ago, and does graceful things in emergency. Acceptance, condolence, it's all one with her. She confers with my milliner as well as I can, keeping the bills down; attends to getting all the novelties for the country house when we go out for a little stay, and altogether outclasses anybody I ever had about me."

The paragon substitute need not be as highly educated, in the sense of scholarly attainment, as the governess or the copyist and translator or general helper in literary matters. But she sells for a good price the tact and social panoply that make the woman of the world a pleasant person to encounter and have about. She gets abundant credit and recognition where she lives. No member of the household, even the senior and venerable, would dream of asking her to read aloud hours at a time, as the ordinary companion is called on to do. And she would not be solicited to apply cologne water to the brow in midnight hours should the mistress be overnervous, or to fetch cushions, wash the poodle, or rub rheumatic shoulders, as the trained nurse would be. Her office is recognized as above the ordinary in personal service, and she gets adequate attention by sheer right of personality rather than exertion. The housekeeper recognizes her; the facile lady's maid, accomplished in her own line, is eager to win her good opinion; and the master of the household looks upon her as one of themselves—a godsend and benefaction in the way of warding off disagreeables, and inventing pleasant ways of entertainment through her anomalous gamut of accomplishments.

**A NEW PROFESSION.....RHETA CHILDE DORR.....SUCCESS**

The social secretary appears, as yet, only in the department stores, but it will not be long before her services will be called for in manufactories, and in all establishments where large numbers of men and women are employed. The office opens up a new and extremely attractive profession for women, wherein their rightful feminine inheritance of tact, intuition and sound common sense are called into service.

The social secretary is supposed to fill in the gap which exists between the employer and the employed, to stand in a judicial attitude between them, and, most important of all, to use her energies in every way toward increasing the wage-earning capacity of individuals. She must not only be familiar with every department in the store, but she must also have a personal acquaintance with every buyer, salesman, saleswoman, cash boy, wrapper, and cashier in the store. It is her duty to study them, and to place about them influences that will increase their usefulness to the firm, and put them in line for advance in wages.

Questions of physical comfort, fresh air, light, heat, as well as facilities for getting about, are in the social secretary's province. She reports to the firm concerning them, and also keeps it informed in affairs relating to the rest room and lunch room. She is expected to increase the skill of salespeople by helping to educate them on the things they handle, by means of books and talks on textiles, raw products, and color combinations. In a word, the social secretary exists to make co-operation possible. Her freedom is not hampered, and her methods are of her own choosing. The firm asks only results.

She may find it necessary to speak to a girl about keeping herself neat and clean, in order to add to her ability to do good work in her department. She may have to ask a man why he comes in every morning sleepy and out of sorts, and point out to him the advisability of keeping better hours. The knowledge that the firm has its eye on one's hours of sleep is a powerful incentive to send him to bed in season.

The social secretary has her private office, where personal grievances are reported, questions of promotion and advance of wages are discussed, and difficulties between clerks and buyers are adjusted. This part of the pro-

fession calls for a high degree of judgment and some decision of character. A girl comes in bathed in tears and asserts that the floorwalker swore at her. To sift the evidence, to find that the floorwalker really said: "Great Jehosaphat! Can't you hurry?" and to send the girl back, not only comforted, but resolved to exercise more self-control in future, require tact, firmness, and a judicial mind.

A frequent caller is the woman who says that girls who haven't been in her department as long as she has are getting more money, and she doesn't see why. That girl gets a plain talk on the subject of the survival of the fittest. She is told that, in the competitive world, it is not, after all, what you aim at, but what you hit, that counts. A saleswoman is graded according to her sales. No matter how bright, or willing, or loyal she is, if she does not sell goods she is not a good clerk. So the social secretary says to her: "My dear girl, here is your record. Your rating is below that of the girls you mention."

The social secretary watches for unrecognized talent and executive ability. She advises where a little added responsibility would be developing, in certain cases. In this way she is of great service to the members of the firm, who are always looking for high-class people among their employees.

Another part of her duty is to lend herself to the various relief committees, mutual benefit associations, and the like, which exist in large establishments. The department stores are working more and more toward co-operation and self-government. In some stores the employees vote on the rules which govern them.

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**WOMEN IN COMMERCIAL ART.....N. Y. SUN**

Where one woman was employed in what is termed commercial art ten years ago a dozen women now have place. Some have learned the lithographer's trade. Others are designers in the big grocery houses, getting up the labels and catchy home scenes that enliven pickle jars and preserve holders. A number are busy in the big factories that supply the novelties found on stationers' counters.

A good proportion of the clever hits made in illustrating the virtues of soap and of various house-cleaning powders are due to women. In New York, Cincinnati, Chicago and other centers where big advertising agencies flourish, women workers supply the ideal faces and subjects that are used for trade illustration.

Few busy lithographic houses will take girl apprentices, but girls who have learned the trade outside are welcome to employment. Most women in the business have been taught singly by lithographers interested in them. They are all good workwomen. Those who are able to design as well as lithograph are especially useful.

One New York woman owns and manages in person a lithographing and job printing business. She was an apprentice of the house years ago and made her way up from the ranks. She attends to most of the details of the business. In her opinion there is much less risk in a woman's hiring a housekeeper to attend to her home affairs and her children's wants out of school hours than in employing a manager to look out after the business.

A woman is at the head of the art department of a big preserving and pickling house. She gets up the labels and coins the names for the various new brands. She also devises the pictures and announcement placards sent out to advertise the firm's exhibits, and is responsible for the general plan of the exhibition stands and decorations that are set up in the various cities.

The proprietors of mineral water rights employ women in the display department of their different branches throughout the country to think up original ways of presenting the goods in attractive order. Many of the artists, working often against time, get their designs from historical or dramatic subjects. If the designs are apt and taking, they are not expected to be original. But they must not be hackneyed.

A successful woman artist draws up the advertisements for a biscuit factory. A western house noted for rare conserves and luncheon accompaniments employs a woman to ornament the stone jars for its goodies. A Chicago lithographing house, which helps numbers of merchants and manufacturers to celebrate the merits of their goods, owes considerable of its wit and mirth to a woman partner.

Two sisters in a western city have made a reputation by their novel application of photography to commerce. Wherever trade advertisements are known, these woman have pushed their work. And the only criticism heard is that the work is almost better than is needed.

A Massachusetts woman, an artist of ability who some years ago could not have believed it possible that she had any business instincts is now turning out pictures appropriate for business calendars, which are snapped up readily as bids for trade.

# Historic, Statistic and General

**THE SWARMING MILLIONS OF CHINA .....WORLD'S WORK**

The population of China has always been a subject of dispute by statisticians. The Chinese count has not been regarded as trustworthy, and the estimates of foreigners, however carefully made, were but guesses, but the recent enumeration that the Chinese Government has now published is accepted as at least better than any preceding count or estimate.

It shows the enormous total of 426,000,000 persons—a gain of 13,000,000 over the Chinese count made in 1842. Compared with the growth of our own population, this is a very small increase. But epidemics and the lack of sanitary knowledge and wars, and the crowding of the population greatly check the natural increase. Of course, the provinces differ greatly in the density of population. Thibet, Mongolia, Turkestan and Manchuria are sparsely peopled; but in the great provinces, such as Shantung and Honan, every available foot of soil is used and occupied. There is a considerable area so densely populated as to warrant this comparison—if all the people in the United States proper lived in Texas, 40,000,000 more would have to go there before the population would be as dense as it is in this part of China.

Since Chinese immigration is forbidden by the United States and by Australia, these swarming millions have no outlet that they know how, or are disposed to take; and the problem of lifting life higher in such a hive, or of radically changing it, will be solved, if it be solved at all, by the railroad. Easy and cheap transportation may in time change the conditions of life there, but no other influence that we now know seems likely to do so.

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**THE MOST HEAVILY ARMED CRUISER.....LON. ENGINEERING**

The fitting of six 27-ton and ten 6-in. quick-firing guns makes the Duke of Edinburgh the most formidable cruiser yet constructed, so far as gun power is concerned. Hitherto, our larger ships have only had two 9.2-in. guns—one for bow and the other for stern-chasing. But in some of the cruisers of Continental Powers there has been a greater disposition to increase the number of larger weapons, even in some cases at the expense of the secondary armament. France, in her new 12,550-ton 22-knot cruisers of the Victor Hugo class, are fitting four 7.6-in. and sixteen 6.4-in. quick-firers. The United States, in the cruisers of last year's programme (the California class), arranged for four 8-in. and fourteen 6-in. guns, while in the later ships, now being designed, it has been decided to place four 10-in. and sixteen 6-in. guns. Italy, in her ships of the Francesco Ferrucio class, adopts one 10-in., two 8-in., and fourteen 6-in. guns, while Germany, in the Ersatz cruisers of 9,050 tons, has fitted four 8.2-in. and ten 5.9-in. guns. It will thus be seen that most of the Powers have, even in their smaller cruisers, more quickly recognized the importance of two or four heavy guns to defeat the modern armor of opposing cruisers than has been the case in Britain, excepting in vessels of 12,000 tons or over, which, again, have only two 9.2-in. guns. Perhaps the best way to indicate the relative power of this new cruiser, as compared with her predecessors, is to record the weight of shot which may be fired in a minute, accepting for all guns the same standard, although it may be safely accepted that the later cruisers are likely to attain greater rapidity of fire, as well as higher ballistics, in view of the steady advance in ordnance practise, especially if, as is probable, armor-piercing shell is adopted with the use of a nitro-cellulose powder, which greatly increases the velocity and the energy. The use of both elements in other countries is so universal, and the improvements resulting so great, that the change must come sooner rather than later. The recent trials of capped shot and shell at the Eskmeals range demonstrated that the 6-in. and 7.5-in. guns were superior to 6-in. plates, even when fired at an angle, while nitro-cellulose has increased the ballistics of

*Fire of Primary Armament per Minute.*

| | | | FOOT-TONS |
|---|---|---|---|
| Duke of Edinburgh (13,500 tons) | 24 at 380 lb = | 9,120 lb. and | 441,600 |
| | 80 " 100 " = | 8,000 " | 387,200 |
| | 104 | 17,120 " | 828,800 |
| Drake (14,100 tons) | 8 at 380 " = | 3,040 " | 147,200 |
| | 128 " 100 " = | 12,800 " | 619,520 |
| | 136 | 15,840 " | 766,720 |
| Devonshire (10,400 tons) | 10 at 200 " = | 2,000 " | 101,200 |
| | 80 " 100 " = | 8,000 " | 387,200 |
| | 90 | 10,000 | 488,400 |
| Kent (9,800 tons), | 112 at 100 " = | 11,200 " | 542,080 |

guns by 10 per cent., as compared with cordite, so that the figures which we give in the appended table may, in reality, show a greater advantage for the modern ship. It will be seen that although the displacement tonnage of the Duke of Edinburgh is less than that of the Drake, being 13,500 tons, as compared with 14,100 tons, there is an increase in the weight of shot which may be fired per minute, of from 15,840 lb. to 17,120 lb., and in the total collective muzzle energy from 766,720 to 828,800 foot-tons. These satisfactory offensive and defensive qualities have not been attained at the expense of speed. It is anticipated that at full power this ship will steam 22½ knots.

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**A CITY SINKS INTO THE SEA ..... NEW YORK SUN**

As the eruption of Mount Pelée and the attendant destruction of St. Pierre duplicated the breaking out of Vesuvius and the immolation of Herculaneum and Pompeii, so the submersion of the Guatemalean port of Ocos calls to mind Atlantis, the fabled city of Ys, where leagues under the sea the moss-grown bells still toll the vesper prayers, the Island of Sindree and other islands and cities which have been swallowed in the greedy waters of the seas. Already the waves have sounded the knell of Ocos; the sullen tide rises and falls many fathoms over the roof of the custom house and the other government buildings. The fields where the farmers tilled the ground and tended to their flocks are blotted out as though they never were, and the humble farmhouses have vanished, too. Not only has the port completely vanished, but the ocean continues to advance inland with prospects that eventually a great gulf will be formed, as was the case in the Island of Java, near Mount Galung Gung, in October, 1822.

Ocos is situated on the Atlantic seaboard of Guatamala some miles southwest of Champerico. Ocos is, or was, rather, the third Atlantic port in point of importance, San Jose being first and Champerico second. It had no adequate harbor, the sea breaking bluff on its shore just the way it does at Coney Island. But a long iron pier was built far out into the sea and the coasting vessels lying off the landing would send boatloads of passengers and cargo to the pier by means of a donkey engine and tackle. Ocos's importance was solely due to its being a port of entry for coffee, which was shipped thence overland to cities in the interior. There was a custom house in Ocos, a large agency building, two or three more government buildings, including a small fort, and the farms and huts of some five hundred farmers. It was a very beautiful place and the farmers led an easy existence.

But last April came earthquakes. Almost the entire county felt the effects of it, that region in which Ocos is situated especially so. It was after the first few shocks that the city began to disappear. First the great iron pier sank beneath the waves. The bottom of the harbor was dropping out. Gradually the waves encroached upon the land, engulfing the custom house and all the public buildings. On, day by day, went the sullen waters, sweeping away the farmhouses and huts. Then they stopped, but did not recede. The land continued to settle into the ocean, and soon there was nothing left of the port but a few outlying buildings. At low tide now the tower of the custom house may be seen above the gray expanse of waves. Just how much further the waves will go is a question; it seems to be the opinion of the Guatemalean authorities that the waters will recede in time, and that the original land may again be occupied. But, of course, nothing can be definitely stated as to that.

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**DEATH MONTHS ..... CHICAGO INTEROCEAN**

"Death months" are March and April for adults, and July and August for children under five years of age, according to the statistics of the twelfth census The mortality is greatest for both males and females during these periods.

The "health months" for both adults and children are October and November, when mortality is at a minimum.

Vital statistics show in practically every instance the greatest mortality among the males, evidence, the scientists assert, that the males are becoming weaker physically and more susceptible to disease and death, while the females are growing stronger and are constitutionally better equipped to battle for life.

In the children's class, known technically as the group "under five years of age," the largest percentage of deaths per 100,000 of population was in July, when the figures show males, 675.9; females, 570.5; and in August, males, 583.7; females, 512.5; and was lowest in October, males, 380.6; females, 309.4; and November, males, 334.9; females, 290.3.

Between five and fifty-nine years the rates for both males and females were highest in March, males 98.4; females 85.6, and were

lowest in June, males, 79.4; females, 63.4, and in September, males, 73.5; females, 61.9.

All the figures show March to be the most fatal month in the year.

Suicide is most prevalent during April, May, August and January. The proportion of suicides has been greatest during the first decade on the Pacific coast, where the deaths were 15.6 per 1,000 of population, with the South Atlantic coast, including New York, ranking fourth, with a percentage of 0.7. In States where suicides were recorded by the registration method, the death rate from this cause was the highest in Maine, 10.8; New York, 10.6; Connecticut, 10.5, and lowest in Michigan, New Jersey, and Rhode Island, with 9.1 each.

The total number of deaths reported as due to suicide in the United States during the census year was 5,498, of which 4,313 were males and 1,185 were females. The proportion of deaths from this cause in 1,000 deaths from all known causes was 5.5, while in 1890 it was but 4.5.

Shooting was by far the most popular method of ending life, with poison and drowning in the order named. The percentage of suicides was highest among those whose mothers were born in France, with Germany and Russia-Poland second and third. The death rate from suicide of those whose mothers were born in the United States was much lower than in other countries.

Suicide is on the increase, especially among the married males. The death rate of married males, from 15 to 44 years of age, was greater than in unmarried males. After 45 years of age the rate was much greater among the unmarried males. In females, unmarried, between 45 and 64 years of age, the rate of death from suicide was greater than of those married or widowed.

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HISTORICAL SPRINGS ..WILLIAM C. HIRSCH..NEW YORK POST

The curative qualities of mineral waters have been known to the earliest people of civilization, and their writers tell us of the idolatrous worship of salubrious fountains by the pagans of their times. Even Horace promised a libation of wine, garlands, and a kid to the Fountain of Bandusia, and his contemporaries were profuse in their eulogies of the health-restoring springs which then abounded in Greece. Pliny relates that in Hetruria the water makes the oxen white that drink it, and that the Cephissus and Aliacmon fountains in Macedonia have the same effect on sheep, whereas the water from Peneus and the river Melas makes them black. This Roman historian also informs us that the river Aleos makes brainy the men who drink of it, and of a spring in the isle of Cea which makes them blockish. Marcus Varro speaks of a spring in Cilicia which makes men quick-witted, and Ovid says of a river in Macedonia: "He that taketh of it, but a moderate draught, trips even like him that with new wine is caught." Ovid also tells us of a spring which is always frozen at noon, and very hot at midnight.

These quotations from ancient writers prove that the efficacy of many mineral waters was recognized three thousand years ago. They were looked upon as most mysterious productions, especially as they varied in strength, which phenomenon was attributed to the capriciousness of the gods. In Greek, Roman, and medieval times the powerful qualities of certain mineral waters were supposed to be caused by gold, copper, silver, and quicksilver being dissolved in them. It was, therefore, but natural that the alchemists of the Dark Ages made the extraction of these suspected precious ores from mineral waters a special object of their mysterious activity. It was not until the sixteenth century that chemistry had advanced far enough to suggest to the medical man the benefits of an analysis of the best-known mineral waters of those days. Glauber's salt was discovered in 1656, carbonate of soda in 1680, and carbonic acid began to be understood in 1750.

It is safe to assert that the so-called table waters are of distinctly modern origin, or at least modern popularity. What may be considered as the forerunner of the era of table waters was the establishment of the first mineral water warehouse in London in the year 1769. This warehouse, which was nothing more than a dingy Fleet street shop, netted so handsome a competency to its owner, a Mr. Owen, that one must readily conclude that he catered not only to the ill, but also to the well.

In 1772 Dr. Priestley published his process of imitating artificially the then celebrated Pyrmont water, thus paving the way for the artificial mineral-water industry, which, like most of the other modern industries, had first to create the demand for its goods. Until now the consumption of artificial table waters exceeds by far that of the medicinal waters.

For all that, it must not be supposed that the people of the Middle Ages did not appre-

ciate the recreative and healthful character of some of their ordinary wells. Waters that had nothing to recommend them except their pleasant taste were the object of local veneration in the Dark Ages. Edgar, a Saxon King of England, issued in 963 an edict against the superstitious use of wells, and until this very day it is customary in certain parishes of England to decorate the wells and dress them on certain holy days of the year.

How deep an imprint salubrious mineral springs have made upon history may be judged from the fact that wherever the Romans encountered a mineral spring in their campaigns they at once built up a settlement. Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden-Baden (Civitas Aurelia Aquensis), Baden in Austria (Thermoe Cetiae and Austriacæ), Baden in Switzerland (Aquæ Helveticoe), are only a few of the places to which the Romans were attracted by the healing powers of the springs found there.

Charles II. visited and found solace in Spa when an exile, and Peter the Great was a guest there to find relief in the Spa waters from the unhealthy effects of Russian life. Charles IV. is credited with having been the discoverer of the springs at Carlsbad. He was on the hunt then, and in dismounting from his horse, injured his foot. He bathed it in the nearest spring, which proved so effectual that he built a palace near the spring, and houses gradually sprang up around it, thus forming the present town of Carlsbad. The history of Europe's small principalities is closely interwoven with the famous mineral springs, especially those of Germany.

Count Eberhardt of Würtemberg was at Wildbad for his annual water cure when his forces were overtaken by a hostile nobleman. He was so rejuvenated and strengthened by the waters that he at once went in pursuit of the enemy and dealt him deathly blows. Thus countless historical incidents could be told in connection with mineral-water lore, but the most recent one, and perhaps the most important one of all, was the meeting between Count Benedetti and Emperor William I., then King of Prussia, while he was drinking the waters of Ems. In all probability it was over a glass of the Ems water that Emperor William told Benedetti that he could not accede to Napoleon's request in reference to the Spanish throne, thus causing the war which changed the map of Europe and created the new German Empire.

# A World on Fire

## By Alexander W. Roberts, D. Sc., F. R. A. S., F. R. S. E.*

In the small hours of the morning of February 22, 1901, Dr. Anderson of Bonnington, Edinburgh, saw a bright star shining in the constellation of Perseus, where he knew no such star was ever seen before. The circumstances connected with the discovery afford another striking instance of how Nature keeps her secrets for her true amateur, using the word in its highest sense.

The evening of February 21st was cloudy, and nine out of ten astronomers would have gone to bed when there seemed little prospect of the night clearing; but Dr. Anderson was the tenth man. At twenty minutes to three in the morning the clouds rolled away from over the old, gray Scottish capital, and the trained eye of the patient observer saw right in the heart of Perseus a new star. Never before had its light, blue-white, like an unpolished diamond, shone down on this strange earth of ours.

Next day the news of the wonderful discovery was flashed to all the great observatories of the world, and telescopes and spectroscopes, cameras and photometers, were directed toward the strange phenomenon, and by testing, measuring, examining, sought to wrest its secrets from it.

Much is still a mystery; but what has been ascertained during the period that the rhythm of its light-waves beat upon our shores is of great interest and importance, as bearing directly on the life-history of each individual star in the heavens, and of our own sun and planet among them.

*Chambers's Journal.

The first and simplest question that arises for settlement is the date when the new star blazed forth in our terrestrial sky. The curious reader will notice the reservation: in our terrestrial sky. When the star actually bursts forth into resplendent light is another matter, as we shall discover later on. It was certainly before Dr. Anderson was born, and probably before another Scotsman—Ferguson by name—combined, like many another sage, counting and watching sheep with counting and watching stars.

With regard to the date of the appearance in our sky of the new star, Nova Persei, as it is called in astronomical literature; when Dr. Anderson discovered it at twenty minutes to three o'clock on the morning of February 22nd, it was bright enough to be straightway evident to a trained astronomer. In these latter days of strenuous scientific activities, every portion of the sky is constantly being examined and charted, and no sooner was the discovery of Nova Persei announced than a searching of records began, in order to ascertain if at any time the star had ever been seen before.

It so chanced that on the evenings of February 18th and 19th, two photographs of the very spot where three days later the new star appeared were taken at Harvard Observatory. On neither of these photographs is there the slightest evidence of the star's existence. It was, therefore, on these dates non-existent as a luminous body, so far as our earth was concerned. On the evening of February 20th a well-known English observer, Mr. Stanley Williams, had also taken a photograph of the same portion of the sky; and again there was no trace of the star. Mr. Williams's photograph was taken twenty-eight hours before Dr. Anderson saw it. Still more strange is the fact that on the evening of February 21st three observers on the Continent testify that they had the constellation Perseus under observation from seven o'clock to eleven, and had the new star then been visible they could not have failed to see it. The star, therefore, blazed out some time between eleven o'clock and three on the night of its discovery.

Now, what does this mean? It means this: that by some cause a star, quite dark before, or so faint that it could not be seen even by means of a powerful telescope, in a few hours, or perhaps in a few minutes, blazed forth as a star of conspicuous brightness. In this brief space of time a dark and probably chill globe became a seething mass of fire, a million times hotter than it was before. Fierce, fervent heat lit up the orb with a glow that reached from rim to rim of the stellar universe. We have here a catastrophe that goes beyond our wildest conceptions: the conflagration of a world, the ruin of a star. What guarantee have we for an assumption of this kind? What of certitude is there in our vision of such a Day of Doom for any part of our universe? Let us consider the salient facts regarding the recent changes in the appearance and structure of this star. We shall relate only those facts that are beyond controversy, as far as our present knowledge goes.

Nova Persei did not reach its maximum brightness till the evening of February 25th, when it was probably the most conspicuous object in the midnight sky. It was then at least six times brighter than at the time of its discovery. After this date it began to wane slowly. At intervals there were spurts of brightness lasting for two or three days, as if the fires had not exhausted themselves. On the whole, however, the light of the star waned, and by the end of the year its enfeebled light was just bright enough to be evident to the naked eye; twelve months after its appearance it could only be seen with the aid of a telescope.

Now, one of the most powerful instruments of research in the new astronomy is the spectroscope. It takes hold of the rays of light that come to us from a star, and makes these rays reveal the condition of things in the world they came from. One of the spectroscopes turned on the new star in Perseus was Professor Copeland's magnificent instrument at Blackford Hill Observatory, Edinburgh. Professor Copeland described the new star as "a feebly developed" sun. As the star, however, increased in brightness the spectroscope chronicled the fact that great physical changes were taking place in its composition and structure. The star soon ceased to be a feebly developed sun, for development had gone on apace with the increase of light. Round the solid or semi-molten mass there was rapidly aggregating an ocean of fiery gases, probably thrown up from the nucleus.

Put simply, Nova Persei, for long ages a cold, dark, solid globe, was in the brief space of a few days transformed from circumference to core into a luminous, heated, gaseous sphere. By what chance or circumstance this vast change came about may be inquired into later on. We only note here that this was the story

spelled out by those skilled in deciphering the observations recorded by the spectroscope. In July, 1901, Professor Pickering of Harvard Observatory announced that the star had become a nebula; that, indeed, its once solid globe had practically dissolved into thinnest air. Not only had its elements become molten with fervent heat, but they had become transformed into shimmering wisps of matter more diaphanous than a gossamer web.

Everything connected with the history of this star is of exceptional interest; but all that had already been ascertained was completely overshadowed by the astounding discovery, made in November of last year, that nebulous prominences were observed darting out from the star with a velocity of at least one hundred thousand miles every second of time. These astounding changes have been confirmed at the two great American observatories, the Yerkes and the Lick. So unwilling are astronomers, however, to accept the conclusion that swirling tongues of nebulous light play round the expanded star with a velocity so utterly incomprehensible as one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand miles a second that other explanations of the unquestioned facts of observation have been sought. One that commends itself to not a few of the quieter sort is that, in these changes going on all round the star, we are simply witnessing the echo of its explosion from the islands of space, as mass after mass of world-matter reflects the glow of the sudden irradiance. Yet there is nothing strange in a velocity of two hundred thousand miles a second, or even two million miles a second, through a region where resistance to motion does not exist. The aurora ray vibrates along the northern arch of heaven with a velocity comparable with that of light. Tongues of flame dart out from the sun's surface with a velocity of two hundred miles a second. Great velocities are therefore not unknown in a universe where distance is measured by systems and time by ages; and it is quite possible that in the marvelous changes recorded at the Yerkes and Lick Observatories we are simply witnessing electrical discharges from the shattered star.

Whence and how had destruction come upon this particular star? At one hour the star is dark, cold, solid. A few hours later this dark, solid, cold body is a blazing world, its solid mass blown apparently into countless fragments; from every fragment, big or little, there pour streams of fiery vapor; for millions of miles round the star there is a whirlpool of fire, a tempest of flame; and from end to end of this great universe of ours the brightness of the burning star pulsates. Three explanations have been given.

The one that naturally arises first in our mind is that it was struck by another star. Two worlds, each moving at the rate of twenty miles a second, come in collision, and the result is the annihilation of both. The force of their impact, changed into heat, drives their elements into vapor. Such a catastrophe is quite possible in a universe like ours, where stars and worlds, millions and millions in number, sweep down the great avenues of space with a velocity far beyond our comprehension.

We take it that when the crack of doom comes to this earth of ours it will be in this fashion. Some great, dark star will strike our sun fair and square, and then in the twinkling of an eye, before the inhabitants of earth know what has taken place, sun and moon and planet will be wrapped up and dissolved in an atmosphere of fire.

We can in a certain rough way compute the increase in temperature that would arise from the collision of two great orbs. Thus, let us suppose that Nova Persei was moving onward through space with a velocity of ten miles a second—a moderate velocity, be it noted, for a star—when it collided with the body that wrought its destruction. The impact would be terrific, and the result of it would be not only the complete disintegration of both stars, but a sudden rise in temperature of about five hundred thousand degrees, an increase sufficient to vaporize the hardest adamant.

The second theory which has been suggested as explanatory not only of Nova Persei, but of all new stars, is a modification of the foregoing. This theory is that the new star in its flight through space suddenly plunged into a nebula, or into some portion of space denser than that through which it had already passed. This explanation is not only intelligible but reasonable. If the new star plunged into a region filled with matter even as rare as air, the friction would immediately set the star on fire. We see the same phenomenon every night when a meteor hustles through our atmosphere. The meteoric rocks, with the chill of empty space in and around them, dash into our upper air. A few seconds are ample for the practical annihilation of most of them: in that brief space of time they have been subjected to a heat many times greater than that of a Bessemer furnace.

We can imagine Nova Persei as some monster

meteor, a meteor larger than the sun, plunging into a gaseous mass somewhat like our air. In a few hours its temperature would be increased a millionfold. This increase would fill the surrounding space with fire, and there would be an immense and ever-increasing area at fervent heat.

To the mind of the writer, this explanation has most to commend it. It is the one that is most in harmony with the information which has been gathered by hundreds of observers aided by the finest of modern scientific equipment. But there are other explanations. There will always be other explanations so long as the world lasts.

One of these explanations is of more interest than the rest, inasmuch as it makes a link of connection between the recent terrible volcanic eruption in the West Indies and the sudden appearance of a new star like Nova Persei. It is suggested that Nova Persei is, or rather was, a world somewhat like our own, only vastly larger—that is, there was an inner core of molten matter and an outer shell of solid material. One day, according to the explosion theory, this outer shell burst, and the interior fires rushed hither and thither like a devouring flood all over the stellar globe. Vast chemical changes went on as the lambent flames turned everything solid into streams of lava. Great electrical disturbances took place all round the star. The whole phenomenon of Nova Persei, according to this theory, is just the destruction of St. Pierre on a sidereal scale.

Such a doom, of course, is possible in any star or planet whose interior is still molten. At any moment the imprisoned fires might break their barriers and change a cold, fruitful, life-bearing earth into a furnace; but it is far from probable that any such fate will ever be meted out to our planet or to any other, and, at any rate, destruction did not come to Nova Persei in this manner. No explosion could account for an access of heat and light any way comparable to that which was observed. Neither could any interior disruption be violent enough to hurl the star into fragments. The gravitational hold of the star would prevent this dismemberment. Yet during the ages the mind of man has been irresistibly drawn to this conception of the world's end, so much so that perhaps, after all, our instinct is right and our science is wrong, and the vision of the Minorite Celano, of the

> Dies iræ, dies illa
> Solvet sæclum in favilla,

is a vision of those things that will be in the later days.

We have already touched on one strange circumstance connected with the appearance of Nova Persei. Dr. Anderson saw it for the first time at a few minutes to three o'clock on the morning of February 22—that is, the news of the strange occurrence reached our planet then; but when did the event actually take place?

One of the things that impressed the writer more than any other with the magnitude of China was this, that the people living in certain parts of the western border of that empire heard tidings of the war with Japan only when the struggle was long over.

At Greenwich and at some of the other foremost observatories attempts have been made, directly and indirectly, to determine the distance of Nova Persei. As yet this distance defies measurement. The star is so far away that we have no instruments refined enough to deal with the problem. But we know that the sudden blazing up of Nova Persei was over and done with before our great-grandfathers were born. It happened more than two hundred years ago—perhaps two thousand years ago. All this time the news was swiftly traveling earthward, traveling on and on and on, two hundred thousand miles every second of the clock, past star and nebula and system, never halting, never faltering—yet it took hundreds of years to come to us; and beyond us lie countless worlds that will not see the new star for centuries to come. Hundreds of years hence in their sky will appear suddenly in the constellation of Perseus a strange star; it will increase in brightness for a few days just as it did in ours; it will fade away intermittently just as it did in ours. There is no imagination here; only sober facts.

We may be allowed, in closing our narrative of this wonderful star, to make one excursion into the region of imagination. As the news of the star passes on through space, are there any beings beyond ourselves who will take record of its appearance? It has taken centuries to come to us. Did any other creatures in some far-off world lift their eyes to the stars and wonder, as we do, what all this meant? Will some mortal like ourselves in some remoter world, in a day yet to come, see the sight and have the intelligence to say, "Lo! a new star"? We have room enough here for the most extravagant fancy. Perhaps there is so much room that we shall lose ourselves if we venture to stray in such directions.

# A Statistical Study of Eminent Men

## By Professor J. McKeen Cattell *

It is evident that there are two leading factors in producing a man and making him what he is—one the endowments given at birth, the other the environment into which he comes. The main lines are certainly laid down by heredity—a man is born a man and not an ape. A savage brought up in cultivated society will not only retain his dark skin, but is likely to have also the incoherent mind of his race. On the other hand, environment has at least an absolute veto. Had the infant Newton been cast among Hottentots he could have announced no laws of motion. But were those differences—small from the point of view of organism, great from the point of view of function—which distinguished Dante from his Florentine fellow townsmen innate or due to the circumstances of his life? Here the biological parallel may be serviceable. Are those variations which produce new species caused by the environment? Can life be regarded as the resultant of physical forces? Many zoologists and physiologists answer in the affirmative, but it appears rather that life develops not on account of, but in large measure in spite of, physical forces—these tend to the dissipation of energy, they are the causes of death rather than of life. So, in like manner, it seems that the environment would tend to reduce the great man to its level rather than to lift him above it—Dante wrote in spite of his surroundings, not on account of them. Still the environment counts for much. If the seed of the white pine is dropped among New England rocks, it will grow into a small bush; if planted in the rich soil of the South, it will become a great tree. We have the Divine Comedy because Dante had "the steep stairs and bitter bread" in place of Beatrice.

As the environment tends to reduce all things to its level, so heredity tends to maintain the type. Whence then the great man who brings something new into the world? Carlyle had the same heredity and the same initial environment as his brothers. Why should he write of heroes and become one, while they remained peasants? Why, we may ask the theory of organic evolution, should certain individuals of a species possess variations tending to greater complexity, which lay down the lines of evolution? Perhaps all we can say is that the question "why" is more in place in the nursery than in the laboratory. Why heredity should maintain the type is as obscure as why new types should arise. If the world were a chaos, no questions would be asked; as it is a cosmos, it must have a certain definite order. But if when we ask "why" we really mean "how," then we have the plain way of science before us. We can investigate the stability and variability of the type; we can study the effects of the environment on the individual. We know, perhaps, in a general way that any great war will find the material at hand for the making of a Grant and a Lee, and, on the other hand, that a Shelley may be what he is in spite of heredity and environment. More exact knowledge can only come from an inductive study of facts.

When we regard the noteworthy men that have appeared in the world, it is evident that they have but little in common. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." We have men of genius, great men, and men merely eminent. Thus many a genius has been a "mute inglorious Milton" lacking the character of the circumstances for the accomplishment of his task. Washington was scarcely a genius, but was a truly great man. Napoleon III. was neither a genius nor a great man, but was eminent to an unusual degree. But if we simply take those men who have most attracted the eyes and ears of the world, who have most set its tongues and printing presses in motion, we have a definite group. Beginning with this we can analyze and classify; we can study these individuals, their causes, and their effects; we can regard them as types of a given age and race; we can use them to measure interests and tendencies.

For these purposes our first need is a definite list of the most eminent men, sufficiently large for statistical study. The method I followed to discover the 1,000 men who are pre-eminent was this: I took six biographical dictionaries or encyclopedias—two English, two French, one German, and one American, and found the two thousand men (approximately) in each who

*Popular Science Monthly.

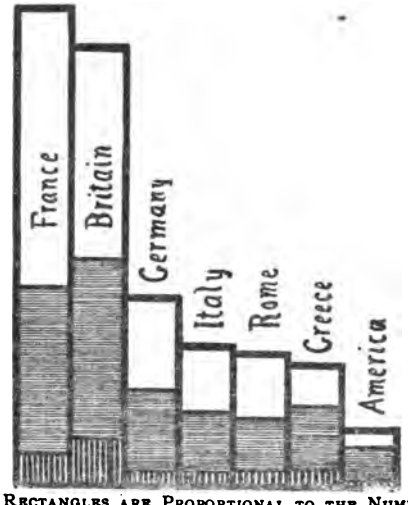
were allowed the longest articles. In this way some 6,000 men were found. I then selected the men who appeared in the lists of at least three of the dictionaries, and from these (some 1,600) selected the thousand who were allowed the greatest average space, the value of the separate dictionaries being reduced to a common standard. Thus was obtained not only the thousand men esteemed the most eminent, but also the order in which they stand. According to this list the ten most eminent men are Napoleon, Shakespeare, Mohammed, Voltaire, Bacon, Aristotle, Goethe, Cæsar, Luther, Plato. There is no doubt but that Napoleon is the most eminent man who has lived. Yet it should give us pause to think that this Titan of anarchy stands first in the thoughts of most men. It is curious that these ten pre-eminent men are so widely separated in race and age—two Greeks, two Frenchmen, two Germans, two Englishmen, one Roman, and one Arab: two in the fifth century and one in the first century before Christ, one in the sixth, one in the fifteenth, two in the sixteenth, and three in the eighteenth century. The ten names last on the list are Otho, Sertorius, Macpherson, Claudian, Domitian, Bugeaud, Charles I. of Naples, Fauriel, Enfantin, and Babeuf. These are scarcely great men, yet they fairly represent the lower limits of the thousand who are most eminent. Turning now to the distribution of these eminent men in time and race we may review statistics not wholly devoid of interest. At the beginning we have four names, representing work rather than persons—Zoroaster, Homer, Hesiod, Lycurgus—followed by the rise of Greek civilization and culture—the most notable event in the world's history. Here we have a race as superior to us as we are to the negroes—a great race, for whose origin we can no more account than we can explain the birth of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. Following the extraordinary development of the two nations of classical antiquity, we have a decline, not sudden, for Rome still produced soldiers and writers, the Christian Church had its leaders and theologians, and the Greeks witnessed their Indian summer in Alexandria. But the light fails toward the fifth century—never, however, to be quenched, for there were always one or two to pass on the torch until the fire was rekindled in newer races. In Britain, in Germany, and France there developed centers of civilization. The mixed races of Italy gave birth to art and a literature rivaling that of Greece. The Roman Catholic Church fairly established its authority by the great men it produced. It was a strange time; all Europe was in turmoil, but universities were established and the arts of peace flourished in the midst of wars. In the fourteenth century there was a pause followed by a gradual improvement and an extraordinary fruition at the end of the fifteenth century. Painting is represented in Italy by Raphael, Angelo, Leonardo, Titian, Correggio, and Sarto; in Germany, by Holbein and Dürer. Savonarola failed, while Luther led a reformation. Columbus discovered a new world and Copernicus discovered innumerable worlds. There was then a pause in progress, until a century later England and France took the lead. Spenser was quickly followed by Shakespeare, who did not stand alone among English dramatists. A little later Molière, Racine, and Corneille represented the drama in a group of eminent French men of letters. Descartes and Bacon revived philosophy and science; while Italy, failing in art, produced Galileo.

The latter part of the seventeenth century was a sterile period, followed by a revival culminating in the French revolution. Here, as in other periods, it is difficult to decide how far men were made eminent by circumstance, and how far great men were leaders in new movements. The social upheaval in France gave eminence to political and military leaders who otherwise would have remained in obscurity, and given a Napoleon, his complement is a Wellington. The progress of science may in part be an answer to the demands of increasing population. But philosophy and art also witnessed a renaissance. In Germany we have Kant, Goethe, and the development of music; in England, poets speaking a new language. Here great men seem not so much the creatures as the creators of their environments.

As we come nearer to our own times, it becomes increasingly difficult to measure tendencies by the methods we are using. The positions of men on the list are subject to larger probable and constant errors. Byron may be a household word on the continent and Shelley unknown, while the best criticism may place Shelley above Byron. Our list places Mendelssohn above Bach and ignores Schumann altogether—while the last thirty years have altered not only critical opinion, but also popular taste.

If we regard now more especially the racial distribution of our great men, we get results conveniently exhibited in the accompanying figure. The heights of the rectangles are proportional to the numbers of great men produced

by several nations. France leads, followed pretty closely by Great Britain. Then there is a considerable fall to Germany and Italy. Rome and Greece are nearly alike. America has produced one more eminent man than




THE RECTANGLES ARE PROPORTIONAL TO THE NUMBERS OF THE MOST EMINENT MEN PRODUCED BY DIFFERENT NATIONS. The shaded parts represent the more eminent five hundred, and the heavily shaded parts the hundred most eminent of all.

Spain (not on the chart), which is followed by Switzerland, Holland and Sweden. We then reach the nations headed by Russia, which have produced fewer than ten pre-eminent men. The shaded rectangles show the distribution of the 500 men who are the most eminent, and the heavily shaded rectangles the hundred who are the greatest of all. Here the relations are somewhat altered. Great Britain surpasses France, and Greece has produced more exceptionally great men than Germany. Our racial divisions are given to us ready made. The subject becomes more difficult when we try to class eminent men in accordance with their traits. We can, however, perhaps use the tripartite sub-division current in psychology. There we are apt to treat separately cognitions, feelings, and volitions. This classification proves useful when applied to the traits of great men. Some excel because they have strong wills, are quick and sure in action. These become leaders in war and in political affairs. Others have strong feelings—artists, poets, men of letters. Others surpass in pure thought—philosophers, scholars, men of science. Distinguishing then men of action, men of feeling, and men of thought, it is seen that more men are eminent for action than for either thought or feeling, though if the latter two classes are combined, it is found that the quiet work of the student has, after all, produced more eminent men than war and politics. Each class shows an increase as we approach our own time, and the secular variations affect them together, though it is noticeable that men of thought have been much more constant in their appearance, and bid fair to surpass the others in the twentieth century.

In passing, I may state that modern psychology does not admit that we can divide mental processes into such as are cognitions, such as are feelings, and such as are volitions, any more than we can divide physical bodies into such as have size, such as have color, and such as have weight, but must rather regard these as aspects of all mental processes. So with our great men—if a man excels in action he probably is not deficient in feeling and judgment—on the contrary, these are probably strong. My statistics show, contrary perhaps to the current opinion, that a man who excels in one direction is likely also to excel in others. An artist is much more likely to be a poet than is an ordinary man, and is, though in a less degree, more likely to be a soldier or a man of science. It is evident that France has excelled in war, in *belles lettres* and in science—England in politics, in poetry and in philosophy—Italy in art. Germany has produced ten and Italy six of the eighteen great musicians. Of the fourteen great explorers, England has produced five and Spain four.

I have spoken throughout of eminent men, as we lack in English words including both men and women, but, as a matter of fact, women do not have an important place on the list. They have in all thirty-two representatives in the thousand. Of these, eleven are hereditary sovereigns, and eight are eminent through misfortunes, beauty, or other circumstances. *Belles lettres* and fiction—the only department in which woman has accomplished much—give ten names (of which three are in the first 500) as compared with seventy-two men. Sappho and Jeanne d'Arc are the only other women on the list. It is noticeable that with the exception of Sappho—a name associated with certain fine fragments—women have not excelled in poetry or art. Yet these are the department least dependent on environment and at the same time those in which the environment has been perhaps as favorable for women as for men. Women depart less from the norm than men—a fact that usually holds for the female throughout the animal series; in many closely related species only the males can be readily distinguished.

# Ancient Animals of North America

## By Frederic A. Lucas

Two months ago we published a descriptive treatise upon some American animals. The present article, taken from Mr. Lucas's excellent book,* will give some idea of the animals before man on this continent. Justice to the author demands that it be stated that only very short excerpts are given from a book that is in every way of the highest value and excellence.

The earliest incontestable record of life in this country, if not anywhere, is in some rocks called Algonkian, found in the Belt Mountains, Montana, and the Grand Cañon region, in which have been found a few shells. These are in an imperfect state of preservation, although unmistakably the remains of animals, and animals related to those found in the rocks above. In these overlying rocks, constituting the Cambrian system, so called because it was first studied extensively in Wales, the Cambria of the Romans, evidences of life are met with in comparative abundance.

The highest forms of life of this period were trilobites, a group of animals belonging with the crabs, whose nearest living relative is the king crab, *Limulus polyphemus*, so common at some places on our eastern coast.

PTERYGOTUS EURYPTERUS STYLONURUS
GIANT CRUSTACEANS

With the advent of the Devonian we find the trilobites running riot in curious shapes, bedecked with spines, a decoration perhaps foreshadowing their coming extinction. Crustaceans are among the rulers of the sea, for the strange eurypterids at this time reached the maximum of size, Stylonurus and Pterygotus attaining a length of five or six feet, although, in spite of this bulk, it is quite possible that neither would have been a match for the giant crab of Japanese waters, or even for one of the big overgrown lobsters that now and then is taken by our New England lobstermen. Like the trilobites, the nearest existing relatives of these eurypterids are the king crabs, although they have some points of resemblance to scorpions, and the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson has dubbed them sea-scorpions.

### THE VERTEBRATES

It was a long time after life began before any back-boned animals made their appearance —time enough for the formation of vast beds of sand and mud that subsequently hardened into layers of rock from three to five miles in thickness. And when vertebrate animals did appear they were small, and for the most part very unlike any now living—sham vertebrates, as we might call them, or forerunners of vertebrates, as they have been styled by some cautious naturalists.

They were small, they had no true backbone —only a rod of gristle—no skull and no jaws even, for jaws and mouth do not, as might readily be supposed, necessarily go together. But most of them were well protected above and below by bony armor, and as armor implies attack and defense, it is to be inferred that the more powerful creatures preyed upon the weaker then, even as they do now, and those who could not defend themselves, or were not swift enough to run away, were eaten.

One of the oldest North American species of these armored fishes is that known as Palæaspis, in which the front part of the body is covered by plates much as if it had been shut in between clam-shells, with an extra, narrow plate along either side and a small one

* Animals Before Man in North America; Their Lives and Times. Frederic A. Lucas. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co. Copyright, 1902, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.

over the nose. The back portion seems to have been naked—at least, no scales or plates have so far come to light, and it does not seem to have borne a spine like its near English relative, Pteraspis.

Just above this comes the curious Cephalaspis, with a broad, rounded head, something like a saddler's knife in shape, and the balance of the body clad in a few series of rather long and narrow interwoven plates. On either side of the head is a little flap that suggests some kind of a fin, but is supposed to have really covered the outlet of the gills.

The wingfish, Pterichthys, and its North American relative, Bothriolepis, are, however, the best known of these early species, because the bony armor was more complete in these than in the others, and while usually so broken and distorted that its shape is unrecognizable, now and then a well-preserved example is found.

*From a Painting by Charles R. Knight*

TRICERATOPS, THE GREAT HORNED DINOSAUR

### THE GREAT SALAMANDERS

While the Devonian period has long been termed the Age of Fishes, there are hints in the shape of footprints impressed in Upper Devonian rocks, of Pennsylvania, that even then air-breathing vertebrates had made their appearance. Other footprints, certainly amphibian, which occur in the lower coal-bearing rocks, definitely announce the presence of these animals, scouts of the hosts soon to come.

These early amphibians are without living representatives, and belong to a group which has been termed Stegocephala, roof-headed, or Labyrinthodonta, labyrinth-toothed. The first of these names refers to the manner in which the head is roofed over by bone, as in sea-turtles, while the other was given in reference to the curious and complicated foldings of the enamel, although this can only be seen when a thin section is viewed with the microscope.

While, so far as numbers go, amphibians reached their maximum during the period of coal-forming forests, their culminating point in size was in the Trias, just before their extinction. A peculiar and fish-like character of the Stegocephala is that three bones, forming part of the support of the fore-limbs, show on the under side of the body, just as parts of the fin supports of a garpike or sturgeon are not buried in the flesh but form part of the armor. Bones like these, developed from the skin (dermal bones) and lying near the surface, are usually ornamented with pits and grooves, and those of the giant amphibians follow this general rule and bear markings characteristic of the species to which they belong.

Misled by the frog-like aspect of the skull of some of these large amphibians, paleontologists were for a time led to suppose that there was a still further resemblance; and Waterhouse Hawkins restored a labyrinthodont in the likeness of a huge frog, a frog larger than an ox, of the size of the frog in the fable aspired to. But later discoveries revealed the existence of a stout though stumpy tail, and showed that this restoration was more picturesque than accurate—showed, too, that the legs of a labyrinthodont were not at all like those of a frog, but much shorter and not at all suitable for leaping. Still they were probably pretty active animals at times, for while all labyrinthodonts were, as indi

DEVONIAN FISHES

cated by their teeth, carnivorous, the largest among them were, by their gaping jaws and long sharp fangs, particularly well fitted for playing the rôle of beasts of prey, and their smaller brethren and the more sluggish fishes must have fallen frequent victims to their voracity.

It is a little difficult to suggest the appearance of these labyrinthodonts, for they were neither gigantic frogs nor overgrown salamanders, though more like the latter than the former. The figure in the illustration below gives a good idea of one of these animals, only it is necessary to remember that the creature was from six to possibly ten feet long.

Associated with these amphibians, probably branching off from them at an early period of their existence, or at least derived from the same source, were some curious reptiles which have become of great interest of late years as the possible original forms from which the mammals have descended. This supposition is based partly on the arrangement of the bones forming the support of the fore-limb (the shoulder girdle), which is in many respects like that of those egg-laying mammals, the platypus and echidna, and partly on the character of the teeth. In most reptiles the teeth are simple in structure, with a single root, and all the teeth are made on the same pattern, although they may differ greatly from one another in the matter of size. But these strange reptiles have their teeth variously modified, whence the group as a whole is called Anomodontia (anomalous toothed); while the name of Theromorpha (beast-formed) was also given to it in allusion to the resemblances some portions of the skeleton present to the corresponding parts in the lowest living mammals. One division of these anomodonts has been named Theriodontia (beast-toothed), because their teeth, like those of mammals, are divisible into incisors, canines, and molars; and another has been styled Dicynodontia (two canine-toothed), on account of having two long teeth, one on either side of the upper jaw. These two large teeth were all that the dicynodonts possessed, the front of the jaw having a beak like that of a large turtle, so that the animals must have presented a most singular appearance. On the one hand, the anomodonts seem to resemble mammals, while the lowest members of the order have undoubted affinities with their contemporaries, the labyrinthodonts. All in all, they form a most extraordinary branch of the animal kingdom, and one of additional interest from its rapid rise, short duration—through the Permian and Trias only—and apparent abrupt termination. This last may be due to the absence of the records, and later we may come upon specimens that will extend their range in time, or show whether they did pass into mammals or simply died out.

MASTODONSAURUS AND HYPERODAPEDON
A LABYRINTHODONT AND ANOMODONT

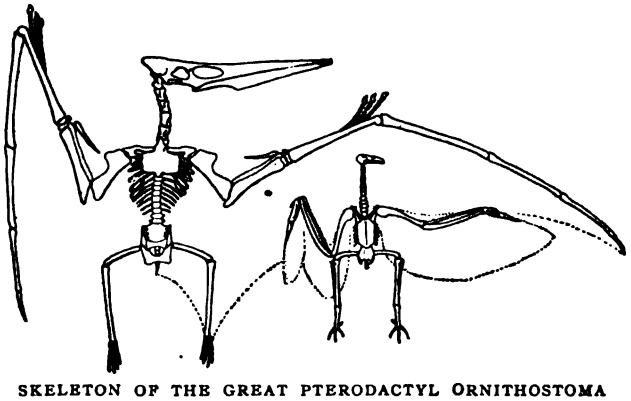
Most of the species so far discovered are of very massive build, with short and powerful legs and large heads, the entire aspect of the skeleton—for skeletons have their own individuality—being suggestive of stupidity and brute ferocity. Stupid these animals certainly were, if size of brain is any index of amount of intelligence, for the brains of all these early animals were diminutive, and it was a long time before any animal came into the world with a brain that would compare either in quantity or quality with the brains of very ordinary animals of to-day.

### DRAGONS OF SEA AND AIR

The Jurassic dinosaurs mark the culmination of reptilian life in point of size and numbers. It was a reptilian world; there were huge dinosaurs thrice the bulk of the largest elephant, feeding upon leaves and rushes; there were little dinosaurs no larger than a chicken, while the wolves and panthers of to-day were represented by swift, fierce, carnivorous forms that preyed upon their weaker brethren.

The dinosaurs form an order of reptiles without any very near living relatives. Being reptiles, it is quite natural that they should be related, though distantly, to crocodiles and alligators, but it may seem strange that they should also claim kinship with birds. It is at first a little difficult to imagine that a tiny humming-bird could have anything in common with a huge, lumbering reptile like Brontosaurus, sixty feet long; but it is also strange that a mouse should be in anywise related to an elephant, as he is. And yet, apart from size and dress, the dinosaurs have as many points of structure in common with birds as they do with crocodiles.

Dinosaurs form three well-marked groups or sub-orders: The Sauropoda, reptile-footed, containing those with five toes on each foot, and walking on all-fours; the Theropoda, beast-footed, comprising carnivorous species, having three well-developed toes on each hind foot, besides a small inner or first toe; the hind limbs were much larger than the fore, and these animals customarily walked erect. Third and last are the Orinthopoda, bird-footed, including herbivorous reptiles, many of which habitually walked on their hind legs, having three toes on each hind foot and a variable number on the front foot.



SKELETON OF THE GREAT PTERODACTYL ORNITHOSTOMA COMPARED WITH THE SKELETON OF A CONDOR

The best known and presumably commonest dinosaurs of the Cretaceous were the predentate iguanodons, represented here by Thespesius and his relatives, which ranged over a wide extent of territory, and have been found in a very complete state of preservation.

Associated with Thespesius in time, but apparently restricted in territory, were the huge dinosaurs of the genus *Triceratops*, three-horned face. These, too, have been often described and yet cannot be omitted here any more than elephants could be left out of a description of the animals of Africa, simply because they were well known. With one exception specimens of this animal have come from Converse County, Wyo., and no relations have been found abroad. They were huge creatures, the largest twenty-five feet long and ten and one-half high, or about twice the bulk of an elephant. The most noticeable feature was the presence of a horn over each eye, and the extension of the skull backward into a sort of overhanging frill. Now and then a Triceratops had a short horn on the nose, in addition to the large horns over the eyes, but this was the exception rather than the rule, and we do not know yet whether the presence of this horn was found only in the males of some species, or is the mark of a distinct species.

While the structure of the teeth and jaws indicates that none of the herbivorous dinosaurs ground their food after the manner of horses and cattle, the jaws of Triceratops were even more strictly confined to cutting than where those of other species. The lower teeth were flat on the outer face, and the upper teeth flattened on the inner side, and they slipped by one another much like two coarse saws, shearing off anything that might be between.

A still higher type of reptilian life was present in the shape of pterodactyls, or flying reptiles, and in view of the apparent scarcity of birds, these may well have laid claim to the empire of the air. They are placed first in their class on account of their high degree of specialization, their entire skeleton being modified to adapt them to life in the air. They depart most from the general structure of the class, are more unlike the composite picture we have in mind, when we say reptile. Like the plesiosaurs, they seem to have been a little slow in reaching America, for while they were abundant in Europe during the Jurassic period, here they are rare until the Upper Cretaceous is reached. In time we may be able to trace the route by which they passed from the Old World to the New, but now we can only say that around the inland sea they reached an extraordinary degree of development in numbers and size. They were not present, however, in as many curious forms as in Europe, for Professor Williston recognizes but two genera, *Nyctodactylus* and *Ornithostoma*, both of which were toothless

If our dragons of the air, as Professor Seeley calls them, were few in species, they make up for it in the size of the individuals, for Ornithostoma was the largest of flying creatures. A large condor spreads ten and one-half feet from tip to tip of wings, the albatross at times does a little better, but Ornithostoma reached ten feet when he was young; in his prime he had an expanse of wing of twenty feet. And if his beak was toothless, it was a yard or more long and as sharp as a dagger, while the entire skull measured nearly four feet in length—forty-five inches, to be quite accurate. The structure of this great flying creature was a marvel of lightness not exceeded by that of a racing yacht, and the largest of the finger bones was no thicker than a sheet of blotting paper, though it was two inches in diameter and something over two feet long. The entire skeleton, even when petrified, weighs but five or six pounds, and Professor Williston puts the weight of the living animal at not more than twenty-five pounds.

### THE MASTODON

The Mammoth and Mastodon will ever be the most interesting of the Plesitocene animals, partly because they are so different from any now found in North America, partly because they have become extinct so recently that it is entirely possible that they were contemporary with early man. There is some popular confusion as to whether or not the mammoth and the mastodon are one and the same, but it may be said that they represent two distinct branches of the elephant family. They may be readily told apart by their teeth, those of the mammoth being flat grinders with plates of enamel in the body of the tooth, while mastodon teeth have A-shaped cross-ridges and the enamel is confined to the surface of the tooth.

The Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*), the first elephant of all, ranged from Alaska southeasterly to about the latitude of the Middle States. This corresponds roughly to a belt of territory running along the edge of the great ice sheet where the mammoth probably found the right conditions of temperature, vegetation, and fairly open country.

*From a Painting by J. M. Gleeson*

THE MASTODON

The Mastodon (*Mastodon americanus*) was a more southern animal, and while in the northern portion of its range it seems to have been clad in a coat of hair and capable of enduring considerable cold, yet the true habitat of the mastodon was south of that of the mammoth, in the forest country where water was plentiful.

We are yet unable to trace the history of the mastodon back to its place of origin. It may be developed from some earlier species residing in this country, but this is hardly probable, and it is more likely that the ancestors of the mastodon were immigrants from Asia. There is a wide gap between its habitat here and that of the nearest foreign relative, but then little is known of the fossils of Alaska and Siberia.

But it may be said that specimens from California and Oregon seem to be found in beds of gravel of more ancient date than the swamps and meadows where similar remains occur in the East. It therefore seems likely that the mastodon, like the mammoth, spread southward and eastward from some point in the Northeast. It ranged practically over the entire United States west of the Hudson, and extended its habitat north of the Great Lakes into Canada. Specimens have been found in New Brunswick, Manitoba, and on the shores of Hudson Bay, but these may be looked upon as stragglers, or as having been transported by exceptional circumstances.

In most parts of its range the mastodon must have been abundant, though few realize this. But it is hardly an exaggeration to say that during the season when drainage and ditching work is going on not a day passes without some specimen being brought to light. The majority of these are teeth, some of the larger bones, or portions of the tusks, but often a considerable part of the skeleton is discovered, and at the present date there are ten mounted skeletons in the United States.

# World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

PUNTA ARENAS.....E. C. ROST..... SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

There are certain fascinating emotions attached to the hope that one is about to visit some supposedly "out-of-the-world place." My hopes were about to be realized in that respect when four days out from Montevideo (which city is on the same latitude as the Cape of Good Hope), and headed almost due south on one of the palatial steamers plying between Europe and South America, brought us one day's run to Punta Arenas, the most southerly town on the globe, which is some seven thousand two hundred and two miles from New York.

The Atlantic entrance to the Straits of Magellan measures twenty miles across, therefore we cannot see land on both sides as our steamer enters the Straits. Making the entrance of the Straits is always attended with great danger on account of great sand banks; in fact, coming from the north, a detour of many miles must be made quite south of the entrance in order to make the channel. Then, too, thick weather, snow or fog is usually encountered. Our first view of the shores along the Straits reminded me of the Palisades along our noble Hudson, but, upon drawing closer, the delusion was dispelled. The vegetation is very scant and consists chiefly of a low scrubby pine and the dwarfed Antarctic beech, for we are entering the Antarctic regions.

At sundown, at this season 3 P.M., we find ourselves off Punta Arenas (Sandy Point), which town, as viewed from the deck of our vessel as we come to anchor one-half mile off shore, appears lying upon a low, flat plain, with a background of snow-covered mountains one thousand feet in height, a bleak, dreary, uninviting place. Punta Arenas was founded in 1843 as a penal settlement. In consequence of the rapid increase of traffic through the Straits, all mail steamers having adopted this route and calling at this port, the Chilean government, seeing its growing importance as a port of call and coaling station, in 1868 made grants of land to immigrants and sent out some three hundred settlers, and after that no more convicts were sent. In 1888 the population was some two thousand, and to-day is fully nine thousand. Coal is mined a few miles from the town, the mines being reached by a tram line. This place is interesting because it is the largest settlement in southern Chile or Patagonia, as we find it on our maps of commerce, and it is the only one in the Straits of Magellan.

At Punta Arenas we are cut off from all news

*Courtesy of The Scientific American*

PUNTA ARENAS AND THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

*Courtesy of The Scientific American.*
A NEAR VIEW OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO

of the world save that brought by steamer, there being no cable communication. It is two thousand miles to the nearest town, either on the east or the west coast of South America. As we are in South America, it seems needless to say that we are transferred in small boats to the dock, there being but one or two exceptions in all the harbors on the vast continent. But if you come from some northern port on the east coast of South America, where there is generally a goodly supply of Yellow Jack, etc., you will be surprised how very strictly the quarantine laws are enforced in this far-away place. A quarter of a mile walk brings us to the Kosmos Hotel, which is the most southerly hotel on the globe; it is a two-story building of wood and corrugated iron. The hotel is kept very clean, indeed, and has large and light rooms, and exceptionally good meals are served here. While mostly all buildings are of wood and one story in height, the town is not nearly the dreary place I imagined from my view of it from the steamer.

Punta Arenas has the reputation of being a settlement of criminals and of low characters generally. While it is true that one finds human driftwood of all sorts and nationalities here, the truth, however, is that it is a wonderfully live business place with a quiet, orderly population. As there is no extradition treaty between Chile and some other countries, one finds desperate characters here, but no more than in other ports where many vessels call. The town has three clubs worthy of mention; and I soon became convinced that in Punta Arenas can be found as fine a class of thorough gentleman as anywhere.

The great tall Patagonian we do not see in the town any more than we would expect to see American Indians in our cities save when the circus comes to town. Instead, we see a cosmopolitan population, and street scenes such as we have in any of our towns of like size. Here are electric lights for the streets as well as in the buildings, and such wide streets! Great wide boulevards they are, in fact. Goods are transported in great two-wheeled carts or on a sled drawn by horses or very large oxen.

Punta Arenas is a free port and has become quite a trading center much used by the crews

*Courtesy of The Outlook*
MALTESE WOMAN WEARING THE FALDETTA

and stray passengers on all vessels calling here, and goods are sold remarkably cheap. I paid fifty cents for a pair of gloves that could not be duplicated home for less than two dollars and fifty cents; other goods are sold in about like proportion. The principal industry is sheep raising; next to that comes the ostrich farming. Large numbers of these birds are raised in the surrounding country. This, however, is not the true ostrich, but the rhea. Gold is found in considerable quantities, and a prediction that this part of the world will come prominently to the front ranks of gold-producing fields is a safe one. Among the possibilities here is the establishment of a towing company for the purpose of towing sailing craft through the Straits. No sailing vessels ever attempt this passage now, being obliged to go around by the way of Cape Horn, which is on an island two hundred miles to the south. If sailing vessels could be towed through this passage, there would be a saving to them of many hundreds of miles, and they would thus avoid the tempestuous weather usually encountered off Cape Horn.

*Courtesy of The Outlook*

CITTÀ VECCHIA

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**IMPRESSIONS OF MALTA.....E. C. PEIXOTTO.....OUTLOOK**

As we approach the shore, Valetta's mass detaches from surrounding promontories. Vapory clouds, chased by the moist *sirocco* float vague shadows over its dazzling houses, emphasizing first one silhouette, then another. Six British soldiers, in khaki, on the forward deck, watch their future home with interest. Two openings in the coast present themselves, one on each side of Valetta, and our steamer, heading between the casemates of St. Elmo and Fort Ricasoli, enters the Great Harbor.

The spacious bay seems narrow, so towering are the masses of construction that surround it. Nature is buried under mountains of masonry. On all sides ramparts and bastions, houses and arcades, and yet more houses, press one upon another's shoulders up to the very heavens. The mind is appalled at this colossal work of man, at these piles of buildings whose powdery whiteness dazzles the eye. Behind each crenelated headland lurks a man-of-war. In the smaller bays around the Borgo, troop-ships and training-ships, cruisers and gun-boats, transports and colliers, crowd round naval arsenals and dockyards. Down the center of the bay line England's biggest battle-ships—a dozen of them—their bands playing for morning parade, their decks swarming with "Jackies."

And the animation upon the water! How can one depict it? The *dghaisas* give the dominant note—native boats like gondolas, not black, however, and slender like their Venetian sisters, but stocky, and striped and painted in many colors. Their rowers stand facing the prow, and propel their heavy craft with surprising rapidity. These boats, everywhere, dart in and out among puffing launches from the war-ships and gigs, manned by trim blue-jackets; among fishing-smacks with lateen sails, and tugs towing long lines of coal barges. Under the protecting guns of the Upper Barracca lie the merchant craft, moored calm and quiet, as befits such vessels, their cranes swinging to and fro.

After an hour's delay our luggage is lowered over the side into a stout *dghaisa*. Two sun-baked sons of Malta speed us over the ruffled water. The sun peeps in and out behind the scurrying clouds. We dodge around the larger craft, and in a few moments are at the landing-steps, where the bustle is indescribable. Crowds are clamoring to be ferried over to the Borgo and the navy arsenal; other crowds, equally impatient, await their turn to land. The boatmen yell and gesticulate, while trying to keep their craft from scraping on the big stone steps.

After the usual formalities at the custom-house, we are given over to the mercy of a horde of squabbling cabmen. In a daze we rattle past the fish-market, with its motley crowd of every nationality, then rumble over a drawbridge and through the Victoria Gate.

Valetta's streets are busy—almost as busy as the waters of the bay. The main thoroughfares are nearly level, running straight along the crest of the hill, but the cross-streets pitch steep down to the harbors on each side, and are often disposed in steps, their incline is so rapid. The houses are high, flat-roofed, and provided with the balconies that form the leading characteristic of Maltese architecture—balconies roofed over and inclosed by windows and shutters, so arranged as to control the currents of air let in to refresh the inner apartments—a sort of Moorish *moncharbis*, behind whose blinds the quick glance of a pair of black eyes is often caught.

The Maltese women still wear the faldetta, a garment whose somber shadow imparts to them a certain demureness and sobriety. Imagine a great hood of black silk falling to the knee, gathered fanwise on one side of the head and

*Courtesy of Munsey's*
TYPICAL NATIVE MORO HOUSE

whaleboned out on the other into a full sweeping curve. In this mantle the women drape themselves—gather it round them in the wind, tilt it to ward off the sun's hot rays, or to screen their dark glances; in its ample folds they carry the market-basket or a child whose face peeps out from its black depths. No Maltese woman ever is seen without it. Several came over on our steamer from Sicily, and donned their faldetta as soon as we entered port.

The Maltese men wear no distinctive costume, but the streets present the usual mixed population of Mediterranean ports: Sicilians in yellow kerchiefs and embroidered belts; Arabs and Beduins from Tunis and Tripoli in bournous and gandurah; Greeks and Turks and Neapolitans.

Our carriage swings round a corner and enters St. George's Square, with the Governor's palace on one side and the guard-house on the other. Before the sentry-box, in the blazing sun, stiff as though made of wood, but neat and smart, a red-coat sentinel stands guard for the King. Under the portico on a stone seat lounge a half-dozen of his comrades. The Strada Reale, broad and straight, leads hence to the Porta Reale, Valetta's main gate, and its only exit to the country. The Strada Reale is a busy street, and in its attractive shops we admire exquisite Maltese lace renowned for centuries and now coming much into vogue.

*Courtesy of Munsey's*
MORO WARRIORS AND NATIVE PONY

Valetta is not the only considerable town in Malta. The original capital, Città Vecchia, still crowns it hill-top some eight miles away. It can be reached by the carriage road or by a little railway running across the island.

Città Vecchia still justifies its second appellation, La Notabile, for even to-day it presents an imposing appearance, girdled with ramparts and crowned with the spires and domes of the Church of St. Paul. It is entered by crossing a deep moat now cultivated as a vegetable garden. The streets are wide for a medieval city, and its houses, of a warm, golden hue, retain a certain air of grandeur, with their rows of spacious windows, their coroneted portals, and great doors ornamented with finely chiseled bronze knockers.

*Courtesy of Munsey's.*

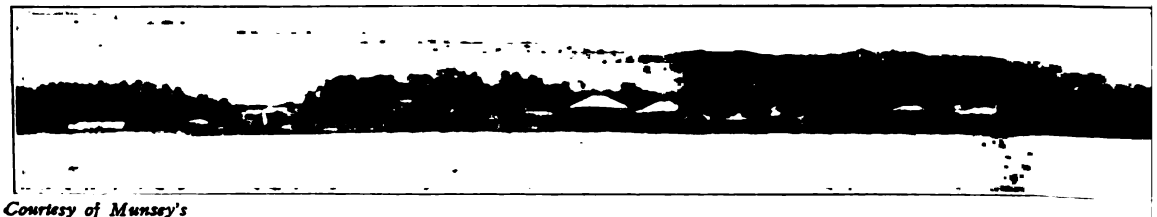
A STREET IN A MORO VILLAGE

**MOROS..O. K. DAVIS..MUNSEY'S**

Probably every officer of the American army or navy who has served in the Philippines, especially those who have had personal contact with the Moros of Mindanao and of the Sulus, has dreaded the time when armed conflict with those savage warriors should be a necessity, and yet has felt that that time was certain to come.

With the Moros of the Sulu archipelago there seems to be no immediate danger of trouble. The Mindanao men are a different lot. In the Sulus there is one sultan, with whom, from the first, we have been on good terms. These Sulu Moros were the first with whom the Americans came in contact when our Twenty-third Infantry relieved the Spanish garrison at Jolo, the Sulu capital. The Spaniards had always feared the Moros, and had treated them with great suspicion. Within a few hours after our men landed at Jolo they were wandering about the country, unarmed and fearless, meeting the Moros man to man, and making friends wherever they went. It pleased the Moros immensely to be met thus frankly, and from that day to this there has been no trouble with them of any magnitude, or that menaced future amicable relations.

The center of Moro population in Mindanao is about Lake Lanao, commonly spoken of as being the center of the island. Here is a fine, rolling, upland country, where the Moros cultivate great fields of rice and *camotes* (sweet potatoes). The Spaniards fought their way to this lake from Iligan, on the north coast, in the face of tremendous resistance. They opened a road which they protected with numerous block houses, and up which they lugged three small gunboats, built in sections. The boats were put together at the lake and launched, but never saw much service, and were finally scuttled, the district being abandoned. The Americans have made no effort to go in force to this lake. In 1900 Captain Hagadorn, with a company of the Twenty-third, went up from the south, by Lake Dapao, or Tapao, a small lake which lies a short distance south of Lanao. This visit was perfectly peaceful, and resulted in the establishment of a market for the sale of Moro goods to the Americans.



*Courtesy of Munsey's*

ZAMBOANGA FROM THE SEA

# Furniture of The Olden Time

## By Frances Clary Morse

Below is given the introduction to a recent volume from the pen of Frances C. Morse, and a few of the 300 illustrations in the volume. A review of the book itself will be found in another department.*

The furniture of the American colonies was at first of English manufacture, but before long cabinet-makers and joiners plied their trade in New England, and much of the furniture now found there was made by the colonists. In New Amsterdam, naturally, a different style prevailed, and the furniture was Dutch. As time went on and the first hardships were surmounted, money became more plentiful, until by the last half of the seventeenth century much fine furniture was imported from England and Holland, and from that time fashions in America were but a few months behind those in England.

In the earliest colonial times the houses were but sparsely furnished, although Dr. Holmes writes of leaving—

The Dutchman's shore,
With those that in the Mayflower came, a hundred souls or more,
Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes,
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

If one were to accept as authentic all the legends told of various pieces—chairs, tables, desks, spinets, and even pianos—Dr. Holmes's estimate would be too moderate.

The first seats in general use were forms or benches, not more than one or two chairs belonging to each household. The first tables were long boards placed upon trestles. Chests were found in almost every house, and bedsteads, of course, were a necessity. After the first chairs, heavy and plain or turned, with strong braces or stretchers between the legs, came the leather-covered chairs of Dutch origin, sometimes called Cromwell chairs, followed by the Flemish cane chairs and couches. This takes us to the end of the seventeenth century. During that period tables with turned legs fastened to the top had replaced the earliest "table borde" upon trestles, and the well-known "hundred-legged" or "forty legged" table had come into use.

PANELED CHEST WITH TWO DRAWERS
ABOUT 1675

Cupboards during the seventeenth century were made of oak, ornamented in designs similar to those upon oak chests. Sideboards with drawers were not used in this country until much later, although there is one of an early period in the South Kensington Museum, made of oak, with turned legs, and with drawers beneath the top.

Desks were in use from the middle of the seventeenth century, made first of oak and later of cherry and walnut. Looking-glasses were owned by the wealthy, and clocks appear in inventories of the latter part of the century. Virginals were mentioned during the seventeenth century, and spinets were not uncommon in the century following.

With the beginning of the eighteenth century came the strong influence of Dutch fashions, and chairs and tables were made with the Dutch cabriole or bandy leg, sometimes with the shell upon the knee, and later with the claw-and-ball foot. Dutch high chests with turned legs had been in use before this, and the high chest with bandy legs like the chairs and tables soon became a common piece

*Furniture of The Olden Time. Frances Clary Morse. New York: The Macmillan Co. Copyright, 1902, by The Macmillan Co.

of furniture. With other Dutch fashions came that of lacquering furniture with Chinese designs; and tables, scrutoirs or desks, looking-glass frames, stands, and high chests were ornamented in this manner.

The wood chiefly used in furniture was oak until about 1675, when American black walnut came into use, and chests of drawers, tables, and chairs were made of it; it was the wood oftenest employed in veneer at that time.

Sheraton wrote in 1803: "There are three species of walnut tree, the English walnut, and the white and black Virginia. Hickory is reckoned to class with the white Virginia walnut. The black Virginia was much in use for cabinet work about forty or fifty years since in England, but is now quite laid by since the introduction of mahogany."

Mahogany was discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1595. The first mention of its use in this country is in 1708. Mr. G. T. Robinson, in the London Art Journal of 1881, says that its first use in England was in 1720, when some planks of it were brought to Dr. Gibbon by a West India captain. The wood was pronounced too hard, and it was not until Mrs. Gibbon wanted a candle-box that any use was made of the planks, and then only because the obstinate doctor insisted upon it. When the candle-box was finished, a bureau (*i.e.*, desk) was made of the wood, which was greatly admired, and as Mr. Robinson says: "Dr. Gibbon's obstinacy and Mrs. Gibbon's candle-box revolutionized English household furniture; for the system of construction and character of design were both altered by its introduction." It is probable that furniture had been made in England of mahogany previous to 1720,

FLEMISH CHAIR
ABOUT 1690

PAINTED SHERATON CHAIR
1810–1815

but that may be the date when it became fashionable.

The best mahogany came from Santiago, Mexican mahogany being soft, and Honduras mahogany coarse-grained.

The earliest English illustrated book which included designs for furniture was published by William Jones in 1739. Chippendale's first book of designs was issued in 1754. He was followed by Ince and Mayhew, whose book was undated; Thomas Johnson, 1758; Sir William Chambers, 1760; Society of Upholsterers, about 1760; Matthias Lock, 1765; Robert Manwaring, 1766; Matthias Darly, 1773; Robert and J. Adam, 1773; Thomas Shearer (in the Cabinet-makers' London Book of Prices), 1788; A. Hepplewhite & Co., 1789; Thomas Sheraton, 1791-1793, and 1803.

Sir William Chambers in his early youth made a voyage to China, and it is to his influence that we can attribute much of the rage for Chinese furniture and decoration which was in force about 1760 to 1770.

Thomas Chippendale lived and had his shop in St. Martin's Lane, London. Beyond that we know but little of his life. His book, The Gentleman's and Cabinet-maker's Director, was published in 1754, at a cost of £3.13.6 per copy. The second edition followed in 1759, and the third in 1762. It contains one hundred and sixty copper plates, the first twenty pages of which are taken up with designs for chairs, and it is largely as a chair-maker that Chippendale's name has become famous. His furniture combines French, Gothic, Dutch, and Chinese styles, but so great was his genius that the effect is thoroughly harmonious, while he exercised the greatest care in the construction of his furniture—especially chairs. He

CHIPPENDALE CHAIR

was beyond everything a carver, and his designs show a wealth of delicate carving. He used no inlay or painting, as others had done before him, and as others did after him, and only occasionally did he employ gilding, lacquer or brass ornamentation.

Robert and James Adam were architects trained in the classics. Their furniture was distinctly classical, and was designed for rooms in the Greek or Roman style. Noted painters assisted them in decorating the rooms and the furniture, and Pergolesi, Angelica Kaufmann, and Cipriani did not scorn to paint designs upon satinwood furniture.

Matthias Lock and Thomas Johnson were notable as designers of frames for pier glasses, ovals, girandoles, etc.

Thomas Shearer's name was signed to the best designs of those published in 1788 in the Cabinet-makers' Book of Prices. His drawings comprise tables of various sorts, dressing chests, writing-desks, and sideboards, but there is not one chair among them. He was the first to design the form of sideboard with which we are familiar.

As Chippendale's name is used to [illegible] the furniture of 1750-1780, so the furniture of the succeeding period may be called Hepplewhite; for although he was one of several cabinet-makers who worked together, his is the best-known name, and his was probably the most original genius. His chairs bear no resemblance to those of Chippendale, and are lighter and more graceful; but because of the attention he paid to those qualifications, strength of construction and durability were neglected. His chair-backs have no support beside the posts which extend up from the back legs, and upon these the shield or heart-shaped back rests in such a manner that it could endure but little strain.

Hepplewhite's sideboards were admirable in form and decoration, and it is from them and his chairs that his name is familiar in this country. His swell or serpentine front bureaus were copied in great numbers here.

His specialty was the inlaying or painting with which his furniture was enriched. Satinwood had been introduced from India shortly before this, and tables, chairs, sideboards and bureaus were inlaid with this wood upon mahogany, while small pieces were veneered entirely with it. The same artists who assisted the Adam brothers painted medallions, wreaths of flowers or arabesque work upon Hepplewhite's satinwood furniture. Not much of this painted furniture came to this country, but the fashion was followed by our ancestresses, who were taught, among other accomplishments, to paint flowers and figures upon light wood furniture, tables and screens being the pieces usually chosen for decoration.

Thomas Sheraton published, in 1791 and 1793, The Cabinet-maker and Upholsterer's Drawing Book; in 1803, his Cabinet Dic-

CHIPPENDALE SIDE TABLE
ABOUT 1755

HEPPLEWHITE SIDEBOARD
ABOUT 1795

tionary; in 1804, Designs for Household Furniture, and The Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer and General Artist's Enclyclopedia, which was left unfinished in 1807.

The Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer's Drawing Book is largely taken up with drawings and remarks upon perspective, which are hopelessly unintelligible. His instructions for making the pieces designed are most minute, and it is probably due to this circumstantial care that Sheraton's furniture, light as it looks, has lasted in good condition for a hundred years or more.

Sheraton's chairs differ from Hepplewhite's, which they resemble in many respects, in the construction of the backs, which are usually square, with the back legs extending to the top rail, and the lower rail joining the posts a few inches above the seat. The backs were ornamented with carving, inlaying, painting, gilding, and brass. The lyre was a favorite design, and it appears in his chair-backs and in the supports for tables, often with the strings made of brass wire.

Sheraton's sideboards are similar to those of Shearer and Hepplewhite, but are constructed with more attention to the utilitarian side, with sundry conveniences, and with the fluted legs which Sheraton generally uses. His designs show sideboards also with ornamental brass rails at the back, holding candelabra.

His desks and writing-tables are carefully and minutely described, so that the manifold combinations and contrivances can be accurately made

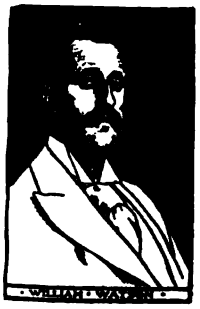
Sheraton's later furniture was heavy and generally ugly, following the Empire fashions, and his fame rests upon the designs in his first book. He was the last of the great English cabinet-makers, although he had many followers in England and in America.

After the early years of the nineteenth century, the fashionable furniture was in the heavy clumsy styles which were introduced with the Empire, until the period of ugly black walnut furniture, which is familiar to us all.

While there have always been a few who collected antique furniture, the general taste for collecting began with the interest kindled by the Centennial Exposition in 1876. Not many years ago the collector of old furniture and china was jeered at; and one who would, even twenty years since, buy an old "high-boy" rather than a new black walnut chiffonier, was looked upon as "queer." All that is now changed. The chiffonier is banished for the high-boy, when the belated collector can secure one, and the influence of antique furniture may be seen in the immense quantity of new furniture modeled after the antique designs, but not made, alas, with the care and thought for durability which were bestowed upon furniture by the old cabinet-makers.

WALNUT DOUBLE CHEST
ABOUT 1760

# The Poetry of William Watson*




Briefly, the poetical work of Mr. William Watson is contained in some ten different volumes ranging in date from 1880 to the present day. But the measure of a poet is never estimated by the number of his published works. That Mr. Watson's poetry is not known more widely than it is, is due to the seriousness of his subjects and the thoughtfulness with which he treats them. It must not be imagined, however, that all his verse is of a serious nature. Such is not the case. He brings to certain of his shorter pieces a delicate and fanciful touch, a lyric lilt, and a happy felicity of expression that raises his verse far above the commonplace and above the desultory dabblings of the dilettante.

### "I DO NOT ASK"

I do not ask to have my fill
  Of wine, or love, or fame.
I do not, for a little ill,
  Against the gods exclaim.

One boon of Fortune I implore
  With one petition kneel:
*At least caress me not, before*
  *Thou break me on thy wheel.*

### SONG

Oh, like a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen's her golden head!
But oh, at last, when all is said,
  Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
  So proud, and pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wing;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
  The pines their reverie.

And oh, her happy queenly tread,
And oh, her queenly golden head!
But oh, her heart, when all is said,
  Her woman's heart for me!

### NIGHT ON CURBAR EDGE

No echo of man's life pursues my ears;
Nothing disputes this Desolation's reign;
Change comes not, this dread temple to profane,
Where time by æons reckons, not by years.
Its patient form one crag, sole stranded, rears,
Type of whate'er is destined to remain,
While yon still host encamped on night's waste plain
Keeps armèd watch, a million quivering spears.

Hushed are the wild and wing'd lives of the moor,
The sleeping sheep nestle 'neath ruined wall,
Or unhewn stones in random concourse hurled:
Solitude, sleepless, listens at Fate's door;
And there is built and 'stablisht over all
Tremendous silence, older than the world.

### ELUSION

Where shall I find thee, Joy? By what great marge
With the strong seas exulting? on what peaks
Rapt? or astray within what forest bourn,
Thy light hands parting the resilient boughs?

Hast thou no answer? . . . Ah, in mine own
  breast
Except unsought thou spring, though I go forth
And tease the waves for news of thee, and make
Importunate inquisition of the woods
If thou didst pass that way, I shall but find
The brief print of thy footfall on sere leaves
And the salt brink, and woo thy touch in vain.

### LUX PERDITA

Thine were the weak, slight hands
That might have taken this strong soul, and bent
Its stubborn substance to thy soft intent,
And bound it unresisting, with such bands
As not the arm of envious heaven had rent.

Thine were the calming eyes
That round my pinnace could have stilled the sea,
And drawn thy voyager home, and bid him be
Pure with their pureness, with their wisdom wise,
Merged in their light, and greatly lost in thee.

But thou—thou passed'st on,
With whiteness clothed of dedicated days,
Cold, like a star; and me in alien ways
Thou leftest following life's chance lure, where
  shone
The wandering gleam that beckons and betrays.

### THE FRONTIER

At the hushed brink of twilight—when, as though
Some solemn journeying phantom paused to lay
An ominous finger on the awestruck day,
Earth holds her breath till that great presence go—
A moment comes of visionary glow,
Pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the gray,
Lovelier than these, more eloquent than they
Of memory, foresight, and life's ebb and flow.

So have I known, in some fair woman's face,
While viewless yet was Time's more gross imprint,
The first, faint, hesitant, elusive hint
Of that invasion of the vandal years
Seem deeper beauty than youth's cloudless grace,
Wake subtler dreams, and touch me nigh to tears.

*From Selected Poems. William Watson. London and New York: John Lane. Copyright, 1902, by John Lane.

# The Indian Trapper

## By A. C. Laut*

The trapper shoulders his musket, and keeping to the open, where he can travel fast on the long snow-shoes, sets out for the next tramp The man-shadow grows longer. It is late in the afternoon. Then all the shadows merge into the purple gloom of early evening; but the Indian travels on; for the circuit of traps leads back to his lodge.

The wolf thief may not be far off; so the man takes his musket from the case. He may chance a shot at the enemy. Where there are woods, wolves run under cover, keeping behind a fringe of brush to windward. The wind carries scent of danger from the open, and the brush forms an ambuscade. Man tracks, where man's dog might scent the trail of a wolf, the wolf clears at a long bound. He leaps over open spaces, if he can; and if he can't, crouches low till he has passed the exposure.

The trapper swings forward in long, straight strides, wasting not an inch of ground, deviating neither to right nor left by as much space as a white man takes to turn on his heels. Suddenly the trapper's dog utters a low whine and stops with ears pricked forward towards the brush. At the same moment the Indian, who has been keeping his eyes on the woods, sees a form rise out of the earth among the shadows. He is not surprised; for he knows the way the wolf travels, and the fox trap could not have been robbed more than an hour ago. The man thinks he has come on the thieves going to the next trap. That is what the wolf means him to think. And the man, too, dissembles; for as he looks the form fades into the gloom, and he decides to run on parallel to the brushwood, with his gun ready. Just ahead is a break in the shrubbery. At the clearing he can see how many wolves there are, and as he is heading home there is little danger.

"THEY DODGE THE COMING SWEEP OF THE UPLIFTED ARM"

But at the clearing nothing crosses. The dog dashes off to the woods with wild barking, and the trapper scans the long, white stretch leading back between the bushes to a horizon that is already dim in the steel grays of twilight.

Half a mile down this open way, off the homeward route of his traps, a wolfish figure looms black against the snow—and stands! The dog prances round and round as if he would hold the creature for his master's shot; and the Indian calculates—"After all, there is only one."

What a chance to approach it under cover, as it has approached his traps! The stars are already pricking the blue darkness in cold, steel points, and the Northern Lights are swinging through the gloom like mystic censors to an invisible Spirit, the Spirit of the still, white, wide, northern wastes. It is as clear as day.

One thought of his loss at the fox trap sends the Indian flitting through the underwoods

*From The Story of the Trapper. A. C. Laut. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Copyright, 1902, by D. Appleton & Co.

like a hunted partridge. The sharp barking of the dog increases in fury and when the trapper emerges in the open, he finds the wolf has straggled a hundred yards further. That was the meaning of the dog's alarm. Going back to cover, the hunter again advances. But the wolf keeps moving leisurely, and each time the man sights his game it is still out of range for the old-fashioned musket. The man runs faster now, determined to get abreast of the wolf, and utterly heedless of the increasing danger, as each step puts greater distance between him and his lodge. He will pass the wolf, come out in front, and shoot.

But when he comes to the edge of the woods to get his aim, there is no wolf, and the dog is barking furiously at his own moonlit shadow. The wolf, after the fashion of his kind, has apparently disappeared into the ground, just as he always seems to rise from the earth. The trapper thinks of the "loup-garou," but no wolf-demon of native legend devoured the very real substance of that fox.

The dog stops barking, gives a whine, and skulks to his master's feet, while the trapper becomes suddenly aware of low-crouching forms gliding through the underbrush. Eyes look out of the dark in the flash of green lights from a prism. The figures are in hiding, but the moon is shining with a silvery clearness that throws moving wolf shadows on the snow to the trapper's very feet.

Then the man knows that he has been tricked.

The Indian knows the wolf-pack too well to attempt flight from these sleuths of the forest. He knows, too, one thing that wolves of the forest and prairie hold in deadly fear—fire. Two or three shots ring into the darkness, followed by a yelping howl, which tells him there is one wolf less, and the others will hold off at a safe distance. Contrary to the woodman's traditions of chopping only on a windy day, the Indian whips out his axe and chops with all his might till he has wood enough for a roaring fire. That will keep the rascals away till the pack goes off in full cry, or daylight comes.

Whittling a limber branch from a sapling, the Indian hastily makes a bow, and shoots arrow after arrow with the tip in flame to high mid-air, hoping to signal the far-off lodges. But the night is too clear. The sky is silver with stars, and moonlight and reflected snow-glare, and the Northern Lights flicker and wane and fade and flame with a brilliancy that dims the tiny blaze of the arrow signal. The smoke rising from his fire in a straight column falls at the height of the trees, for the frost lies on the land heavy, palpable, impenetrable. And for all the frost is thick to the touch, the night is as clear as burnished steel. That is the peculiarity of northern cold. The air seems to become absolutely compressed with the cold; but that same cold freezes out and precipitates every particle of floating moisture till earth and sky, moon and stars, shine with the glistening of polished metal.

A curious crackling, like the rustling of a flag in a gale, comes through the tightening silence. The intelligent half-breed says this is from the Northern Lights. The white man says it is electric activity in compressed air. The Indian says it is a Spirit, and he may mutter the words of the braves in death chant:

> If I die, I die valiant.
> I go to death fearless.
> I die a brave man.
> I go to those heroes who die without fear.

Hours pass. The trapper gives over shooting fire arrows into the air. He heaps his fire and watches, musket in hand. The light of the moon is white like statuary. The snow is pure as statuary. The snow-edged trees are chiseled clear like statuary; and the silence is of stone. Only the snap of the blaze, the crackling of the frosted air, and the break of a twig back among the brush, where something has moved, and the little, low, smothered barkings of the dog on guard.

By-and-by the rustling through the brush ceases, and the dog at last lowers his ears and lies quiet. The trapper throws a stick into the woods and sends the dog after it. The dog comes back without any barkings of alarm. The man knows that the wolves have drawn off. Will he wait out that long, Northern night? He has had nothing to eat but the piece of pemmican. The heavy frost drowsiness will come presently; and if he falls asleep the fire will go out. An hour's run will carry him home, but to make speed with the snowshoes he must run in the open, exposed to all watchers.

When an Indian balances motives, the motive of hunger invariably prevails. Pulling up his hood, belting in the caribou coat, and kicking up the dog, the trapper strikes out for the open way leading back to the line of his traps and the hollow where the lodges have been built for shelter against wind. There is another reason for building lodges in a hollow. Sound of the hunter will not carry to the game; but neither will sound of the game carry to the hunter.

And if the game should turn hunter and the man turn hunted! The trapper speeds down the snowy slope, striding, sliding, coasting, vaulting over hummocks of snow, glissading down the drifts, leaping rather than running. The frosty air acts as a conductor to sound, and the frost films come in stings against the face of the man whose eye, ear, and touch are strained for danger. It is the dog that catches the first breath of peril, uttering a smothered "woo! woo!" The trapper tries to persuade himself the alarm was only the far scream of a wolf-hunted lynx, but it comes again, deep and faint, like an echo in a dome. One glance over his shoulder shows him black forms on the snow-crest against the sky.

He has been tricked again, and knows how the fox feels before the dogs in full cry.

The trapper is no longer a man. He is a hunted thing with terror crazing his blood and the sleuthhounds of the wild on his trail. Something goes wrong with his snow-shoe. Stooping to right the slip-strings, he sees that the dog's feet have been cut by the snow crust and are bleeding. It is life for life now; the old, hard, inexorable Mosaic law that has no new dispensation in the northern wilderness, and demands that a beast's life shall not sacrifice a man's.

One blow of his gun and the dog is dead.

The far, faint howl has deepened to a loud, exultant bay. The wolf-pack are in full cry. The man has rounded the open alley between the trees and is speeding down the hillside winged with fear. He hears the pack pause where the dog fell. That gives him respite. The moon is behind, and the man-shadow flits before on the snow like an enemy heading him back. The deep bay comes again, hard, metallic, resonant, nearer! He feels the snow-shoe slipping, but dare not pause. A great drift thrusts across his way and the shadow in front runs slower. They are gaining on him. He hardly knows whether the crunch of snow and pantings for breath are his own or his pursuer's. At the crest of the drift he braces himself and goes to the bottom with the swiftness of a sled on a slide.

The slant moonlight throws another shadow on the snow at his heels.

It is the leader of the pack. The man turns and tosses up his arms—an Indian trick to stop pursuit. Then he fires. The ravening hunter of man that has been ambushing him half the day rolls over with a piercing howl.

The man is off and away.

If he only had the quick rifle with which white men and a body-guard of guides hunt down with a single quarry, he would be safe enough now. But the old musket is slow loading, and speed will serve him better than another shot.

Then the snow-shoe slips completely over his instep to his ankle, throwing the racquet on edge and clogging him back. Before he can right it they are upon him. There is nothing for it now but to face and fight to the last breath. His hood falls back, and he wheels with the moonlight full in his eyes and the Northern Lights waving their mystic flames high overhead. On one side, far away, are the tepee peaks of the lodges; on the other, the solemn, shadowy, snow-wreathed trees, like funeral watchers—watchers of how many brave deaths in a desolate, lonely land where no man raises a cross to him who fought well and died without fear!

The wolf-pack attacks in two ways. In front, by burying the red-gummed fangs in the victim's throat; in the rear, by snapping at the sinews of the runner's legs—called hamstringing. Who taught them this devilish ingenuity of attack? The same hard master who teaches the Indian to be as merciless as he is brave—hunger!

Catching the muzzle of his gun, he beats back the snapping red mouths with the butt of his weapon, and the foremost beasts roll under.

But the wolves are fighting from zest of the chase now, as much as from hunger. Leaping over their dead fellows, they dodge the coming sweep of the uplifted arm, and crouch to spring. A great brute is reaching for the forward bound, but a mean, small wolf sneaks to the rear of the hunter's fighting shadow. When the man swings his arm and draws back to strike this miserable cur, that could not have worried the trapper's dog, makes a quick snap at the bend of his knees.

Then the trapper's feet give below him. The wolf has bitten the knee sinews to the bone. The pack leap up, and the man goes down.

* * * * * * *

And when the spring thaw came to carry away the heavy snow that fell over the northland that night, the Indians traveling to their summer hunting-grounds found the skeleton of a man. Around it were the bones of three dead wolves, and further up the hill were the bleaching remains of a fourth.

# Sport, Recreation and Adventure

**FLORIDA CAMPING ..A. R. DUGMORE..COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA**

People couple the name of Florida with snakes and mosquitoes, and shudder at the very idea of sleeping on the ground in such a pest-ridden country. I have spent many months camping in this country, with and without a tent, sleeping in all sorts of places, shooting in swamps and in pine lands—and two rattlesnakes only have I seen (both within a city limit). Moccasins are common in places, but they are too slow in their movements to cause much fear.

As for mosquitoes, about which one is always questioned, except along the coast they are seldom troublesome during the winter months; a net to cover the bed may be carried, but it will seldom be needed. Far more of a nuisance than either mosquitoes or snakes are the turkey buzzards. Nothing in the way of meat is safe from their searching eyes and ravenous appetites unless it is carefully covered, so it is well to be provided with a few cheese-cloth bags of various sizes in which meat may be hidden.

The country is divided into hammocks, prairies, open and cypress swamps, live-oak woods, palmetto islands, and the endless wastes of stunted pine land. Hammocks are thickly wooded places with rich soil, but inaccessible, owing to the dense tangle of vines and scrub. The shooting is good if you can get at it. Black bears, wild cats, and other animals hide in the jungles, comparatively safe from the attacks of man. A Florida prairie is a restricted, low, sandy flat, with a thin and irregular scattering of poor grass. Here and there are small shallow pools around which birds flock in immense numbers. Deer, wild pigs (descendants of the domestic pig), as well as 'coons and other "varmints," frequent these prairies; they are the feeding-places for the stately whooping crane, who is a vegetarian by nature: and sometimes turkeys feed along the edges. The open swamps which form a considerable part of Florida, especially of the southern half, are full of water-fowl; but the finest shooting, with gun or camera, is in the cypress swamps. These are very abundant. Each of the smaller ones is a pond, frequently seven or eight feet in depth, surrounded by a belt of cypress trees and a scant growth of myrtle and other bushes. On the outer edge of this belt maple trees are interspersed with the cypress, while beyond is a flat, bare strip of land, anywhere from fifty to four hundred feet wide and usually bordered by palmetto and pine. Some of these cypress swamps are of immense size, one being, I believe, over forty miles long. In them are found nearly every animal and bird known to Florida. Usually palmetto "islands" exist in the neighborhood of cypress swamps—slightly above the level of the surrounding country, and therefore well adapted for camping sites. The cabbage palmetto affords shade, kindling, bed, and food. The live-oak country has little to recommend it, except that it offers the most beautiful of camping sites and abundant bedding in the shape of Spanish moss. The wood is scarcely suitable for a camp-fire, as its smoke inflames the eyes to a painful degree.

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**TREED BY A MANIAC.....CINCINNATI ENQUIRER**

I was sent out one day to find the trouble between the office and the insane hospital. "Shooting trouble" is what we call it. I followed the line all the way out, and found the difficulty lay between a 40-foot pole and the 'phone in the men's building.

An attendant escorted me from place to place, but while I was in the hall examining the telephone he was called away. I was busy with my work when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a voice at my elbow said:

"Say, is that the safe where you put my money?"

Astonished, I looked up and into the face of an elderly man, who looked every inch the gentleman, being neatly and carefully dressed. For a moment I was too much surprised to answer, for his appearance at first belied the inference I drew from his question, but closer observation revealed an unnatural expression in his eyes: so, remembering where I was, I knew he was a maniac. Thinking to humor him, I said:

"Yes, I put it there; it is a good place for it."

Quick as a flash he caught up a heavy stool that was standing near and brought it down with all his might on the telephone, crushing it.

"Give it to me quick—quick!" he gasped, but I didn't stop to give him anything, but just

started on a run for the door, and there met the attendant, who soon quieted the poor fellow and led him away.

I had to make another trip to the city for another telephone, and as it was late by this time I didn't go back until the next day. When I got out there I found several "trusties" guarded by their keepers working in the garden. I saw my friend of the day before busy with a large knife topping turnips. He glanced up at me, and I saw a quick, angry gleam shoot into his eyes.

I had to climb a tree in an isolated part of the yard to unfasten a wire that had in some way caught on a limb. I connected my test set and called up the wire chief and explained the case to him, so with the work I had done and talking to him, twenty minutes must have passed. I started to get down, and when I reached the lower limb looked for a place to drop. But I didn't drop, for there, standing at the foot of the tree, stood my crazy man the knife still in his hand.

"Come down! he yelled. "I know you. You are the man that stole my five thousand. Give it up to me or I will kill you, you thief! Come down or I will come up there and cut your heart out!"

But I didn't come. I scrambled higher and yelled for help, though none came.

The maniac found a heavy board near, and, placing it against the tree, started to climb up, but in his hurry and excitement he did not place it securely, and when he was about halfway up it slipped and he went sprawling to the ground. He got on his feet and tried it once more. Again and again he tried it, but it would slip and throw him. Several times, however, he came within an inch of reaching the lower limb, from which he could have easily climbed up to where I was.

About this time another inmate came sauntering along and at once took a hand in the game and held the plank for my friend, who soon made good headway, and I saw in a few moments he would reach me.

I yelled again, but no one came. At that instant an idea flashed into my brain. I quickly attached the test set and called the wire chief at the office.

"For heaven's sake, call up the insane hospital and tell them to send help to me, or I am a dead man. There are two lunatics after me and one of them is coming up the tree with a knife a foot long. Hurry, hurry, for God's sake!"

With a surprised exclamation he cut me out. I looked down and found the man was in the tree and was coming toward me, snarling like a wildcat.

"Look at this. Ain't it a beaut? Won't it cut you, though? It is sharp, sharp. I will cut you up like a steak."

He started toward me, and had one hand on my foot, and I had just raised the other to kick him, when several keepers rushed up. Two of them climbed the tree, and just as he raised the knife to strike they reached him and threw a rope around him.

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**THE HUNT FOR THE POSSUM** ..... **N. Y. SUN**

In the autumn the possum is toothsome fat with nuts and of an agreeable flavor, and every night, moonshine or starshine, invites men to his destruction. During the day the little composite—a pig in nose, a squirrel in claws, and a combination of rat and monkey in the appearance and the powers of its prehensile tail—forages on the ground and in the trees, digging, climbing and eating—always eating. When night comes he stows himself away in a hollow trunk or hangs by his tail from a high branch to enjoy a little well earned repose.

The hunstmen prepare themselves to search for him by getting together all the dogs that the settlement possesses. A motley collection of curs they are, yet in spite of their being white, gray, brown, yellow and black, or a combination of any two of these colors, and in spite of their being of assorted sizes and possessing tails of a wonderful variety of lengths and of dubious straightness, they all show traces of hound blood. Long ears seem to persist when color, size and tails vary, and a cur of even the most doubtful lineage will have in its voice a hint of that rich mellowness that makes a hound's bay the most heart stirring thing in the world.

The next indispensable requisite for a hunt if there is no moon, is a supply of torches Lanterns are all very well, but subject to acci dent when their bearers are pushing their wa through rhododendron thickets. Pine torche have no glass to break, and are within th reach of any one who can wield an axe. Th resinous heart of an old pine tree will furnish whole party with illumination.

The dogs trot on meekly enough until one them strikes a scent, when they tear off wit an excited and exciting woohoo. If the tra is good it will lead them to some tree that 'possum is using for a dormitory. When t men come up the dogs are standing in a circl

nose to the tree and wagging their tails in ecstasy, while the object of their search crouches on a limb above them and shows his sharp, white teeth.

Or there may be no possum in sight, and then the task of catching him requires more effort than the mere shaking of a bough. If he has taken refuge in the heart of a hollow tree there are two methods of capture. Sometimes it is enough to cut a hole through into the cavity, and the "varmint," frightened by the lights and the noise, will scramble out in the dash for the freedom that he has small chance of winning, between his human and his canine foes.

Sometimes this method does not suffice, and he is smoked out. A "smudge" is started in the tree's hollow, and as its smoke rushes upward through the emptiness, as through a chimney, every living thing that has taken refuge in the ready-made home climbs, crawls and flies out at the top, or falls down, choked, and is pulled out through the "varmint" hole.

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**A MISHAP ON ZUYDER ZEE...CHAS. EDWARDS...MACMILLAN'S**

I was on skates and the Zuyder Zee lay before me. I had the route much to myself. Already there was a fair traffic of skaters on the Monnickendam thoroughfare—a black figure every two or three hundred yards; here were only one eager boy in a vast blue comforter, who attached himself to me to speculate at his leisure about my Sheffield skates, a sweeper or two, skating in the keen cold, earning their fifths of a penny hardly, poor souls—and that was all. The Zuyder Zee still kept its distance cloaked; Volendam was as invisible as Monnickendam. I might, from all appearances, have been bound for the North Pole.

There was one more sweeper, this time a wry little parody of the man, unfortunate (as the phrase goes), like the idiot boy in the Markem chimney corner; and then I had a bare horizon before me. Something led me to pause and exchange words with this poor fellow. He had a very red face, but his lack of intellect was his most conspicuous quality. As good luck would have it, I gave him two copper coins instead of the usual, though not imperative, dole of one. At least, I suppose it was good luck; it might at any rate have been fatal if I had passed him by at the run without taking hand from pocket. One cannot be axiomatic about the brains of an unfortunate. Be that as it may, a minute or two later I was through the ice, and no one but the unfortunate was in sight.

I deserved the accident. Had I kept to the route sketched out by the reed tufts I should have had my safety assured. There was, however, a seducing patch away to the left, black and glassy, virgin ice in fact; and when I was in the very middle of it, crack it went, and my feet lost bottom. It was quite a comfortable let down, all things considered, and free from any violent shock. I found myself surveying the Zuyder Zee from my elbows, interested at first rather than alarmed by the new nature of the prospect.

But some five minutes of careful struggling much changed the situation. Twice I managed to get one leg out, once both legs to the very tip of my skates. Discreet spread-eagling might, I hoped, do the business and enable me to crawl to the sound margin and so home somewhere, in dismal plight enough, yet whole in bone and wind. But each effort ended in failure and an enlargement of the black, and now, forbidding pool behind me. Then, with shortening breath, I understood that I was in a mess. The half-witted sweeper was in sight, of course, but he seemed unreasonably remote, and moreover he was plying his broom with his back toward me.

Clearly it was advisable to shout. I felt numb already and, which troubled me more, the ice on each side was gradually dipping from the horizontal under the weight of my arms. I shouted several times before my sweeper even stopped sweeping. He looked up, did not see me, and renewed his simple labors. This time I was determined that he should hear and understand; and he did both. Up went his arms in dismay and he, too, shouted.

But to my idiot now came another man, tall and broad, with a capable look about the shoulders; even at a distance, he had a rousingly practical air. The sight of him acted like a tonic to my drowsing energies and again I shouted, for the minutes were passing and my props were drooping methodically. I knew pretty well that I should have little power or finger-grip left to grapple for fresh buttresses when the crack came right or left. Of the two arms the right was the lower in the water, but I was sodden to both elbows.

They moved toward me with loud talk and gesticulations at a walk, and not a fast one either. It was easy guessing what was in their minds. They had no proper life-saving materials, and their combined intellects were

baffled by their responsibility. They had a broom apiece and that was all.

At thirty paces from me they halted and the second man encouraged me with despairing shakes of the head and cries which I made no effort to interpret. The poor idiot's arms were stuck up as if in appeal to the pale blue sky. I was being told that I ought not to have gone from the track, and that they did not know what to do to get me out. This was magnificent! I knew it all myself and made no comment; my jaws were too earnestly chattering about the cold for further attempts at coherent speech.

But suddenly my man was visited with an inspiration. Off went his jacket. He had something round his waist and he tore it from him; something round his neck also, and that, too, was removed. Lastly, something in his pockets, and this, being discovered, was with fierce quickness joined to the other things. What it all was I could not at this stage exactly see; matters generally were visible only through a pearly mist, which did not spoil their appearance, though it blurred them.

I gasped and gasped, and glancing to the right realized that I was in water to the shoulder. Well, so be it.

And now the worst of all was at hand. A wisp of something brown fluttered before my eyes, heralded by hoarse cries from the two men. Should I or should I not bother about it? That was the question which put itself to me. Upon the whole I was quite as comfortable as in the circumstances I had the right to expect to be. Any further active resistance to doom was hateful to think of. I perfectly understood I was bound for the bottom of the Zuyder Zee, but I saw no sufficient reason why I should hurry on that journey. When my arm-rests were bent to the snapping point then I would go, but not before.

The brown thing lay under my nose. In a flash I felt prompted to give it a trial. Loosing both supports, I grabbed the thing with leaden hands, first one and then the other. At the same instant I caught myself wondering how any fellow, though ever so impecunious, could think it worth his while to wear such a moth-eaten old scarf as this. Yells of rejoicing or endeavor followed. There was a jerk and a snap and I was in again, to the neck this time. Of their own accord my arms sprang out to their old friendly barriers. Crack went one, and it was by mere instinct that both hands clutched the ice in front just as I sank in.

Again that brown thing dropped before my eyes, and the shouts from beyond intensified in tone. They seemed rather more remote than before, as if they scarcely concerned me; the cold trickling down my spine of the fresh douche was a much more personal detail. The brown thing wriggled; they were fishing for me as one lures a trout. I took it gingerly this time, eyeing its defects at very close quarters.

Inch by inch I went up it, hand over hand. There was a cord above such as might have been taken from a window-sash. Could I reach that? I did, and with all the strength left in the muscles of my frozen fingers fastened on it. Then came the tug. A cry of furious exhilaration sounded quite near, over my head almost. But heavens! Who was trying to cut me in two at the waist? This was more than even frozen flesh and blood could bear.

It ended suddenly. The cord broke this time, and again my gloves saved me, as I slid back, in giving me a grip which no naked fingers such as mine then were could have found.

A long pause followed. My men spoke in tired whispers—at least they sounded tired. What they were doing I cared little. Conscious of a creeping chill which nothing could resist much longer, and of a heaviness which dragged at my feet like hundredweights, I faintly wondered why the ice in front did not break up like that at the sides.

It was the last attempt; they and I both knew that. On their part, even as it was, they accounted it useless; but there was still the chance. And I, too, believed it useless, but went feebly for that poor, pale, last chance.

My fingers were well-nigh dead; they could rest idly on a rim of ice, but they could not clutch, and they could hold nothing. That was soon shown, for the rope was drawn through them like a glove from a hand. But again it was before me, and now I put my teeth to it, and with my teeth slowly wound it round the right wrist again, again, and again. With the dregs of instinct still in me I swayed my heels backward; the psychological moment was seized when the chest was at an easier angle to the barrier in front and I rose from the water.

A shout of triumph told me that he still lived, and then out I came, swiftly along the surface of the ice, and so to the hard wooden shoes of my rescuer.

# Society Verse

**A SONG OF LOST LOVES ....CHARLES J. BAYNE....CENTURY**

Trinita, Crucita, Anita!
  Through the gathering mist of the years,
With the infinite graces of dimpled brown faces,
  How roguishly each of you peers!
Have I not said, "Get thee behind me?"
  And long since forgotten the roll—
Trinita, Crucita, Anita—
  Of the liquids which captured my soul?

Trinita, Crucita, Anita!
  Why, the day of our passion is dead.
My thoughts must not waver from themes that are graver
  Than busied my idle young head;
Yet there, like a trio of dryads,
  Half hid in a trellis, you smile—
Trinita, Crucita, Anita—
  With lips that were made to beguile.

Now, know you not, truant Trinita—
  Soft sylph whose delight is to lave
Where the warm Caribbean sings ever a pæan
  Of praise as you mount on the wave—
That time has brought Marys and Sarahs
  And many more homelike in sound
Than Trinita, Crucita, Anita,
  However the liquids abound?

And know you not, cruel Crucita,
  Who quickened my heart to a flame
Like some sulphurous crater beneath the equator
  In far Ecuador, whence you came,
That the years on the wings have brought healing—
  Spelled Helen, perchance, who is fair,
Trinita, Crucita, Anita,
  With not a dark strand in her hair?

And you so much earlier and sweeter
  That your name I enmask in my rhymes—
You know that love varies, though toward the Canaries
  I once worshiped, vespers and primes;
No more of that wreathing with roses
  Those glossy black ringlets, for thine
(With those of Trinita, Crucita)
  Have sprinkled the silver in mine.

Trinita, Crucita, Anita!
  Even now I grow weak in my will:
Were all of you Circes whose kisses were curses,
  I know I should welcome you still.
For under your languorous lashes,
  And in every dimple's soft mold—
Trinita, Crucita, Anita—
  The dreams of my youth I behold.

**UR SECRET .....MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.....BOOKMAN**

Your voice, to me is like the fountain fall
  In some sequestered courtyard, overhid
  With flowers of pomegranates burning red—
Whose rhythmic waters ceaseless calm and call.

Your glance, to me is like a restless star—
  The instant ere it stakes its light on space,
  To reel as some wild centaur down the sky,
Past steadfast orbs enchained to heaven's car.

To me, your touch—ah, no, to all save me
  Let that remain beneath pomegranates red—
  In that dim courtyard with the fountain hid,
A listless langour of the memory!

**TINY SLIPPERS .....EDWIN ARNOLD.....AINSLEE'S**

*(On seeing a pair of Egyptian slippers two thousand years old.)*

Tiny slippers of gold and green,
  Tied with a moldering golden cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
  When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were!
  Not many girls could dance in these:
Who was the shoemaker made you, dear,
  Such a nice pair of Egyptian "threes?"

Where were you measured? In Saïs, or On,
  Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium?
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
  Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb,
I seem to see you—so long ago!
  Twenty centuries, less or more,
And here are your sandals; but nobody knows
  What face or fortune, or name you bore.

**WHEN SIGNS FAIL.....ANDREW C. M. KENZIE.....N. Y. PRESS**

Two small hands with nonchalance
  Are pulling apart a daisy white,
Leaving my fate to the merest chance;
Counting my heart with eyes that dance,
  While I protest with sullen might.
When a man has loved with proven power
Shall his love be judged by the build of a flower?

Whenever a rose is in your hair
  My heart grows ever so soft, Suzette.
I'd count those petals with loving care,
Each precious leaf you used to wear—
  And yet a flower makes you forget.
To you I give of my life the best,
You try my worth with a flower's test.

Since a daisy says: "He loves you not,"
  My heart must go unheard.
If you trust to the weeds of a vacant lot,
There is little use of the fight I've fought—
  Still less of pleading word.
To see you counting so debonair
Is proof enough that you do not care.

I hear her sigh with mock regret,
  As from her hands the petals fall.
Am I counted out, oh, fair Suzette?
Does the tally tell I love you yet?
  Or does this end it all?
Says gay Suzette, with eyes that shine:
"The daisy lies; I know you're mine."

**AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN** ..... **CONGREGATIONALIST**

No clever brilliant thinker, she,
With college record and degree;
She has not known the paths of fame;
The world has never heard her name;
She walks on old, untrodden ways—
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom; love is her dower;
She seeks no other wand of power
To make home sweet, bring heaven near,
To win a smile and wipe a tear,
And do her duty day by day
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round with some reverent saint enshrined,
And following hers the childish feet
Are led to ideals true and sweet,
And find all purity and good
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still—
God rules the world in good and ill;
Men in her creed are brave and true,
And women pure as pearls of dew.
And life for her is high and grand,
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes.
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!

**"IN SUCH A NIGHT"** ..... **ARTHUR KETCHUM** ..... **SMART SET**

Again the old enchantress of the Night
Works her white magic, and beneath her thrall
Silence—the long-desired—lays claim to all
The parched dominion of Day's routed might.
Now in faint skies the stars watch soft and bright;
Now dim leaves whisper, and the low winds call
Gently across a gracious interval
Of dew and shadow and of mellow light.

In such a night, on Juliet's balcony,
Love broke to flower, like a budded rose,
And life grew wonderful with a new grace.
In such a night the ghosts of memory,
Emboldened by the hour, creep near and close,
And men with vanished dreams talk face to face.

**ROSE SECRETS** ..... **FELIX CARMEN** ..... **COLLIER'S WEEKLY**

A secret hides in every rose—
At least, I've heard it said so,
And I presume the Jacqueminots
For joy of it are red so.

Others there are whose hearts conceal
And keep the secret valid;
For instance, there's the Marechal Niel
For fear of it kept pallid.

I send you both the red and white
And, knowing how you love them,
They may perhaps breathe their delight
When you bend down above them.

Their fragrant secret shall be told—
Your rose-mouth will compel it!
I wonder, Sweet, if you will scold
When I ask you to tell it?

**SONG OF DIANA** ..... **GERTRUDE BARTLETT** ..... **METROPOLITAN**

Ah, Endymion, whom in slumber
Jove eternally confines
On the wooded slope of Latmos,
Underneath its ancient pines.

Softly as throughout the forest
Midnight's pallid glory streams,
I would seek thee where the shadows
Keep inviolate thy dreams.

At my touch should not be broken
Any bud of wood-bloom sweet,
Nor the lily's stem be bended
By the passing of my feet.

Ah, Endymion, which the rairer
Fate to mortal mind would seem—
There, beneath the pines of Latmos,
In eternal youth to dream.

Deathless as the gods, or straightway,
Jove defying, unto this
Fleeting life of love and laughter
To be wakened by a kiss?

**TEARS** ..... **S. W. GILLILAN** ..... **BALTIMORE AMERICAN**

Were I, within each eye of mine,
To find a tear,
I'd trace it quickly to its source—
To you, my dear.
And yet it puzzles me to know
Why teardrops from my eyes should flow
When, O my sweet, I love you so—
Unless, forsooth, the drops should be
For very joy that you love me;
Or that my heart thus strives to say:
"My love, you are so far away!"

Sometimes the tear mists dim my eyes
When none is near;
I know who sends them unto me—
'Tis you, my dear.
Though still it puzzles me to know
Why tears from out my eyes should flow
When all my being loves you so;
Unless, indeed, the drops should be
For gladness that you still love me,
Or that my hungry heart would say:
"You are so far, so far away!"

Some day my loving eyes shall shed
Full many a tear;
And then as now I'll know they're sent:
By you, my dear.
Yet then untaught my soul shall know
Just why these scalding drops should flow—
Though still I'll love you—love you so.
Glad tears of joy they then shall be
For that your love is all for me,
And that no more my heart need say:
"You are so far—so far away!"

# Among the Plants

## The Beauty and Value of Trees

**Edited by Robert Blight**

A lover of plant life may readily be forgiven for dwelling upon the esthetic side of woodland and forest. What would this world be like without the arched vistas of the lanes, the shadowed groves of the woodland, the crypts with their tesselated pavement of light and shadow in the deciduous forests and the "columned aisles" of the pine lands? Without the trees the poet and the painter would be deprived of some of their richest inspiration; the landscape would lose the greater part of its charm, its restfulness, and its varied light and shadow; and Nature itself would lack one of the essential elements of its grandeur and beauty. And yet, if we pass by the sentiment of the trees and regard them as mere specimens of vegetable life, they lose none of their interest. They are probably the most long-lived of all the living things of earth. The redwoods of California, the oaks and yews of England, the Baobab of the Cape Verde Islands and western Africa, the Eucalypts of Australia, do not count their years by decades, nor even centuries, but reach into the thousands, even then out-rivaling the younger generations in majesty. Shall we regard them as mere aggregates of living cells? Still they afford mystery and wonder. In the higher animals, with a circulation but little opposed to gravity, there is a central pump to distribute the life-giving fluid, but in the trees there is none of this contrivance, and still the sap mounts upward to towering heights, bestowing vigor on the topmost leafle . Stand before a tree this spring-time and endeavor to realize its life from the time when it was a tiny seed to the day when it overshadows the land, and you will feel that you are face to face with one of the most beautiful and most mysterious phenomena of Nature.

Time was, and that not so many years ago, when ignorant utilitarianism regarded not the trees. Greed, of one kind or another, denuded the land of its ornaments, regardless of future consequences, and now we are being visited, even to the third and fourth generation, for the sins of the fathers. Climate and water supply have changed their conditions, simply because of the indiscriminate felling of the forests within the last two centuries. It is only of late years that the re-foresting of denuded districts and the preservation of existing forests has occupied the attention of the "powers that be," and it is the duty of every lover of Nature to follow the good work that is being done. The following, therefore, should interest us:

**TREE-PLANTING .. CLIFTON D. HOWE .. BURLINGTON FREE PRESS**

Each year the question of forest preservation becomes a more vital one. Such increasingly enormous demands are being made upon the country's forest resources that there is danger of seriously diminishing, if not of exhausting, the supply of merchantable timber. The forest areas of the country are so extensive that the danger of exhaustion doubtless would be remote were it not for the unfortunate fact that the forest crop usually is harvested in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of a second crop of like nature upon the same area. Now, if Nature, by the careless interposition of man, is prevented from reproducing valuable forest trees where they have been taken away, then the demand remaining the same, the time is coming when a forest crop can be profitably reproduced by artificial cultivation. The question, then, naturally arises, has that time come in the United States? In certain sections of the country it undoubtedly has. To bring the point nearer home, has the time come for artificial planting in Vermont? As a special agent of the National Bureau of Forestry, the writer has traversed the greater portion of the State during the summer just passed, and judging from what he saw he would answer the question in the affirmative. On certain areas and under certain conditions artificial tree-planting may be successfully and profitably carried on in the State.

### A STRIKING EXAMPLE

This conclusion previously formed was confirmed by an investigation of the artificial plantations on the Billings estate at Woodstock. Experiments have been made there with several different kinds of trees with surprisingly satisfactory results. Notable among these is the plantation of European larch which was made fourteen years ago. Six acres of very poor hill pasture were plowed, harrowed, and planted with larches, the rows being twelve feet apart and the trees six feet apart in the rows. The trees were planted in the spring when two rows of corn were planted between each row of trees, and one hill of corn between each tree in the row. The corn was fertilized and cultivated as a regular corn crop. Corn was planted on this area for three successive years, but none was planted between

the trees in the row the third year, as the trees had closed in the row. The fourth year the land was seeded with mixed grasses, mostly orchard grass, which was mowed for four years. After this the land was used for pasturage until the trees killed out the grass. During the fourteen years since the plantation was made, the growth of the trees has been remarkable.

ADVANTAGES OF TREE-PLANTING

Besides the direct financial returns which may be gained from tree planting, there are certain indirect but no less important results which are worthy of consideration. One of these is the part that trees play in holding together the soil and thus preventing excessive erosion. Light soils are continually being worn away by the erosive power of water. During rain storms the surface waters, following the line of least resistance, are gathered into rivulets. These rivulets are soon worn into gullies; with each succeeding storm the gullies are widened and deepened, the waters gather with increasing force, and thus the soil is carried into the valley below. By tree planting, erosion is reduced to a minimum. The gullies are nearly filled with dead leaves and decayed vegetable matter, and the ground is covered with an accumulation of humus an inch or more in thickness. Thus worn-out soils may in some degree be restored to their primitive condition.

Not only does tree planting improve the soil in which the tree grows, but its beneficial influences also extend beyond into the adjacent territory. There was a dry, sandy knoll in a meadow on the Billing's farm. The waters which fell upon the knoll immediately ran off or were soon evaporated, so that not only the knoll itself, but also the area about its base, was kept in a condition so dry as to be unfit for crops. Some years ago pines and spruces were planted on the knoll. The result is that the waters which now fall upon it do not all run off at once, but are absorbed by the humus and gradually soak down into the area below. The effect of this upon the grass crop is very apparent. Not only does the grass extend higher up the slopes than before, but also there is a more vigorous growth about the base of the knoll, owing to the more uniform water content of the soil.

Rocky pastures having thin soil covered with lichens, mosses and ferns make very poor pasturage. Nature never intended them to be used for this purpose. In mountain districts such places are best adapted to grow spruce. In fact, spruce often grows naturally in such situations, unless the farmer (with poor economy) cuts it off. Along the river valleys are frequent outcrops of sand, or dry, sandy knolls on which white pines, one of the most valuable timber trees, would thrive vigorously. It would mean more wealth to the farmer, more wealth to the State, if these areas, now lying idle, yielding nothing (except taxes) were made profit-bearing by properly conducted tree planting. It is not a question of which is the more valuable of two crops, but of producing a valuable crop where none previously was produced.

The above passage is decidedly emphatic from the commercial and agricultural points of view, but the following excerpt is equally interesting from a more general one. Especially is it noteworthy as showing what is being done and what can be done by tree planting for shade and decoration.

**OUR TREES AND NEGLECTED FORESTS .....HOME AND FLOWERS**

President Roosevelt recently declared that "the forest and water problems are, perhaps, the most vital internal questions of the United States." In the far West the question of water supply and water rights is a vital one. Nearly a third of our vast country is still woodland. The recent withdrawal of 6,000,000 acres of land in northern California for the creation of forest reserves has emphasized a peril. Yet we are so far behind an intelligent public sentiment in France and Germany in the matter of forest preservation that we are rapidly destroying all our forest lands, and at the same time as rapidly curtailing our natural water supply, so that, in a few years, if something radical is not done, we will have seriously crippled our natural resources.

Arbor Day exercises in the schools are reminding the children once a year that trees are to be planted as well as cut down. Schools of forestry in connection with many of our colleges are cultivating in the hearts and minds of the people a love and understanding of trees. A number of agricultural associations, notably the Western Pennsylvania Botanical Society, are urging the planting of trees, not only because of the added charm to the landscape, but on account of the financial return in the shape of better watered land and of timber. New York State has a law providing for the planting of trees along country roads, and the Legislature of Pennsylvania has just passed an ordinance which provides that, for every two fruit, shade or forest trees which the property owner shall transplant to the public highway in front of his own premises,

he shall be allowed an abatement of one dollar on his road taxes. The St. Louis Civic Improvement League has issued simple printed instructions about tree planting and its value to the city.

Modern Americans could learn much from the memorial established by a Japanese Prince of generations ago. From his own forest he gave thousands of trees and seeds to be planted along two roads leading to Nikko, where the body of the great general and law giver, Iyecsasu, was interred. Many who visit Nikko may forget the loveliness of the mountain scenery, the waterfalls and rushing streams, the carving and gilding of the temples, the soft, low tones of the bells, the odor of incense, and the chanting of priests, but few will forget their twenty-mile ride beneath the over-arching branches of the stately trees. What more beautiful memorial than this which benefits rich and poor, prince and coolie, alike?

Let us now glance at some forestry work in a region where forests were unknown when the country was first settled. It will be seen that what was first intended for protection, comfort or luxury has been turned to very practical and profitable uses:

**THE HARDY CATALPA** ..... **W. L. HALL***

Forest planting on the prairies west of the Mississippi river began with the earliest settlers. To plant trees for protection from the sun and wind seemed one of the first and most important things to be done, and with the building of a house and the breaking up of a garden patch, it formed a part of a settler's first summer's work. Each year thereafter, as time and means permitted, the plantation was increased. Scarcely a decade passed before extensive groves for the general purposes of shelter and ornament appeared on almost every farm. The success of these proved that the want of the natural forest could in part be supplied by planted timber.

The growing of forest trees for other farm needs, such as fuel, posts and poles, was also practised by many settlers, for the prices of these materials were extremely high in the districts far from the natural forest. The idea of growing posts and poles to sell, however, did not meet with approval for a number of years. It was too long an investment to be attactive in a country just settled. About twenty-five years ago a few men, impressed with the prevailing high prices of such materials, and believing it possible to produce them in plantations within fifteen or twenty years, began to plant timber as an investment. Their example encouraged others to plant for the same purpose, and as a result of the work, there are now in the Middle West quite a large number of commercial plantations, in some of which the marketing of products has already begun.

Of the trees used for commercial planting none have been planted more extensively in the region of southern Iowa and Nebraska and eastern Kansas than the Hardy Catalpa. In its native habitat along the lower Wabash and Ohio rivers this tree, nearly a century ago, gained a reputation for rapid growth and durability. A few years' trial on the plains sufficed to prove its good qualities for that region. It was easily propagated, grew rapidly on prairie soil, had good form, was drought resistant, had few insect or fungous enemies, and, above all, was a lasting timber, adapted to many uses. Such good qualities soon brought it into general recognition. In the regions named it took a lead as a commercial tree, especially for such purposes as fence posts, telegraph and telephone poles, and railroad ties. Its value for most of these purposes has been quite fully demonstrated. As a post timber it has given excellent satisfaction. For telegraph and telephone poles its only deficiency seems to be a tendency to crookedness, but possibly this can be overcome by special treatment. As a railroad-tie timber the Hardy Catalpa has not had sufficient trial to demonstrate what its rank should be; but experiments have left no doubt as to its resistance to decay. The only question lies in its resistance to wear.

In this case we have a tree which is a native of one section of North America introduced into a treeless district in another section and there flourishing and supplying admirably the needs of its people. In the following passage, taken from a bulletin of the Bureau of Forestry of remarkable value and interest, we read of a native of a distant part of the globe being brought to California and being utilized there to such an extent that "the landscape in many parts of the State has been completely changed."

**THE EUCALYPTS** ..... **U. S. BUREAU OF FORESTRY, BUL. 35**

The native home of the Eucalypts is Australia and some of the adjacent islands. All but a very small per cent. of the species are found on the continent of Australia itself. A small number grow both in Tasmania and in Australia, one of these being the blue gum, *eucalyptus globulus*, the species that has been cultivated most widely in other parts of the

*U. S. Bureau of Forestry, Bul. 37

world. The Eucalypts constitute a considerable part of the forests of Australia, and are said to give a characteristic appearance to the landscape of the regions in which they grow. They are known in their native home as gum trees, mahogany trees, box trees, stringy barks, and by a number of other names, the first being the most common appellation.

In Australia the different species occupy situations varying from deserts or dry mountainous regions to low, swampy, and moist mountainous ones. On account of the great diversity of species and their wide distribution in their native home, it has been possible to select species suitable to a great variety of semi-tropic situations; and there are undoubtedly greater future possibilities along this line. Each year one or more additional promising species finds its way from Australia to our continent, the usefulness of the genus being thus continually extended to new regions. As Americans become better acquainted with the Eucalypts in their native home, the possibilities for the usefulness of these trees upon our continent will be increased.

From Australia, the Eucalypts have been carried to many parts of the earth having a similar climate. They are now grown successfully in southern Europe, in northern and southern Africa, in southern Asia, in parts of South America, and in the southern part of North America. In many of the above regions the Eucalypts are a conspicuous feature of the country, the aspect of the landscape having in some cases been completely changed by the planting of these trees. They were introduced into North America only a few years after their introduction into France and Algeria, the merits of the genus being early recognized by Californians. Over much of the State of California they are the principal wind-break, shade, and fuel trees, and the number of useful purposes they serve is continually increasing. Without the Eucalypts, California would be a very different State, and their value to the Commonwealth is beyond calculation. From California the planting of Eucalypts extended to Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Florida. In most cases the blue gum, the species that had been most successfully grown in California, was the one first planted in these regions. The blue gum is not adapted to them, and this has led to the belief that no Eucalypts would thrive there. In southern Arizona, for instance, the blue gum does not endure the dry heat of summer, while in Florida the frosts of winter have been fatal to it. But in some of these places more resistant species have been introduced and are growing satisfactorily.

Mr. McClatchie, the author of the Bulletin, goes on to deal with Eucalypts as forest cover, as windbreaks, as shade trees, as sources of timber and fuel, as sources of oil of a peculiarly valuable medicinal character, of honey also, and then proceeds to speak of them in connection with climate:

The Eucalypts have the reputation of benefiting the climate of those regions where they have been planted. Evidence upon this subject is so conflicting, however, that the truth is ascertained with difficulty. Whatever the fact may be, the belief is quite general, especially in southern Europe, that the effect of Eucalypts upon the climate is distinctly sanatory. The plantation of Eucalypts at Tres Fontane, in the Roman Campagna, is the instance most generally cited by those who contend for the benefical influence of these trees on the climate. A large number of instances of improved climate attributed to the planting of the trees are cited from Corsica. Similar statements are made concerning unhealthy spots in Algeria, in the Cape Colony, and other parts of Africa. It is asserted also by many Californians that the planting of Eucalypts has diminished the amount of malaria in central California.

It is probable that considerable of the change in the sanitary conditions of those places said to have been benefited by Eucalypts has been due to other causes, such as the making of drainage ditches, etc., and this will partially account for the conflicting opinions on the subject. When, however, the nature and habit of the trees are considered, it is entirely reasonable to believe that to a certain extent they beneficially affect the atmosphere in the region of their growth. The grounds for this belief are: First, their great capacity for absorbing moisture from the soil, and thus reducing the quantity of stagnant water in the ground at their roots; second, their corresponding power of giving off fresh from their foliage the water thus taken up by their roots; third, the exhalation from their leaves and other parts of volatile oils, which affect the climate not only directly but by changing the oxygen of the atmosphere to ozone; fourth, the purification of germ-infested matter by the foliage dropped upon the ground or in pools of standing water. From the combined action of these four characteristics it seems reasonable to believe that the trees would be beneficial to many climates.

# Scientific Progress and Endeavor

**FAN TO LIGHT A TRAIN .....BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT**

A novel idea in lighting trains by electricity is the "Gullott" system, which has been experimented with successfully on a small scale on an important road, and is now to be applied to an express train. As in the case of the "axle light," the motion of the train is used to generate the electricity. Instead, however, of taking this power from the car axle, it is furnished by a rotary fan attached to the front end of the locomotive. The fan is located close to the boiler head and presents a moving and cutting surface to the air pressure, causing the air to travel to the outer end of the fan's blades until discharged. No air pressure is massed on the flat surface of the boiler head, but the curved surfaces of the fan utilize the traveling air, and thereby generate power. The fan cutting through the air revolves swiftly, and does not add to the resistance of the air nor retard the speed of the train. No gale of wind is required to cause the fan to operate; the ordinary pressure of the train moves it sufficiently to generate the electrical energy required to light any train, and leave a large surplus for ventilating fans and other purposes. The apparatus so located does not obstruct the view of the engineer nor offer any objectionable complications. The dynamo is located either on or under the pilot, and is direct-connected to the fan by a special device. A storage battery is located on the tender or underneath each car, and so equipped automatically with cut-outs as to properly govern the flow of current from dynamo to battery. It is evident that the cost of illumination will be only the expense of installing and maintaining the apparatus.

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**AERIAL MAIL; 250 MILES AN HOUR .....N. Y. HERALD**

Signor Piscicelli, a scientist, of Rome, has invented a mechanism for carrying letters and parcels which is so novel and promises such good results that the Italian government is seriously thinking of using it throughout the country in place of the present mail service. One reason why it prefers Signor Piscicelli's method is because, according to the inventor, by it letters and parcels can be transmitted from one place to another at a speed, if desired, of two hundred and fifty miles an hour, and another reason is because the cost of transmission would be much less than it is at present. In Germany and France little is yet known of the new invention, but the few experts who have examined it praise it highly and say that it possesses many advantages over the present method of carrying letters.

Signor Piscicelli's scheme is to have wires strung at a height of forty-five feet above the ground, and to have as vehicles boxes which are to contain mail and which are to be rolled along the wires to any distance that may be necessary. The boxes are to be on rollers, which will fit closely to the wires, and the posts supporting the wires are to be three hundred feet apart from each other. Moreover, the boxes are to be made of aluminum and, when filled with letters and packages, they must not weigh more than seventy pounds each. Furthermore, to each post is to be attached a double wire so that the boxes may never be impeded, but can run in both directions at the same time. As the wires are so high above the ground, no thief will be able to snatch one of them unless he climbs one of the posts, and if he ventures to do this Signor Piscicelli will see that he will receive an electric shock which will surprise him. It is extremely doubtful, however, if this will ever be necessary, and for the simple reason that the boxes will generally be going very fast and it will not be easy for a thief to dislodge one unless he has a gun.

The exact manner in which these boxes are to be propelled has not yet been divulged, but it is supposed that they will be provided with electric motors. In any case, the inventor claims that they can run at the rate of 250 miles an hour, and that, if desired, four thousand can be started on their journey every sixty minutes, a distance of one hundred yards being left between each. As the boxes themselves are extremely light, and as each, when filled, weighs about seventy pounds, it will be seen that at this rate a large quantity of mail matter can be dispatched every hour. The total weight of the four thousand boxes would be 280,000 pounds—far too heavy a load one would think for a few suspended wires to bear. It must be remembered, however, that there is to be a distance of one hundred yards between the boxes, and as there is to be a similar distance between the posts supporting the wires

it follows that no two posts will ever be called upon to support more than one box between them at one time.

Signor Piscicelli says that his invention will do all this, but he points out that it is not always necessary to dispatch four thousand boxes filled with mail matter every hour, and therefore he thinks that, if a constant and steady service is required, it would be best to dispatch from eighty to a hundred boxes an hour, and to leave a distance of two or three miles between each. A German postal official who has looked closely into the matter is of the same opinion. Indeed, he doubts if any wire railroad that could be constructed would be able to bear the weight of four thousand of these boxes, assuming that the distance between each was not more than one hundred yards.

It is estimated that the Piscicelli system could be established throughout Italy at a cost of about $700 per mile, and that through the introduction of the system the government would save several million dollars.

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**POSSIBILITIES OF PEAT .....S. POWER.....OUTLOOK**

Peat is the deposit of dead swamp moss and other bog plants charged with carbon, often with bitumen. The swamp moss, one of the most enduring plants known, will hold two hundred times its own weight of water, and its earth holds 80 to 90 per cent. Dry the sods in the air and they burn so well that a ton and four-fifths equals a ton of coal for heating purposes. That is to say, it has about half the heating power of good coal and more than twice the heat of wood. If a measureless supply of wood existed within two hours of the city, to be had for cutting and hauling, we should feel easy on the fire question. Years since a careful State geologist estimated the peat along the Hudson river through Westchester and Rockland counties at over two million cords, with better yield in the interior of those counties. New York City has dug out and thrown into the bay from its own subsoil peat enough to keep its fires going all this winter. The subway cuttings come upon it every little while, and the Irish workmen carry home sods of it to burn for the sake of the old country. The writer took a turf uptown from the cuttings at the Tombs Power Station, and it made incense in a bedroom grate for days. It was not dry, yet it burned and gave heat. But what was most curious and delightful was its aroma, like that of pines in the noonday sun. Its soft, purifying effect on the air, due to its moist, antiseptic property, soothed irritable lungs and made breathing easy. Enough had been read and heard of the "glowing fires of peat," but the charm of its subtle odor and the soft purity of its air were a novelty.

The American Society of Mechanical Engineers, which will be recognized as sound authority, in its boiler tests, rules one pound of dry wood equal to four-tenths of a pound of coal for making steam. That is, two and one-half tons of pine wood, a little over two and one-eighth cords, give the same heat as a ton of hard coal. Common air-dried peat gives the same heat with one and four-fifth tons. That is, again, common dry peat turf throws out more heat than the same amount of best oak or beech cord-wood. The average heat given by the best soft coal is 13,600 thermal units, that of dry peat 9,400 units, per pound. But there is such a thing as prepared peat, ground to pulp like wood fiber for paper, the water extracted by ventilator fans, and the pulp pressed into blocks three by four inches, hard as coal and clean as tile, yielding more heat than ordinary hard coal.

Few regions north of the Carolinas are without a plentiful peat supply within a radius of fifty miles, and where this is the case it is cheap and beneficial to use common air-dried peat for household fires. It has a hundred good qualities besides its heating property. It does not dry the air as coal fires parch it, and long experience shows that its antiseptic quality prevents consumption and relieves it, like the air of pine forests. Consumption is practically unknown in peat-burning districts, and the lovely complexions of Irish and Swedish women are largely due to the moist, pure air of peat fires. Peat charcoal is a notable disinfectant, and late researches of Continental chemists prove that the cholera bacillus cannot survive where it is used. The value of peat ashes in manufactures and as a fertilizer equals its worth as a fuel. The ash discourages insect pests in orchard and garden; it nurtures the short, sweet pasture which feeds high-flavored mutton and fine wools, and makes the richest sward for lawns. Every inch and fiber of a peat bog has its value. The water from peat streams keeps sweet on shipboard round the world. The fibrous upper layers of turf, least considered for fuel, when ground with asphalt, make the most enduring, elastic street pavement. Carefully burned, peat produces a charcoal worth five times as much as wood charcoal for the highest uses in manufactures and the arts.

It is said, by those who should know better, that the cost of manufacturing peat is too great to permit its use. But while this is said by those who should know better, we have it on the best authority of mechanical and civil engineers, of scientific institutes and trade reports, that it is made on the Continent, ground and pressed, at sixty cents a ton; and this side of the water an enterprising firm is turning out thousands of tons of finished peat weekly, at a cost of $1.75 a ton, including royalties. This is for the finished peat, which equals coal for heating, and exceeds it in other good qualities. It is nearly smokeless, it has no sulphurous gas, it does not burn out grates and boilers, and it is as clean to handle as so much flooring tile. The notable Holland housewives are willing to pay more for it than for coal, simply because it takes less room and is so clean to handle.

When it is added that peat can be successfully worked in winter as in summer, with the aid of mechanical devices, the last objection to its use would seem to be removed.

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**LAND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.... F. C. PERKINS.... ELECTRICITY**

Some of the most interesting and successful experiments in wireless telegraphy have been made by M. Emile Guarini, of Brussels, Belgium. The Belgium Government gave permission to M. Guarini to utilize the column of Congress at Brussels and the Tower of Notre Dame Cathedral at Antwerp, as well as the tower at St. Rombaut Cathedral at Malines, for his experiments in wireless telegraphy. The repeater was located at Malines, and the transmitter was used at Brussels and Antwerp.

M. Guarini was assisted by Artillery Lieutenant Fernand Puncelet in these experiments, and the latter, in writing of them, states: "Wireless electrical telegraphy is at the present moment going through a clearly defined transition period. Arising from the experiments of Heinrich Hertz, who so remarkably confirmed the fruitful electromagnetic theory of Clerk Maxwell, the new telegraphy has not had long to wait before leaving the laboratories to make itself practical in long-distance transmission. The names of Popoff, Schaffer, Tommasi, Slaby, Arco, Tissot and others mark the first period. There is now what appears to be a halt in the upward march of experiment, and it is at the moment of passing from coast-line or maritime telegraphy to land telegraphy that experimenters encounter serious difficulties to be overcome. The distances of transmission obtained are relatively small in comparison with the amount of electrical energy employed and with the cost of the installations.

"Wireless telegraphy gives worse results on land than at sea, for the following reasons: A coherer placed underground is not influenced by electric waves, which proves that the curvature of the earth constitutes an absolute barrier to wireless telegraphy. Moreover, if buildings, trees and generally all irregularities of the ground are pervious to electric waves, it is certain that there is a considerable absorption of energy. While at sea, the experiment of Fleming has shown that electric waves pass through the water with an absorption porportional to the quantity of salt and the thickness of the water; the curvature of the earth does not interfere until the straight line joining the two stations begins to touch the bed of the sea.

"To enable wireless telegraphy to communicate on land to any distance, however great, without increasing the cost of installation, some other method than that used at present must be employed. This fact has been grasped by M. Guarini of Brussels, and the ideas and experiments which he now brings forward appear such as will shortly bring us to the end of the transition period."

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**WORLD'S GREATEST GUN .....BALTIMORE SUN**

The success of the trial of the great Watervliet 16-inch rifle at Sandy Hook proving grounds has led to much speculation concerning the relative size and efficiency of the new gun with other great guns, especially the monster Krupp that was brought to America for the World's Fair in Chicago. That great weapon, which was one of the great sights of the World's Fair, and which was the largest gun ever seen previously in America, has never been sold. It was shipped back to the Krupp works at Essen when the fair closed.

The monster weapon was landed at Sparrows Point, Baltimore, April 7, 1893, and forwarded to Chicago over the Pennsylvania railroad on a flat gun truck on 32 wheels made especially for the purpose at Altoona. Nowhere on the coast except at Sparrows Point could the facilities be found for landing this great weapon of modern warfare. The mere landing of the gun from the ship which brought it to this country was a triumph of enterprise. Mammoth shears were especially constructed for the purpose, and they remain a permanent feature of the facilities of the Sparrows Point Steel Works.

The Krupp gun was 47 feet long, with a bore of 16½ inches. It was made of steel and put

together in sections varying in length in accordance with the thickness of the material. At the breech the gun measured 20 feet in circumference. It was made for the purpose of being used for coast defense. The gun fires a projectile weighing one ton and will propel it 16 miles. It takes a charge of nearly 1,000 pounds of powder, and every time the gun is fired it costs for material 5,000 marks, or $1,250. The cost of the gun at the Krupp works, in Essen, Germany, was $85,000. Its total weight is 270,000 pounds. The combined weight of the car and gun is 445,000 pounds. The bridge on which the gun rests weighs 47,000 pounds and its two trucks 64,000 pounds each.

Other rifled guns of large caliber heretofore constructed are the Italian gun of a 17.75 caliber, the French gun of 16.5-inch caliber, and the Armstrong gun of 16.25 caliber, which is carried on the old battleships Benbow and Sans Pareil. Not one of these compares in point of energy and range with the new American 16-inch gun. With a maximum powder pressure of between 37,000 and 38,000 pounds to the square inch, the gun will hurl a projectile weighing 2,370 pounds with a muzzle energy of 2,300 feet per second, developing a muzzle energy of 88,000 foot-tons, but it is not improbable that by using a slow-burning powder the gun would develop even greater velocity than this, with a relative small increase in the chamber pressure.

It has an enormous range, estimated at about 21 miles. The range is obtainable with a muzzle velocity of 2,300 feet per second with the necessary angle elevation of the piece. The trajectory shows that in ranging for this distance the shell would reach the maximum elevation of 30,516 feet. This is almost infinitely greater than the maximum range hitherto actually obtained by any other gun, which stands at present to the credit of the Krupp weapon which was fired on the Meppen range in the presence of the German Emperor. The measured range was found to be, roughly speaking, 12½ miles. The greatest height reached by the Krupp shell in its flight was 21,456 feet and the time occupied between the firing of the gun and the striking of the projectile was 1 minute and 10 seconds. This performance, great as it was, becomes insignificant compared with the new 16-inch gun.

Pointed to the north, the gun would throw its shells far beyond New Rochelle, on the Sound, and Tuckahoe, on the south, would be easily within range. The circle inclosing its zone of fire would pass through Hempstead and Long Beach, on Long Island, and its shells would pass far above Staten Island and fall half a mile beyond Atlantic Highlands; Keyport and Perth Amboy would be open to attack, and so would Milburn, in New Jersey. Paterson would be within reach, with four miles to spare.

As the extreme height of the trajectory of the projectile from this gun is 30,516 feet, or above 5¾ miles, it would rise higher than the combined heights of Pike's Peak and Mont Blanc.

The total weight of gun is about 300,000 pounds. The original castings weighed 368,000 pounds, so that 68,000 pounds were planed and lathed off it in the operation of building. The projectile used is 5 feet 4 inches high and, of course, 16 inches in diameter. That is almost as tall as the average man, but a great deal bigger around. This projectile weighs 2,370 pounds—more than a ton. To propel this enormous projectile, 1,060 pounds, more than half a ton, of powder was used. To fire the gun once costs $865.

The penetration of this projectile is calculated as 39 inches in the hardest steel armor at the muzzle. That means that the shot would go through more than a yard of chilled steel and come out on the other side.

An English gun of much less power bored a 16¼-inch hole through 20 inches of compound iron and steel plate, 8 inches of iron, 20 feet of oak, 5 feet of granite, 11 feet of concrete, and finally buried itself in the middle of a 6 foot-brick masonry wall. This new leviathan among guns has a muzzle energy of 64,084-foot tons. That is energy enough to lift 64 of the biggest locomotives 10 feet into the air. If it were discharged point blank from Bowling Green, the vast projectile would plough its way through all the office buildings, through stone and steel, and end its journey well uptown, perhaps on the other side of the Harlem river.

The three tests were marked by the wonderful accuracy with which they fulfilled the mathematical calculations of the army experts who have had charge of the gun's construction. The shots also proved that the special smokeless powder made for 16-inch guns had been accurately prepared.

The full charge of 640 pounds of powder was used, and the velocity was 2,306, or 6 feet more than calculated. The pressure was 38,000 pounds to the square inch. The elevation of the gun's muzzle for the first and second shots was 1½°, and the ranges 3,000 and 3,500 yards.

# Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

**MEDICINAL VALUE OF PINEAPPLE JUICE.....LONDON HOSPITAL**

A good deal has lately been written about the digestive action of fresh pineapples. It has been pointed out that a freshly cut slice of pineapple laid on a piece of beefsteak will, in a comparatively short time, cause softening, swelling and partial digestion of the meat for a considerable depth from the surface. It is also stated that bromoline, the active principle of the pineapple, has long been used in the preparation of the well-known Masquera's beef jelly. Dr. Wyatt Wingrave says that the reputation of the pineapple has suffered, among other reasons, from the facts that far too much is eaten at a time, and that the fibrous part is swallowed as well as the juice. To obtain its full digestive value, one quadrant of a slice half an inch thick is ample for one meal. It should be well masticated and the fibrous portion should be rejected. It must not be cooked, and should be just ripe. The preserved form has practically no digestive power. Apart from its use as a digestive, the juice has a strong solvent action upon plastic exudation, such as diphtheria membrane. When applied to such a membrane on a swab or as a spray, its time of contact is not enough to cause solution, but it is of material service in softening the sticky and stringy exudation so as to admit of its easy detachment. It also softens horny epidermis in the same way as, though more slowly than, salicylic acid. If a thin slice of pineapple be kept in close contact with a corn for eight hours it will be so softened as to admit of ready removal. Again, it softens the horny papillæ in keratosis of the tonsil and quickly relieves the prickly sensation complained of in that condition.

**SOAP AS A SHAVING ANTISEPTIC.....LANCET**

The use of soap lather prior to shaving the beard is regarded merely as a means of facilitating the troublesome operation. Soap is said to extract the oily matters from the hair and thus to render it brittle so that the blade of the razor saws through it easily, for, after all, shaving is a delicate sawing process. With sensitive skins, of course, a soap of good quality, and preferably free from alkaline excess, is desirable. On the other hand, it might be thought that an excess of alkali would prepare the beard more readily than a pure soap or superfatted soap. The corrosive effect of alkali, however, leaves no doubt as to which description of soap should be used. Soap probably plays a more important rôle than that of a saponifier of the natural oil of the hair. In spite of the fact that those who use the razor frequently cut themselves, yet it is rarely that anything more serious than a cut follows, the slight wound generally healing quickly, and the risk of septicæmia arising in this way would seem to be almost nil. In the majority of cases, therefore, it is clear that the razor blade must be bacteriologically clean—*i.e.*, free from septic matter—which may be attributed to the fact that probably it is dipped into hot or sterilized water before use, or else that the soap lather is antiseptic. The latter explanation seems the more probable of the two. The amount of soap rubbed on the skin is considerable if the shaving is to be in any degree comfortable, and soap has considerable antiseptic power, a 6 per cent. solution being sufficient to destroy the typhoid bacillus. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the skin is rendered sterile by the liberal application of soap, and this fact is in favor of any cut that may be made remaining healthy and without any serious consequence. In a word, soap in the operation of shaving not only facilitates the process, but plays the same valuable rôle when the shaver is unlucky enough to cut himself as does the antiseptic in surgery.

**TREATING TRACHOMA.....NEW YORK TIMES**

Last June fourteen specially detailed oculists went through twenty-six New York schools, and when their reports came to be tabulated, it was found that 15 to 18 per cent. of the children examined had trachoma well developed, 6,000 to 7,000 just in these twenty-six schools.

No time was lost during the summer in providing for these new conditions by completely reorganizing the force of medical school inspectors. These began work on September 8, and up to January 1 had excluded 25,000 children from the schools, some for incipient scarlet fever, diphtheria, mumps, measles, scalp

diseases, but the greater number of them for eye diseases. A child could not come back to his class until he had been treated.

Then a new complication arose. All the eye and ear hospitals, dispensaries, and infirmaries of the city were flooded with school children begging for treatment. The cases could not possibly be handled. It rested with the Board of Health and the Department of Education, having turned these children out of school, to get them back again, cured, as quickly as possible.

Then the old Gouverneur hospital building was turned into an emergency hospital for the schools of New York. From all the schools of the East side, the medical school inspectors send the children there. If a child, excluded from a school, does not understand where he is to go, or his parents, stupidly, do not take him, the school nurse, on her afternoon travels, armed with the inspector's list, finds this out, and the boy or girl is dispatched forthwith. On his or her arrival in the big room of this new "school hospital," a burly, good-natured officer gets the little one in line for the clerk, who examines his ticket, makes a record, gives him a new slip, and moves him over to the window where the two doctors examine and treat every case.

One by one the doctors make hay of the long line. Most of the cases have been caught in the early stages. The trouble has spread neither far nor dangerously. A little treatment, a good eye-washing, a trifle of bandaging, a few "drops" to take away, and the injunction to come the "day after to-morrow," are all that is necessary. These are the ideal cases. The medical inspectors are trying to go through the schools so thoroughly that none get beyond this stage.

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**THE MOSQUITO AND YELLOW FEVER..JOHN W. ROSS..MED. RECORD**

The fact that so many, perhaps all, of the peculiarities and problems of yellow fever, impossible to understand formerly, are explainable and capable of solution by what we know of mosquitos and their relation to disease, is highly interesting and important. A few of these are:.

Its singularly restricted area; its dislike for altitude, upper stories, plateaux, mountains, etc.; its partiality for the seacoast and low-lying districts; its incommunicability from man to man; the meaning of "place infection"; the interval, two to three weeks, between first (infecting) case and subsequent group of cases; its frequent appearance at sea several weeks after vessels had left port; its arrest by frost and cold weather; its survival through winters; its absence from Asia, and India, etc.

Of the problems elucidated by the discovery of the mosquito origin of yellow fever, I cite the knottiest of them all, the second outbreak on board the U.S.S. Plymouth, in 1879 (utterly inexplicable to me under the fomites, or any other, theory). The Plymouth sailed from New England early in October, 1878; arrived at St. Thomas, W. I. (a yellow fever stronghold), on October 21, where she went alongside the wharf and coaled ship, remaining until October 25. The officers and stewards were allowed to go on shore during this time. On the 25th she went to Frederickstadt, Santa Cruz. November 4, while at Frederickstadt. a case of yellow fever appeared on board. Between the 4th and 7th seven cases occurred on board. On the 7th the Plymouth started north; after which date no fresh cases occurred in the ship. On December 1 she reached Portsmouth, N. H., where the weather is usually cold at that season of the year. From Portsmouth she went to the nearby city of Boston, where she was emptied of her crew and stores, opened up and frozen out during January and a part of February, 1879. The vessel had been several times fumigated with burning sulphur. February 12, 1870. she was re-commissioned, and on March 15 started back to the West Indies. March 19. "the damp berth-deck became very warm; a tropical condition prevailed." March 21. immediately after reaching the tropics, and before she had touched at any port, yellow fever broke out among her crew.

The solution afforded by the mosquito doctrine is simple and satisfactory: The Plymouth left the West Indies on November 7, 1898, with fresh yellow fever cases, and. doubtless, with numerous contaminated mosquitos on board. As soon as she entered winter weather, about December 1, the infected mosquitos went into hibernation and remained torpid until they re-entered the tropics, when some of them became active and stung certain of the men, thereby giving two of them yellow fever.

That mosquitos hibernate is a well-known fact. Theobald, in his standard monograph, states that mosquitos hibernate in the extreme cold of the arctic regions; that the gravid females seek shelter as soon as the weather becomes cold, lie dormant all winter, and deposit their eggs in the early spring. How-

the highest American authority upon the subject, says, in his capital work ("Mosquitos," page 6): "Mosquitos hibernate in the adult condition." In conversation with this distinguished entomologist, Howard used these words, which I took down verbatim: "The stegomyia hibernates in the adult stage. I have a strong suspicion that it hibernates in the egg stage also."

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**OPEN-AIR HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.....NEW YORK SUN**

Twelve hours every day in the untainted air of the pine forest, lessons, gymnastic exercise, medical treatment, meals, naps, all in the open air—and this at a nominal rate, or quite free—such are the features of an experiment for the benefit of sick children of Berlin which was started last May at Schoenholz, a suburb of the German capital.

Two young Berlin doctors, Dr. Rudolf Lennhoff and Dr. Becher, are the originators of this system of healing the children of the poor, and under their personal supervision it has succeeded wonderfully. Probably nowhere in the world, previous to the Schoenholz experiment, was a public day nursery for ailing children put into active operation.

The Schoenholz children are mostly girls, these being admitted up to the age of sixteen. Boys are admitted between the ages of six and ten. Incurable invalids are not received, nor children in a seriously advanced stage of disease.

The greater number of them are affected by tuberculosis; some suffer from scrofula; and, indeed, a great variety of diseases are represented, all presumably susceptible to the curative influences of protracted doses of fresh air.

At eight in the morning the little patients are due, and they are due promptly, for the day's routine is as inflexible as that of the school. The tiniest are escorted by older children or by their parents; and precisely at eight in the evening, the day's regimen being concluded, the family escorts again appear to take the patients home. As the electric cars run directly from Berlin to Schoenholz, transportation is a simple matter.

Once gathered together for the day, here is the way in which the little invalids of Schoenholz are required to spend their time: First, each gets his uniform cloak, bearing his number, and serving always to protect him from the least excess of cold.

At 8.30 the day is formally begun with prayer, in which even the youngest patient joins. Then comes breakfast—for it is one of the essentials of the Schoenholz regimen that the patients be well fed, and that frequently. This preliminary nourishment consists of a plate of strong soup and a white roll.

By this time it is 9 o'clock, and time for physical exercises to strengthen weak lungs. Careful teachers direct the respiratory and gymnastic drills, which last for half an hour.

From 10 to 11 is play-time, which the little ones are encouraged to spend in as lively fashion as their strength permits. At 11, fatigued by their hour and a half of exercise, they are ready for their second breakfast, with its accompanying generous supply of milk.

The remainder of the morning, until 12.30, the children spend according to their physical needs. Some work in the garden, others take medicinal baths prepared for them in one of the little buildings managed by the Red Cross nurses, and others help in the domestic cares or take their turn at tending the youngest patients.

At 12.30 o'clock the children are supposed to be hungry again, and are seated at a long table under the trees, this time for dinner, which consists of meat, vegetables, and stewed fruit. After this comes two hours of rest, spent in lounging chairs or under the trees, when the weather is warm enough.

Most of the children have found their way out of doors sufficiently soothing to spend this time in sleep. On waking up they are stimulated to another play spell by a glass of milk and a roll, and from 3.30 until 5.30 o'clock is again devoted to fun and frolic. Still another refreshment of soup and bread and jam is then offered, after which the little invalids put in order for the night everything that they have used during the day.

Not included in this daily routine is the personal attention which Dr. Beecher gives every day to individuals. Those of the children who need additional medicine besides the open-air cure, Dr. Beecher supervises daily, noting their progress, directing their lessons, their exercises and their food, and prescribing the details of their treatment.

The Red Cross Association is interested in this institution to the extent not alone of supplying nurses and attendants, but of paying the fees of many of the poorer children. The charge is 12½ cents per day for each child, but when the parents are unable to pay this, the Red Cross is very certain to relieve them of the responsibility.

# Tuberculosis and the Live Stock Industry

By J. G. Adami, M.D.*

Once tuberculosis gains a hold among the beasts in any country it spreads with what I may truly term appalling rapidity. Let us take the case of Denmark. There, according to the records, in 1789, the disease was practically unknown except by name; in 1818 it was noted as being extremely rare, in 1840 it was rather extensively introduced in cattle imported from the neighboring State of Schleswig-Holstein, and in 1850, ten years later, it had spread all over the country, so that by the end of the century a census of animals reacting to tuberculin, made by Professor Bang, gave these results—that a total of 5,306 herds contained 98,901 sound animals, to 45,889 that reacted—31.7 per cent., or roughly, out of every three animals one was infected.

This same sinister extension has been equally noted in Germany. As many here know they have in the larger German cities a singularly good system of abbatoir inspection, the carcasses of the slaughtered animals being examined and passed or condemned by trained veterinarians. In Leipzig the regulations have been the same and the staff under the same management for many years, and there the statistics are as follows: Taking cows alone, in 1888, 17.5 per cent. of those slaughtered showed tubercular lesions; in 1894 the percentage had risen to 38.6 per cent., in 1895 to 43.51 per cent., and in this last year, taking all cattle, oxen, heifers, cows, and bulls, of 22,918 animals slaughtered, 7,619, or 33.24 per cent., were found tuberculous. At the present moment it is estimated that over a large part of Germany more than 50 per cent. of the cattle are afflicted with the disease.

The same history comes to us from Australia. In the colony of Victoria tuberculosis was practically unknown in the earlier part of the century, and in 1895, 15 to 20 per cent. of the cattle slaughtered yielded evidences of the disease. Thus it is that unless active steps be taken, and these without delay, the outlook here is of the gravest.

It may be asked why, if bovine tuberculosis has been known for centuries, it is only of late that it has spread to such alarming extent? The answer would seem clearly to be that the spread is coincident with the greater development of the cattle industry, and especially of the ease of transportation. In the old days the movement of cattle was as nothing compared to what it has become during this last seventy years; it is the frequent interchange of beasts and frequent introduction of new and tainted animals into the herds that has wrought the damage, a subsidiary influence being undoubtedly the general attempt to improve the milk-giving qualities of herds by the introduction of highly bred, and at the same time highly susceptible, animals.

What I wish you to consider is the enormous loss that would accrue to this country, with its millions of cattle, if only 1 per cent. of the animals slaughtered were the victims of advanced tuberculosis. The prospective loss is so great that this is immediately seen to be a national concern. Now, unless the progress of the disease be arrested, we must be prepared to encounter such loss. Scotland is of smaller extent than some of your States; its population and the number of its cattle are less than those of not a few of the States. In 1893, so far as I can gather from various British returns regarding the prevalence of tuberculosis, the number of cattle infected in Scotland must have been less than 25 per cent taking the entire country as a whole; in fact probably less than 20 per cent., and yet Wright (Veterinarian Journal, 1893, p. 391) estimate the annual loss to the owners of dairy stock from this cause alone, as being £440,000 ($2,200,000). In Saxony, where from 30 to 50 per cent. of all the cattle killed are diseased, the returns for twenty-seven towns in 1895 showed that tuberculosis was found in 22,758 carcasses; of these 5.5 per cent. had to be disposed of at a cheap rate; 2 per cent. were wholly condemned and destroyed. It is loss of this order, multiplied many fold, that we have to contemplate if bovine tuberculosis be permitted to spread—losses so great that unless steps be taken now, when the disease is not extensively developed—compared, that is, with its prevalence in European countries

* From a paper read before the American Congress of Tuberculosis.

the cost of prevention and eradication will be so great that, as is the case now in Europe, the governments cannot undertake effective measures because the cost of anything like an active crusade with due compensation to the farmer would amount to so many millions that such an addition to the Budget dare not be proposed.

Now, in short, is the time to act before the diseases gets "out of hand." And now, I may add, what is necessary to arrest the spread of the disease is but a relatively small expenditure on the part of the different States. It costs Massachusetts about $25,000 a year to pay for the diseased animals killed; another $25,000 for the general cost of inspection of live stock and farm buildings. I do not say that this expenditure is sufficient for a most active crusade, but undoubtedly, judging by the annual returns from that State, this expenditure, coupled with the legislation there enforced with reference to the testing of animals entering the State, the inspection of marketed animals, and the voluntary inspection of herds, is bringing about a steady and marked decrease in the prevalence of the disease.

Indeed, everything points to the fact that, taken in time, the eradication of tuberculosis from a herd or from a district need not be a costly matter either for the individual or for the community. More particularly, the employment of Bang's method of isolation of reacting animals affords us a means of rendering a herd wholly free from disease in the course of from three to five years. Loss it is true there is, but this is minimal to what it was under the earlier mode of killing forthwith every reacting animal. We now know that slightly infected animals, properly isolated, have before them from one to three years of usefulness and profit, either for breeding purposes or for meat production.

It is, I know, difficult to legislate for the future: the danger must be very present in order to stir our governing bodies. But here we have such immediate danger before us, and a great future danger looms imminent. It is for the facts here recapitulated and others of like order, to be brought before the public and before your legislators in season and out of season, that a national calamity may be averted.

# In the World of Religious Thought

**RELIGION AND MORALITY... A. MACKINDRICK..WESTMIN. REVIEW.**

Religion is an instinct, an emotion, an aspiration, an act of the imagination; and though by creating within us that hunger for fulness, completeness, and rightness of life and conduct, which all enlargement of soul produces, it stimulates the desire for a pure morality, it cannot teach us morality. The moral sense, let us concede at once to Mr. Herbert Spencer, is earth-born, and has grown by the accumulated experiences of the human race, out of the lowly roots of reciprocity and expediency; therefore it must be grasped by the reason of man, its details must be laboriously learned and applied with intelligence to the daily changing conditions of life; but it must not be called a religion. The culture of morality can only safely rest upon its own natural basis, utility or the mutual welfare of humanity.

In a complex state of society the action of moral laws becomes obscured, and it is difficult to gather up the threads of cause and effect and distinguish between them, but assuredly we could not after centuries of Christianity have developed such an immorally organized state of society had men always recognized this eternal distinction between religion and morals, between the poetry of life and the art of right living. It is in the vain delusion that religion is morality and not in a lack of desire for righteousness that we must seek for the reason that men of intellectual power and lofty emotions have made no effort after a more just and equitable distribution of life's duties and joys, after the establishment of more purely moral relationships with their fellowmen.

**WHY THE CHINESE HATE CHRISTIANITY..F. N. NICHOLS..ATLANTIC**

The missionary tells the Chinese that they need the Gospel above and beyond anything else, but he supplements his announcement with the idea that a Chinaman cannot be a Christian unless his Christianity finds expression in exactly the same forms and observances that it would in the land from which the missionary has emigrated. The missionary does not stop with the statement that the Chinaman is a non-believer in Chris-

tianity. He goes a step further and calls the Chinaman a "heathen."

From the lips of the few English-speaking men who are leading lives of denial and self-sacrifice in the interior of China, one must hear this word frequently used in order to fully appreciate what a "heathen" is.

"Heathen" is both a noun and an adjective. As a noun it means an unconverted Chinaman, of whom there are more than three hundred million. He is a child of the devil, on the road to perdition. All of his ancestors whom he has been taught to worship are now living in a fiery lake. Everything that he may say or do or think is a prompting of the Evil One. He is the heir to countless generations of inherited sin. He is incapable of noble aspirations or of any real goodness.

In the adjective sense just about all of China outside of mission chapels and schools is "heathen." All the world-old literature of the empire, all Confucian morality, all the beauty of the temples, even the extreme honoring of parents by their children, all are "heathen," and must receive unqualified condemnation. The conversion of a "heathen" to Christianity means much more than it would in the case of an American. A Chinaman must not only experience a "change of heart," he must also undergo a complete revolution of opinions and sentiments. He can no longer venerate his ancestors and pray before their tablets that he may keep unsullied the honored name they have left him. It is not permitted to him to take pride in the traditional glories of palaces and gray-walled cities; he must learn the history of his country over again; he must discover that all the great sages and rulers of his country's past are eternally lost. He must experience a constant feeling of pity if not of contempt for the civilization and government of China and for his friends and relatives who persist in remaining "heathen." In other words, in order to become a Christian according to missionary standards, a Chinaman must be denationalized. In sentiment he must become a foreigner. And naturally enough his "heathen" countrymen who still love their country and reverence their ancestors do not like the denationalizing process.

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**RELIGION.....IRA N. HOWERTH.....INTER. JOUR. OF ETHICS**

The first step toward a clear understanding of religion is to distinguish carefully between religion and religions. Religion is the root, the source, the parent of religions. It bears about the same relation to the various religions as a genus to its species. Current definitions of religion, especially those of a theological character, are usually expressed in terms of belief. Occasionally religion is defined in terms of feeling, and sometimes in terms of conduct or conation, but the popular idea is that religion and belief are identical.

We may readily admit that knowledge or belief is an element of religion, as a more or less specific belief is an element in all religions; but when we define religion as specific belief—for instance, the belief in God, in immortality, or in spiritual beings—we not only recognize an intellectual element in religion, but we make religion synonymous with a particular form of belief. This narrow scope of religion, and in an age of uncompromising criticism, stakes its life upon the accuracy of an intellectual formula. For, considering the present state of knowledge, what formulated belief can be said to be absolutely permanent? None. To base religion upon belief, therefore, is to build the house of religion upon the sand, and when the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, what assurance can we have that it will not fall?

The universal perception of a power not ourselves, which perception lies at the basis of all specific religious beliefs, is the objective factor in religion. We may suggest, then, as a tentative definition of religion, the following: Religion is the effective desire to be in right relations to the power manifesting itself in the universe.

If this definition is approximately correct, it may be observed that, while it is not framed for that purpose, it is of tactical advantage to those who argue that religion is a permanent reality. For, in the first place, religion is at once removed from all danger of science. Science may attack and destroy particular forms of belief, but religion is unassailable. It is conceivable that the scythe of scientific criticism, as it sweeps over the field of religious thought, may cut down all modern theological conceptions, but the roots of religion, embedded in the soil of man's nature, will not be touched, and soon new beliefs will spring up to take the place of the old. Science can no more destroy religion than it can destroy love. Nothing can affect religion but a demonstration that no mysterious power in the world exists, and there need be no fear of that. Under this interpretation it is eminently true that only the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.

# Social Unrest

## By John Graham Brooks

The Social Unrest Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements* is an encouraging essay. Mr. Brooks is not an alarmist. Social discontent is rife to-day, but not for the first time in history. Always there have been periods when certain wrongs created a discontent that could only be appeased by reform. To-day inequalities in our social life have become so conspicuous as to bring about an unrest that will force a modification of some of the conditions accentuating inequalities of opportunity. "The unabating purpose of the demos is not for absolute or external equalities. It is not for any equality that will submit to nice measurements. It is for far *more* equality than exists." The book is interesting and full of suggestions to the man whose social creed is dyed in his method of money getting. Our reading is from the chapter on Social Unrest.

The avenues for the voicing of discontent have multiplied with popular education to a degree so extraordinary that we may now easily be deceived both as to its nature and extent. In a commercial age (if all have been taught to read) the thing that pays spreads. The scale on which social fault-finding and restlessness could be made to pay good dividends was not dreamed of by our ancestors. This art is perfected in the modern press. It has been said, "Blessed are the people whose records are dull." Yes, but such records are not commercially profitable. Peace and contentment have no dramatic quality. It pays to sound the tragic, the morbid, the alarming note, because interest and curiosity are stirred.

No sign is better than the cry of the newsboy upon the street. He does not call out, "Most excellent health through all the community!" "Not a divorce for the entire month!" "No accident or scandal since the last edition!" This would be good news, but he knows his customer. He knows that every-day happiness, the common welfare, and the dullness of good behavior do not sell his papers. The press has also learned its lesson. It has learned that our fault-findings and our agitations may be turned to a money profit. "If I can find fault enough and state it in the right phrases, no papers are left on my hands," is a saying reported from one of the most successful American journalists.

Francis Walker was wont to make much of the encouraging influences upon the mind of the laborer of open and hopeful chances of work. As long as it could be said, "I can go either to a factory or take up a homestead from the Government at a nominal price," the mere alternative gave a sense of freedom and independence, as well as a tendency to strengthen wages. Now that the public domain has been disposed of, this special avenue of possible chances is shut. For the first time in our history, the population turns back upon itself. Who would dare to stand before an audience of workingmen and give them to-day Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West"? It would be met with shouts of derision. This change has already become a very vital part of our labor problems. It has made large sections of the less skilled among the workingmen honestly feel that it is no longer possible for them to get beyond utter dependence upon the employer. Until very recent times all were encouraged to believe that they could become independent as employer or as capitalist. This had so substantial a basis of truth, that it gave rise to a kind of religion in which the saving practical virtue was thrift, and the ideal, a fat bank account with its heaven of "independence." Barring skill and unusual enterprise, the feeling has deepened and widened among workingmen that these fine hopes have so sadly dwindled that they exist as mere lottery chances. One may put this to accurate test in many of our industries.

A clear and conservative statement of this evil is given by President Hadley: "Certain it is that the prospect of becoming capitalists does not act as so powerful a motive on the laborers of to-day as it did on those of a generation ago. The opportunities to save are as great or greater; but the amount which has to be saved before a man can hope to become his own employer has increased enormously. When a man who had accumulated a thousand dollars could set up in business for himself, the prospect of independence appealed to him most powerfully; when he can do nothing but lend it to some richer man, the incentives and ambitions connected with saving are far weaker—too weak, in many cases, to lead the man to save at all, except through the medium

*The Social Unrest Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements. John Graham Brooks: New York. The Macmillan Co. Copyright, 1903, by the Macmillan Company. $1.50.

of a friendly society or trades union. We thus have a separation of the community into more and more rigidly defined groups, different in industrial condition, distinct in ideals, and oftentimes antagonistic in their ambitions and sympathies. This separation of laborers and capitalists into distinct classes involves serious dangers to society as a whole."

Not wholly different from this is another source of unrest. It has long been known that well-paid labor is quicker to take offense than labor of a lower grade. That men with higher wages should be the first to strike has vexed many an employer and filled many polite persons with astonished disgust. It is nevertheless what the race, in its most progressive stages, has always done. Higher earnings, ampler knowledge and freedom, go with new ambitions and a keener sensitiveness about all hindrance to progress. Every improvement, every step in the enjoyment of new comforts which leisure and better pay afford, constitutes a reason for new efforts. A higher standard of living once gained becomes of itself a sentiment so responsive, that any act or event which seems to threaten that standard arouses instant alarm and hostility. The force of this is not seen unless we realize the rapidity with which new wants, in our age and country, are formed. The higher standard of comfort—food, clothing, housing, leisure—once established, becomes a necessity so imperious, that men will put forth their whole strength to maintain it. A shrewd builder of workingmen's houses in a Massachusetts shoe town says: "I don't dare to put up a house now without a bathroom; so many of the shoe hands have got a taste of it, that all demand it."

We know personally, or by observation among the well-to-do citizens, that any serious lowering of income—as, for example, from $5,000 to $3,000—is looked upon as a disaster. Do people of ampler income lack imagination that they fail to see the bearings of this fact upon the threatened income of the wage-earners? A study has been made of an Eastern town in which more than four thousand American workmen receive a wage that does not average $1.85. What must it mean for a family of five persons to have this sum cut even 25 cents a day? The worst—as it is the commonest cut of all—is the large average of days in the year when there is no work and pay stops altogether. The simplest addition of cost for the invariable necessities—food, rent, clothing—makes clear how narrow a margin is left.

It is a little tedious to refer to general education as a cause of discontent, but its consequences are so momentous that its omission would be unwise. Popular education and the spread of democratic ideas evidently introduce influences calculated in their very nature to stimulate the feelings out of which unrest grows. It would puzzle one to conceive a more fertile breeding-place of unsatisfied desires than that which present educational facilities offer. It is the essence of education to arouse mental activity, with the sure result that a thousand-fold new wants, cravings, and ambitions are quickened into life. The number and importunity of these wants have apparently no limit, while upon their satisfaction there is a constant check. The basis of this education has been a rising material prosperity to the same end of awakening still further wants. A retired Cape Cod captain once gave me a list of things—food, clothing, furniture, reading matter, etc.—which entered into the usual family consumption in his community sixty years ago. These were compared with the articles in present use in the neighborhood. The difference in kind and variety of things enjoyed in the two periods were, as they were brought together, far more striking than either of us had believed. After reflecting upon the contrast, the old man said: "Yes, that's the trouble. My father wanted fifteen things. He didn't get 'em all. He got about ten, and worried considerable because he didn't get the other five. Now, I want forty things, and I get thirty, but I worry more about the ten I can't get than the old man used to about the five he couldn't get." Could any pedantry of language or of statistics tell more truth or better truth than this? The sixty years had brought great changes in the standard of life, but the old relation between wants and their satisfaction remained. Though in the coming sixty years the affluence of wealth multiply our material prosperity an hundred-fold, is it to be expected that the margin of unquenched desires will be narrower? Will the ratio of cravings which we cannot appease be essentially diminished? Unless we assume the hope of an education profoundly modified, an education the supreme purpose of which shall not only be to sharpen the edge of intellectual cunning, but, at least, in equal degree, to strengthen the moral and social sympathies, we seem likely to the end of time to be whipped on by a multitude of wants that will overtop every means to gratify them.

# Old-Age Homes in Denmark

## By Edith Sellers*

Were I a worn-out worker, dependent for my daily bread on the charity of my fellows, I should certainly wish to change my nationality, and to become, without a moment's delay, either a Dane, an Austrian, or a Russian. For of all the nations in Europe these three best understand how to deal with the old and destitute, how to secure peace and comfort in their latter days for the old folk who have fallen behind in the race. Although I was never yet in an old-age home, whether Danish, Austrian or Russian, where life was not well worth living, among old-age homes as among all things else, there are better and worse; and the very best are certainly the Danish. No other country, indeed, deals at once so kindly and so wisely with her aged poor as Denmark; there is no clubbing together of the old people there, no herding of the worthy with the worthless. On the contrary, infinite trouble is taken to sift them and sort them, so that the precise treatment he—or she—merits may be secured for each one of them. In Denmark no respectable old man or woman need ever become a pauper; no respectable old man or woman ever crosses the threshold of a workhouse. Should a man—or a woman—who has completed his sixtieth year, find himself without the wherewithal on which to live, he applies to the local authorities not for pauper relief, but for old-age relief; and this, by the law of 1891, they are bound to grant him, providing he can prove not only that his destitution is owing to no fault of his own, but that he has led a decent life, has worked hard and been thrifty; and that, during the ten previous years, he has neither received a single penny as poor-relief, nor been guilty of vagrancy, nor of begging. The old people who fulfill these conditions are placed in a class apart from ordinary paupers, in the privileged class: they are the veterans of industry, and the position they hold among their fellows is much the same as that held by invalided soldiers. Although they are housed, fed, and clothed at the expense of the nation, they are neither regarded nor treated in any way as paupers. In Denmark the word "pauper" is never applied to anyone above sixty, unless it be a case of Tekel. Infinite trouble is taken, indeed, to keep the members of the privileged class free from everything that smacks of pauperism; local authorities are forbidden by law to house them under the same roof as paupers, or to allow pauper officials to interfere with them. The old men retain their votes, all their other rights as citizens, too; and this, in itself, raises an insuperable bar between them and paupers; for paupers in Denmark have no civic rights worth mentioning—not even the right to get married. Members of the privileged class who have relatives able and willing to take care of them, or who are strong enough to take care of themselves, are each provided with a small annuity, and the rest are lodged in old-age homes.

The mere fact that the doors of the Danish old-age homes are closed inexorably against all, excepting those who have led decent, honest lives gives to the inmates of these places a certain standing in the world, which is to them an unfailing source of gratification—gratification, let it be noted, that costs not a single penny. Far from any discredit being attached to living in an old-age home, it is regarded as an honor to be there, as a proof of established respectability and general worthiness. And all that this means to the honest poor, only the poor themselves know.

Nothing is more characteristic of the lines on which these homes are worked than the fashion in which the inmates and their official caretakers mutually demean themselves. In one of our model London workhouses several hundred decrepit old men and women are forced to get up at six o'clock in the morning, the same time as the young and strong; and this simply for the sake of saving the officials the trouble of making two breakfasts! In Copenhagen short work would be made of any master or matron who ventured even to suggest such an arrangement. There the officials are never allowed to forget that it is their business in life to make their charges comfortable and happy; that they are in the home, in fact, for no other purpose than to cook for them tend them, nurse them when they are ill' and give them a helping hand generally' They must keep watch over them, of course·

* Nineteenth Century and After.

and keep them out of harm's way; but they have express orders to interfere with them as little as possible. For Denmark holds, and very sensibly, that, as these old people are all worthy old people, there is no reason why they should be placed under authority, worried, and thwarted. They go to bed when they like and get up when they like—within certain limits, of course—they go for walks, too, and pay visits to their friends just when the fancy seizes them. They lead their own lives, in fact, and go their own way; and, so long as they behave themselves properly, and conform to the few simple rules in force for the general good, no one ever dreams of interfering with them. Should they abuse the liberty they enjoy, however; should they wax quarrelsome and thus prove an annoyance to their fellow-inmates; should they spend their pocket-money (for they have pocket-money, fourpence a week) on beer and cause public scandal; or should they in any way conduct themselves in an unseemly fashion—things are changed. In such cases as these, the master or matron must of course intervene; and, if remonstrances prove unavailing, must appeal to the inspector who represents the local authorities. Then the offenders speedily find themselves bereft of their pocket-money and forced to take their walks within the garden walls—every home has a garden. They may even, unless they at once change their ways, be driven forth from the home altogether, and sent to live with the paupers.

The model old-age home for all Denmark is the new home in Copenhagen, which was built and organized under the direction of Herr Jacobi, who, as Chief of the Poor Department, has done more than any other man in Europe to make the world understand that all schemes for bettering the condition of the respectable poor are foredoomed unless based on classification. It is sheer waste of time, he declares—and no one can speak with more authority on the subject—trying to make decent old folk comfortable if you shut them up with folk who are not decent. The new home is a fine building, standing in a large, beautiful garden, and with another garden lying just beyond. All the rooms are bright and cheerful-looking, well warmed in winter, and well supplied with fresh air in summer; they are prettily furnished, too, although as simply and inexpensively as possible. The inmates—there are some four hundred of them—are allowed to take with them when they go any of their own belongings to which they are specially attached; and these things give to the place a pleasant touch of homeliness which contributes not a little to the comfort of those who live there. The old men are on one side of the building, the old women on the other; while the married couples have special quarters of their own.

In all the Danish old-age homes the food is excellent; but in the Copenhagen home it is better even than elsewhere, as the cooking of it is watched over by an expert, the former chef of a great restaurant, who takes immense pride in the dainty dishes he serves up for the city's old pensioners. Were he to see the hunches of hard beef that in English workhouses are placed before toothless old men and women, he would be horrified at our extravagance as well as at our inhumanity. The lucky old folk for whom he caters have every day dinners that they can eat in comfort, teeth or no teeth; dinners made up of stews and broths and cunningly devised concoctions of such things as sheep's heads and tripe—all at once cheaper and more nutritious than beef. The dishes are always highly seasoned, just as the class for whom they are provided like them; and they are served quite hot. In English workhouses, the food is at best lukewarm. Then there are sweets as well as savouries; not heavy suet puddings, but real sweets, soft and light, made with milk and covered with jam, sometimes. And these dinners cost less than the midday meal in workhouses; for there is no limit to the miracles that may be wrought by good cooking and skillful management. The inmates of the homes have their own little stores of provisions and find great pleasure therein. Twice every week a supply of bread, white, gray, and brown, is dealt out to them, as well as a supply of butter and cheese; and every day they are each given half a bottle of beer. First thing in the morning, at seven o'clock, large cups of hot milk are brought round to them in their own rooms. At eleven they make coffee for themselves, unless they be too feeble, in which case it is made for them; at twelve they have dinner; at three they again make coffee for themselves; and at five they have tea with cakes and whatever else the cook may supply. And they are as well clothed as they are fed, and as well supplied with amusement. A military band is told off to play for them in their garden, and there is a special theater to which they are admitted free. Little wonder they sleep well o' nights and face the world cheerily during the day.

# The Sketch Book

## Character in Outline

**NOT ON THE PROGRAMME .....HARPER'S**

The elder Wallack once played in a romantic drama in which, after taking an impassioned leave of the heroine, he leaped on a horse which stood just in the wings and dashed across the stage. Wallack objected to this nightly gallop, and it was, therefore, arranged that one of the supers, who closely resembled the actor, should make the ride. He was accordingly dressed exactly like Wallack, and sent to the theater in the afternoon to rehearse. He carried off his part well, and the stage manager departed.

But the super was not satisfied, and complained to a young member of the company who happened to be present. "Why, see here," he said, "that thing is too dead easy. A man with a wooden leg could do it with his eyes shut. I used to be in a circus. Couldn't I stand up on this here equine and do a few stunts?"

"Certainly," exclaimed the other; "that would be all right. Go ahead."

"You think the old party wouldn't object?" said the super, doubtfully.

"Object!" returned the player. "Why, he'd be tickled to death. Do it."

That evening when the critical point was reached Wallack was gratified to see his counterpart standing ready beside the horse.

"Love, good-night—good-night," cried the hero, preparing to drop over the edge of the balcony.

"Stay!" cried the heroine, clinging round his neck. "You ride perhaps to death!"

"Nay, sweet, say not so; I ride to honor! With thoughts of thee in my heart, no harm can come! Good-night—good-night!"

He tore himself from her frantic embrace and dropped out of sight of the audience. "Go!" he hissed to the man.

As the horse leaped forward on to the stage, the fellow gave a mighty vault and alighted standing on its bare back. He threw up one foot gracefully and danced easily on the other, and just before it was too late leaped into the air, turned a somersault, landed on the horse's back, and bounded lightly to the stage.

It is recorded that the audience applauded tumultuously, but the remarks of Wallack are, unfortunately, lost.

**HIS FIRST FRIEND ..JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS..EVERYBODY'S**

Michael sat despondently on the doorstep, wishing himself an orphan. The hand of his mother was heavy, and neither justice nor mercy tempered its dealings. Within the front door it was now beating dust out of the parlor sofa with the same vigor which it had expended on him ten minutes earlier—for the small matter of a muddy boot-heel on a clean kitchen floor.

She'd learn him, she said. She had been learning him all his weary seven years, and still he knew surprisingly little: not much beyond the fact that a boy was a source of endless trouble about a house, and that motherhood as an institution was vastly overrated.

Into his dark hour came a timid patter of paws, then a cold, wet touch on his hand. He lifted his heavy eyes to see a thin, brown puppy in a wriggling semicircle of ingratiation, his long tail lowered deprecatingly, yet switching with tremulous hope, his eager eyes running over with moist, smiling love of man, even while his bowed legs betokened his reverent fear. Michael, strangely stirred, patted the head thrust toward him and felt the soft ears with kind fingers. Puppy, in a subdued agony of joy, wriggled up into his chest and offered a long wipe of a pink tongue. Caresses had not often come Michael's way. He gathered the stranger into his arms and the two lonely faces rubbed gratefully together.

Then his fondling hands discovered the pathetic prominence of his new friend's ribs. He offered a corner of cracker from his pocket and it was swallowed with an eagerness that almost included his fingers. The ears cocked anxiously, furrowing the soft forehead with frowns, as he searched his pockets in vain for a further offering; yet the new love was not mercenary. When no food was forthcoming, the puppy returned to affection, and gave a tender "M-m! M-m!" in return for rubbings and cheerful whispers. The sudden opening of the door behind them gave the two a momentary resemblance—an air of guilty shrinking.

"Well, where in the name of kingdom come did you get that?" demanded Michael's mother. "My land, don't you know better than to pick up stray dogs? We'll have a time

getting rid of him. You needn't think I'm going to have a pup around, digging up the yard and spoiling everything in the house. Send him off now, quick as you can. Shoo—get out!"

A wave of the broom emphasized her meaning. The puppy shrank back and tumbled down the steps, where he stood crouching, hurt, yet still faintly hopeful, as the door slammed. Sudden tears rose in Michael's eyes. He held out entreating arms and the puppy crept eagerly back into them. Michael hid his burden under his jacket and slipped by devious ways to a pile of boards in a vacant lot next door. Here in an angle was a tiny shelter just big enough for a boy and a dog. Soft straw, a sack and a can of water turned it into a home, and a large half of Michael's supper went stealthily into a newspaper when his mother was not looking.

The clandestine affair went on unmarred for two perfect weeks. Michael grew a trifle thinner, but Timmy began to fill up his sagging skin with gratifying speed. He learned to submit to a bale rope, too, when they came home from their happy excursions together. Michael put it on with tears of apology; but the fear of his mother haunted his days.

Then one morning, coming down to breakfast, Michael felt his heart sink in sick terror; for in the back yard, eagerly watching the kitchen door, sat Timmy, a trail of bale rope behind him, his air cheerful and self-gratulatory. Michael would have enticed him softly away, but at that moment his mother glanced out.

"If there ain't that wretched pup again!"

She seized a dipperful of water and, opening the door, flung it full into Timmy's trusting face. His dismayed retreat was followed up with a lump of coal and some emphatic orders; then she turned back in triumph, to be met by a scarlet face and clenched fists. For once Michael was lifted above his fear.

"You're a mean, cruel old woman!" he sobbed, fiercely.

His mother's mouth tightened.

"Oh, I am, am I?" she said, with a grasp on his arm that cooled him like ice-water. "I'll learn you to call me names!" And so she did. But he had Timmy to go to for comfort now.

That was on Saturday. Monday morning after breakfast Michael was sent out to do various errands. It was two long hours before he came scurrying back. As he ran in with his bundles, a large hole in the center of his mother's parsley bed sent his heart into his throat. It was fresh and deep and the earth had been scattered gaily in every direction. About it were telltale marks of paws, but Timmy himself was nowhere in sight Michael crept guiltily into the house, his knees shaking under him. The door of the parlor was open, and a sound drew him in. There was Timmy, bright-eyed and ropeless, tugging briskly at the red chenille fringe of the sofa. Long trails of it already strewed the floor, and the puppy was worrying and growling at the last breadth with whole-hearted abandon. At that moment the step of Michael's mother sounded in the hall without.

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The police sergeant looked down over his desk in wonder.

"Well, what is it, sonny?" he asked. The boy stood silent, tears dripping slowly down his cheeks. "What's up?" repeated the sergeant.

The boy unfastened the top button of his jacket. A brown head wriggled out and a long puppy tongue made eager passes at his chin.

"Mother says—you're to—shoot Timmy," he stammered between choking breaths. Closing his eyes, he held up the little dog to the desk. The officer looked puzzled and a waiting policeman sauntered over to see what was happening.

"Why, what's wrong with the pup?" they asked, with friendly pulls at Timmy's ears. The little dog beamed at them, then climbed up into Michael's neck.

"He—tears things. She don't—want—him—around," sobbed Michael. Then, putting the dog from him, he turned and ran blindly out of the room.

"Not a bad-looking pup," said the policeman. "I'll take him home, if you like."

"All right," said the sergeant.

And so the boy, crouching against the wall outside, heard no shot, though he waited hour after hour, with his hands clenched against his ears. When he came home, long past the dinner hour, his mother was waiting for him in simmering wrath. She'd learn him to be gone all day! Then her eyes happened to fall on his face; and for once she said nothing.

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**"HOW COULD HE?" ..... A. B. M. .....SMART SET**

"The cut direct, did you say?"

"Have you heard nothing?"

"So much that it amounts to nothing."

"The ear of exit is as bad as another tongue."

"But the end is not yet."

"No, you haven't begun."

"They were to have come up together—but he was late."

"How could he?"

"Oh, overslept or something! His guardian angel must have been playing ping-pong. And it was his chance—"

"She didn't like it?"

"Inversely as she liked him."

"But he caught the next?"

"Yes. She didn't like that, either."

"How did she know?"

"She was there. She'd missed hers."

"So they came up together, after all?"

"Together—in adjacent Pullman chairs."

"Why, wasn't she nice to him?"

"Oh, nice! nice with a difference, you know!"

"Did he know?"

"How could he?"

"But where did the Pine Lodge people come in?"

"On, you mean—"

"Well—aboard?"

"While he was proposing!"

"Well, go on!"

"It was an awkward moment. He headed them off. But—it may have been her white flowers, or her pale gray gown, or something they had heard—or all these— They congratulated him!"

"And he didn't deny it?"

"How could he? She hadn't refused him yet. She wouldn't have, if—"

"But it seemed like a honeymoon to the Pine Lodgers—"

"It didn't to him."

"But, in town, everybody heard it so."

"Next time they met, she cut him dead."

"And he doesn't understand?"

"How could he?"

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**HIS FIRST WATCH.....W. L. WATSON.....LONDON OUTLOOK**

It did not come from his mother. Oh, no. Mummy was not a present-giver except on birthdays and at Christmas time. In fact, Mummy was not associated in his mind with presents at all. He rather thought of Mummy as the person who very often did not give him the things he wanted, But she was Mummy, just Mummy, and a hundred presents could not alter that fact. His little life was made up of Mummy and his meals, with his father as a very irregular, but on the whole rather nice, if not very understandable, person, thrown in. Sunday was Daddy's day. He had a vague idea that Daddy had made Sunday to rest in, and although nurse and Mummy said it was another Person's day, he considered that his father had had a good deal to do with the arranging of it. As for Auntie, she who gave him the presents, and never found fault with him, he figured her forth as a lady bountiful who, fortunately, did not know how bad he could be at times. It was clear to him that Mother never told her about his punishments. Mother's own boy, the boy of the tears, and the penitence, and the promises to be good in the future, and the kiss and the cuddle on the pillow, and the last good-night, ten times repeated when the light went out and he was left alone—Mother's own boy reckoned on secrecy. Of course, Daddy was told occasionally; and so far he had observed, without any of the threatened evil consequences; and Daddy took strange views of things which Mummy and her boy saw very well only showed how little he knew of their world.

When Mother went away on a visit, she took home with her, and the house seemed empty. His voice echoed when Mummy's ears were not there to catch it; the doors creaked strangely, and at night the stars stared in upon him threateningly, saying, "Now I've got you alone." No one else was of use against these stars. He felt it would be wise really to pray to God till Mother came back. It was at one of these times that Auntie got herself put into his prayer. She left to his own wit what he should say, and as she had promised him something special soon, he added to his nightly list, "Keep Auntie good." She kissed him, bunched the pillow all wrong, and left him to the long night. No toy that he could think of would save him from the silence, and the stars, and the echoes in the house. When Mother came back, and home returned, then he began to reckon the days till Auntie's present was due. It was to be given him after tea on a Friday. On Tuesday he plunged deep into knowledge and philosophy. There were twenty-four hours in each day, out of which he slept ten.

"If I am a good boy, Mummy, and go to bed always at nine, and never call you back, the time will pass quick, won't it?"

"And if I sleep an hour longer in the morning and don't make a noise to waken Daddy, there will be less time, won't there?"

"Could I sleep a whole day if I lay still and just forgot?"

"There is no fear of the clock stopping, is there, Mummy?"

On the Wednesday he said: "I hope Auntie is quite well. If she was ill I suppose she would

send the present. It would be very awkward if she hasn't bought it. Could we not take tea before we go? I am sure I shan't be hungry."

On Thursday, Auntie called and told him the present was bought, and that she had to attend to it every night. A cold fear broke over him. Was it a dog? He did not want a dog. Was it a cat? He hated cats.

"Couldn't I go with you, Auntie, and stay with you till to-morrow, just to make sure?"

"Well, couldn't I have a peep at it, so that I shall not be so very much surprised when I see it? Susan says when she got a ring you could have knocked her down with a feather."

On Thursday night he could not sleep for a long time. Mummy's footsteps through the wall died away, and the house fell into silence. But he lay still, bravely struggling through strange dreams. He thought God had brought him a steam engine that was so good that it would not go fast. The great star came into the room and turned out his pockets, examined the heels of his stockings, and looked to see if his nails were clean. He wiped his nose with the sheet and lay quiet. Suddenly he heard a great bang and saw the new cannon Auntie had brought shivered into a thousand bits before he had even touched it: it was the postman's knock—Friday!

He was dressed for tea immediately after breakfast. "If you worry any more, I shan't take you," said Mummy; "what a fuss about a rocking horse."

"A rocking horse! Well, if it had stirrups, and a bridle, and went itself! Auntie said it was something special."

What a tea! The bread and butter would not go down his throat, and the cake merely went round and round the roof of his mouth. He never knew his father to eat so much and so slowly before.

"Can you tell the time by the clock?" Auntie asked him. Were they going to start these silly questions again? "No," said he, "no!"

"Oh, well, I'm afraid I've made a mistake. There," she said, and passed a paper parcel to him. "Open it."

He took off the paper and found a box. He opened the lid and found a round thing in paper. He undid the paper, and there was his present, before he knew: a real, live, ticking watch, and a chain. It fairly laughed at him; the great figures glowered solemnly: 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; and then a little hand that ran faster the more he looked at it. He held it to his ear, and it clucked with joy. He put it in his pocket and it seemed to go out, so he brought it forth again and proposed to wear it hanging down outside, like the ladies. Finally he set it down on the table, gazing at it and fingering it the while he ate bread and cake and drank sweet tea voraciously.

His first really proud moment was when the nurse wished she had a watch. In the future he was only to go to bed by his own watch. By Mummy's directions it was placed under his pillow. The nightly programme of tucking in and kisses was duly performed and Mummy gone away, when she was called back by loud alarm: "Mummy, I can't hear it." So it was tied to the rail of the bed, where the great star shone upon it in wonder and envy. "I suppose," he thought, "the angels have gold watches."

At midday on Saturday, Lucy Brown passed the garden with her best doll in company of the nursemaid and the perambulator. He rushed down to the gate and thrust his chained bosom before Lucy Brown. She affected to see nothing. After giving her ample time without effect he pulled out the watch, gazed at it, and said: "You're late this morning."

"Oh," said she, "Bertie has a gold one."

"You're a story-teller," said he; "isn't she, Mary?" Mary, whose notice was running out, answered, "Awful."

For two days the watch was wound every hour. On Monday there was dire disappointment because he was not permitted to take it to school. "Couldn't I just take it to show the boys, and put it out of sight then?" A compromise was arrived at. There would be a tea-party, but one of the conditions insisted upon was that no boy known to possess a watch was to be invited.

One day a big boy friend stopped him with a firm hand and mockingly asked the time. The watch-owner took it out mechanically, then with a flash of inspiration held it up to the big boy and said: "I didn't think it was so late!" and rushed off for home.

After all a watch is a very quiet sort of toy; it requires to be left alone too much. At the end of the first week this one suffered from over-winding and had to be started by violent shaking. When everybody knew he had a watch it became necessary for the bearer of it to assure himself of its possession occasionally by swinging it round and round on its chain. One day in the middle of this performance it flew off the swivel and landed in the conservatory by way of a pane of glass.

It is now supposed to be at the watchmaker's undergoing repairs.

# Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

**INCONGRUITIES OF AMERICAN LIFE. H. W. HORWILL. INDEPENDENT**

"There is but one art—to omit. Oh, if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge! A man who knew how to omit would make an Iliad of a daily paper." In thus revealing the secret of consummate literary skill, Robert Louis Stevenson disclosed the principle which underlies all other kinds of perfection as well. True culture, whether in the individual or in the nation, includes not only the nourishment of the plant, but the uprooting of the weed.

To the eye of the foreign observer (I am a Londoner) the neglect of this requirement appears one of the main defects of American civilization. The idea of the supreme importance of selection has not yet laid hold upon the American people. Intellectual or social progress is conceived of as a series of additions; in working out the problem, the plus sign is used again and again, but never the minus. There is little or no understanding of the fact that refinement is not a matter of accumulation. To put it in another way, the American mind has no sense of incongruities. The Land of Contrasts is the title of Mr. Muirhead's book on the United States; but the word "contrasts" does not express as well as "incongruities" the existence, side by side, of conditions that are not simply opposite, but, properly speaking, incompatible.

This national characteristic makes itself prominent to the foreigner before he arrives, as he notices the absence of any dietetic standards on the part of the American passengers on board ship. The art of eating, as practised in the Old World through many centuries, has gradually evolved certain laws of combination and sequence. This code is not the result of arbitrary convention, but is a summary of the results of science and experience, and a cultivated palate has no desire to transgress it. But the American seems to believe that whatever is fit to eat at all must be fit to eat at any time and in association with any other food.

In the discussion the other day concerning the projected invasion of Paris by American dressmakers, a French *couturier* is reported to have said: "American dressmakers can copy a toilette fairly well, but when they endeavor to create, they produce strange things. They don't scruple to tack a Renaissance sleeve on a Louis XV. dress." This peculiarity illustrates the same tendency in the matter of clothing. It is scarcely true in America that "no man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment," if the adjectives are taken to refer to style instead of material. And there is little appreciation of the effect of times and seasons upon the suitability of dress. Max O'Rell was amazed to see women wearing diamond brooches and bracelets at breakfast at the leading Florida hotels. A baby with a ring, a small boy in a dress suit, and undergraduates in sweaters at a college lecture are no less grotesque. In this connection one might remark on the impropriety—in the literal sense of the word—of the New York custom of taking expensive flowers to the ship when people are sailing. It is said that a society woman will sometimes receive as many as sixty boxes, some of them worth as much as three hundred dollars. This practice may be fashionable, but it is none the less barbaric.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has recently called attention to those curiosities in the nomenclature of American cities which present another phase of the prevailing indifference to the fitness of things. What absurdities are such names as Utica, Troy, and San Francisco, when one thinks of the communities which they denote! An allied oddity is the frequent use of extraordinary titles for societies of a very ordinary type. During the last municipal campaign in New York it made one doubt even Mark Twain's sense of humor when one found him addressing an anti-Tammany organization which called itself the Order of Acorns, and whose advocates addressed passers-by with the exhortation: "Walk in, gentlemen, and be an Acorn."

One of the most striking evidences of the American lack of any sense of the incongruous was provided on a large scale on the day of President McKinley's funeral. I have never seen New York present so gay an appearance as on that occasion. The decorations which welcomed Prince Henry of Prussia showed nothing like such a brilliant display of color. If a stranger, knowing nothing of what had hap-

pened, had been set down suddenly in the middle of Broadway, he would have supposed that the city was celebrating an unusual festivity. I counted no less than forty flags adorning a single building, by no means above the ordinary size. Such exhibitions were evidently not a local peculiarity of New York, for Mr. Moberly Bell, of the London Times, described the streets of Washington as arrayed for a gala day. To an Englishman all this appeared such a glaring impropriety that one could hardly believe the testimony of one's eyes; but I have not met an American who was in the least conscious of the unseemliness of it. The funeral services at Washington and Canton were themselves marred by ludicrous combinations. In the rotunda of the Capitol the hymns sung included not only Nearer, My God, to Thee and Lead, Kindly Light, but Some Time I'll Understand, and at Canton the Euterpean Ladies' Quartette rendered a sentimental ditty entitled Beautiful Isle of Somewhere. To cap it all, Richard Croker, arriving in New York just then, ordered that the President's last words, "It is God's way. His will be done, not ours," should be put up in white letters across the portals of all the Tammany district headquarters! No one could help sympathizing with the national grief, but it needed much self-control for an Englishman resident in America to check the feelings of amusement provoked by the strange manifestations of it.

In England if you meet someone who says "you was," or "a great ways," or confuses "lie" and "lay," you know at once that he is not an educated man. In America these solecisms may be committed by a person of whose real culture, even from a literary point of view, there can be no doubt. This is a free country, and it is not thought inconsistent for a college professor to speak ungrammatically if he prefers irregular modes of expression. But in education the most remarkable example of the national characteristic I have pointed out in this article is the elective system. Up-to-date educational opinion will not tolerate the old-fashioned notion that there can be affinities in subjects of study, or that a well-rounded training cannot be secured by picking up a course here and a course there. Are you taking constitutional history as your main dish? Then navigation would be a *sauce piquante*, and for another five cents you may add to it Japanese pottery.

It would be interesting to attempt an analysis of a national tendency which has so many and diverse manifestations. It can be traced back, in part, to an over-anxiety for effect, leading to an excess which defeats the purpose intended. To bring down the national flag on public buildings to half-mast is a simple symbolism for the people's grief at an event which has smitten the whole country with a sense of loss; to run out flags by the hundred from the windows of stores and offices, whether at half-mast or not, is to transform the whole observance into the appearance of extravagant gayety. In part, as already suggested, the endeavor to combine inharmonious qualities proceeds from an exaggeration of the doctrine of liberty and a failure to realize that a certain degree of restraint is necessary even to the full development of freedom itself. When discipline becomes less abhorrent to the American mind, American life, both social and intellectual, will become less afflicted by the spirit of jerkiness.

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**TRAVELERS AND NON-TRAVELERS . . ROBT. HICHENS . . LOND. QUEEN**

People may be divided into two classes—those who love traveling and those who love staying at home with "their things about them." The latter class has an almost physical horror of novelty; the members of it delight in seeing each morning the old familiar faces of books, of pictures, of garden beds or city pavements. They slide into routine as comfortably as a jelly slides into its mold. Routine warms them like an eiderdown quilt, lulls them as sweetly as a drowsy slumber song played in a twilight hour. Speak not to them of the joys of travel. The idea of travel is abominable to them. It suggests everything atrocious—noises like those of Erebus, smells beyond description, seasickness, train nausea, thieves, dirt, garlic, sour wines, impertinent servants, cheating landlords, fevers, bankruptcy, death in a foreign land after convulsive efforts at expression in a foreign tongue. I remember once very foolishly endeavoring to argue the matter of the joy of travel with a confirmed non-traveler. I had just returned from Spain and began to say something enthusiastic about it. "Spain!" exclaimed my companion, with a look of unbridled horror, "garlic!" The same person, if one mentions Germany, merely wails "sauerkraut!" if one alludes to Italy, says "macaroni!" if one hints at Algeria, cries "Arabs—fleas!" And, in conclusion, he says "Give me my own bed and my own fried bacon in the morning." Then one bows meekly to his absolute knowledge of what is necessary to his existence, and leaves him as one leaves a

historic cathedral. His determination to cling to bed and bacon so long as breath shall last is sublime in its limitation. The former class, of course, is fond of novelty; but many members of it are also very fond of the renewal of old impressions, of the luxury of return. I delight in moving about, but I delight also in going again, and perhaps again, and many times, to places in which I have been happy, in which I have known bright days, made pleasant friendships, discovered peace or reveled in freedom. The traveler has old haunts, and how he looks forward to re-seeing them! If you never travel, you can never have the joy of feeling that there are many directions in which you are traveling toward a home; a home where there are people who will be glad to welcome you; people among whom you feel as much at ease as among those of the village, perhaps, where you were born.

The two classes of people, the travelers and the non-travelers, are in grave disagreement as to whether one's intellectual equipment, to say nothing of one's emotional faculty, is polished or dulled by globe-trotting. The non-traveler is prone to declare—close to his own bed and bacon—that travel merely confuses the mind, that quickly-succeeding impressions run together and become blurred, that motion clogs thought and vision destroys reflection. In his bed or above his bacon he has time to muse on life and death, the things around, the mysteries beyond us. He summons Emerson to his aid, or seeks to confound with non-traveling philosophers long since mingled with the dust. And the traveler listens unconvinced. He knows better. He knows what the first sights of the desert meant to him, and will mean as long as he can think or feel. He knows whether the silence of the Alps whispered to him a secret his soul retains, whether a certain moonrise on a tropical ocean taught him something he would rather cut his hand off than not have learned. Not that his own beautiful land has no message for him, but that each new land he has seen has caused a crescendo of wonder, of awe, of humility and trust. And so he agrees to differ with his neighbor in an amiable spirit, and to buy Cook's tickets when he can.

The non-traveler pities him as one under a curse, like the wandering Jew. And he commiserates the non-traveler, as one struck by a spell, like the old, old king in the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. And each is happy—for what man is not, when he feels that he is a superior being?

**PERSONAL MAGNETISM ..... LONDON SPECTATOR**

What is personal magnetism? We all use the phrase in all sorts of different connections, but we none of us know precisely what we mean by it. It has, no doubt, something to do with will-power; but do we know what that means either? All we can be sure of is that there is a force which radiates from certain persons in a greater or less degree, and which seems to act directly upon the judgment and reason of those they come across, improving or deteriorating these mental functions as the case may be, for, alas! we cannot squeeze a moral out of magnetism. It is an unmoral force, displayed alike by good, bad, and indifferent people. Sometimes it goes with the mental strength which convinces, the moral beauty which strikes reverence, the sympathy and insight which delight. Sometimes, on the other hand, it seems to be wholly divorced from the good, the true, and the beautiful. Take the case of Madame Humbert, for example. Of what we call "attractions," as distinct from magnetism, she had none. By what alchemy this woman changed her commonplace lies to gold, what power enabled her to enact an absurd melodrama upon the stage of real life, by what spell she enchanted her victims, are some of the most extraordinary psychical problems which have ever been presented to the world. More wonderful things have no doubt been done; but then they have been done by more wonderful people. Garibaldi, for instance, forced on men a feeling akin to patriotism for a country they many of them had never seen. Gladstone induced the House of Commons to think that their own patriotism admitted of disunion. It is said that many of the leading American millionaires could never have made their money but for their personal magnetism—that is, we suppose, but for their power to capture men. Emerson, who knew his countrymen, says: "There are geniuses in trade as well as in war, or the State or letters; and the reason why this or that man is fortunate is not to be told. It lies in the man, that is all anybody can tell you about it." But apart from great or prominent persons, in the private relations of life, what an immense factor is personal magnetism. In a sense there is no gift so well worth having. Nothing witnesses more strongly to its worth than the universal use of the vague word "nice." If we are favorably impressed by a new doctor, a new lawyer, or a new parson, we do not tell our friends that So-and-So strikes us as learned in the law, or in medicine, or in divinity; we instinctively say: "He seems a nice man," by

which we generally mean that he is magnetic. To be magnetic does not prevent him from being anything else, good or bad, except perhaps from being a fool. In the present day much of what is called "getting on" depends upon advertisement, and there are people in all ranks of life who make an impression, and people who make none. We may be almost certain that such-and-such a boy will succeed—every one remembers him. As we look back over our past lives, it is startling to consider how many people whom we have known well, whose paths have twisted in and out of our own, we have almost forgotten. Their figures have dwindled away to nothing. Others, for no reason that we can perceive, we vividly remember; perhaps we saw them but seldom, yet they stand out from the canvas of the past as definite as when they first crossed our field of vision. These latter are by no means always the people who accomplished the most, or who seemed to us the cleverest or the best. A man's parts are no certain measure of his significance. We cannot tell why they have remained with us. We fall back upon the words of the American philosopher, "the reason lies in the man." In social things, magnetism is a force which must ever be counted with, but it is a force which cannot be gauged offhand. It is not easy even for an experienced man of the world to prophesy about social success. If a dozen people were to meet at a country house, and were set to vote as to who were the three most agreeable guests, the result of a vote taken on the first night after their arrival and of a vote taken on the fourth would probably be entirely different. Accidents of appearance, position, and address handicap the runners in every social race; but in nine cases out of ten it is magnetism which decides the contest.

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**WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES.....HARPER'S WEEKLY**

The remarks of Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam at the Pilgrim Mothers' Dinner last week, in New York, had this surpassing merit of being unexpected. The dinner was given on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim mothers, by members of the New York Legislative League. Most of them are pronounced woman-suffragists, solicitous for all the rights that women can obtain by legislation or constitutional amendment. Miss Daskam's theme was The American Girl of the Future. She was not very strenuous about rights. Reminding her listeners that the recent multiplication of women's rights had not perceptibly loosened the hold of "our brother" on the advantages he had always possessed, nor increased the strength of women, she suggested that the girl of the future may have to choose between her present privileges and her rights. In which case, said she, "I should advise a young girl who asked me what to choose, to hang on to her privileges and let her rights go."

Miss Daskam spoke for the majority. Most of the rights—the legal rights—that have been won for American women in the last fifty years were due and overdue, were well worth winning, and are well worth keeping, but they have not put her in a position where she can afford not to be charming. A large share of success in this world goes by favor. There are women who make their way and win their dues by sheer ability and persistence, but the commoner experience is that the women who get what they want win it more by grace than by main strength. A lot of valuable qualities go to the making of a charming woman—intelligence, the quick sympathy which is at the bottom of what we call "tact," kindness, unselfishness, sweetness. Charm has not much to do with physical beauty, except as that itself is a reflection of the inner spirit, for charm is mainly spiritual. Nobody should, scarcely anyone does, disdain it as an attribute of weakness, for, rightly understood, it stands out as a form of strength.

After all that has been done for American women by legislators and educators, and college builders and reformers, it still remains true that the most valuable possession a normal woman can acquire is a suitable and satisfactory man. One of her most valuable privileges is that of selecting her man, of picking and choosing and taking her time about it, and possibly even of changing her mind after she had begun to think she knew it. It is observed that women who are good, and have the luck to be charming also, have great advantages in carrying this important process of selection to a successful issue. More men are available for such girls to choose from, and once the choice is made, the resulting contentment is more apt to endure and to wax, instead of diminishing. The most that legislatures can do for married women is to protect them from bad husbands. Choosing good ones is a matter of personal enterprise, which laws can do little to promote. But, of course, a woman who has few rights and is in complete possession of a satisfactory and competent husband, is better off than if she had more rights and no satisfactory means of realizing her destiny.

# Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious

**SECRETS THAT KILLED** ..... **TIT-BITS**

The maxim which states that silence is golden has cost the world some of the greatest discoveries of modern times, for not a few of the inventors whose names would have been handed down to posterity as public benefactors, have been killed by their secrets before they would consent to divulge them to their fellow-beings.

In 1895 all Europe was startled by the discovery of a new explosive called fulminite, which it was believed would revolutionize modern warfare. It was the invention of an Exeter scientist named Sawbridge, and samples of the explosive which were tested by the government revealed the fact that its power was three times greater than that of cordite, and in consequence it would treble the range of a rifle bullet. The German government offered Sawbridge £20,000 for his invention, which he patriotically refused until the home authorities had had the first option of purchase. But, just as the latter were about to seal a contract with him, the news came that his laboratory had been blown up and himself with it. Unfortunately, he left no records whatever, and although some of the leading experts of the day minutely examined the dèbris, they failed to discover the secret, which is probably lost forever.

Forty-two years ago an Italian priest named Luigi Taranti discovered a method of making stained glass, the coloring of which was declared equal to that made by the ancients, whose secret has been lost. Taranti abandoned holy orders, and set to work to execute the hundreds of commissions he received in the secrecy of his workshop at Ostia, near Rome. The finest stained-glass windows in Italy were made by him and he guarded his secret well, for when a year later he was found dead of blood poisoning set up by the pigments he employed, it was realized that he had carried his secret with him. The cleverest workmen were called to examine the ingredients, but they one and all failed to penetrate the dead man's secret.

The person who could make composition billiard balls equal to those of ivory would quickly qualify as a millionaire, and it is not an impossible task, for it has already been done. Less than a decade ago a Scotch manufacturer put composition billiard balls on the market which were as good at but only a third of the price of those already in use. He refrained from patenting his invention, and made all the balls himself, even his family being prohibited from sharing his secret. But, just as he was beginning to taste the fruits of his experiments, he was one day mortally wounded by an accident in his workshop and died before he could make any statement. Experts were given specimens of the balls to analyze, but, in spite of the fact that they succeeded in tracing the materials used, they have long since given up all hopes of being able to discover how they were put together.

The only man who has yet been successful in taking photographs in color was a martyr to his discovery, the secret of which is lost. Some years ago Dr. Herbert Franklin, of Chicago, submitted a number of colored photographs—of a somewhat crude nature, it is true—to the leading American scientific institutions, and the encouragement he received was such that he built himself a laboratory, proof against the wiles of spies, at a cost of $12,000, wherein to perfect his invention. In the preparation of his plates he used a charcoal fire, and one day when at work he omitted to open the ventilators and was found asphyxiated. He had refrained from divulging his secret to any one, and, in consequence, although some partially finished plates that hid the secret remained, the way they were prepared is a problem that has baffled scientists to this day.

Another victim to his secret was Adams, the inventor of tallium, the greatest discovery in the metals of the age. Adams was confident that a metal could be produced which, although as hard as steel, was only half its weight and price, and after five years' experimenting with an electrical process, tallium was the result. The invention was taken up throughout America, and orders for thousands of tons of the metal began to pour in from the leading railway companies.

But it was too late. The enormous mental strain he had undergone, coupled with the sensation of finding millions within his grasp,

took away his reason, and he was confined in an asylum. He left no records to explain the process, and no amount of persuasion drew the secret from him, which perished locked up in his brain when two years later he died a helpless lunatic.

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**A HAUNTED HOUSE .....WASHINGTON EVE. STAR**

The house was in a lonely deserted part of Washington, very near Georgetown. No negro servants would ever sleep there nights, for a tradition was rife that a slave robber had once owned the place, and that there was a secret walled passage that led to the river. For, as Mrs. Kendall remembered, up and down the Potomac, negroes were stolen, drugged, heavily manacled, and on dark nights brought in boats to the water gate, and hurried up the slimy secret passage, to lie in the hidden room of this big house until they could, with safety, be started in well-covered wagons on their long journey to the cotton fields of the South, there to be sold, at large profits. It was easy to label them runaway slaves and easy to take an unfrequented route; there were neither telegraph lines nor telephones. In the few newspapers that circulated there were quaint advertisements from their angry masters offering large rewards for poor slaves, found either dead or alive. It was all laid to the door of those "cursed abolishionists." Mrs. Kendall did not believe all these tales, nor did she wholly discredit them. She ventured down into the many-vaulted old cellar, saw no uncanny door, though she did hear those strange moans and sighs. The entire subject was forbidden, and in the family there was never any discussion about it.

It was in April, the weather as beautiful as a dream of paradise. Mrs. Kendall walked slowly home to the old house, not feeling altogether well. Looking up at the back wall she saw how much the crack had widened, and thought frequent rains had wrought injury. All around some faithful, gnarled, old apple trees were filled with blushing pink flowers, and the air redolent with their perfume. Entering the house she mounted the stairs, only pausing to look up at the low ceiling, over the landing, as she had often wondered how the space was occupied, and why there was no opening, no door, to the space that must be there. She entered her own room and closed the door. Sitting at the writing desk was a dark, thin, young woman, with great melancholy eyes, who rose and silently pointed to the ceiling, and held out her emaciated hands as if in supplication. Mrs. Kendall stepped forward, not in the least frightened—never associating the incident with anything supernatural—and said, in a gracious way: "My poor girl, can I help you?" The two women smiled, and then, for the first time, Mrs. Kendall noticed the splendid long black hair, and then the manacles on the delicate wrists. The room was damp and dark in a moment.

Mrs. Kendall had become unconscious. It was late in the afternoon before any return to life was apparent. She was in bed; a strange doctor, a strange nurse standing on either side! The nurse said, softly: "It is a case of double pneumonia." The doctor answered, slowly: "Yes, with heart complications." Through days of weariness and suffering through all the different stages of that fell disease she passed; conscious, calm, without fear; patient, willingly waiting for the dread messenger, yet never even remembering the apparition on that April day. Devoted and dearly beloved daughters were near. Nothing ever seemed to give warmth; she was like one cold and already dead. Friends of old brought rare, sweet flowers.

The days of the crisis had come; a strange solemnity reigned in the sick room and in the house.

Mrs. Kendall felt instinctively that, instead of dying, she was called back to this life. Suddenly the visions changed; a large, imposing figure appeared, stern of countenance, yet with something saintly about him, as if by magic the epoch was the ante-bellum days; all was action; droves of slaves went by quickly; evil-faced men came; gold was lying around; through the room was carried a young girl with long, floating black hair—a door seemed to open where none had been before. The men who went in came out hurriedly, and one had blood on his hands. They had a look of Cain in their half averted eyes; they accused each other! A few whispered words, then they shook hands over what was a bloody compact. The elder said: "It had to be done! the bloodhounds were after us; we were nearly traced here, and this house will be watched. We must run for our lives." The elder man, more cautious more devilish, made answer: "Here we stay we must ward off suspicion. I have money we will share both danger and money." "But said the other, "you made a mistake in the girl! I tell you, this one is old Colonel Fairworth's daughter; the other was the mulatto." Shivering with fear, the other replied: "Where did you put her?" "She is on that low bed with the ropes,"

All this Mrs. Kendall saw and heard.

The strange, strong face saddened, and only allowed a little more to be shown. A great turmoil arose over the disappearance of Miss Fairworth, and the broken-hearted old father, coming daily to tell his grief to the murderer, offering everything; half, yes, all his fortune to find even a trace of his idolized daughter, because, he thought, a man who knew so many people might learn something.

The murderer sat in terror obliged to listen and always afraid of his cowardly companion in crime. An answer came, as if to a question, "Yes; murder will out; a great storm will rend these walls; the secret room will be brought to light, the skeleton and nothing but the long black hair of all the beauty left to tell the tale."

And the cowardly murderers? They shall be forever burdened with their crime! poor, abandoned and crazed by hunger, they shall bring out the truth, Then Mrs. Kendall came back to life; the doctor spoke: "The crisis has passed!" It was near twilight; flowers were on the window-sill. The daughters came in softly on tiptoe, saying, "Mamma, it is us; you are here. Now, it is the twilight of a lovely May day. Some time you will be well enough to be outdoors and drive with your friend, Mrs. A." The nurse came to the bed with such a look of relief. Mrs. Kendall whispered, "How long did I sleep?" "A little over forty minutes," said the nurse as she looked at her watch.

Mrs. Kendall's family, while living in the country, were somewhat the victims of a terrible storm that carried destruction everywhere.

Mrs. Kendall's first thought was to come to the old house in Washington and see what havoc had been wrought. She did so. As she rode up, it was as she surmised; that cracked sidewalk had gone down, and, as one of the workmen said who was trying to repair damages: "This old house ought to have been utterly destroyed. Many crimes were committed there. Why, there was a room that had been walled up; in it we found a skeleton; it must have been a woman; for there was a lot of long black hair; I reckon some doctor had his shop here."

Mrs. Kendall shivered, but said nothing, though she was glad when a newsboy offered her a paper. Looking at it mechanically, almost the first thing she saw was that some charitable people were endeavoring to get two half-demented men, who were living in a shanty down on the river flats, to abandon the hovel which they occupied and consent to be placed in a better home. She drove there also. Looking at them, she felt that she again saw the murderers. The hovel was in sight of the haunted house. Their chains were invisible, but strong.

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**SECRETS OF SAVAGES ..... LONDON ANSWERS**

So-called savages, even of very low types, are able to do many things which the modern scientist cannot explain, and sometimes to beat the white man at his own game. Mr. Servais le Roy's name is well known to all who take an interest in conjuring. On one occasion this master of mysteries took a trip up the Congo. His feats of magic delighted the natives, and their professional magicians would frequently show the greatest interest in his tricks. At last, however, he met one who was more than his match. This man took an ordinary turnip and made it change into a human face. How he did it the Belgian conjurer has never succeeded in discovering.

Some of these African wizards profess to be able to turn themselves into lions, or other animals, and so travel vast distances, and find out the plans of their enemies. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that these tribes have means of finding out with telegraphic rapidity occurrences at great distances.

About five years ago Dr. R. W. Felkin accompanied Emin Pasha on a tour through Uganda and the territory behind it. The doctor then traveled northward toward the Soudan. At last he got to Lado, about a thousand miles south of Khartoum. One morning after his arrival a local wizard told him that during the previous night he had been at Meschera el Rek, on the Nile, 550 miles away, and that two steamers had just arrived there.

The doctor, who had been away from civilization so long that he knew nothing of the retaking of the Soudan, laughed at the news. But the m'logo, or wizard, insisted it was true, described the people on the boats, and spoke of one Englishman, short, with a big beard, who had letters for Dr. Felkin. He said he was coming to Lado, and would be there in about thirty days. Thirty-two days later Lupton Bey arrived with letters. As for the wizard, the doctor believes that he never was more than a few miles from his native village in his life. It seems certain that he, and others of his kind, must have a far greater command over the mysteries of telegraphy than any Europeans.

The celebrated African traveler, Capt. Wellby, had an utterly unexplainable experience when on a fortnight's journey south of Adis Adeeba, in Abyssinia. A man rushed into camp shouting: "Walamo! Walamo!" He fell down in a fit, and was a raving lunatic for many hours. His men told the explorer that they were in the country of the Walamo, or "devil-possessed" people. These, they declared, were able to drive a man mad, and it was dangerous to eat in their presence. One of Capt. Wellby's men did so, and he, too, went mad. Resolving to put an end to this superstition, the captain himself ate a meal before about a hundred of the Walamo. He thought no more about it until the next morning, when he found himself miserably ill, although up to that date he had not been unwell a single day during his journey.

He confesses that he could find no cause for the evil effects resulting from contact with these curious people. The Walamo were by no means repulsive. The men were tall and powerful and the women very good looking. They were, he adds, always laughing and full of fun.

The papaloi, or obeah man, exercises the most absolute dominion over the negroes in our West Indian islands, especially Jamaica. He has secrets behind him which give him this power. Some of these wizards have, for instance, the power of infecting an enemy with leprosy. Their knowledge of poisons is far beyond that of the European druggist. Quite recently the old and trusted servant of a British official in Jamaica went off his head, and was evidently unable to understand what was said to him. His wife declared that he must have unwittingly offended the obeah man.

His master said that was all nonsense, and put the man under the care of a first-rate European doctor. After three weeks, during which the unfortunate man got steadily worse, the doctor gave him up as incurable. His wife thereupon took him up the mountain to the obeah man's house. The latter examined him, and then mixed some leaves into a thick green paste and made him eat them. Three days later he was quite well again.

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**MAGIC MIRRORS.....N. Y. EVENING POST**

The aphorism of Barnum that the public loves to be humbugged finds illustration in the success of the oculists in this country who sell "magic mirrors" to credulous individuals for $5 and $10, which cost one-tenth those figures. Some of these charlatans, with sublime assurance, have called the law to their aid to protect them from rivals, or it may be to add prestige to their merchandise, as several of the mirrors are, or claim to be, covered by letters patent, copyright, or trademarks.

The mirror makers can justify their calling with precedents numberless. The belief that a bit of bright metal or glass could be so charged by the black art that it would reflect in visible form the invisible things or beings about us is as old as civilization. Egypt and Babylon, Persia and India, Japan and China, have made and used these occult instruments from early times.

The simplest is the Japanese lucky mirror, a fair model of which the writer saw in a Broadway shop a couple of days ago. One side is so highly burnished that it reflects as well as the best silver-backed looking glass. The reverse is chased in low relief with figures of vines, birds, clouds, and ideographs or talismans. When employed in the usual fashion, it does not differ from an ordinary mirror, but when a large beam of light is thrown upon it and reflected upon a dark wall or ceiling, in the reflected circle appears a luminous face, ideograph, or other figure. The result is secured in the original welding or casting of the mirror, when a piece of metal of different composition shaped like the figure it is to produce is fused into the circumjacent mass.

A similar effect is produced in silvered mirors by just laying on the reflecting character in one kind of tin foil and filling in the rest of the surface with a foil of the same appearance, but different reflecting quality. Akin to this style of work are the magic lacquers which at certain oblique angles disclose figures and lines which are invisible when looked upon at right angles to the lacquer's surface. Oddest of the Oriental mirrors are those set at the bottom of a cylinder or truncated cone, whose surface is waved or undulating. The base reflects in ordinary manner; the sides in such a fashion as to produce foci or focal circles at various points. From one point of view the looker sees a faint halo about his face at the bottom of the cylinder; from a second point a misty human face alongside of his own; from a third a face looking at him through his reflected eyes.

The principle which underlies these odd images is the same as that used by Cooke and Maskelyne in London in producing the "ghosts," and seems to have been employed by Cagliostro in the eighteenth century.

# Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

**IN PRAISE OF PROSPERITY.....CHICAGO POST**

They raised his salary two years ago last May,
The said increase amounting to thirty cents a day.
Since then they've raised the prices
Of carrots and of beets,
Of flour and of meats,
Of corn and coal and fruits,
Of babies' little boots,
Of potatoes, milk and cheese,
Of the product of the bees,
Of hats and socks and coats,
Of all that sinks or floats.
He's paying out the money that he saved before his raise,
But prosperity's upon us, and his heart is full of praise.

**FIRST INTRODUCTION.....BUFFALO NEWS**

Madam,
I'm Adam:
You're Eve,
I believe.

**THE BREAKFAST FOOD FAMILY.....CHICAGO TRIBUNE**

John Spratt will eat no fat,
Nor will he touch the lean;
He scorns to eat of any meat—
He lives upon Foodine.

But Mrs. Spratt will none of that
Foodine she cannot eat.
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Spratt that food is flat
On which his mater dotes.
His favorite feed—his special need—
Is Eata Heapa Oats.

But sister Lill can't see how Will
Can touch such tasteless food.
As breakfast it can't compare,
She says, with Shredded Wood.

Now, none of these Leander please;
He feeds upon Bath Mitts,
While sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.

Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats,
Proggine appeals to May;
The Junior John subsists upon
Uneeda Bayla Hay.

Corrected Wheat for little Pete,
Flaked Wine for Dot; while "Bub"
The Infant Spratt, is waxing fat
On Battle Creek Near-Grub.

**REFORMATION .....CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES**

A man reclaimed from sin was he,
He'd joined the church, that's why
The things he once did openly
He now does on the sly.

**HOCH DER KAISER (REVISED) .....N. Y. SUN**

Hoch der Kaiser!
Fill der cup;
Sweitzer case und
Whoop 'er up!
Vatch dose guns
Spit fire und smoke,
Till dot leetle
Fort vas broke;
Boom und bang und
Crash und crack.
Ve must got dot
Prestige back.
Ach! dot joy it
Svell mein lung—
Hoch der Kaiser,
Bust der bung!
Vas iss dot? Yah?
Iss dot so?
He vas dead—nein?
Dot Monroe?
Vas iss? Dewey?
Stop dot shoot!
Hoch der Kaiser—
Back up! Scoot!

**BEANS AND BROWNING ....TOM MASSON....NEW YORK TIMES**

(Boston is on the verge of a bean famine—Daily Times.)

Only three beans are left, mother, only three shriveled beans.
My brain is getting woozy, mother, O, think of what this means.
My Browning class is on to-day, whatever shall I do,
With only three small beans with which to see my reading through?

'Twas yesterday I scurried round, and at the corner store
I begged and pleaded with the clerk; he said there were no more.
My spectacles hang limp, mother, my words are growing thin,
I dream of beans the livelong night, O can this be a sin?

O mother, where's that empty pot? I'd gaze upon it's shape,
And let me have a good, sharp spoon—the bottom I will scrape.
Some inspiration there may be within its classic deep
Or else unto that Browning class, O mother, I can't creep!

Only three beans are left, mother, only three beans are left,
I've tried to beg or borrow, I've even tried by theft.
O Homer and Theocritus! O Plato! hear my cry!
I must have beans to fill me, or else I'll surely die!

**FAMILY JAR IN PUBLIC.....BROOKLYN EAGLE**

Although 'twas in a public place
Where family jars should never be,
My wife and I stood face to face,
When suddenly she rushed at me.

I pushed her with no gentle touch;
She staggered back and nearly fell;
Then with a wild, excited clutch,
She tore the rose from my lapel.

I grabbed her by the arm, and she,
Her face as crimson as the rose,
Clawed in a frantic way at me,
And stamped upon my tender toes.

I seized her in a rude embrace,
Which only added to the brawl,
For as I tore a bit of lace
She jabbed me with her parasol.

Perhaps I should explain that we
Were standing in a crowded car,
And every stop and start, you see,
Hurled us together with a jar.

**THE PRUDE OF THE OCEAN .....LONDON WORLD**

Britannia, the prude of the ocean,
The shrine of the L. S, and D.,
The poet was right in his notion—
No land can compare unto thee.
Thy mandate makes squadrons assemble
With definite objects in view,
And pestilent presidents tremble
To think of the red, white and blue.

I'm sure I'm correct in my view
That pestilent presidents tremble
To think of the red, white and blue.

Why, even the eminent Yankee,
Who's quite as awake as he seems,
Is certain that no hanky-panky
Can ever be found in thy schemes.
What though he suspect the black eagle
Of aiming at more than its due,
He's perfectly sure no intrigue'll
Be meant by the red white and blue.

To give Uncle Sammy his due,
He's firmly convinced no intrigue'll
Be meant by the red, white and blue.

The ardent and arrogant German
May think land can still be annexed,
Yet thou art but preaching a sermon
With Mr. Monroe for its text.
Men say the robustious Teuton
Commands a piratical crew,
But who says there's evil repute on
The fame of the red, white and blue?

The German may blush for his crew,
But who says there's evil repute on
The fame of the red, white and blue?

When hatreds and insults and schisms
Appear to foretell thy eclipse,
Then prunes and potatoes and prisms
Are words that arise to thy lips.
Thy lion's addicted to purring,
Thy unicorn's amiable, too:
Wrong must be the nation incurring
The wrath of the red, white and blue.

Bland beasts beyond doubt are the two—
Wrong must be the nation incurring
The wrath of the red, white and blue.

'Tis thou art the sternest upholder
Of all international law,
E'en when thou art shoulder to shoulder
With people who don't care a straw.
Thou claimest no more than thy portion,
And all of thy statements are true,
While not the least sign of extortion
Is seen in the red, white and blue.

Thy statements are frightfully true,
And not e'en a trace of extortion
Is seen in the red, white and blue.

Britannia, the prude of the ocean,
Thy post is in hist'ry enrolled,
To duty thy single devotion,
To justice thy service whole-souled!
Bombard and blockade in one outing
Colombia, Brazil, and Peru,
But look goody-goody while shouting
The name of the red, white and blue.

Colombia, Brazil, and Peru
Will feel you do right while you're shouting
The name of the red, white and blue.

**THE MERRY WAR MANŒUVERS....P. E. BROWN....UNITED SERVICE**

Out o'er the ocean's mighty breast
Loud rang the cannon's roar;
Upon the cruiser's bridge there stood
Lieutenants I. to IV.
The Admiral, so stanch and true,
Then calmly viewed the fray,
While through his hat imaginary
Bullets tore their way.
Imaginary men were dead,
Imaginary blood so red,
Imaginary sea wolves fed,
Throughout the sunlit day.

Imaginary shot and shell
Ploughed through the quivering air,
The Admiral then raved and tore
Imaginary hair.
For well he knew that down below
Lay on the messroom floor
Imaginary sailors in imaginary gore.
Imaginary wounds they had,
Imaginary foes were glad,
Imaginary parents sad,
And wounds and blood galore.

The Admiral then turned unto
Lieutenant Number IV.,
Requesting him, as referee
To reckon up the score;
And getting out his little book,
He sadly sighed, and said:
"According to the latest rules,
For two days we've been dead.
Imaginary shot and shell,
Imaginary mines as well,
Imaginary minds now tell,
That we the sharks have fed."

# Literary Thought and Opinion

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE . . ABRAHAM CAHAN . . BOOKMAN

The prevailing order of things, added to the psychological peculiarities of the Slavic reader, have worked out literary ideals which in the United States or England would scarcely meet with acceptance at the hands of an appreciable minority. The cultured Russian yearns for political freedom. Living, as he does, the life of the enlightened Frenchman or Englishman, he naturally misses those liberties the enjoyment of which has so long since come to be looked upon as part and parcel of civilization. The university-bred subject of the Czar casts upon the parliament of Western Europe furtive glances full of envy. By rendering politics forbidden fruit, his government makes it the dream and passion of nearly everyone who can read and think. Words like "party," "political programme," "constitution," or "free speech" are invested with a charm which the Anglo-Saxon of modern times could scarcely realize. In other words, the Russian reader of good literature considers himself a member of a downtrodden, languishing nation. As a consequence, every victim of oppression or poverty—of misery in any form—appeals to him as a fellow-sufferer. On the other hand, a senseless censor system lends to every book championing the cause of "the degraded and the insulted" the relish of forbidden fruit. To elude the vigilance of the censor, therefore; to make literary images say things which in the form of an essay or editorial would be likely to bring publisher and writer under the ban, is the kind of art which is sure to attract attention in the land of the Czars.

The upshot has been an ironclad esthetic theory, under which the talented artist who does not lay bare some form of human misery is looked upon as something like a public officer who neglects his duty. A tax-gatherer seizing the famished cow of a famished peasant family is the sort of pastoral that makes the surest appeal to the imagination of the educated Russian reader.

The salient feature of the best Russian literature, the one directly traceable to the movement which resulted in the abolition of serfdom, is the sympathetic attention paid to the tillers of the soil and the poor, ignorant, weak, and defenseless common people generally. "The idealization of the peasant" is one of the staple phrases in essays and editorials of that period.

The novelist, then, is expected to have something to say, and his theme must have some social iniquity to accentuate, or at least be taken from the life of the disinherited and of the "poor in spirit." The peculiarity of Gorki's position in the literature of his country lies in this, that while his art has a moral lesson to inculcate and seek its images in the lower strata of society, preferably among those who have altogether been dislodged from the regular current of life, his message is a persistent panegyric of strength and backbone of the master-spirits of the human race, not of its victims, nor of those who are poor in spirit. He advocates the basic ideas of Nietzsche through the medium of "overmen" in the form of drunken peasants or social waifs.

The typical Russian does not regard those who whine and have no turn for business as so many decayed planks for the stronger citizen to trample under foot. He pities these weaklings, and, indeed, himself for victims of an effeminating, enervating social system. It is to depict this very shiftlessness that Turgéneff wrote his Rudin, that "epic of Russian phrasemongery." But, then, Rudin is instinct with human pity, and this all-forgiving pity is what makes it one of the most characteristically Russian novels ever written. The modern Hamlet, the man of great words and small deeds, is quite a common type in Russian literature, and in every case he has been treated with the same human sympathy and philosophical leniency as that which pervades Turgéneff's masterpiece, and which is in keeping with the popular character. It is a noteworthy fact that Russia sees a greater relative number of acquittals in criminal cases than any other civilized country in the world. Tolstoi portrays this inclination of the common people in his Resurrection, where the tradesman in the jury box readily votes in favor of the defendant. Not that he thinks Maslova innocent of the charge, but because "Who is free from wrong-doing?" Indeed, so characteristic is this tendency in the average Russian that it has been accentuated as the keynote

to the whole psychology of this curious people in whom the world is so keenly interested these days, but whom it seems at a loss to make out.

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**SCENERY IN FICTION** ..... **LONDON ACADEMY**

The late Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave wrote a book on Landscape in Poetry; we do not know that anyone has written a book on Landscape in Fiction. Yet this subject might repay close study. Any observations we can make must be of a desultory sort, and at once we will name the provocation we have received to launch our thoughts at all. It is that Mr. Eden Phillpotts has dared to open his fine novel, The River, with four pages of undiluted landscape, of unassuaged scenery. Scenery in fiction may well seem a subject for thought when the first chapter of a novel conducts you through 1,300 words of nature-painting to a rabbit-snarer sitting in the bracken.

Many novels, perhaps most novels, open with scenery or weather. Yet, in spite of usage, in spite of illustrious example, we cannot rid ourselves of the idea that scenery and weather are a weak beginning. They make an easy and gliding beginning, no doubt: the harbor before the sea. In Mr. Phillpotts's case it is Southampton Water before the Channel. Yet we have never steamed down that magnificent waterway without an impatience to hear the first fist-blows of the sea on the ship's side. Yonder, not here, the voyage begins.

The error of putting Nature before Man is rarely, however, palpable and complete in any one writer or story. It is certainly not so in The River. It came near being palpable and complete in Mr. Hardy's novel, The Well-Beloved. It will be remembered that Mr. Hardy insisted in his preface that the remoteness and natural gloom of the Isle of Slingers were "apt to generate a type of personage like the character imperfectly sketched in these pages." But when that amazing character was challenged and Mr. Hardy was driven to explanation, he referred it not to the climate and scenery of the Isle of Slingers, but to the fact that the story was planned and partly written in his less mature period, when his reading of human nature was adventurous. The truth is, of course, that human nature is everything in a novel and scenery *qua* scenery nothing. At the best it is at the setting to the jewel, and at the worst it is as the cackle to the 'osses.

No—a third and more excellent way there is, the way of drama, the way of truth. A novelist should see landscape through the eyes of his characters. He should see it when they see it, and be blind to it when they are blind to it; and always introduce it as a part of the drama, never as an interlude. This may be a counsel of perfection, but in our opinion the success of even the shortest description of scenery in a novel depends upon our ability to see it through the eyes and mood of a character in the story, and in no wise on our ability to see it vividly through the author's eyes. In most novels when the author introduces scenery he is resting on his oars. The fact that a character walks from a place called A. to a place called B. is not in itself sufficient reason for describing the scenery between A. and B. Yet it is constantly done.

Now note with what skill Mr. Meredith, by a single touch, makes a scene personal to the character for whom he has already reserved our attention:

> Nevil Beauchamp dozed for an hour. He was awakened by light on his eyelids, and, starting up, beheld the many pinnacles of gray and red rocks and shadowy high and white regions at the head of the gulf waiting for the sun; and the sun struck them. One by one they came out crimson flame, till the vivid host appeared to have stepped forward. The shadows on the snow-fields deepened to purple below an irradiation of rose and pink and dazzling silver. There of all the world you might imagine the gods to sit. A crowd of mountains, endless in range, erect, or flowing, shattered and arid, or leaning in smooth luster, hangs over the gulf. The mountains are sovereign Alps, and the sea is beneath them. The whole gigantic body keeps the sea, as with a hand, to right and left.
>
> Nevil's personal rapture craved for Renée with the second long breath he drew. . . .

It is not the splendor of the description that matters here, it is its dramatic attribution to the eyes and heart of Nevil. "He was awakened by light on his eyelids." In a moment we understand. So have we all awakened many times since childhood, and straightway we share the gradualness and wonder of Nevil, waking to the waking day. We obtain all the sensuous beauty of scenery, and yet we are wholly with Nevil; our attention remains the same in kind; we are not delayed, we progress.

A superb piece of dramatic landscape is this of Mr. Hardy's:

> Among the graves moved the form of a man clothed in a white sheet, which the wind blew and flapped sadly every now and then. Near him moved six men bearing a long box and two or three

persons in black followed. The coffin, with its twelve legs, crawled across the aisle, while around and beneath it the flashing lights from the sea and the school of mackerel were reflected; a fishing-boat, far out in the Channel, being momentarily discernible under the coffin also The procession. wandered round to a particular corner, and halted, and paused there a long while in the wind, the sea behind them, the surplice of the priest still blowing. Jocelyn stood with his hat off: he was present, though he was a quarter of a mile off; and he seemed to hear the words that were being said, though nothing but the wind was audible.

Here the entirely personal character of the vision is felt long before Jocelyn is mentioned; it is felt in that note of the fishing-smack sailing under the coffin. It is to this plane that novelists should endeavor to rise in their treatment of scenery. But it is the highest plane, and is therefore, scarcely to be reached. They will do much if on a lower plane they guard against writing landscape for landscape's sake.

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**THE LITERARY LOSS OF THE BIBLE ..ROLLO OGDEN..CENTURY**

One cannot well deny that the battle has gone against the Bible as "the only great literature" (in Huxley's phrase) within reach of the common people. Too many archers have pressed it sore. Cheapened and multiplied newspapers and magazines and books of all kinds have fallen in with, if they have not fostered, an extensive in the place of an intensive reading habit, so that the Bible must now struggle for existence as literature, instead of being the "one book." Bible-reading has been bowed out of the public schools, while the home, to which it was again kindly commended, has politely passed on the unwelcome guest to the Sunday-school. But that institution, with the best will in the world, cannot recreate the heaven which lay about the infancy of those who, at a mother's knee, made their young imagination familiar with the racy, piquant English of the King James version, and with that wealth of Oriental trope and allegory and parable and pastoral and drama which, from the Bible, has passed into the masterpieces of our literature. The evidence is too strong, and comes from too many quarters, that the old saturation with biblical phraseology and imagery and illustration is a thing of the past. An arid and astounding ignorance has too often succeeded it. Tennyson and Browning, to say nothing of Milton and Dryden, are already in need of scholiasts to explain to ingenuous minds in school and college, echoes and reminiscences of the Bible which were second nature to an earlier generation. All this is a twice-told if still sorrowful tale. And there seems no present hope of turning back the tide of battle.

The damage has been done—that stands confessed; all that is left is to inquire what are the mitigating crcumstances. Some think, by various shifts, to be able to restore the English Bible to its old place and prestige as nursery of thought and style. A conscious and scientific enthusiasm for Bible-reading, as a part of literary discipline, they hope to awaken. But that way small hope seems to lie. The sting of our loss lies in the perishing of the young associations which used to be entwined about the felicities and majesty of biblical phraseology. The mature and preoccupied mind will in vain seek deliberately to assimilate the pure literary charm and power of the Bible. Later and colder studies cannot give what must be drawn in almost with mother's milk. The accumulated impressions of childhood, the familiarity with sounding phrases before they are understood, the play of young imagination, of awe and even of superstition, about the sacred page, together with the daily repetition and use of the rich English of the King James version, seem necessary to the surest and most enduring grasp on the Bible merely as a great writing. There is a certain disillusionment in studying the Bible in too cold and dry a light of reason, and though it may be a critical gain, it is a literary loss.

Literary fashions come and go. We know how Shakespeare had to be re-discovered. John Quincy Adams innocently remarks in his diary on the "something strange" in Shakespeare's language, and adds that the poet's "uncommon words" would be thought "very affected now"—namely, in 1829. We know what Johnson wrote of Lycidas—that poetical touchstone, as Tennyson thought it. Tastes and standards and studies change, and critics change with them. It may be, therefore, that there will yet be a return to the Bible as a treasure-house and starting-point of English style. But, to be really effective, it must be a thing not of school or college, not of lecture or text-book or magazine article, but of the home, of the fireside, of the closet with door shut, of those hours of life when the memory is wax to receive and marble to retain. Until we see once more those old conditions, we shall not again see the English Bible impregnating the minds and quickening the speech of a whole race, nor need we expect coming generations to respond with instant and

delighted recognition when meeting, in the great literature, with that line of the Bible which has gone out into all the earth, as have its words to the end of the world.

THE MODERN CRITIC ..... EDWARD FULLER ..... ATLANTIC

Is there really any connection whatever between popularity and merit? Perhaps it is too natural for critics who try to keep their heads among the loud hurrahs which greet the favorites of the moment to denounce these favorites somewhat indiscriminately, and to conclude that the novel which every one is reading is *ipso facto* unworthy of serious attention. The truth is, rather, that in this, as in other matters, we are eclectic in our enthusiasm, and permit the sun of our approval to stream like on the just and on the unjust. All experience denies the assumption that the great books of the world have not been appreciated by the multitude. If sometimes in our day it seems as if these books were neglected, the blame may lie more with our methods of instruction in literature than in the perversity of the uninstructed. But certainly a fine critical judgment at first hand is not to be expected of the public at large. It will take what is provided for it without much hesitation. If "every one" is reading a book, that is enough. It is doubtless a subject for congratulation, on the whole, that the circulation of the bound volume has reached a point where it rivals the circulation of the daily newspaper. For the same agencies that float the trash serve also to keep in the current the complete and rounded work of art. Possibly a nicer choice might be exercised by the uncritical if the reviewers for their part were less given to "a derangement of epitaphs." He who seeks light from them will find Cimmerian darkness. It is idle to put the responsibility upon the publisher, whose separation of the sheep from the goats is provisional and commercial, who may justly be expected to maintain a decent esthetic and ethical level, but who cannot be a competent judge in his own suit. Criticism has the office of selection; and at a time when it appears in every guise it should be especially effective; whereas the melancholy fact is that, with a few honorable exceptions, we hear little concerning each new defendant but one loud swelling chorus of praise. Not to speak tropically, criticism is becoming rapidly incompetent to guide us.

Much may be fairly said against the slating habits of the older critics. No doubt rank injustice has often been done by the sharp words of those who preferred being brilliant to being honest. Nor has the reviler, whether vocal on Saturday or another day, utterly vanished. But criticism as a whole would be benefited by a more general admixture of judicious severity. Every writer cannot be an incipient Thackeray; every new novel cannot be a work of genius. It would be unkind to some of our appraisers of literary values to preserve the tickets they affix to the literary goods of a year. A hundred volumes "of absorbing interest," a score "of transcendent power," a dozen which are "permanent additions to the great novels of the world," are a simple coming-in for a generation so clever as this. Seriously, all this profusion of admiring adjectives indicates a lamentable lack of the sense of proportion. It is not strange that readers are confused and take all geese for swans. The space given to notices of novels, too, would lead the unwary to fancy that these monopolize the domain of literary art. Nothing is more foolish, of course, than the traditional outcry against the reading of novels as mere intellectual dissipation. Fiction, whether in prose or in poetry, has been the chosen mode of utterance of some of our finest minds. It doubtless will always occupy, and rightly, the first place. But we should demand a reasonable measure of truth to life and fidelity to art, and these are what we seldom find in the popular tale of the moment. Indeed, it would be base flattery to call the ordinary compounder of romance an artist at all. His decoction may be harmless; in most cases it probably is; but let us moderate our transports when we recommend it as a specific for blue devils—or for insomnia. On the whole, the old-time slating did less harm than the contemporary rapture. It never really killed genius; the story of Keats and the Quarterly Reviewer was long ago discredited. When Mr. Lang says that he proposes to treat modern incompetents as Macaulay treated Montgomery, he commands approval from those who still believe that the dignity of literature is not an empty phrase.

Criticism is, or used to be, a real force in literature, and the critics have a duty in the matter which they should not forget. Unfortunately, the tendency to universal praise has become almost overwhelming; comparatively few writers have the ability or the disposition to withstand it. Yet now and again some one is found who, in a humble and anonymous way is doing good service. Such a one may be a real force in literature.

# Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

The following Chinese letter of regret for an unavailable manuscript was published some time ago in *Le Figaro:*

We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we swear never to have read, until the present day, such a *chef-d'œuvre*. If we should print it, S. M., the Emperor, would command us to use it as a criterion and never to print anything inferior to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return to thee thy manuscript, and demand of thee ten thousand pardons.

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This spring will mark the appearance of a new edition of Professor George E. Woodberry's life of Edgar Allan Poe. It has been revised in the light of new Poe material and data. Professor Woodberry's biography still remains the authority on America's greatest poet.

***

Mr. John Lane announces the translation by Mr. Vizetelly of the late Émile Zola's Truth. This is the third book in Zola's series of the four Evangels. Apropos of Émile Zola, *La Plume*, a French paper, has collected together signed opinions on his merits as a writer by many prominent in the literary and artistic worlds of Paris and London. It is interesting to note that contemporary thought is largely favorable to the man who has instigated and caused so many bitter literary battles.

***

Eden Phillpotts, the author of The Children of the Mist, has written an historical novel, entitled The Farm of the Dagger, which is to run as a serial in the Woman's Home Companion during 1903. The story is concerned with the war of 1812, and the scenes are laid both in England and America.

***

The editor of *La Revue Bleue*, Paris, recently wrote to the editors of several of the leading European journals for their opinions on the French press. The editor of the *Neue Wiener Tageblatt* replied as follows:

The most characteristic feature of the French press seems to be to be an invincible leaning toward seeing things across a personality, and to give to accounts of events a personal and rather fantastic, or, if you like, artistic stamp. . . . Thus, while our newspapers reflect the facts of the day, political and otherwise, the majority of French papers reflect the spirit of the day.

This is rather a good characterization of the French press, although there is probably no paper on the Continent that better reflects the facts of the day than *Le Matin*. French papers are the best written papers of the world, American papers contain the most news, and English papers, as a rule, contain more news than the French and are better written than the American. The undue proportion given to local news in America is entirely unknown in England and on the Continent.

***

*La Nuova Antologia*, of Rome, a magazine that occupies the same relative position in Italy as *La Revue des Deux Mondes* does in France, is about to publish a translation of Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel, The Valley of Decision. Mrs. Wharton's novel is concerned with Italian life, and has received much favorable comment at Rome.

***

M. Paul Hervieu's latest play, *Theroigne de Mericourt*, is an historical play of the French Revolution. In drawing the character of *Theroigne*, the author of *Les Tenailles* and *L'Enigme* has not confined himself entirely to the popular ideas concerning the heroine of the Terror, the Directoire, and the Empire. In interpreting the character of *Theroigne*, Sarah Bernhardt added another triumph to her many successful rôles. It is not always that an author has an actress worthy of his art.

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A London publisher has brought out an edition of Dickens entitled the Dunstan edition, and printed on vellum and illuminated. The price of each set is reported to be somewhere about £20,000.

***

The Academy and Literature, London, in replying to a correspondent who suggested that publishers should provide means by which a book-buyer might see a volume which he feels disposed to buy before making a definite purchase, declared that the majority of serious book-buyers know perfectly well what they want. But do they? One of the delights of

buying books is the pleasure of looking at and handling books of all descriptions, with ever the anticipation of an unlooked-for find. In Paris, under the colonnades of *Le Théâtre Odéon*, are the book stands of a prominent Parisian publisher. You may go there at eight in the morning and remain until night, reading, examining, and browsing, and no one will interfere with you. After all, they order these things better in Paris!

***

The following Reflections of a Rejected Manuscript, by Walter Pulitzer, appear in the February Bookman:

A MS. in the publisher's hand is worth two in the author's.

An Editor is known by the MSS. he keeps—and the stamps.

Desperate authors require desperate remedies.

A poet and his poem are soon parted.

In submitting a MS., he who hesitates—is a wonder.

All is not gold that glitters . . . on book covers.

Faint purse ne'er won fair publisher.

A true friend is one who laughs at our jokes.

It is a wise author who knows his own MS. after . . . it has been blue-penciled.

An author's royalties are often far from royal.

No satirist is a hero to his own epigram.

"Many Happy Returns of the Day" applies to the unsuccessful writer all the year round.

***

Reviewing the fiction of the year in the New York American, Professor Harry Thurston Peck declares that novels do not attract the attention given to them a few years ago, and that the novel of the future will be only a source of pleasure and of amusement. Speaking of the nineteenth century, he says:

The nineteenth century saw the apotheosis of fiction. Fiction could then get a hearing when argument and persuasion in less attractive forms were utterly unheeded. Dickens used it to blot out the workhouses and the Yorkshire schools. Charles Reade reformed the lunacy laws of England by a single novel. Disraeli smoothed the way for political changes in his works of fiction. In this country, Mrs. Stowe perceptibly hastened an inevitable war by her one great book. Edward Bellamy, in the pages of "Looking Backward," raised socialism from the slums and made it popular in the drawing-room and the halls of the university. In France, Émile Zola attempted to demonstrate by works of pure imagination the solutions of all sorts of problems—ethical, physiological and psychological. Fiction to him was an exact science, an instrument of precision; and men listened to his claims with serious attention.

This is much better than the first part of Professor Peck's contention. The novel instead of growing lighter is likely to grow more serious and come into closer touch with the ever increasing problems of the day. The Pit is a fair example of the modern trend. And it is the trend that will predominate when the ephemeral novel runs its course.

***

Queen Caroline of Saxony is preparing an edition of the poems of her husband, king Jean. Among the poems which this volume will contain will be *Le Coup de Canon*, which has been set to music by the Princess Amélie. The titled heads of Europe have lost so many of their royal prerogatives that they are turning to literature to engage their time and thoughts. It is a question, however, whether they make better writers than rulers.

***

The origin of the term Impressionists which is applied to the members of a modern school of French Art is not generally known. Many years ago Degas, Manet, Claude Monet, and other artists were refused admission by the Salon on account of their disregard and absolute independence of the established art canons of the day. Napoleon the Third invited them to exhibit in the *Salon des Réfusés*. One of the paintings by Claude Monet was entitled Impression. This name was applied to the entire collection.

***

The *Mecure de France* has been collecting the opinions of various eminent men on the subject of German culture. The consensus of opinion is that German literary influence is a vanishing quantity. Opinions have been contributed by several English men-of-letters. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley says that, "in the cultivated circles of London, if twenty persons taken at random were questioned, nineteen would be able to name a dozen French writers of to-day, and not one would be able to cite six contemporary German authors." Mr. W. L. Courtney says: "Numerous thinkers recognize that Germany is our true enemy, and that France and Russia are our true friends. The leaven of distrust in regard to Germany is doing its work, but slowly." Mr. Edmund Gosse observes that there is in England no curiosity with regard to contemporary German philosophy, poetry, or historic works. "We read French books enormously, but between our intellectual and esthetic life and that of Germany there is a great abyss. We know nothing on this subject, and what we learn disappoints and repels us." Mr. Sidney Lee agrees that German literary influence is weak. While German literary influence is diminishing, such cannot be said of German musical influence. Wagner is still dominant.

# General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the English novelist, and niece of Matthew Arnold, was born in Tasmania. In 1856 Mr. Arnold, the novelist's father, returned with his family to England, and in 1872 Miss Arnold married Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward, editor of The English Poets, and a contributor on art subjects, to the London Times. Mrs. Ward's earliest contribution to literature was a series of critical articles for Macmillan's Magazine. Her first attempt at fiction was Miss Bretherton (1884), the story of an actress's life. In the following year appeared her translation of Amiel's *Journal Intime*. In 1888 she achieved an immediate and phenomenal success with her novel, Robert Elsmere. The History of David Grieve (1892) is a study in self-education. Marcella (1894) concerns itself with social reform. In 1896 appeared Sir George Tressady. Lady Rose's Daughter, Mrs. Ward's latest novel, is to be published this month. It is also in course of publication in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of *La Fille de Lady Rose*.

The announcement of a new novel by Mrs. Ward is always an event of interest in the cause of good literature. Mrs. Ward is ever a forceful writer. It has been said that she resembles George Eliot in many respects; she is wanting, however, in the latter's gift of story writing and humor. To her culture and refinement is added also a keen delight in Nature. A London writer has felicitously described Mrs. Ward as "the type of womanhood which accepts the responsibilities of life, which sees the nobility of motherhood and the nobility of knowledge."

***

The recent deaths of M. de Blowitz and Julian Ralph remove two interesting personalities from the journalistic world. M. de Blowitz not only wrote history, but he made it as well. For thirty years he was the correspondent of the London Times at Paris, and during that time he met and had relations with most of the rulers and prominent characters of Europe. Among many journalistic triumphs were the revealing to Europe in 1875 of Bismarck's aggressive attitude toward France, thus averting perhaps another *année terrible*, and his securement of an advance copy of the treaty concluded at the Congress of Berlin in 1878. The career of Julian Ralph, if less varied, is none the less interesting. He held to the theory that human interest should dominate successful reporting. The names of these two journalists bring to mind the names of two others as equally interesting, and whose deaths have occurred within recent years—Archibald Forbes and George W. Stevens. There is much truth in one of Oscar Wilde's aphorisms to the effect that anybody can make history, but only a great man can write it.

***

Hall Caine has recently taken the public into his confidence. He has delivered himself of several trite remarks on the writing of novels. Don't, he says, indulge in fiction writing too strenuously at first. A novel should be written over twice—it shows up the faults. I have generally adhered to this rule myself. Some people say that they can work best when they hurry most, but it is not the case with me, and I feel that inspiration does not come to the hurried mind so readily as it does when one is able to ponder deeply. Scott, Hawthorne, Blackmore, George Eliot, and many others did not ripen in their powers until each had reached his two-score years. As for myself, I have just about got to the half-century mark, and I do not think I have yet produced my best work, by any means. And so on *ad libitum*. How proud the inhabitants of the Isle of Man must be!

***

The collection of autograph books, letters, and manuscripts presented to the Author's Club by Richard Henry Stoddard is of rare value. It includes some of the works of Edward Phillips, Jacob Giles, Longbaine, and Winstanley, early British authors. Among the books which have belonged to celebrated authors are the Shakespeare book, thought to have been Shakespeare's own copy; John Keats's copy of Aleman's Guzman de Alfarache; Charles Lamb's own set of his English Dramatic Poets, and a copy of Edmund Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France. Among the autographs are letters from Dickens, Carlyle, Browning, Holmes, Hawthorne, Eugene Field, and Frederick the Great. The original manuscript includes Bayard Taylor's Songs from the Orient, and a framed manuscript by Sir Walter Scott. A copy of Mr. Stoddard's

buying books is the pleasure of looking at and handling books of all descriptions, with ever the anticipation of an unlooked-for find. In Paris, under the colonnades of *Le Théâtre Odéon*, are the book stands of a prominent Parisian publisher. You may go there at eight in the morning and remain until night, reading, examining, and browsing, and no one will interfere with you. After all, they order these things better in Paris!

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author's.
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In submitting a MS., he who h
wonder.
All is not gold that glitters
covers.
Faint purse ne'er won fair r
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It is a wise author who
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sea as a field for fiction.
h Mr. Conrad, however
from the old-fashioned
which Dana and his school
It strikes a higher note.

***

Hall Caine and other things,
me verses by John N. Hilliard,
ared recently in Life:

SEEING THINGS.

He thought he saw a crocodile
A-weeping in the rain;
He looked again and found it was
A novel by Hall Caine;
The great increase in suicide,"
Said he, "I'll now explain."

He thought he saw a battlefield,
With corpses heaped up high:
He looked again and found it was
A dust cloud in the sky.
Said he: "I'll hike from here before
The 'devil' carts whiz by."

He thought he saw a field of filth—
Above the clouds hung gray;
He looked again and found it was
A modern problem play;
' Of course," said he, "a syndicate
Has dividends to pay."

He thought he saw some monkeys swing
Upon a gilded tree;
He looked again and found it was
A Newport social tea!
"I think," said he, "that tweedledum's
The same as tweedledee."

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So many books have been written concerni
Rome that the term Eternal City has been c
siderably cheapened of late, and new works
"the city of the soul" are regarded wi
suspicion. Such cannot be said, however,
M. Paléologue's Rome, which has appeared
cently in Paris. Its sub-title is Notes on H
tory and Art. In a work of this kind it
difficult to escape the tediousness of the avera
guide book. That the work is, on the contra
attractable and readable is no little credit t
clever author. M. Paléologue is remembe
by his delightful essay on Alfred de Vigny
Hachette's *Grands Écrivains de la France*.

E. W. Hornung's new book, No Hero, presents the author of The Amateur Cracksman in a new light. An Eton boy, and a woman who is believed to be an adventuress are the

# ild Verse

Authors and Writers

**'ARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER ....PUCK**

eadows in Little Boy Land,
s bending over,
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and a lovely brass band,
e in Little Boy Land.

ey say they do nothing in Little Boy Land
but play through the warm, sunny weather,
And play through the winter;—Oh! Then it is fun
To slide down the long hills together.
There's no school to go to;—now, please understand,
It's all play and laughter in Little Boy Land.

Oh! There's bicycles, tricycles, wagons and sleds,
And donkeys and ponies by dozens;
So each little fellow can ride if he will—
Each one of the brothers and cousins.
There's fun and there's frolic on every hand—
Oh! Who wouldn't like it in Little Boy Land?

Oh! Who wouldn't long for this Little Boy Land,
Where there's fun going on every minute,
And candy for nothing, and peanuts the same,
And a good time with every one in it?
Oh! Grown-ups, with trials and hardships to stand,
Let's journey together to Little Boy Land!

**A KING DEPOSED .....WILL H. OGILVIE.....CENTURY**

He sat in the darkness weeping
By the gates of his empire closed,
A ruler stripped of his purple,
A king from his realm deposed.

They passed him, going to worship;
And, wistful, behind he crept;
And coldly they bade him be silent
Because that the new king slept.

They lifted him up to the cradle,
Their fingers laid on their lips,
And he touched one baby dimple
With his own little finger-tips.

Then they set him down in the nursery,
A wan little love-lorn heap;
And he lay with his child's heart breaking,
Sob-sobbing himself to sleep.

They have taken his baby scepter,
They have taken his robe and crown;
They have driven him out of his palace,
And fluttered his house-flag down.

And a new king rules in his kingdom;
For him are the gold gates closed;
And they think that he does not notice—
Ah! Poor little king deposed!

**HARD WORDS TO SPELL .....NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT**

Stand up, ye spellers, now and spell—
Spell phenakistoscope and knell;
Or take some simple word as chilly
Or gauger or the garden lily.
To spell such words as syllogism
And lachrymose and synchronism
And Pentateuch and saccharine,
Apocrypha and celandine,
Jejune and homœopathy,
Paralysis and chloroform,
Rhinoceros and pachyderm,
Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque
Is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamchatka and dispensary,
Diphthong and erysipelas,
And etiquette and sassafras,
Infallible and ptyalism,
Allopathy and rheumatism,
And cataclysm and beleaguer,
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,
And hosts of other words all found
On English and on classic ground.
Thus Behring Straits and Michaelmas,
Thermopylae, jalap, Havana,
Cinquefoil and ipecacuanha,
And Rappanhannock, Shenandoah,
And Schuylkill and a thousand more
Are words some prime good spellers miss
In dictionary lands like this,
Nor need one think himself a scroyle
If some of these his efforts foil,
Nor deem himself undone forever
To miss the name of either river—
The Dneiper, Seine or Guadalquivir.

**TWO KINDS OF BOY .....PITTSBURG DISPATCH**

I want to ask a question;
Now, 'splain me this who can—
Why 'tis whenever I get hurt,
I'm mother's great big man.
"Too large, of course, and brave to cry!"
But when I ask for cheese,
Or maybe pickles with my lunch,
Why, then—now listen, please—
Oh, no, I'm "too little dear,
Must eat nice milk and bread."
I think and worry over this
Until it hurts my head;
And I'd be very much obliged
If someone would tell me
Just 'zactly what's the proper size
A fellow ought to be.

# Night and Its Dreams

THE NIGHT ..... HERMANN GLIMM .....OUTLOOK*

Out of the forest trips the Night;
From under the trees she softly steals;
Wide is the circle her look reveals—
Now look bright!

She forces all light of the world to yield,
All flowers, all colors, all she sees,
Extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

All beauty she takes with fingers bold,
The silver from the streamlet's foam,
Takes from the copper-haloed dome
The dull gold.

Denuded is each branch and tree—
Soul to soul, O closer cleave,
Lest as well the Night bereave
Me of Thee.

DREAMLAND ....VISCOUNTESS GALWAY....LOND. VANITY FAIR

Dreams of the night; oh, darling dreams of mine,
Which only vanish with the morning shine!
Dear Fancy's Realm, wherein I love to roam
During the quiet hours—my fairy home.

Here all are free, all joyous, all serene
Who in this kingdom live. No cloud is seen.
Perish the weary common-sense of day;
Too many hours we sigh beneath its sway.

Here make we our own laws, our love, our life;
No loophole here for boredom, storm or strife.
Give your imagination rein, and rise,
Attaining to the goal you highest prize.

For this dear Dreamland none can take away.
It is our own long as our pulses play.
Cares the day brings; but I will ne'er complain
If, kindly Night, you'll bring my dreams again.

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.....MADISON CAWEIN.....SMART SET

Moon-roses, like a mist,
Upon the terraced height,
And 'mid the roses, opal, moonlight-kissed,
A fountain falling white.

And as the full moon flows,
Orbed fire, into a cloud,
There is a fragrant sound, as if a rose
Had sighed its soul aloud.

There is a whisper pale,
As if a rose awoke,
And, having heard in sleep the nightingale,
Still dreaming of it, spoke.

Now, as from some vast shell,
A mighty pearl rolls white;
From the unclosing cloud, that winds compel,
The moon sweeps, big and bright.

Moon-mists and pale perfumes,
Breeze-borne, along the dusk;
There is a sound, as if unfolding blooms
Voiced their sweet thoughts in musk.

A spirit is abroad,
Of music and of sleep;
The moon and stars have made for it a road
Adown the glimmering deep.

It breathes a tale to me,
A tale of ancient day;
And, at its word, again I seem to see
Those towers old and gray;

That castle by the foam,
Where once our hearts made moan;
And through the night again you seem to come
Down statued stairs of stone.

Again I feel your hair,
Dark, fragrant, deep and cool;
You lift your face up, pale with its despair,
And wildly beautiful.

Again your form I strain,
Again, unto my heart;
Again your lips, again and yet again,
I kiss—and then we part!

As centuries ago
We did in Camelot;
Where once we lived that life of bliss and woe,
That you remember not;

When you were Guinevere
And I was Lancelot . . .
I have remembered many and many a year,
And you—you have forgot!

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE!.....MARY FARRAH .....LEISURE HOUR

If dreams came true, Beloved, I should wake
To find you at my side as once of yore,
And I should see your beauty and should take
Your hand in mine and whisper low once more
Love's tender secrets, old, yet ever new,
And sweeter than the sunshine, or the blue
Of summer skies—if but my dreams came true!

If dreams came true, Sweetheart, your soft replies
Would crown me with love's perfect joy at last
Who long have borne its pain; and in your eyes—
Dark wells of magic—all the weary past
Would vanish, and my soul would learn anew
The ways of love and worship sweet—if you
Of whom I dream would bid my dreams come true

COMING OF THE NIGHT ..FRANCIS C. RANKIN..ANGLO-AMERICAN

In the primrose-tinted sky
The wan little moon
Hangs like a jewel dainty and rare,
And one star of palest gold,
Gleams and trembles there;—
Down in the distant valley the daylight fades away
And now the mist-crowned mountains
Cloak them in purple and gray—
Then darken the dusky shadows,
And in the waning light
Day gathers her robes around her,
And kisses her sister—Night.

*Translated by Mary Baldwin

# Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

**THE PIT**

The last book[1] by the late Frank Norris and the second of his uncompleted trilogy, The Epic of the Wheat, is a vigorous, strong story, told with directness and power and conveying a lesson steeped in truth. The characters are drawn finely and firmly and with rare insight. The work but accentuates how great has been the loss of Mr. Norris to American literature.

**BY MRS. WARD**

A story of English politics, plus a social study and the analysis of feminine character, is to be found in Mrs. Humphry Ward's Lady Rose's Daughter.[2] The book is one of the worthiest of Mrs. Ward's recent offerings, and shows that gifted author at her best.

**THE HENCHMAN**

One of the best of recent issues of political novels is The Henchman,[3] by Mark Lee Luther. The author pictures very cleverly and vividly the life of an instrument of the machine in his progress from a provincial law office to the position of Governor of his State and Presidential prospects. The excitement, lack of high principle, and the machine tyranny, incident to such a life, are painted in glaring colors which cast a baleful hue over even the love interest of the story; and, even if the henchman of the political "boss" ultimately rises superior to his environment, it is only at the cost of ruined prospects, embittered family life and withered affections. The tale is a powerful one, full of situations which raise mental questionings and moral warnings.

**NEW STORIES BY MISS DASKAM**

Whom the Gods Destroyed,[4] by Josephine Dodge Daskam, is a collection of eight short stories by this well-known writer. The title is taken from that of the story first in order. Each tale is a good specimen of Miss Daskam's method of dealing with human interest, a method which is truly realistic. Although there is more or less of a weird tone in each of them, the treatment will be felt to be true to Nature, and even the sadness and pathos which the author has so skilfully woven into them bear testimony to the closeness of her touch with human life.

**THE BLUE FLOWER**

Delicate symbolism, steeped in poetry and conveyed in narrative, is found in Dr. Van Dyke's most recent book.[1] A literary piece of work, whose keynote is beauty in all the meaning and fulness of the word.

**A CHILD OF THE OPERA**

A little girl's life behind the scenes of the Metropolitan Opera House is described in Signora.[2] The plot is but a canvas upon which is cast the figures of the great singers. A sidelight upon operatic stars rather than a story, and a book interesting to the habitués of grand opera.

**THE HISTORICAL NOVEL**

In Come With Me Into Babylon,[3] Josiah M. Ward has given us a tale of the times of Nebuchadnezzar, who was so prominent a figure in Sacred History. The babaric magnificence of Assyrian and Babylonian life is well described, as is also the sensuality of the nobles and the priestly class. The plot is skilfully and dramatically drawn. As might be expected, from the age and scene adopted by the author, there is abundant scope for thrilling incidents, and Mr. Ward has not spared his hand. The final catastrophe in Nineveh is peculiarly telling.

**A WORTHY FIRST NOVEL**

Grace Duffie Boylan is to be complimented on her first novel.[4] The Kiss of Glory is an excellent piece of romantic fiction of the old Babylon. It is replete with the interests of love and war, and tells in a charming way the chapter of the heart.

**THE THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S**

In The Things that are Cæsar's,[5] R. W. Kauffman undertakes to handle a problem which is ever an embarrassing one in the social world—how should the world treat one who has fallen into the hands of the law and suffered the penalty of

[1] The Pit. Frank Norris. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
[2] Lady Rose's Daughter. Mrs. Humphry Ward. N. Y., Harper & Bros.
[3] The Henchman. Mark Lee Luther. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
[4] Whom the Gods Destroyed. Josephine Dodge Daskam. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

[1] The Blue Flower. Henry Van Dyke. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
[2] Signora. Gustave Kobbé. N. Y., R. H. Russell.
[3] Come With Me Into Babylon. Josiah M. Ward. N. Y., Frederick A. Stokes. $1.50.
[4] The Kiss of Glory. Grace Duffie Boylan. N. Y., G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.
[5] The Things that are Cæsar's. R. W. Kauffman. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

his misdoing? Mr. Kauffman has given a powerful story of the misery involved, while he leaves the problem exactly where it has been for so many years.

**THE WHIRLWIND**

In The Whirlwind,[1] by Rupert Hughes, we have another exploitation of that seemingly inexhaustible field, the Civil War. It is one which deserves honorable place among the many which deal with the same period. The book, for its many excellent delineations of character and its powerful descriptions, deserves more than a casual reading or a transient existence.

**THE DEEPS OF DELIVERANCE**

Students of literature will be interested in The Deeps of Deliverance,[2] by the Dutch writer, Frederik Van Eeden, translated by Margaret Robinson. It is rather a close, somewhat microscopic study of motives and environments which may wreck a life, and work untold misery to all concerned. It shows also how circumstances beyond the control of the individual may aggravate weakness of character until the burden of life becomes unbearable. Viewed in this light, the volume is not without moral value.

**ANIMALS OF THE PAST**

The new offering from the pen of Frederic A. Lucas[3] is marked with that scientific insight and delightful perspicacity which characterize his former writings. A thoroughly readable, clear, scientific treatise upon the Animals Before Man in North America, written in a delightful manner, which makes it as entertaining as a novel, while losing nothing of its real educational value.

**THE TRAPPER**

A. C. Laut has caught the spirit of the trapper in his new book.[4] He treats him exhaustively and from many sides. The result is a work full of interest and character, having more than ephemeral worth.

**CONCERNING FINE FURNITURE**

Frances Clary Morse has written a thorough trustworthy book upon the Furniture of the Olden Time.[5] A delightful, instructive work, composed with skill and care, and embellished by exquisite illustrations. The excerpt from it, which is to be found elsewhere in the magazine, will give a fair idea of its character.

**OF VALUE TO MUSIC LOVERS**

Two charming books[1] from the Musicians' Library, published by Oliver Ditson Co., show examples of the ideal in music publication. Well edited and finely printed, compiled with care and rare discretion, these collections are in every way worthy.

**OF HISTORICAL IMPORT**

A very interesting and readable contribution to the history of the Civil War is Civil War Times,[2] by Daniel Wait Howe. It is, in fact, the personal narrative of one who was with the Army of the Cumberland from its formation until the middle of 1864. The peculiar interest of the story lies in the fact that, with the exception of such general statements as are necessary for the elucidation of the situation, it gives the actual experience of one who underwent all the hardships of the campaign in the subordinate position of a lieutenant. The extracts from the writer's diary are apt and interesting, while his descriptions of actual service in camp and battlefield are vivid and able. The volume is a thoroughly serviceable addition to the books on the War.

**DANIEL WEBSTER**

Prof. John Bach McMaster is well known as an able historian, but in none of his works does he show a better grasp of his subject than in his study of Daniel Webster.[3] The way in which, so to speak, he makes Webster tell his own story is very masterly. Quotations from speeches and letters, with the necessary connecting links of narrative, bring the great statesman and orator very vividly before us and we are able, not so much to accept the author's view, as to form our own judgment about a man who lives before our eyes. This is the perfection of historical writing. The volume will certainly be treasured by the student of history, but is worthy of most careful reading by all who desire to form a sound opinion of one of America's eminent men.

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[1]The Whirlwind. Rupert Hughes. Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.

[2]The Deeps of Deliverance. Frederik Van Eeden. Translated by Margaret Robinson. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.

[3]Animals Before Man in North America. Frederic A. Lucas N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.

[4]The Story of the Trapper. A. C. Laut. D. Appleton & Co.

[5]Furniture of the Olden Time. Frances Clary Morse. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. $3.00 net.

[1]Fifty Master Songs, by Twenty Composers. Edited by Henry T. Finck: for High Voice. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Forty Piano Compositions, by Frédéric Chopin. Edited by James Huneker, Boston; Oliver Ditson Co. Musicians' Library. $2.50.

[2]Civil War Times. Daniel Wait Howe. Indianapolis, Bowen-Merrill Co.

[3]Daniel Webster. John Bach McMaster. N. Y. The Century Co. $2.00.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

It will be a source of gratification to many more than students of history that we now have an abridgement of the excellent life of Abraham Lincoln[1] by Nicolay and Hay. The ten volumes of that work were not only beyond the means of many who would gladly possess the story of Lincoln's life, but the study of them was a task that few busy persons could undertake. Now, however, Mr. Nicolay has prepared A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln by condensing the larger work of which he was mainly the author; and now we have in handy form one of the best histories which have as yet appeared of the revered President. The condensing has been admirably done. Nothing of importance has been omitted, and the volume might well stand for a new and complete work.

**HEROINES OF POETRY**

Heroines of Poetry,[2] by Constance Elizabeth Maud, is a very enjoyable book, somewhat after the style of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. The authoress has given us, in the form of connected prose narrative, the stories of some of the most famous of the heroines of poets' verse. The tales are well told and ought, most assuredly, if placed in the hands of young people, to incite to the study of the original poems. Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare has undoubtedly done good service in this direction, and there is no reason why this volume should not be equally successful.

**THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE**

Luxury is always attendant upon prosperous civilization. A good illustration of this is to be found in The Pleasures of the Table,[3] by George H. Ellwanger. The book is a worthy rival of any of the famous French works on gastronomy, and it will form an admirable addition to all the other cook-books of American schools of cookery. Epicures may well reserve the volume for those quiet moments when, having well dined, they live over again their victories of knife, fork, and platter; students of the art of pot and stew-pan will find in it inspiration for their endeavors after investigation and achievement in the kitchen; and the general reader will enjoy the genial mock-heroic diction, the lore from many sources in many lands, and the abundant anecdotes. It is not improbable that, as the French mark eras by the works of La Reyniere and Brillat-Savarin, American cookery may date its Hegira from the publication of The Pleasures of the Table.

**DELIGHT THE SOUL OF ART**

In Delight the Soul of Art[1] we have a series of five lectures, delivered by Arthur Jerome Eddy to students attending an art school, and they are in every way worthy of preservation in permanent form. Each lecture is an eloquent protest against the commercialism which is far too rife and which is the most deadly enemy of true art. The volume should be in the hands of all students of the usually accepted fine arts, and may profitably be read by those who desire success in the equally important art of literature.

**A PLEA FOR HARDY PLANTS**

In the introduction to A Plea for Hardy Plants,[2] by J. Wilkinson Elliott, the author says that he has not written it for the purpose of teaching the art of landscape gardening, but to show the need of it. He might very well have added, "the possibilities of it." We neglect hardy plants too much, and think a blaze of color from some semi-tropical species far more beautiful than the mingled grace of the trees, shrubs, and flowers of our own and kindred temperate climates. Let all who think thus obtain a copy of A Plea for Hardy Plants, and the admirable illustrations and excellent text will soon convert any one who is open to conviction.

**LIFE, THE INTERPRETER**

In Life, the Interpreter,[3] by Phyllis Bottome, we have a novel of the lower part of the "upper crust" of London society. The pith of the story consists of the love affairs of a lady of rather strong mind, who devotes her wealth and work to easing the burdens of the dwellers in the London slums, but who does not, therefore, give up her position in her class. We are carried, in turn, through mansions and slums; we see high life and low life in various phases; we even get a glimpse of Paris studios and of life at the stations in British India. With these as background, the intrigues and entanglements combine to make a strong story full of movement and interest, and the author brings her heroine

[1] A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln. John G. Nicolay N. Y., The Century Co. $2.40.
[2] Heroines of Poetry. Constance Elizabeth Maud N. Y., John Lane.
[3] The Pleasures of the Table. George H. Ellwanger, N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

[1] Delight the Soul of Art. Arthur Jerome Eddy. Phila., J. B. Lippincott. Co. $1.50.
[2] A Plea for Hardy Plants. J. Wilkinson Elliott. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.60.
[3] Life, the Interpreter. Phyllis Bottome. N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

safely through to find the interpretation of her own life at least in the love of a kindred spirit.

**A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE NOVEL**

In The Right Princess[1] Clara Louise Burnham attempts to show how a scion of English nobility, brought to this country for the benefit of travel, in the hope that it would cure his mental weakness, was rapidly and completely restored to perfect sanity through the instrumentality of a young believer in Christian Science. Even a lap-dog is saved from the effects of rat-poison by her treatment. There is, of course, a love story; for few phases of faith, even Christian Science, exclude belief in the "little blind god."

[1]The Right Princess. Clara Louise Burnham. Boston and N. Y., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

# Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Following is a list of books received at this office between January tenth and February tenth:

### Essays and Miscellany

Egregious English, The: Angus McNeill: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.....$1 25
Guide Right: Ethics for Young People: Emma L. Ballou: Illustrated: Lebanon, O., March Bros..... 35
Homespun Odds and Ends: John A. Collins: Denver, Smith-Brooks Print Co.....
Man Visible and Invisible: C. W. Leadbeater: Illustrated: N. Y., John Lane.....
Philadelphians, The: As Seen by a New York Woman: Katharine Bingham: Illustrated: Bost., L. C. Page & Co..... 1 25
San Francisco and Thereabouts: Chas. Keeler: S. F., Cal. Promotion Committee.....
Scientific Side Lights: Compiled by James C. Fernald: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co..... 5 00
Silverwork and Jewelry: H. Wilson: With Diagrams by the Auhor: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 40
Story of Alchemy, The: And the Beginnings of Chemistry: M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A.: Illustrated: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 35
Survey of Russian Literature, with Selections: Isabel F. Hapgood: N. Y., Chautauqua Press..... 1 00
Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced: Wm. Henry P. Phyfe: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 00
What is the Sol? Has the Dog a Sol? C. W. Larisun, M.D.: N. J., Fonic Pub. House....

### Fiction

Captain, The: Churchill Williams: Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller: Bost., Lothrop Pub. Co..... 1 50
Circle, The: Katherine Cecil Thurston: Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co..... 1 50
For a Maiden Brave: Chauncey C. Hotchkiss: Illustrated in colors by Frank F. Merrill: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 50
Journal of Arthur Stirling, The: "The Valley of the Shadow"; Revised and Condensed with an Introductory Sketch: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 25
Loyal Traitors: A Story of Friendship for the Filipinos: Raymond L. Bridgman: Bost., Jas. H. West Co..... 1 00
Master of Warlock, The: A Virigina War Story: Geo. Cary Eggleston: Illustrated by C. D. Williams: Bost., Lothrop Pub. Co....$1 50
Pit, The: A Story of Chicago: Frank Norris: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co..... 1 50
Soltaire: Geo. Franklyn Willey: Manchester, New Hampshire Pub. Corporation .....
Story of the Trapper, The: A. C. Laut: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 25
Virginia Girl in the Civil War, 1861-1865, A: Myrta Lockett Avary: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co..... 1 25
Whaleman's Wife, A: Frank T. Bullen: With Six Illustrations: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 50

### Historical and Political

Greek and Roman Stoicism and Some of Its Disciples: Chas. H. Stanley Davis, M.D., Ph.D.: Bost., Herbert B. Turner & Co..... 1 40
Mediæval India Under Mohammedan Rule, 712-1764: Stanley Lane-Poole: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 35
Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1902: Wash., Government Printing House .....
Social Unrest, The: Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements: John G. Brooks: N. Y., Macmillan Co ..... 1 [illegible]

### Poetry

Black Hills Ballads: Robert V. Carr: Denver, Reed Pub. Co .....
Ceres and Persephone: A Child Play: Maud Menefee: Translated by Andrew Lang: Chic., Ralph Fletcher Seymour..... 1
Footstones of a Nation: Geo. E. Bertrand: Minneapolis, Minn. .....
Swords and Plowshares: Ernest Crosby: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co ..... 1

### Religion

Life Within, The: Anonymous: Bost., Lothrop Pub. Co..... 1
St. Augustine and His Age: Joseph McCabe: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons ..... 2

# Among the March Magazines

There is a wealth of good matter and interesting reading in the March Atlantic. Both in fiction and essays the material is in every way worthy and pleasurable. One of the most delightful little treatises is John Burrough's article on Real and Sham Natural History. It is high time that someone sounded a note of warning against the so-called "animal story," and that it should come from so high a source makes it doubly valuable. Of a somewhat similar interest is A. T. Mahan's discourse on The Writing of History. In a very thorough discussion of the Question of Franchises, George C. Sikes takes occasion to say:

The municipal ownership spirit is in the air. Nothing can be more certain than that a continuation of the present unsatisfactory conditions under private management will bring on the early and rapid municipalization of the so-called public utilities. It is especially incumbent upon those who would check the swelling movement for municipalization, therefore, to give attention to the question of franchises, with a view to remedying the conditions productive of such widespread dissatisfaction.

In the first place, cities should be given by the Legislature full power to deal with the whole matter of municipal franchises as the interests of the municipality may require. This should include the grant by the Legislature of the power to municipalize, in case such a course for any reason should seem wise. The question of municipalization is a question of business expediency, properly to be determined in each case according to the particular exigencies and local conditions that may exist. There is no general rule decisive of the matter in all cases. Every community ought to have the grant of power from the Legislature to do the one thing or the other, as might seem best. Nothing is better calculated to breed insolence in the public service corporations in their negotiations with the public authorities than the knowledge that those authorities cannot do otherwise than grant a franchise to a private agency; that they are powerless to undertake to render the service themselves.

A Letter from Germany, by William C. Draper, throws a great deal of light upon the German attitude toward the United States. There is a mass of good fiction, of which Santa Teresa and The Witch Bridle are to be especially noticed.

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A beautiful colored reproduction of a painting, King Richard II, by Edwin A. Abbey, serves as an introduction to Harper's very attractive issue for March. There is a charming critical comment on King Richard II by Charles Swinburne, for which Abbey has made some exquisite drawings. Under the caption of Our Tyrol and Its Types, Julian Ralph describes, with rare insight, the inhabitants of Vermont. Stewart Culin, in a remarkable article, shows a connection between the Eastern and Western continents that is quite startling:

We find upon the Western continent things not only similar to those of Asia, but precisely identical with them; things not only the same in form and use, but in source and development as well. and at the same time so empirical and complex that no theory of their having been produced independently under like conditions, of their being the products of a similiar yet independent creative impulse, seems longer tenable.

If we reject the theory of Asiatic origin, there are two explanations open to us: First, that at one period of man's history he had certain ideas in common on both continents; that his customs were fundamentally the same and knew no geographical boundaries. Second, that these identical customs originated in America, and were disseminated thence over the world; that the American culture, no longer to be regarded as sterile and unproductive, must be given its due place among the influences which have contributed to the origin and development of our own civilization.

In supporting the latter view the writer is aware that it premises the same, if not a higher, antiquity for man on the Amerian continent, as is revealed by the most remote historical perspective of Egypt or Babylon; that he is called upon to establish the American origin of the particular things to which he refers, their birth and subsequent development in America, and furthermore, to demonstrate the probability of their transfer from America to other civilizations.

There is a wealth of good fiction written over such names as Theodosia Garrison, E. S. Martin, Maurice Hewlett, Ruth McEnery Stewart, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, together with illustrations by W. T. Smedley, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Kemble, Howard Chandler Christie, and Fannie Young Cory.

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An excellent article called The Great Southwest in the March Century, by Ray Stannard Baker, with pictures by Blumenschein, is as full of interest as that author's previous work of similar character. In a striking thesis on The Coming Race in America, Gustave Michaud points out certain physical changes that are likely to occur in the American race because of immigration:

The most conspicuous physical change which will be brought about by intermarriage with the newcomers

will be the least noticed by all but ethnologists. It is the change which took place in many parts of Europe after the great prehistoric Alpine invasion, and which is clearly seen in sepultures posterior to that event. The skull will become shorter and broader. That change is taking place now, on a large scale, in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and especially Massachusetts. We leave it to esthetes to decide whether it gives us reason to rejoice or lament.

A reduction of the average stature will be an altogether unpleasant but unavoidable feature of the racial change brought about by our present immigrants. The average size of the Baltic people is five feet and eight inches. That of the Alpine is somewhat smaller. Smaller still is that of the Mediterranean. In the last two races stature, moreover, varies much in different localities. In the Spanish province of Andalusia the Mediterranean race reaches an average of five feet and seven inches. Andalusians have colonized our Porto Rico possession, and give there a favorable impression of the Mediterranean race so far as size is concerned. Unfortunately, in the case of our Italian immigrants, we draw our supply from the regions in which the Mediterranean people hold the record for the smallest stature. In the province of Campania, from which there has been an exodus to the United States, the average stature is five feet and three inches. It falls to five feet and one inch in the Basilicata. Few of the tall Alpine Italians who fill the north of the peninsula come here. The Argentine Republic and Brazil take the rank and file of them.

With the widening of the skull and the decrease of the stature, an increase in the number of individuals of the brunette type is the chief physical change which is now taking place in our Eastern industrial cities, and which will, in time, probably extend over the whole land.

Jacob Riis treats the immigration problem from a different side. In the series of articles, The Prologue of the American Revolution, Justin H. Smith tells Montgomery's Struggle for Quebec. Especial attention should be called to these articles, which are done in so scholarly a manner without being in the least pedantic. The Chicago Board of Trade is described by Will Payne, while Francis E. Leupp has a gossipy subject in The Humors of Congress. Prof. Pickering contributes another of his excellent monographs on a phase of astronomy. Two articles of economic character are: The So-called Tobacco Trust and The Organization of Capital. There is a mass of good fiction and a pleasurable quantity of excellent verse.

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The March World's Work bears two articles which were evidently inspired by the recent difficulty in Venezuela. One of these, German Interests in South America and German Tendencies, is rather notable. Frederic Austin Ogg, the author, thus characterizes Germany's attitude in South America:

It is an open secret that in our councils of state there has been of late years a growing concern at the magnitude of German colonization in the continent to the south of us. The grounds for such concern are twofold. In the first place, German imperial ambition under the régime of Emperor William is universally recognized as becoming more and more insatiable. Twenty years ago Germany had not one acre of land outside of Europe; to-day she controls by right of full possession 2,500,000 square kilometres, not to speak of probably an equal amount over which her flag does not fly, but which is fast being populated and exploited by men of her language and blood. South Africa, China, Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, and finally South America, are all the scene of more or less open German aggrandizement; and as among them, the last-named, at least since 1896, has been distinctly favored by the Government as a goal for the German emigrant.

The other chief ground for concern at the increase of German population in South America is the fact that of all the peoples who migrate thither in any considerable numbers, the Germans alone hold strictly aloof from the natives and maintain intimate commercial and social relations with the homeland. Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese, even Chinese and Japanese, are quickly assimilated with Brazilians or Argentinas, but the Germans never. In the naval debates of 1897 Minister von Marschall declared in the Reichstag, "Emigration must be directed into such channels that the Germans abroad may be kept German." It is in the pursuance of this policy that South America has become the favored land of settlement.

Despite Doctor von Holleben's emphatic assurances a year ago that Germany has absolutely no thought of acquiring territory in the West Indies or along the South American coasts, and despite the repeated disavowals by other German officials of such ambitions on the part of their country, the fact cannot be obscured that precisely such conditions are ripening in portions of South America as the world has come to consider inevitable stepping-stones to annexation.

The magazine contains, as usual, a number of timely, well-written and well-illustrated features. Albert Bigelow Paine describes amply and delightfully The Workings of a Modern Hotel. William McAndrew discusses School Teaching as a Profession. Lawrence Perry treats of Commercial Wireless Telegraphy. Of vital value is Overton W. Price's fine treatise on Saving the Southern Forests, an article most lavishly and beautifully illustrated. The full-page portraits are especially good this month, and show such celebrities as John Sargent, Miss Helen Keller, Justice William R. Day and Baron von Sternberg.

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In the March Cosmopolitan Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, 2d, writes of Beauty in the Modern Chorus. Photographs of well-known chorus girls accompany his article. From an interesting account of The Police Systems of Modern

Europe, by Avery D. Andrews, we quote the following:

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the European system is that, as a rule, the police force is under the control, in a greater or less degree, of the National Government. The usual city authorities have little or nothing to do with the administration of the police within their own limits. In London the Metropolitan Police Force, under a commissioner appointed by, and responsible to, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, has jurisdiction over an area with a radius of fifteen miles from the center of Charing Cross. This, however, is exclusive of the City of London proper, which, under the Lord Mayor, has its own separate and complete city government and its own police.

In Paris, where there is but a single city composed of twenty arrondissements, or boroughs, the control of the police is vested in a Préfet de Police, an official of the National Government, who, while not a member of the Ministry, is an official of such antiquity and importance that he ranks nearly, if not quite, with the Ministers in the official and social scale.

In Berlin and other continental cities the same general system prevails.

The Selection of a Home, by Clarence A. Martin, is the first of the series in How to Administer a Household. Louise Parks Richards writes of Von Lenbach, the Man and Painter, who was one of Germany's most distinguished artists. Henry Seton Merriman continues Barlasch of the Guard; Viscount Wolseley, his Young Napoleon; Herbert George Wells, his Mankind in the Making; and Charles F. Thwing, his Making a Choice of a Profession. The Captains of Industry for this month are James Brooks Dill and Edward Henry Harriman. In fiction there are stories by Charles Tenney Jackson, David Graham Phillips, and H. B. Marriott Watson.

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Lippincott's for March is, as always, almost entirely devoted to fiction. The two articles not inluded in this class are Intellectual Communism, by Sarah Yorke Stevenson and Rural and Village Improvement Societies, by Eben E. Rexford. The former is a study of the attitude of the general public toward the individual. The latter seeks to prove that the development of the communal interests of a neighborhood should go hand-in-hand with the training of its intellect. The fiction includes a novelette, Julian Meldohla, by Mary Moss; The Fidelity of a Dog, by Cy Warman; Piscator and the Peri, by Henry Wysham Lanier; Told after Dinner, by Ella Middleton Tybout; The Other Side of Boss, by Jerome Case Bull; The Wheel of Fortune, by Clinton Dangerfield; Tiberins the Truant, by Phœbe Lyde; The Regeneration of Mary Luther, by Clara Elizabeth Ward; The Bull in Lamb's Skin, by Edward Childs Carpenter, and Ten Minutes, by A. H. Shirres. With the exception of The Owners of the Deep, by Alden Charles Noble, the verse is not above the ordinary magazine poetry.

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The Elephant Catchers, by Stephen French Whitman, is the leading article in Everybody's for March. Other interesting articles are: Conceits from the Old Cook Books, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; Joseph Chamberlain, by Chalmers Roberts; River Gamblers of Old Steamboat Days, by G. W. Ogden, and The Autobiography of a Life Insurance Man. Booker T. Washington continues his series of economic studies entitled Work with the Hands. Among the fiction may be mentioned The Way of the Wind, by the Author of an Englishman's Love Letters; The Shadows on the Wall, by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman; and The Admonition of Cain, by Charles Carey. The first instalment of Elia W. Peattie's story, The Place of Dragons, begins in this number.

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The principal feature of Frank Leslie's popular monthly for March is The Floor of the Pacific, by the Hon. W. E. Meehan, which is the first record of the discoveries made by the Government scientific expeditions aboard the U. S. S. Albatross. Ernest W. Hornung contributes the opening chapters of a novel, Denis Dent. A Princess Listens is a well written and well illustrated short story by Roy Rolfe Gilson. An interesting character sketch of John Drew is contributed by F. S. Hoppin, Jr. Short and entertaining stories are those by Kenneth Brown and the well known writers, Maarten Maartens and C. G. D. Roberts.

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The last issue of the Metropolitan under its old management is a fitting climax to the work done by that magazine. Whatever may be said against the old magazine from a literary standpoint, it must be admitted that what it attempted to do it did well. If in changing the character of the magazine its new proprietor can preserve a comparative degree of excellence, he will have a magazine of which to be proud.

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Country Life in America for March is a double number and is devoted to gardening. It is replete with pictures of flowers and plants. The editor contributes an interesting paper on The Home-Garden. Other articles on Gardening are: A Japanese Garden in an

American Yard, by William Verbeck; How to Make a Formal Garden, by Warren H. Manning; and The Home Vegetable Garden, by T. Greiner. There are the usual and useful Practical Notes for the Amateur. The number is exceptionally well illustrated.

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Each new issue of Outing but accentuates how much that magazine is improving and how excellent it is. It is quite useless to single out any special article in the March issue, in that all are equally excellent. From the artistic side the illustrations are all that can be asked. A wide range of subjects treating of the whole of out-of-door life, of sports and animal character, are written with great charm and embellished with delightful photographs and drawings.

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The Marvelous Development of the Trolley Car System, Showing the War on the Locomotive, is the opening feature of McClure's. Ida M. Tarbell continues her history of the Standard Oil Company. Frank H. Spearman gives a sketch of the striking personality of John L. Whitman, Jailer of Cook County Jail, Chicago. In The Shamelessness of St. Louis, Lincoln Steffens adds a companion picture to his The Shame of Minneapolis. Amongst the fiction, Stewart Edward White has another fine story of the lumber district. The illustrations, which are especially good, are by Thomas Fogarty. An excellent little tale by Lloyd Osbourne is entitled Forty Years Between. A Castle in Spain shows Justice Miles Forman at his best.

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The first paper of Recollections of Distinguished Europeans which signalizes the March Criterion is on William Ewart Gladstone, and is contributed by Gen. James Grant Wilson. Charles Henry Meltzer continues his articles on the drama with an interesting account of Nature and Effect in Drama. John Uri Lloyd's story, Why a Kentuckian Stands with His Back to the Stove, is the most prominent piece of fiction in the number. Other stories are contributed by Duffield Osborne, Emery Pottle, "Private" Jones, Myrtle Reed, and Frederick H. Semoury. A longer and a continued work of fiction is A Romance of a French Salon, by Stuart Henry.

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The March New England is a delightful number of varied interest, but no uncertain pleasure. The opening feature, Water Craft of the World, by Randolph I. Geare is a delightful description of all sorts of boats, antique and modern. There are several good papers of historical import, including Early Explorations of the New England Coast, by Hyman Askowith, and The Maryland Tea Party, by John Ellery Tuttle. The fiction and poetry are worthy.

# Magazine Reference List for March, 1903

### Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Arts and Crafts Movement, The....Chautauquan
Drew, John.....Frank Leslie's
Feminine Whistler, The.....Metropolitan
First Night, The.....Frank Leslie's
Home Made "Mission" Furniture..W. Home Comp.
House of Hackett, The.....Metropolitan
How to Succeed On the Stage.....Metropolitan
Military Manœuvers on the Stage.....Metropolitan
Mission of the Artist, The.....Metropolitan
Nature and Effect in Drama.....Criterion
Nature Love Among the Poets of Ancient Greece
.....New England
*Old Pewter.....Chambers's
Portrait Etcher and His Art, The.....Metropolitan
Some Impressions of an Opera Singer..Metropolitan
*Stage, The.....Cornhill
Staining Woodwork.....W. Home Comp.
U. S. as an Art Center, The.....Chautauquan

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

### Biographical and Reminiscent

Chamberlain, Joseph.....Everybody's
Evans, Oliver.....Criterion
Gladstone, Wm. Ewart.....Criterion
*Great Merchant Seaman, A.....Cornhill
*McCalmont, Colonel Harry.....Badminton
Next Head of the Army, The.....Munsey's
Remington, Frederic.....Outing
Sartain, William.....New England
*Thiers, M.....Cornhill
*Viscountess Beaconsfield.....Gentleman's
Whitman—Tamer of Men.....McClure's

### Essays and Miscellany

Academic Freedom in Theory and Practice.Atlantic
American Westminster Abbey.....Munsey's
*At Sea in Time of War.....Chambers's
*Before Humor.....Cornhill
Carnegie Institution at Washington. World's Work
Conceits from the Old Cook Books....Everybody's
Elephant Catchers, The.....Everybody's
False Gypsies.....Atlantic

*Giant among Seals, A.....Knowledge
*Goatherd of Granada, The .....Leisure Hour
*Goethe's Art of Living.....Gentleman's
*History in Our Village Schools.....Gentleman's
*Hogg and His Poetry, James .....Good Words
How a Great City Is Kept Clean ..W. Home Comp.
King Richard II .....Harper's
*Literary Tendences of the Day .....Leisure Hour
*London Landlady .....Chambers's
*Mine Ease in Mine Inn .....Chambers's
Munsey on Journalism, Mr.....Munsey's
Order of Merit, The .....Munsey's
Public School Teaching .....World's Work
Real and Sham Natural History .....Atlantic
Rearward Study of Character, A .....Metropolitan
*Rhodes Scholarship in U. S., The .....Cornhill
School Gardens .....Country Life
Steerage Passengers, The .....W. Home Comp.
*Stud Book of the 18th Century, The..Badminton
*Suburbs of Keats and Lamb, The.....Leisure Hour
Unexpected, The .....Harper's
*Ups and Downs of Old Books.....Leisure Hour
Water Craft of the World .....New England
Workings of a Modern Hotel, The....World's Work
Writing of History, The .....Atlantic

**Historical, National, Political**

Dutch Founding of New York .....Harper's
Early Explorations of the New England Coast .....New England
Floor of the Pacific, The .....Frank Leslie's
German Interests in South America and German Tendencies .....World's Work
*Governmental Secret .....Chambers's
Great Questions Out of the Venezuelan Trouble .....World's Work
Humors of Congress .....Century
Hundred Years of the Ohio .....World's Work
Letter from Germany, A .....Atlantic
Maryland Tea Party, The .....New England
Montgomery's Struggle for Quebec .....Century
Municipal Character and Achievements of Chicago .....World's Work
New England in American Colonial Literature .....New England
Princes of India, The .....Munsey's
*Saracens in Sicily, The .....Gentleman's
Saxon and Slav .....Chautauquan
*South Africa Once and Again .....Cornhill
Statement of the American Aim ....World's Work

**Religious and Philosophical**

American Sisterhoods .....Munsey's
*Church of the Immortal Wisdom, The..Knowledge
How Modern Science Proves the Bible True .....Woman's Home Companion
*Scott as a Churchman .....Chambers's
Sunday-School in a Russian Village..Chautauquan
What the Baptists are Doing to Better Mankind, .....Woman's Home Companion

**Scientific and Industrial**

*Alchemy New and Old .....Leisure Hour
*All about Indigo in Salvador .....Chambers's
America the Cradle of Asia .....Harper's
*Animal Wind-Bags .....Knowledge
*Astronomy of the Unseen .....Cornhill
*Beginnings of Plant Life, The .....Good Words
*Chemistry of the Stars, The .....Knowledge
*Fighting the Flames .....Chambers's
Machines That Feel and See....W. Home Comp.
Man Traps and Spring Guns .....Outing
Marconi's Station at Cape Cod .....New England
*Motor-Bicycle and Its Future, The....Chambers's
Outlook to Space, An .....Century
*Path of the Moon, The .....Knowledge
Real and Sham Natural History .....Atlantic
Recent Advances in Medicine and Surgery W. Work
Recent Discoveries in the Forum.....Harper's
Saving the Southern Forests .....World's Work
*Science Follows Nature .....Gentleman's
*Sea Flowers .....Leisure Hour
Some Modern Pests and Perils .....New England
*Some Records of the Past .....Chambers's
*Superseding of Brains, The .....Chambers's
War on the Locomotive, The .....McClure's
What Shall We Be? .....Century

**Sociologic and Economic**

Chicago Board of Trade, The .....Century
Civic Progress .....Chautauquan
Commercial Wireless Telegraphy ....World's Work
*Croso-Fertilization in Sociology .....Knowledge
Fight for Atlantic Commerce, The .....Munsey's
Home Problems .....Chautauquan
Improvement of the Back Yard, The..Country Life
Intellectual Unionism .....Lippincott's
Other Side of Boss, The .....Lippincott's
Question of Franchises, The .....Atlantic
Rural Improvement Societies .....Lippincotts
Shamelessness of St. Louis, The .....McClure's
Tobacco War, The .....Frank Leslie's
Toilers of the Home .....Everybody's
World-Legislature, A .....Atlantic

**Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors**

Beaver Ways .....Outing
*Cock Shooting in Canada .....Badminton
*Foes of Béarn, The.....Gentleman's
*Golf in Ireland .....Badminton
Great Northwest, The .....Century
Hampstead .....Harper's
Home Garden, The .....Country Life
Home Vegetable Garden .....Country Life
How to Make a Formal Garden .....Country Life
Hunting in Western Alaska.....Outing
Ice Fishing at Chautauqua .....Chautauquan
In the Dismal Swamp .....Frank Leslie's
In the Gateway of Nations .....Century
Japanese Garden in an American Yard, A .....Country Life
Lost on the Khojak .....Outing
Modern Gladiator, The .....Outing
My Country Home.....Country Life
Of Sport and Country Life .....Outing
Our Tyrol and Its Types .....Harper's
People from the East, A.....Harper's
*Poisoned Eden, A .....Chambers's
Reading Journey Through Russia, A .Chautauquan
*Rugby Football in France .....Badminton
Sargent Home, near Boston, The.....Country Life
*Scientific Trapper, The .....Chambers's
Shooting with the King at Sandringham....Outing
*Sport in Southern India .....Leisure Hour
"Squatter's" Last Stand, The .....Metropolitan
*Where Poisonous Snakes Are Pampered..Chamb.
White Carnival, The .....Outing
Winged Snowshoer of the North Land, The..Outing
*Winter Trout Fishing in British Columbia.Badmin

# Over the Wine and Walnuts*

### A CHEERFUL VIEW

Two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of a railway car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three people out of every five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said with a smile. "Keep them up just a minute. Now will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said. "Now while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers, and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuable articles you may have. Lively now, Jim."

### THE PROFESSOR'S ADVICE

A venerable professor of a noted medical college was addressing the graduating class.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are going out into the world of action. You will likely follow in some degree the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things you may marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Do not fret under petty domestic trials. When one of you asks your wife to go driving, do not worry if she is not ready at the appointed time. Have a treatise on your specialty always with you. Read it while you wait, and I assure you, gentlemen," and the professor's kindly smile seemed to show a trace of irony, "you will be astonished at the vast amount of information you will acquire in this way."

### LIMITED ACCOMMODATIONS

An American family now residing in Mexico think they have a very good joke at the expense of a young lady from the States who came to make them a visit recently. Mr. and Mrs. H—— met her at the train, and she introduced a distinguished-looking gentleman who had made her acquaintance on the trip, and as they were leaving the station she invited him to call.

"Does your friend know our address?" inquired Mrs. H——.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Wisconsin, airily; "I told him Apartado 29. I remembered it from having written it on your letters so often, you know. And," she added, complacently, "I was very proud of knowing so much Mexican."

"Well," said Mr. H——, as they were driving off, "I suppose you are expecting to put up with all sorts of deprivations down here in this queer country, but I feel that I ought to tell you that you are likely to find your quarters uncomfortably crowded, especially for entertaining."

"Why, won't your parlor hold two?"

"Well, yes, I think our parlor will, but I have my doubts about our post-office box!"

### AT A THEOSOPHIST BOARDING-HOUSE

I have my meals at a boarding-house in Twenty-fifth street, where most of the people are, or suppose themselves to be, Theosophists, writes a Drawer reader. The landlady, a bustling, capable, kind-hearted woman, is a thorough going believer, and from time to time has some of these various Swamis to dinner—handsome, dark-complexioned persons, with names that few people can pronounce, but which she, from having been brought up among just such folks among the hills of Connecticut, has as pat as you or I can say Smith and Robinson. As is natural, the talk here runs very much on the peculiarities of the Theosophist faith—reincarnations and the like. The waiters are Dennis, an Irishman, and Elijah, a colored man, who have in some degree caught the Theosophist contagion. At any rate they must discuss the subject together, if I may judge from a remark I heard Dennis drop lately. There is a man and his wife at this boarding-house who are very fond of nuts. They ask for them at breakfast, eat a great many, and make a good deal of litter, which the servants do not like. As Dennis was carrying off the débris the other morning he was heard to say to Elijah, "Shure, at their next reincarnation, bedad, they'll be squirrels!"

* Selected from Short Stories

# Sayings of the Children

The nice, clean, well-dressed boy gazed longingly at the gutter-urchins with their damp bundles of newspapers and matches. Their activity and independence had an unspeakable charm for him, and after a severe inward struggle he left his doorway and sought one of the muddy little newsagents.

"Do you think," he said, "that I should be able to earn money as you do if I bought some papers and came to this corner to sell them?"

"What does the likes o' you want sellin' papers?"

"I'm tired of being idle at home."

"Well," said the newsboy, seriously, "d'yer think *you* can hold a quire o' papers in one 'and, race like a motor, lick two or three boys bigger'n yourself with one hand while yer keeps two more orf with yer *feet*, while yer takes a toff's ha'penny, an' yells 'All the winners!' all the time?"

"N-o, I don't," replied the little, well-dressed *boy*.

"Then yer no good in the newspaper biz," said the ragged boy. "You'd better get yer people ter 'prentice yer to the clergy, or somethin' light."

——Father: This is going to hurt me more than you, my son.

Son: Hold on, pop! Please remember that I'm the consumer in this case, and you're the striker and operator.

——Youthful Jack: Oh, mother, I do love cake! It's awful nice.

Mother (reprovingly): You should not say you "love" cake—say "like." Do not say "awful"—say "very." Do not say "nice"—say "good." And, by *the way*, the word "oh" should be omitted. Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly.

Jack: I like cake; it's very good.

Mother: That's better.

Jack (with an air of disgust): It sounds as if I was only talking 'bout bread.

——Tommy (unwillingly studious, to favorite auntie, who considers "the dear boy so overworked"): Oh, auntie, I'm so bad!

Auntie (with tender sympathy): Where, dear?

Tommy: In my French.

——Little Jack: What did papa mean by saying that he was captain of this ship?

Ma: Oh, that is only his way of saying that he is the head of the house.

Little Jack: Then if pa is the captain, what are you?

Ma: Well, I suppose I am the pilot.

Little Jack: Oh, yes; and then I must be the compass?

Ma: The compass! Why the compass?

Little Jack: Why, the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know.

——"What are the chief products of South America?" asked the school teacher. "Tommy Taddells, you may answer."

"Rubber, coffee, ultimatums and insurrections," replied Tommy.

——Teacher: Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct.

Little Bessie: Dick!

Teacher: Dick? What sort of a bird is that?

Little Bessie: Our canary—the cat extincted him!

——Rupert: I say, papa, Ethel is so tired, and she would so like to have a ride. Couldn't you turn me into a little donkey?

Papa: What do you mean, Rupert? You're talking dreadful nonsense!

Rupert: Why, papa, I've yeard uncle say you're always making a great ass of yourself, so you might this time just make a little donkey of me!

——"Boo-hoo-hoo!" roared Sammy; "Billy's eaten all my cake."

"You said I might have a bite," said Billy, "and it isn't my fault if my bite is as big as your cake."

——It was at dinner, and there had been chicken, of which the little daughter of the house had partaken with great freedom. "I want some more chicken," said Frances. "I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," replied Frances's mamma. "I want more." And Frances pouted. "You can't have more now; but here is a wishbone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun, You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it! What was your wish, Frances?" "I wish for some more chicken," said Frances, promptly. She got it this time.

——Uncle (trotting Harry on his knee): Do you like this, my boy?

Harry: Pretty well; but I rode on a real donkey the other day at the Zoo.

——Landlord: I've called to collect the rent.

Little Boy: Please, sir, mamma's out and forgot to leave it.

Landlord: How do you know she forgot it?

Little Boy: Because she said so.

——Tommy: Papa, what's an average?

Papa (hesitatingly): Well, my son, it's—well—what do you think it is?

Tommy—I guess it's the bottom of a hen's nest.

Papa: Great Scott! What do you mean?

Tommy: Every time I read about a wonderful hen, it says she laid so many eggs on an average.'

——Little Girl: If I was teacher I'd make everybody behave.

Auntie: How would you accomplish that?

Little Girl: Very easy. When girls was bad I'd tell them they didn't look pretty; and when little boys was bad I'd make them sit with the girls, and when big boys was bad I wouldn't let them sit with the girls.

——"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when I tell your father what a naughty boy you've been he will punish you severely."

"Have you got to tell him?" asked Bobby, earnestly.

"Oh, yes; I shall tell him immediately after dinner."

The look of concern on Bobby's face deepened.

"Well, mother," said he, "give him a better dinner than usual. You might do that much for me."

# Wit and Humor of the Press

Miss Eva—So your youngest son is called Eggnog. That's a funny name for a boy. Aunt Hannah—Well, yo' see, missis, det cullud woman next doah named her twins Tom and Jerry, an' I didn't want to be outdone.—*Chicago Daily News.*

——"Have you any two-cent stamps?" inquired the victim, after paying his bill at the Bong Tong Hotel. "I think so," replied the clerk; "how many do you want?" "How much are they apiece?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

——Old Crusteigh—How did you dare, sir, to kiss my daughter last night on the dark piazza? Young Gayboy—Gad, now that I've seen her by daylight, I wonder myself.—*Smart Set.*

First Matinee Girl—That woman looks like an actress. Do you know what her name is? Second Matinee Girl—She was a Miss Ethel Johnson before she married George Billings, whose stage name is Alfred de Vere, but she is known professionally as Euphemia Frothingham.—*Brooklyn Life.*

——Helen—Why is it novels always have a good ending? Sue—Well, the one I read yesterday didn't have a good ending. Helen—It didn't? Sue—No; mamma threw it in the fire.—*Philadelphia Record.*

——Politician—Congratulations, Sarah. I've been nominated. Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? Politician—What difference does that make?—*Detroit Free Press.*

——"Give me your candid opinion of my painting," requested D'Auber. "It's worthless," replied Cynicus. "Yes; I know it's worthless, but let me have it, anyway."—*Philadelphia Record.*

——First she wondered if any man was really worthy of her. Yes. Then she wondered which man was the most worthy of her. Yes. Then she wondered which of several worthy men she had refused would come back to her. Yes. And then she began to wonder what man she could get.—*Tit-Bits.*

——"They tell me you have cured yourself of chronic insomnia." "Yes; I'm completely cured." "It must be a great relief." "Relief! I should say it was. Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

——"To prove that I love you," wrote a Georgia swain to his sweetheart, "I'm about to drink carbolic acid for you, an' carbolic acid is the most painfullest of drinks!" To which the young woman replied briefly and with sympathy: "Ef you haint already done drinked it, an' your mind is made up, why don't you come up to the house an' let dad's mule kick you? It's more sudden, an', what's more, you'd never know it."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

——The Widow—I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands, one that never answers back, and is always ready to do my bidding. Applicant—You're looking for a husband, ma'am.—*New York Life.*

——"Have you read that article in this month's Million Magazine of the volcanic eruptions and their effects on the price of corn?" "No; haven't got that far. Just finished the first half of the advertisements."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

——"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you will never conceal it from me when you bet on a horse race." "Won't you be angry if I lose?" "Not as angry as I would be if you were to win and not let me know about it."—*Washington Evening Star.*

——Tourist (in South America)—You certainly do have a great many insurrections. Native—Yes; our insurrections are as frequent as your strikes; but, fortunately, not so serious.—*Puck.*

——Miss de Style—She received a great many calls New Year's Day. Miss Gunbusta—Very popular, I presume. Miss de Style—Oh, no; she works a switchboard in a telephone office.—*Exchange.*

——Tenant—I came to inform you, sir, that my cellar is full of water. Landlord—Well, what of it? You surely did not expect a cellar full of champagne for ten dollars a month, did you?—*Baltimore American.*

——"Is he rich beyond the dreams of avarice?" "Gad, yes! Why say! That chap 's rich beyond the dreams of an infant industry!"—*Puck.*

——Higbee—Our friend Ranck is in Europe now, isn't he? Jigbee—Yes, and he must be traveling under the name of Stromboli. Higbee—What makes you think so? Jigbee—A dispatch from Italy the other day said Stromboli began to smoke yesterday and the people of the neighborhood at once packed up and moved away.—*Philadelphia Press.*

——Mrs. Highblower—Elsie, you never speak outside of the quarrels between your papa and myself, do you? Elsie—Oh, no, mamma. But whenever you are pleasant to each other I always mention it.—*New York Life.*

——Magistrate—Drunk again, Uncle Rastus? Aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often? Uncle Rastus—'Deed Ah ain't, yo' Honah. Dis am respecterble 'long side o' some o' de places whar Ah is seen.—*Chicago Daily News.*

——Willie—What did you see abroad, Archie? Archie—I don't remember exactly; but I did three countries more than Reggie did in the same time.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

——He—You think this machine was a poor investment! I don't see why. She—Well! the Scorchers only paid a thousand for theirs, and they've already had their names in the paper five times.—*Brooklyn Life.*

——Editor—You want to be sure, Miss Scratchington, that all the historical data of your novel is strictly correct. Miss Scratchington—Don't worry about that, dear sir; people who know history never read historical novels.—*Brooklyn Life.*

——Kate—Fred proposed to me last evening! What do you think of that? Constance—Really, I don't know what to think. It doesn't seem possible, does it, dear?—*Boston Eve. Transcript.*

——"I believe," said the young physician, "that bad cooks supply us with half our patients."

"That's right," rejoined the old doctor. "And good cooks supply us with the other half."—*Chicago News.*

# Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

All queries for this department must be short, to the point, and of such a nature that they can be reasonably answered. Queries not conforming to the above rules will be ignored. Correspondence concerning queries unanswered by the department will be gladly received.

938. Please suggest something that will be helpful on the Homeric poems.—P. T. O'Brien, Elwood, Ind.

[The best introduction to Homer and the Homeric poems is Professor Jebb's Homer (1887). Another work that may be useful is Homer and the Epic, by Andrew Lang (1892). The best critical edition of the poems, with brief notes, is that of Nauck, 2 vols. (1874–79).]

939. (1) Would you kindly suggest the names and publishers of special works on the events, manners, customs of the people, and the Court of France during the reign of Catharine de Medici?

(2) Also same relating to Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre. I should like to find special works on these subjects, not general history.—Mrs. L. E. Smith, Mitchell, So. Dak.

[(1) For the best information on this subject you had better go to the French and consult the great History of France, by Lavisse, Hachette et Cie, Paris. Les Femmes de la Cour des Dernier's Valois, by Imbert de Saint-Amand, would likewise be of service. There is an English translation of this work published by Scribner's under the title, Women of the Valois Court. A work in English, The Girlhood of Catharine de Medici, by A. T. Trollope, might also be useful. (2) For information concerning Jeanne d'Albret, consult the Dictionnaire Larousse, Le Mariage de Jeanne d'Albret, by Baron Alphonse de Ruble, Paris (1877), and Life in Italy and France in the Olden Time, by J. C. Colquhoun.]

940. Below are three quotations I would like to find:

"He raised a mortal to the skies, she drew an angel down."—Dryden.

"There were tones in the voice that whispered you may hear in a hundred men."—Holmes.

"I remember, I remember,
How my childhood fleeted by;
The mirth of its December,
The warmth of its July."—Hood.

—Warren C. Weagar, Copley, Ohio.

941. (1) Will you please tell me if the medical work compiled by Kraft-Ebbing and Chaddock is still out of print? I am unable to find its present publishers. What other works translated into English has Kraft-Ebbing written?

(2) Is any unexpurgated edition of Honoré de Balzac sold in any other way than by subscription?

(3) Please tell me whether the poem, The Nightingales, was written by Robert Browning or by his wife?—E. G. Bedford, 232 South Marina street, Prescott, Ariz.

[(1) The work by Kraft-Ebbing and translated from the German by C. G. Chaddock is not out of print and is to be had of the F. A. Davis Co., Medical Publishers, Philadelphia. It is sold only by subscription, and then only to lawyers and physicians. Another book by Kraft-Ebbing, and translated into English, is A Text-Book on Insanity. (2) The Authorized Edition, edited by George Saintsbury, London, J. M. Dent & Co. (3) It was not written by Robert Browning. It may have been by Mrs. Browning.]

942 (1) Can you inform where I can get the works of George Meredith, Anthony Trollope, Henry James, and Mrs. Gaskell?

(2) Also the following novels, author unknown: Jane Shore, Granby, Jew's Daughter, and Annie Grey.

(3) Where can I get a complete catalogue of all standard novels written within the last fifty or seventy-five years?—Mrs. B. R. Caulkett, Elizabeth. Pa.

[(1) Meredith (Scribner's), Trollope (Dodd, Mead & Co.), James (Harper's, Macmillan's, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mrs. Gaskell (Scribner's.) (2) We don't know. (3) We only know of the Publishers' Trade List Annual, New York.]

943 (1) Is there any allegorical signification in Straker's story, Dracula? Is there any hidden meaning in the book?

(2) Who are Thomas Hardy's publishers in America?—L. F. Valentine, Clay Center. Kan.

[(1) Never having read the work, we do not know whether it has a hidden meaning or not. We are curious, and shall try to read it. (2) Harper & Brothers, New York.]

944 (1) In what succession should Darwin's books be read?

(2) Which do you consider the best weekly or monthly magazine for a girl of twelve?—J. M. Davis, Portland, Ore.

[(1.) The order of succession is purely arbitrary. For his theory of biological evolution, his Origin of Species should be read first. It may be followed by the Descent of Man, and The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals. For his theories on Natural History, Geology, and Zoology, it might be well to begin with Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited During the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle. This may be followed by a Naturalist's Voyage, The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs, etc. All this, of course, is only a suggestion on our part. (2) We are not in a position to answer this question.]

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945. (1) I wish to know if a book entitled Ersilia, and written by E. Francis Poynter, is published in this country and who the editor is.

(2) Do you accept poems for criticism and do you ever print such manuscript provided they are suitable?—R. Altrocchi, Mound Hope, Buffalo, Mo.

[(1). We have looked up this subject, but without success. (2) We do not.]

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946—Will you kindly publish Kipling's poem, The Rowers?—Y. F. L. Raschen, Easton, Pa.

THE ROWERS

The banked oars fell an hundred strong,
  And backed and threshed and ground,
But bitter was the rowers' song
  As they brought the war boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar
  That make the whaleback smoke
When the great blades cleave and hold and leave
  As one on the racing stroke.

They sang: "What reckoning do ye keep,
  And steer her by what star,
If we came unscathed from the Southern deep
  To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?

"Last night ye swore our voyage was done,
  But seaward still we go;
And ye tell us now of a secret vow
  Ye have made with an open foe:

"That we must lie off a lightless coast
  And haul and back and veer
At the will of the breed that have wronged us most
  For a year and a year and a year.

"There was never a shame in Christendie
  They laid not to our door;
And ye say we must take the winter sea
  And sail with them once more!

"Look south! The gale is scarce o'er past
  That stripped and laid us down
When we stood forth, but they stood fast
  And prayed to see us drown.

"The dead they mocked are scarcely cold;
  Our wounds are bleeding yet;
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
  To help them press for a debt!

"'Neath all the flags of all mankind
  That rise upon the seas
Was there no other fleet to find,
  That ye strike hands with these?

"Of evil times that men could choose
  On evil fate to fall,
What brooding judgment let ye loose
  To pick the worst of all;

"In sight of peace from the narrow seas,
  O'er half the world to run
With a cheated crew to league anew
  With the Goth and the shameless Hun?"

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947.—I saw in a child's magazine years ago a little poem entitled, Origin of the Easter Egg. Can you, or any of your readers, furnish me with a copy?—Mrs. G. Wright, Tate, Ga.

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948.—Can you tell me where I can get copies of Hoch der Kaiser and The Truce of the Bear?—Colton Woolworth, Goodwood Park, Atchinson, Kan.

[Probably some of our readers can furnish you with them.]

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949.—Have you any publication or magazine that tells of the life and works of Eugene Field? If so, will you send it on?—Mrs. S. H. Chapin, Unachilla, Otsego Co., New York.

[Having no such publication or magazine in the office, we regret exceedingly that we cannot comply with your modest request.]

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950.—Under Open Questions will you kindly ask your readers whether any one can inform me where the poem, The Death Watch in a Shattered Wall, is to be found? The poem has reference to Benedict Arnold, and was a great favorite with elocutionists at one time.—A. Reader, Findlay, Ohio.

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951.—(1) Will you please tell me in what old magazine I might find a criticism on Prisoners of Hope, by Mary Johnson. (2) Please tell me what magazine devotes a part to the criticism of new books?—Lucretia Darlington, Manor, Texas.

[(1) We are unable to inform you in regard to this request.

(2) Among many, we suggest The Bookman, The Critic, and The Reader.]

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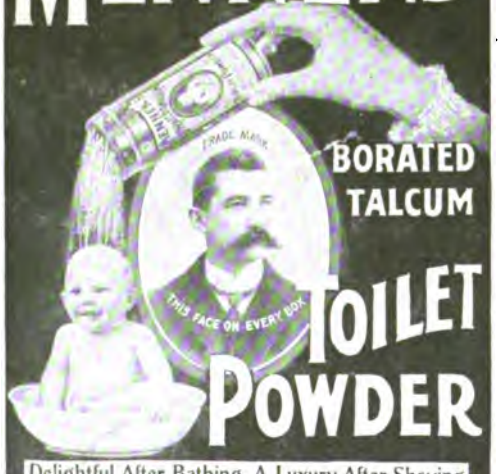


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# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXXIV., No. 4 — *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.* — APRIL, 1903

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

**Current Literature announced last month a change in its policy, brought about by the absorption of Current History, a magazine heretofore published in Boston. Current History while not quite so old as Current Literature, has lived an honorable life and a useful one, making from month to month a brief and well-analyzed record of the great events of the day. It has devoted itself to contemporaneous history, while Current Literature, more general in its scope, has busied itself in the many diverse fields of the world's work. It seemed, therefore, quite proper that the two publications should join hands, and thus give their combined list of subscribers a single magazine covering the broader area previously embraced by both. The record of the month's great events will hereafter be the main feature of Current Literature. This new departure rounds out the plan of the magazine and completes it as nothing else could. It broadens its mission and doubles its worth, making it a bigger and a better publication—one which must appeal to every student of the times.**

# The Progress of Events

## International Affairs

**PROGRESS OF ARBITRATION**

The world may fairly be said to have reached the point where it is generally admitted that international disputes should be settled by amicable measures instead of appeals to arms. The most common of these amicable measures are diplomatic negotiation, good offices, conferences and congresses, and arbitration. It is now becoming common to include in treaties some provision for arbitration in cases of subsequent disagreements in interpretation. And the resort to arbitration for the settlement of disputed international questions is growing more and more frequent. Secretary Trueblood, of the American Peace Association, may not unreasonably declare that international arbitration has now attained a "commanding position." The number of controversies settled in this way increased from three between 1810 and 1820 to more than sixty between 1890 and 1900. "The whole number of cases arbitrated during the century was just under two hundred, the great majority of which fell within the last thirty years. Thirty-seven countries, practically all the important nations on the globe, participated in these arbitrations, the United States and Great Britain taking the lead with some fifty cases."

One provision of the general International Arbitration Treaty recommended by the Pan-American Conference held in Mexico a year ago, for adoption by the American republics, is particularly significant of the degree to which the anti-war feeling has advanced on this side of the Atlantic, even though there seems, in some quarters, a degree of indisposition to regard the treaty with unqualified approval. Heretofore, in the history of the world, the

tendency among nations has been, instead of proffering "good offices" for the settlement of disputes between combatants, either to stand aloof or to act the part of Paddy at Donnybrook; but in the Mexico treaty provision is made for the voluntary act of the peacemaker without his being regarded as either a fool or a meddler. The provision on this point runs as follows:

The right to offer good offices or mediation belongs to powers who are strangers to the conflict, even during the course of hostilities. The exercise of this right shall never be regarded by either of the contending parties as an unfriendly act.

The part of the mediator consists in reconciling the opposing claims and appeasing the feelings of resentment which may have arisen between the States at variance.

The functions of the mediator are at an end when once it is declared, either by one of the parties to the dispute or by the mediator himself, that the methods of conciliation proposed by him are not accepted.

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**THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA**

When the Joint High Commission dissolved its sessions two years ago, it was in a deadlock over the Alaskan Boundary question. The provision now made for settling that question opens the way for a new session of the Commission, of which Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the Canadian head and Senator Fairbanks the American. About the middle of February, Senator Fairbanks communicated with Mr. Laurier touching a reassembling of the Commission with a view to settling all outstanding differences between the United States and Canada other than the Alaskan Boundary question. As a result of the correspondence, the Commission will meet again next fall, after the adjournment of the Canadian Parliament. The questions to be considered are thus enumerated:

Reciprocity in trade.

Transit of merchandise in bond through the territories of the two countries.

Transit of merchandise of one country to be delivered at points in the other beyond the boundary.

Atlantic, Pacific and Great Lake fisheries.

Seal fisheries in Bering Sea and north Pacific.

More complete definition of the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

The armaments which the United States and Canada shall be allowed to maintain on the Great Lakes.

Alien labor laws.

Enjoyment of mining rights by the nationals of one in the territory of the other

Reciprocity in wreckage and salvage rights.

Transportation of criminals.

There may be no special significance in the resolution introduced into the National House of Representatives on February 25, by Mr. De Armand of Missouri, providing for inquiry whether Great Britain, upon any terms "honorable to both nations and satisfactory to the inhabitants of the territory primarily affected, would consent to cede to the United States all or any part of the territory lying north of and adjoining the United States, to be formed in due time into one or more States and admitted into the Union upon an equality with the other States," but the resolution shows that the question of a union of the United States and Canada is, in one respect, like Shakespeare's famous ghost.

Last fall, speaking at a dinner of the Minnesota Society of New York, Archbishop Ireland prophesied such a union. "There will be no conquest, no war," he declared, but "the hearts across the border are already beating with love for us, and commerce and agriculture are calling for espousals." Somewhat later, however, in an address in the city of Toronto, at the unveiling of a monument to the memory of British and Canadian soldiers who fell in 1812–1815, Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, made a declaration against any proposition to transfer the British possessions in North America to the United States.

The opposition in the States to commercial reciprocity with Canada does much to set Canadians against the realization of Archbishop Ireland's dream of the Stars and Stripes floating "from the Gulf to the Bay." There are, however, currents and counter-currents.

The Canadian Preference League is being organized throughout the Dominion in the interests of Canadian products and institutions against those of the United States. At the same time the Fortnightly Review of London countenances the declaration that England is driving Canada into the arms of the United States by her neglect to supply the people with money for Canada's growing industries. The writer, who toured Canada last autumn, says that the Province of Quebec is becoming more French than France and more Roman Catholic than any other part of the world, and declares that suggestions that the French Canadians are most loyal subjects of the throne is a mere fairy tale. He says that there is no English-speaking Canadian but laughs at stories to this effect published in the old country. He also quotes statistics, specially furnished by the Ottawa departments, to prove the inevitable Americanization of the Canadian West, while Canada's dependence on New York channels for British news is working in the same direction.

An article in the London Monthly Review intimates that Canada is being "Americanized" to an extent that makes her loyalty to Great Britain a matter of doubt. London Public Opinion says: "The risks latent in the Americanization of Canada may easily be overstated at the moment, but they must not be ignored, and no means of lessening them should be missed." A writer in the World's Work shows circumstantially the preponderating part now played by Americans in the

industrial development of Canada. "What the social and political result will be it is too early to prophesy. In some quarters of Canada anxiety is expressed, but, it would seem, needlessly. That the fusion of the two peoples caused by counter migration of Americans and Canadians across a purely arbitrary boundary is inevitable is the conclusion of some observers; but at any rate, it guarantees the final occupation of the land by men of the same sturdy stock, speaking the same language and with customs, laws, and religion essentially alike. All the way across the continent American pioneering energy is pushing its conquests northward across the line and the industrial frontier is spreading farther and farther."

In Detroit, last December, a convention of United States business men met to advocate reciprocity with Canada. One speaker declared that the feeling is growing in Canada that the people of the Dominion can do without the trade of the United States. A few days later, Sir F. W. Borden, Canadian Conservative leader, expressed the same thing at a banquet in New York, as follows:

We hear a great deal to-day about reciprocity, and we are all waiting for something to arise in this direction. After all our efforts to try to sell our potatoes, barley, and other products to the United States, we were finally compelled to seek a European market, and we found the open market of Britain waiting for us. Now we want to thank the United States for turning us away and teaching us a lesson in self-reliance.

Such utterances led the Toronto Monetary Times to say:

Still it must seem, to any outside observer of the geographical and commercial situation of the two countries, a curious thing to find two great and growing nations, close neighbors, engaged for a series of years in maintaining barriers against each other's trade, instead of cultivating friendly relations. The thing is an economic absurdity. But it exists, and the United States is to blame for it, since she did away with the 1854 treaty in an unjustifiable pet, and Canada has time and again offered to reciprocate, but the Washington authorities will not.

The reply to this, by those who justify the course of the United States, is thus put by the New York Tribune:

The two points which it is desirable to dwell upon are these—that Canada has no real grievance against the United States and that she now is and long has been discriminating against the United States as between this country and Great Britain. As we have hitherto pointed out, the United States makes no discrimination against Canada. Its rates of import duties are the same for all countries. It taxes Canadian goods no more than those of other lands. Thus there is absolutely no ground for the notion, which some injudiciously put forth, that the United States is treating Canada with special injustice and oppression. This country is doing no such thing. It is treating Canada just as it treats all others, and the Canadian demand is, therefore, not for the abatement of a special grievance, but for the granting to her of special favors. On the other point named it is to be remarked that Canada has for years had a tariff law under which she has, to our disadvantage, shown special favors to our chief rival in her market. She lets in goods from Great Britain at a much lower rate of duty than similar goods from the United States, and it is notorious that she adopted that system not only for the sake of benefiting Great Britain, but also for the sake of injuring the United States. But this country has not got angry or excited over it. It has placidly acquiesced in Canada's undoubted right to make whatever tariff arrangement she pleases with the mother country, especially since in this case the arrangement is a step toward the adoption of our own principle of free trade among the members of the Union and protection against all the outside world. Only the fact remains that because of that very arrangement it is Canada that is discriminating against us and not we against her.

The Detroit National Reciprocity Convention, above referred to, asked Congress to move for reconvening the Joint High Commission to treat with Canada on the basis of reciprocity in natural products. In January, the National Board of Trade, convened in Washington, made a similar request of Congress and indorsed the Bond-Hay treaty with Newfoundland, which, however, Congress has thus far neglected to ratify. Concurrence in the position of the Detroit Convention and the National Board of Trade characterizes branch reciprocity leagues and commercial organizations in various parts of the United States. On the whole, the Hon. John Charlton, M.P., the noted Canadian advocate of reciprocity, is led to say in opening an article in the Outlook for February 29, that circumstances seem to warrant the belief that public sentiment in the States is assuming a more liberal attitude toward the question of reciprocity with Canada.

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**THE ALASKA BOUNDARY**

Congress has ratified the Alaskan Boundary Treaty and the President has appointed Secretary of War Root and Senators Lodge and Turner as commissioners for the United States. These appointments appear to be unwelcome to many Canadians on the ground that these men have too emphatically prejudged the case. The comments of the London press are generally favorable to the appointments. The Canadian feeling is thus expressed by a member of the Dominion Cabinet, in a dispatch from Ottawa on February 24:

While it might not be proper to say that a protest had been made by Canada against the nomination of Senators Turner and Lodge to be representatives of the United States on the commission, a remonstrance had been made on the ground that Canada was not being fairly treated in the

matter. When Canada gave way to arbitration by a tribunal as now proposed it was with the understanding that three judges of the United States Supreme Court would be appointed to sit on the case with British and Canadian judges of repute on the other side. The United States has failed to carry out this clause. Instead, the United States Government has appointed, particularly in Senators Lodge and Turner, men who cannot be called impartial jurists of repute, as required by the treaty. On the contrary, they are looked upon as men who are strongly antagonistic to Canada's claims. Until an answer is obtained to this remonstrance Canada will not name her commissioners.

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**UNITED STATES AND CUBA**

If, as alleged, many Americans have "lost interest" in the relations of the United States to Cuba, it does not appear that President Roosevelt has abandoned his purpose to have the country keep faith with the new republic; and one object of the extra session of the Senate is to secure the ratification of the commercial treaty with Cuba. A Havana dispatch, dated March 5, stated that the report on the treaty was taken up in the Cuban Senate on the day before. There were a few opponents of the treaty, but it was said that it would be ratified by an ample majority. Its adoption by both countries will be followed by a great increase of American trade with the island.

This trade is already much greater than that of any other country. During the three months ending last September, 39 per cent. of the imports into Cuba came from the United States, 17 per cent. from Spain, 13 per cent. from England, 5 per cent. from France, and 5 per cent. from Germany. From countries in the Western Hemisphere other than the United States the imports were 18 per cent.; other countries in Europe 2 per cent., and from elsewhere 1 per cent. Eighty-two per cent. of the exports went to the United States, 7 per cent. to England, 4 per cent. to Germany, 3 per cent. to Spain, and 1 per cent. to France.

It was announced from Washington, on February 24, that President Roosevelt had signed the agreement drawn under the terms of the Platt amendment providing for the acquisition by the United States of a naval station at Guantanamo and a coaling station at Bahia Honda, Cuba. The document had been previously signed by President Palma, and was brought to Washington by Minister Squiers.

With these two places properly fortified as naval bases, a hostile fleet could not occupy the Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean Sea would be unsafe for an enemy.

The refusal to pay taxes, and the defiance of the local government, by some 500 Americans who had settled on the Isle of Pines brought to an acute stage in January the controversy concerning sovereignty over that ancient "isle of pirates." In February, to a Senate resolution of inquiry as to the status of the island, Secretary Root replied that it is under the Cuban Government and that the Americans living thereon are in the same position as other foreigners. It appears from a Havana dispatch of March 4 that the American settlers have been induced to pay the taxes and pay "less attention to insular politics."

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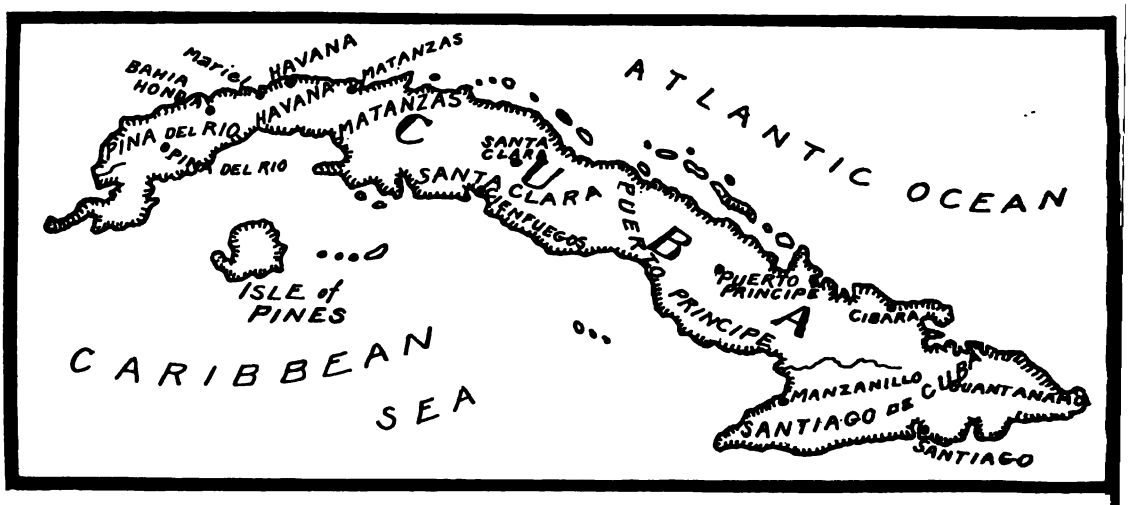
**THE PANAMA CANAL TREATY**

The failure of Congress to pass the Panama Canal Treaty, as recorded in the Congressional summary, is the more disappointing since it appears from "trustworthy information" received at Panama from Bogota about the middle of February, that the opposition to the



treaty among Colombians considerably diminished on the publication of the full text. It was confidently declared that there was no danger of the treaty failing of approval by the Colombian Congress. The extent to which Germans are interested in the canal is shown by dispatches in February indicating that private German investments in Panama securities are assuming "significant proportions." It does not appear that the German Government is connected with these investments.

Professor Ernest von Halle of Berlin University has said that German interests will be better secured by the present solution of the Canal question than if the Canal were built by France or an international company.

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**THE VENEZUELA AGREEMENT**

The world has noted with much interest the freely expressed condemnation in England of an Anglo-German alliance which would have been impossible under Lord Salisbury, and by which England joined Germany in a blockade of Venezuelan ports to compel the payment of debts owed to those powers. It is useless to rehearse the numerous conjectures that have been made as to the real origin of the alliance, and whether the United States authorities were concerned in its suggestion, but note should be made of Premier Balfour's declarations in a speech in Liverpool, on February 13.

He said that the government had no choice but to take action against Venezuela; that the ministry showed no undue haste, no greed for money, no inhumanity; that the United States was taken into the confidence of England at every stage of the proceedings; that the Monroe Doctrine has no enemies in England; that some arrangement with Germany for joint operations was the most reasonable step possible for enforcing their separate claims; that the reports are ridiculous that the alliance with Germany over Venezuela was settled at the time of Emperor William's visit to King Edward at Sandringham last November, and that persons who have command over the sources of public opinion should refrain from the easy task of embittering relations between nations.

The future may reveal what is now hidden, but it seems improbable that the truth will ever give dignity to the spectacle of "a paltry quarrel with a rickety, distracted, and bankrupt nation." And it is surely to be hoped that, in the language of a writer in the Contemporary Review, "debt-collecting by the lumsy machinery of warships, joint international action and a vigorous blockade, is not likely to come into vogue as a precedent."

The deadlock in the negotiations in Washington between Venezuela, represented by Mr. Bowen, and the European Powers, represented by their ambassadors to the United States, was broken early in February. On the 2d, the allies, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, consented to accept Mr. Bowen's offer of 30 per cent. of the Venezuelan customs to the creditor nations on condition that they should have 20 per cent. and the remaining creditor nations 10 per cent. In refusing this, Mr. Bowen said that in America it would occasion "great surprise and regret" when it should appear that Great Britain "proposed continuing her present alliance with Germany one moment longer than she must"—an expression which offended the British Ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert, and which Mr. Bowen is said to have withdrawn. Negotiations were resumed on the basis of a counter proposition by Mr. Bowen which the allies finally accepted; but not until another unsuccessful effort had been made by them to induce President Roosevelt to act as arbitrator. By the agreement, as finally drawn, the allies were to have the entire 30 per cent. of the customs during three months, at the end of which time all the creditor nations were to be paid in proportion to their claims. Cash payments were to be made as follows: Great Britain, $27,500 immediately; Italy, the same sum within two months, and Germany to receive $340,000 within five months. Venezuela was to give to the King of Belgium the authority to take charge of and administer the custom houses at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello in case any default should be made in the payment of installments due the Powers on the basis of the decision to be reached by the commissions. The agreement in these and minor particulars having been reached, the allied diplomats proceeded to draw up protocols which were signed on the 13th at the British Legation. The blockade of the Venezuelan ports was forthwith raised. Venezuela went wild with joy and the rest of the world experienced a sense of relief. On the 19th it was officially announced at Berlin that diplomatic relations had been renewed between Germany and Venezuela, the new minister from Germany, Herr Pelldram, being on the point of sailing for Caracas.

The drawing and signing of the protocols with the unallied creditors of Venezuela (France, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, Spain, Mexico, and the United States) proceeded as fast as circumstances would permit. These nations look to the Hague Tribunal for a final settlement of the question of preferential treatment of the allied Powers. Concerning the latter it is noted that Great Britain and Italy appear to have shown a commendable spirit toward Germany (as well as toward Venezuela). Germany's insistence upon a large, relatively prompt payment, entirely apart from the future award from Venezuelan revenue, has not bettered German prestige anywhere. Mr. Bowen is reported as having informed the German Ambassador that for every thousand dollars which Germany exacts to-day she stands to lose a million in South American trade in the future. As for British sentiment, though Mr. Balfour insists that the ministry has been justified in its course, the Spectator probably expresses the popular feeling. It says:

Though Germany's claims are of very doubtful validity, she gets in hard cash £68,000, has contrived to create a certain amount of suspicion between America and Great Britain, and immensely increased her general prestige. The British Government has lost weight at home, irritated the British people, alarmed the Americans, made the Germans as a nation even more hostile than before, spent a great deal of money on the blockade, lowered the prestige of the British Foreign Office as a business-like, intelligent department and obtained £5,000 cash.

**VARIOUS UNITED STATES INTERESTS.** It is stated that the Government at Washington does not regard the question of the cession of the Danish West Indies as closed. The time allowed for the exchange of ratifications will not expire till next June. Certain issues between San Domingo and the United States, arising from claims of citizens in this country appeared, in consequence of efforts by Minister Powell, in a fair way to be settled, in the latter part of February. On February 19, Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, informed Assistant Secretary Pierce, who represented the United States in the arbitration of the claims of certain American sealers against the Russian Government, that he was in receipt of funds from St. Petersburg to pay the amount of the award. President Roosevelt has extended for six months (to September 2) the life of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission which, since its first meeting, April 8, 1901, has been examining claims submitted to it under the law of March 2, 1901, creating the Commission. Japan has relinquished her claim to Marcus Island in the Pacific Ocean and, on behalf of the Honolulu owners, the United States has presented to the Japanese Government a claim for indemnity for the forcible seizure of the islands.

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**MONETARY UNION PLAN** In the latter part of January two diplomatic communications were received at the State Department in Washington from Mexico and China asking the co-operation of the United States in devising and recommending to the governments of the world a standard of coinage for the silver-using countries.

The matter of the ratio of silver to gold is one of vital importance to Mexico, for she is one of the largest producers of silver, and her currency, based upon the silver standard, has been greatly deranged by the decline in the value of that metal. The matter is also of pressing interest to China, in view of the questions involved in the payment of her indemnity obligations to the Powers.

The thing aimed at by the communications referred to was the appointment of a joint commission of three members representing the United States, Mexico, and China. President Roosevelt gave his indorsement to the appeal by transmitting the same to Congress with recommendation that sufficient powers be given him to lend the support of the United States to the plan advanced by Mexico and China.

A widespread misunderstanding got abroad as to the real meaning of the proposition. It was supposed to be another attempt to give currency to silver heresies. The Mexican note, however, practically identical with that of China, expressly disavowed any intention to seek the restoration of free coinage of silver or of asking the United States to modify its present monetary standard. It was simply asked that the governments of gold countries which have dependencies where silver is used shall co-operate in formulating some plan for establishing a definite relationship between their gold and silver moneys and shall take measures to maintain such relationship; in other words, that some such policy as that which is embodied in the Philippine currency bill now pending in Congress, whereby the ratio between silver and gold is fixed at 32 to 1, shall be extended by a concert of action among the countries where silver is used.

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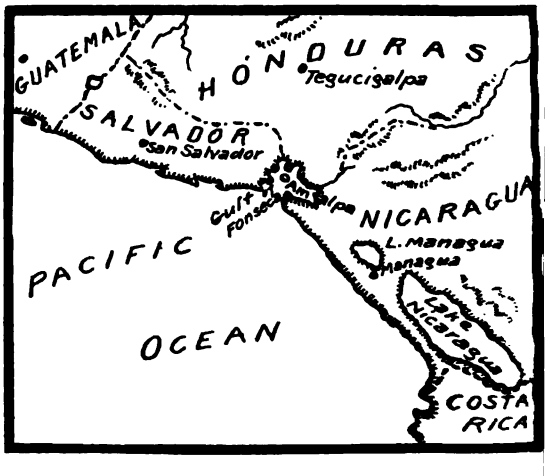
**IN CENTRAL AMERICA** A critical situation recently developed in Central America in consequence of the intervention of the republics in one another's internal affairs. Honduras is governed under a charter proclaimed in 1894. The President holds office four years. President Sierra's term expired on February 1, but he refused to retire in favor of President-elect Manuel Bonilla. Dispatches early in February stated that the latter had gone to Amapala Island, in the Gulf of Fonseca, where he was organizing a force for the ejection of Sierra. The presidents of the other republics were said to be divided in their support of the Honduran contestants. Stories of an impending revolution in Salvador, and also of a triple alliance between Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica against Guatemala, interested and perplexed the reader of dispatches. Nicaragua was also an alleged opponent of Guatemala.

A queer and ominous mixedness characterized the situation as presented by the meager reports United States warships were ordered from San Francisco to enter the sulphurous atmosphere for the protection of American interests.



**MACEDONIA** Little needs to be added now to the statements made in this department last month respecting this danger point to the peace of Europe. The efforts of Russia and Austria, now backed by the other European Powers, to induce the Porte to institute measures that will quiet the turbulence in Macedonia are still uncertain of desirable results, both as regards the Porte, which is massing troops in preparation for the worst, and also as regards the Macedonians themselves, who are not so much desirous of reforms under Turkish rule as of European interference and the securing of Macedonian independence. Reports at the end of February indicated that increasing numbers of Bulgarian revolutionary bands were operating in Macedonia, with frequent encounters with Turkish troops. Has the ominous and pregnant conflict actually begun?

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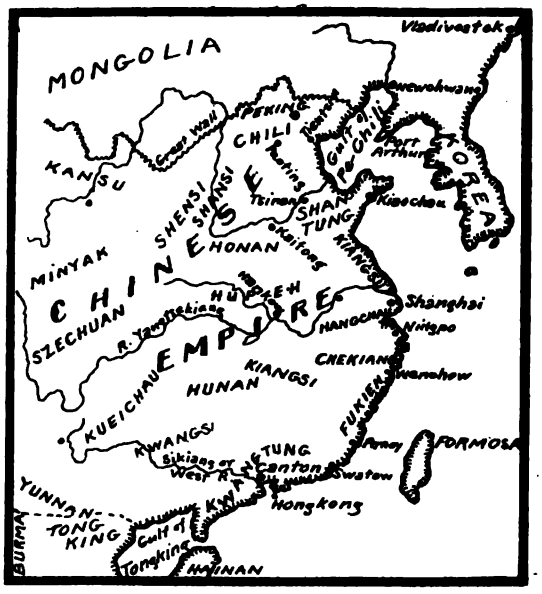
**IN CHINA** The interest of foreigners in China now largely attaches to the construction of railways. With the building of a few lines will come a tremendous increase of foreign traffic. Russia has a firm grip on Manchuria and an eye on the resources of all Northern China. England seeks control of the vast Yang-tse-Kiang valley, melting Central China. She also has an eye on the southern provinces, where her special rival is France, which holds two-thirds of Indo-China and aims at the construction of railways connecting her possessions with the waterway of the Si-Kiang, or West River, which is the natural channel of trade between Hongkong and Southwest China. It has been clearly shown that it is from Burma on the west and from Shanghai and Hongkong on the east that England must, by railways and waterways, effectively occupy the Upper Yang-tse region, the key to her position in China, if she means to hold her own. Russia in the north and France in the far south are allies, and Germany, whose "sphere of influence" spreads from Kiaochau, having placed herself alongside Russia, is likely to keep friendship with the "Colossus of the North."

It transpired in February that, last fall, Great Britain, through the commander of her squadron in Asiatic waters, proposed to the Viceroy of the provinces embraced in the Yang-tse-Kiang valley that she be permitted, in case of internal trouble to extend a protectorate over the territory under his control. It is said that the Viceroy, near whom is stationed a German consular agent, was hostile to the proposal, but did not openly oppose it. "Alone, Germany cannot prevent its acceptance. Presumably, Japan, Great Britain's ally, is aware of the move made by the London government. Russia's sphere of influence is not in jeopardy, and there is no reason for action by her. France is not disposed to act with Germany. Upon the United States, therefore, depends the success or failure of the British proposal." It is pointed out that the attitude of the Viceroy of the Yang-tse provinces is important. During the Boxer troubles officials of this rank were treated with directly by the United States and the other Powers for the preservation of order. The Viceroys have practically unlimited power, as was shown by their disregard of the orders of the Throne three years ago. Hence the submission by the British naval commander of his proposal to the Yang-ste Viceroy instead of its presentation to the Imperial government, through the British minister in Peking.

On January 19 the foreign ministers at Peking received a note declaring that the Chinese Government was unable to pay the war



indemnity on a gold basis and asking the ministers to suggest a plan for relief. Ten days later, the ministers, excepting Mr. Conger, replied, expressing satisfaction with China's admission that the indemnity was on a gold basis and calling attention to the necessity for soon issuing bonds to the different governments for their share of the indemnity, to replace the single bond given when the peace protocol was signed. In conclusion the ministers said that they were unable to discuss the questions raised by the recent Chinese note until the bonds had been issued.

The ministers, including Mr. Conger, joined in another note requesting a more strict compliance with the protocol in proclaiming the suspension of examinations in districts where foreigners had been massacred and protesting against the numerous appointments of blacklisted officials to office.

On February 8, the Antwerp Metropole announced that Belgium had obtained a concession on the Pei-ho River, north of Tientsin.

# Affairs in America

**UNITED STATES CONGRESS**

The fifty-seventh session of Congress expired on Wednesday, March 4, having completed the one hundred and fourteenth year of Federal legislation.

On February 5 the Hoar bill to expedite anti-Trust prosecutions under the Sherman law passed the House, as it had done the Senate the day before, without a word of debate. It was signed by President Roosevelt on the afternoon of the 11th. The action of the House on February 13, in passing the Elkins bill by a vote of 241 to 6, ended the session's fight over the Trusts question. The bill is an amendment to the Interstate Commerce law against the giving and receiving of railroad debates. It was signed by the President on the 20th. Attorney-General Knox's bill to expedite the trial of suits against trusts was also passed a little later. The committee, of which Mr. Hanna was chairman, succeeded in obtaining, as additions to the Department of Commerce bill, pending in conference, provisions empowering the proposed Bureau of Corporations to require reports from corporations engaged in interstate commerce. The House Judiciary Committee Trust bill, known as the Littlefield bill, was passed on February 7 by a vote of 245 to 0. In the Senate it was referred to the Judiciary Committee which subsequently reported with some changes parts of it not covered by laws recently enacted. The reports of telegrams sent to Congressmen by the Standard Oil Company in opposition to anti-Trust legislation naturally attracted considerable attention. The discussion of the "Omnibus Statehood" bill in the Senate on February 5, and again on the 13th, turned on the question of polygamy. The recent election of Apostle Reed Smoot (Republican) to the Senate from Utah has quickened attention to this question. On the 26th Senator Burrows brought in a formal petition against the admission of Smoot. The petition contained the charge of polygamy, which Smoot has declared false. In debate on the Statehood bill it was affirmed that in Arizona and New Mexico, two of the territories seeking admission, the influence of the Mormon Church is exerted over politics. Through much of the month discussion of the Statehood bill was used to block the way to action on the Panama Canal treaty. The Cuban treaty was also crowded back until impatience over the delay began to declare itself in the public prints. To Senators calling upon him, the President said that failure to ratify the Canal treaty and the Cuban reciprocity treaty would necessitate the calling of an extra session of Congress. Senator Morgan, the unyielding opponent of the Canal treaty, and Senator Quay, the special champion of the Statehood bill, were chiefly responsible for the delays. The Alaskan Boundary treaty was ratified by the Senate on February 11 with but few protesting voices. Among measures previously passed were the Ray bill, amending the Bankruptcy Act, the General Staff bill, Secretary Root's Militia bill, and a bill for increasing the salaries of judges. Attempts to pass the Ship Subsidy bill, which passed the Senate last year, have not been successful. The Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries declined to report it by a vote of 10 to 6. Early in the month the President refused to approve bills awaiting his signature which restore to the army retired list officers who have been out of the service for a long time, and whose withdrawal from the army was due in some cases to the sentences of courts-martial. The end of February having arrived, a final attempt was made to press the Panama Canal treaty to a conclusion, but it became evident that the opponents of the measure preferred the responsibility for an extra session. Accordingly, on March 2, President Roosevelt signed a proclamation calling "an extraordinary session of the Senate of the Fifty-eighth Congress" to meet on March 5. During the 3d, the Aldrich Financial bill, providing for an expansion of the currency through a substitution of State, municipal and corporation bonds for government bonds for security for circulation, the Philippine Tariff bill, and the bill providing for the protection of the President, were killed by Democratic filibustering. In the House, the session was stormy, party feeling running high. Both houses were in session practically all night, and agreements were finally reached on all the appropriation bills. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning before the Senate dispelled the last apprehension that one of the great appropriation bills might fail and the whole Congress be called back to its place for an extra session.

In the House an attempt was made by the Democratic minority to block the resolutions thanking Speaker Henderson for the "able and dignified manner in which he has presided over the deliberations" of the body. They made an appeal for a roll-call twice, twenty-one members standing the first time, and sixteen the second, when in each case forty-two members were necessary. At the proper time, Mr. Henderson delivered what is spoken of as perhaps the most touching valedictory ever delivered from the Speaker's chair.

The total appropriations are the heaviest thus far made in the history of the country. The appropriations of the last Congress were $1,440,489,438.87, those of the present Congress are $1,554,108,514.84. Nearly half of this is for the Panama Canal. Most of the other half is due to the increase of the Post Office department expenses.

Both houses of Congress adjourned at noon on March 4. Before 12 o'clock President Roosevelt had signed all bills presented to him.

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**THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE**

The most important action of the Fifty-seventh Congress was the creation of the new Governmental Department of Commerce, which adds a member to the President's Cabinet. The bill, having passed both branches of Congress, was signed by the President and became a law on February 14. Two days later, George B. Cortelyou was nominated for the new secretaryship and the nomination was promptly confirmed by the Senate.

In his first message to Congress, a year ago, President Roosevelt thus stated what the objects of such a department should be:

> It should be the province of the head of such a department to deal with commerce in its broadest sense, including, among many other things, whatever concerns labor and all matters affecting the great business corporations and our merchant marine. The course proposed is one phase of what should be a comprehensive and far-reaching scheme of constructive statesmanship, for the purpose of broadening our markets, securing our business interests on a safe basis and making firm our new position in the international industrial world, while scrupulously safeguarding the rights of wage-worker and capitalist, of investor and private citizen, so as to secure equity as between man and man in this republic.

The new department, as constituted, consists of the Bureau of Corporations, the Bureau of Labor, the Lighthouse Board, the Lighthouse Establishment, the Steamboat Inspection Service, the Bureau of Standards, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Commissioner General of Immigration, the Commissioners of Immigration, the Bureau of Immigration and the Immigration Service at large, the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, the Bureau of Navigation, the Shipping Commissioner, the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, heretofore in the Department of State, the Census Bureau, and the Fish Commission. The anti-trust provision, which establishes the Bureau of Corporations, reads as follows:

> That there shall be in the Department of Commerce and Labor a bureau, to be called the Bureau of Corporations, and a Commissioner of Corporations, who shall be the head of said bureau, to be appointed by the President, who shall receive a salary of $5,000 per annum. There shall also be in said bureau a Deputy Commissioner, who shall receive a salary of $3,500 per annum, and who shall, in the absence of the Commissioner, act as and perform the duties of the Commissioner of Corporations, and who shall also perform such other duties as may be assigned to him by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor or by the said Commissioner. There shall also be in the said bureau a chief clerk and such special agents, clerks, and other employees as may be authorized by law.
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> The said Commissioner shall have power and authority to make, under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, diligent investigation into the organization, conduct and management of the business of any corporation, joint stock company or corporate combination engaged in commerce among the several States and with foreign nations, excepting common carriers, subject to "An Act to Regulate Commerce," approved February 8, 1887, and to gather such information and data as will enable the President of the United States to make recommendation to Congress for the regulation of such commerce, and to report such data to the President from time to time as he shall require; and the information so contained, or as much thereof as the President may direct, shall be made public.
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> In order to accomplish the purpose of this section, the said Commissioner shall have and exercise the same power and authority in respect to corporations, joint stock companies and combinations, subject to the provisions hereof, as is conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission in said "Act to Regulate Commerce" and the amendments thereto in respect to common carriers, so far as the same may be applicable, including the right to subpœna and compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses and the production of documentary evidence and to administer oaths. All the requirements, obligations, liabilities and immunities imposed or conferred by said "Act to Regulate Commerce" and by "An Act in Relation to Testimony Before the Interstate Commerce Commission," etc., approved February 11, 1893, supplemental to said "Act to Regulate Commerce," shall also apply to all persons who may be subpœnaed to testify as witnesses or to produce documentary evidence in pursuance of the authority conferred by this section.
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> It shall also be the province and duty of said Bureau of Corporations, under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to gather, compile, publish and supply useful information concerning corporations doing business within the limits of the United States which shall engage in interstate commerce or in commerce between the United States and any foreign country, including corporations engaged in insurance, and to attend to such other duties as may be hereafter provided by law.

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**THE SUPREME COURT**

On February 18, Justice Shiras of the United States Supreme Court presented to President Roosevelt his resignation. He has been succeeded by the former Secretary of State, William R. Day, of Ohio.

On February 2 the case of Easton *vs.* the State of Iowa was decided by the United States Supreme Court in favor of Easton, thus reversing the Supreme Court of the State.

The case involved the applicability of State laws regulating State banks to National banks. In this instance the President of a National bank at Decorah was sentenced to five years' imprisonment under the State law for accepting a deposit of $100 when he knew his bank to be insolvent. The decision was delivered by Justice Shiras, who said that State laws for the regulation of banks do not extend to banks incorporated under an act of Congress.

On February 23, the power of Congress to prohibit the sending of lottery tickets from one State to another by other means than the United States mails was passed on by the Supreme Court. Justice Harlan thus summarized the decision from which Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Brewer, Shiras, and Peckham dissented:

> We decide nothing more in the present case than that lottery tickets are subjects of traffic among those who choose to sell or buy them; that the carriage of such tickets by independent carriers from one State to another is, therefore, interstate commerce; that under its power to regulate commerce among the several States, Congress—subject to the limitations imposed by the Constitution upon the exercise of the powers granted—has plenary authority over such commerce, and may prohibit the carriage of such tickets from State to State, and that legislation to that end, and of that character, is not inconsistent with any limitation or restriction imposed upon the exercise of the powers granted to Congress.

The decision caused much comment in Washington, members of the administration asserting that the majority of the court has fully sustained the contention that the Sherman Anti-Trust law did not exhaust the constitutional power of the Federal Government over commerce.

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**THE NEGRO QUESTION**

The circumstances attending President Roosevelt's nominations of negroes to public offices have made the race question more than usually acute and disturbing. Yet Secretary of War Root, in a speech in New York, on February 7, said that President Roosevelt has appointed fewer black men to office in the South than did President McKinley, and that there are now fewer black men holding Federal offices than when President McKinley died. This clearly shows the way things are moving. Secretary Root remarked "the curious development along this line in the past year," and declared that "it is probably but a matter of time when the overwhelming dominant white opinion will succeed in excluding the black man from office in all the Southern States." It is reported that Mr. Root's declaration that negro suffrage has proved a failure "was not freely admitted among the war horses of the Republican party who were present," but generally the admission was commented upon as candid and truthful.

In particular, the President's appointment of Dr. W. D. Crum to be Collector of the Port of Charleston, S. C., has offended the opponents of negro recognition. Many efforts were made during February, even by United States Senators, to induce him to withdraw the nomination; but in vain. The President even went so far as to say that should there be failure to confirm the appointment before the adjournment of Congress, he intended to make Dr. Crum a recess appointee. This was before the middle of the month. Shortly after a majority of the Senate Committee voted to report against the nomination of Crum. The vote was eight to six. Among the President's declarations on the subject are that he "cannot treat mere color as a bar to holding office," to connect any of his appointments with questions of "social equality" and "negro domination" is "as absurd as to connect them with the nebular hypothesis or the theory of atoms," and that he will not swerve from his course. An attempt has been made to establish an inconsistency between his firmness in Crum's case and his failure to reappoint Postmaster Vick of Wilson, N. C., admittedly a highly efficient official. The President's principle, however, seems to be more at stake in the Crum case. The New York Tribune says:

> It is not the President who is the innovator, but his critics. He could turn for his platform to the Lamars and Hamptons who led the Southern Democracy when it first recovered supremacy He is giving the negro nothing more than they promised to give him—promised squarely and freely, with virtuous protests of indignation that anybody should accuse them of designing to deprive the negro of his political privileges He is striving to hold up to the negro a standard of good citizenship which they said they wanted to set before him. He is making the fight for good government and honest officials which they proclaimed as their sole aim in rising to put down by confessed fraud the reconstruction governments

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**AFFAIRS IN THE STATES**

Corrected returns show that the referendum vote in Vermont gave a majority of about 2,000 for the high license and local option law for the sale of liquors. Vermont's prohibition law has stood for over half a century. The recent record for Maine is, in part, as follows: The sheriffs elected in the several counties, on assuming office on January 1, for the most part expressed a determination to execute the prohibitory law rigorously. In Rockland, about forty liquor dealers appeared in court to plead; the grand jury returned forty-six indictments; fines amounting to $12,000 were paid. In Lewiston, all the saloons were closed. The sheriff of the county, Mr. Cummings, is a minister of religion. Frank J. Ham, Sheriff of Kennebec county, will enforce the law "let the consequences be what they may." The Sheriff of Aroostook county gave liquor dealers till January 10 opportunity to dispose of their stock; thereafter, the law was to be strictly enforced. In Bangor, about the middle of February, the Supreme Court adjourned after imposing heavy fines upon liquor dealers. Judge Spear served notice "that those who persist in remaining in the business in the future may expect to receive in addition to the usual fine a jail sentence."—The prolonged legislative deadlock which kept both of Delaware's seats in the National Senate vacant, ended by James F. Allee, an Addicks leader, being elected for the longer of the unexpired terms, and Congressman Ball, a Regular Republican, for the shorter.—In Montana, when the bill for woman suffrage came up for action in the Senate on February 6, there were ten votes against it and sixteen for indefinite postponement.—Two distinct earthquake shocks were experienced in and near St. Louis, Mo., on February 8.—The prevalence of typhoid fever in Ithaca, N. Y., during February, sending many of the students of Cornell University to their homes and causing the death of a considerable number, raised for much discussion the question of the responsibilities of institutions of learning for the health of their students.—In Illinois, a decision of the Supreme Court says that the anti-trust law of the State is valid. The law provides penalties for persons who take part in combinations that

fix prices in restraint of trade.—On February 1. the Connecticut State troops were sent to Waterbury to deal with "an imperative need" occasioned by the trolley strike situation. Strikes, also characterized by more or less violence, were occurring, in the earlier part of February, in Lynn and Haverhill, Mass., and in Dover, N. H.—Armed union strikers defied the Federal authorities at one point in West Virginia on February 25, and were repressed at the cost of bloodshed.

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**COAL STRIKE COMMISSION**

The Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, after being in public session for over three months, closed its open hearings at Philadelphia on February 13 with an argument by Mr. C. S. Darrow on behalf of the miners. On the day before, President George F. Baer, of the Reading Company, had made the closing argument for the coal operators. He closed with a statement, in behalf of the coal companies, of willingness to adopt a sliding scale of wages for the miners, based on output and the state of the market. Touching upon this proposition, Mr. Darrow, taking Mr. Baer's figures, claimed that it was unfair, giving to the operators far better proportional returns on a rise than to the miners. The Commissioners began private meetings in Washington on the 19th, for the preparation of their report.

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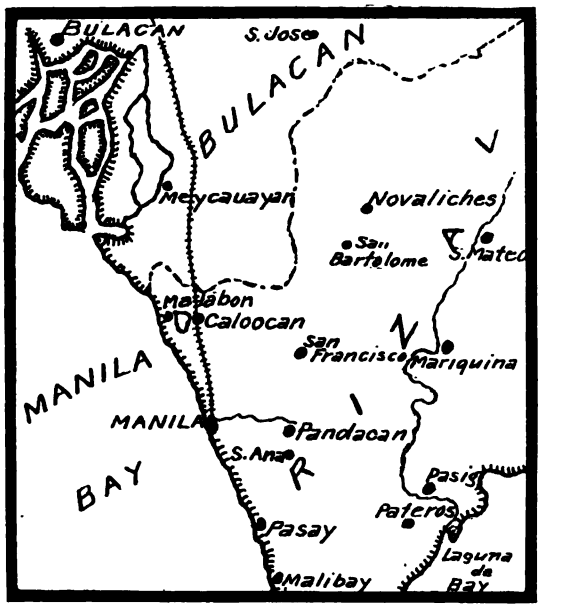
**IN THE PHILIPPINES**

General Leonard Wood is going to the Philippines to take command of the Mindanao district, and it is understood that he will, at an early date, become commander-in-chief in the entire archipelago. Various accounts of conflicts with "irreconcilable" Filipinos were contained in the February dispatches.

Early in the month a force of insurgents under General San Miguel was routed near Maraquina, a small town seven miles from Manila. Inspector Harris and another American were killed and two others were wounded. Other conflicts in Rizal and Bulacan provinces occurred during the month and at the beginning of March. A conflict between the constabulary and ladrones on the island of Mindoro was also reported in February. On the 14th it was cabled that Bayan, the strongest Moro fortress in the Lanao country of the island of Mindanao, had submitted to the American forces under Captain Pershing. The mutineers on the interinsular steamer, Dos Hermanos, last August, were sentenced at Manila on the 12th.

The Philippine Commission has passed an act governing the constabulary.

It creates a summary court for the trial of light offenses; gives the civil courts jurisdiction over serious offenses; forbids the constabulary to administer the water cure, or resort to whipping or other punishments, in order to obtain information from the natives, and provides for the drastic punishment of such offenses. In the measure are incorporated most of the regulations governing the American army.




Respecting the miserable condition of the Filipino population, Brewster Cameron of the Manila Chamber of Commerce is quoted as saying that revolution is swiftly following in the track of famine.

General Lukban, the former irreconcilable rebel leader in Samar, has published a letter denouncing the testimony given in favor of Major Glenn during the recent court-martial, which accused Lukban of cruelties to American soldiers, as "false and libelous."

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**CANADA**

The banking and miscellaneous business statistics of Canada continue to show that the Dominion presents one of the world's cheerful visions of prosperity. During the past five years the Canadian people have grown in wealth unprecedentedly. During 1902 the banks experienced a steady demand for advances and their business was unusually free from bad debts. The report of the Bank of Commerce for the last fiscal year shows a net profit of 12.85 per cent. on the paid-up capital of eight million dollars. The growth of the country is shown by the fact that the chartered banks opened about a hundred and ten new branches during 1902, of which the share of the Bank of Commerce is fifteen. It is recognized, however,

that there is a tendency toward a condition requiring caution. It is noted that during the past five years the imports have grown from $111,000,000 to $212,000,000, and that the exports have grown from $133,000,000 to $211,000,000. The handsome surplus of 1897 has disappeared. Owing to the South African war and other causes, latterly it has been a time when Canadians have looked less than ever to Great Britain for capital, and more than ever to themselves. In the matter of foreign indebtedness, in proportion to Canadian growth, it is believed that the country is, on the whole, better off than in 1897.

Respecting foreign trade, figures recently issued by the Customs Department at Ottawa show that during the half year ending last December the Dominion trade was larger by nearly eleven million dollars than the total imports and exports for the whole twelve months of the fiscal year 1896. The figures for the last six months of 1902, with returns for the same months in 1901, are given as follows: Total imports, $106,040,735, as compared with $99,662,849 for 1901; total exports, $125,301,466, as compared with $113,568,760 for 1901. For the month of December alone the imports for consumption were $16,671,742, as against $15,250,132, and the domestic exports $23,777,973, as against $18,772,744 in the corresponding month of 1901. The Government issues the following showing of percentages of trade increase to demonstrate that Canada "leads the procession":

Canada, 96.05; Japan, 89.06; Australian Commonwealth, 62.21; United States, 48.08; Netherlands, 43.8; Italy, 39.01; Germany, 32.45; Belgium, 32.08; Argentine Republic, 30.91; United Kingdom, 24.77; France, 18.16; Spain, 3.65; Cape Colony, 2.62; Further, Canada's trade, during 1902, per capita of population, figures at a little over $77; that of the United States, at between $30 and $31; Great Britain, $102; France, between $53 and $54; Germany, about $41.

An active demand for subsidies is made upon the Canadian Government. The Premiers of the various provinces met in Ottawa near the end of January and, representing that the resources of the provinces are no longer sufficient to meet the expenditures, asked for increased subsidies. Their contention was that the growth of population has imposed upon the provinces heavy burdens in the increased cost of the administration of justice, of legislation, education, maintenance of prisons and asylums, etc. A new basis of distribution was asked for.

Mr. Tarte, ex-Minister of Public Works, keeps up his vigorous campaign for a high protective tariff for Canada. His recent break with the Government on that contention makes doubly interesting his repeated declarations that the great mass of the Liberal party throughout the country is with him in his views.—The Magdalen Islands, sixty miles northwest of Prince Edward Island, were granted by the British Government more than one hundred years ago to Admiral Coffin, who at his death tied them up to the third generation. The fisheries are of considerable value, as also are mineral deposits. The islands have been sold to a syndicate of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia capitalists by John T. Coffin.—Negotiations have been going on between the Government and Mr. Marconi for the establishment of wireless telegraphy stations along the St. Lawrence and on the shores of the Great Lakes.—It is reported that a colony of Nestorians, coming from Persia and Turkey, is to be set up at Winnipeg.—It was announced in February that the Doukhobors are contemplating citizenship and the taking out of patents for homesteads.—Advices received at Ottawa assure the Government that many Mormons are ready to migrate to the Northwest providing they can be assured of finding markets for their products.

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**MEXICO**

One of the loudly trumpeted topics of the times is the wonderful development of Mexico under the rule of President Diaz. He is a conspicuous illustration of what may be done by one man of brain and pluck and tact, fortunately placed at a nation's head. The large investment of American capital in Mexico is one of the explanations of Mexican progress during recent times.

Among the latest developments showing the tendency of United States capitalists to seek investments in Mexico is the pending reorganization and recapitalization of the large and prosperous iron and steel foundry plant and machine shops known as the Compañia Industrial Mexicaña, situated in the city of Chihuahua, which is now being underwritten and financed by several of the leading New York banking houses. Canadian capitalists, encouraged by their experiences in Trinidad, in Cuba, and in other southern lands, are now looking toward Mexico. The Toronto Monetary Times reports the formation of a company in which Mr. Wm. Mackenzie of Toronto, Sir Wm. Van Horne of Montreal and other Canadians are the leaders, for the purpose of inaugurating a large power scheme for the city of Mexico. The project is to obtain power from three rivers some eighty miles away from the city, and use it for the lighting system, for factories, and for every other purpose for which it may be needed.

Many Mexicans are persuaded that the future prosperity of the country depends upon the adoption of the gold standard. The continued fall in silver is deemed instructive to this end. The Government, not long ago, took an important step toward the adoption of the gold standard in giving permission to the banks to keep their accounts in both gold and silver and allow customers to do the same. And at the

beginning of the present year the collection of duty on imports was ordered done on the gold standard basis.

On January 28 a world-wide agreement for maintaining silver at the ratio of 32 to 1 was the basis of diplomatic communications, referred to elsewhere, made to the State department at Washington from Mexico and China. It does not appear, however, that the Mexican proposition means other than an effort to extend the gold standard to silver-using countries without upsetting business.

The bubonic plague which was appearing during January at points along the Pacific coast, particularly at Mazatlan, was reported abating at the end of the month. A dispatch from Mexico City, however, on February 20, stated that the disease had become epidemic in Oso, in the State of Sinaloa. It is said that at Mazatlan none of the Chinese were attacked by the plague and that they appeared to regard it with complete indifference.

The immigration of Mormons into Mexico has been a fact of recent date, the movement being both invited by the Mexican Government and stimulated by American capitalists who aim at the creation of immense cattle-raising ranches. According to report, a Boer colony from South Africa, including General Viljoen and other men of note, may soon be established in Chihuahua.

Dispatches from Mexico City near the close of February stated that much alarm was felt in the southern part of the State of Jalisco and in the northern part of the State of Colima, owing to the continued eruptions of the Colima volcano.

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**CUBA**

What are Cuba's prospects? An account of the first six months of President Palma's presidency shows that the condition of the island becomes more and more prosperous. The development of the sugar and tobacco industries, which had been prostrated by war three years ago, is one of the most encouraging signs.

The output of sugar had dropped from 1,100,000 tons to 300,000. The estimated crop for this season is 950,000 tons, and prices, owing to the action of the Brussels convention in removing bounties, have risen 75 per cent. Within three years the annual crop will exceed 1,500,000 tons.

The revival of the tobacco industry has been very marked, a vast amount of American capital has gone into it during the last three years, and "a brilliant future" for the industry seems assured. The cultivation of fruits is on a larger scale than ever before. Pasture lands are being restocked and the importation of hides steadily increases. There is an unprecedented boom in the lumber trade, and the exportation of iron ores at Santiago is larger than before the war. Capital invested in copper properties promises a handsome return. Progress in transportation is becoming more rapid, the traveling time (for instance) from Havana to Santiago to eighteen hours, as compared with the previous time (by rail to Cienfuegos and thence by sea) of five days. Branch lines are building in all directions. The Van Horne railways and the trolley system which is being put in between Havana, Mariel and western districts of the provinces, and the promise of other lines, will soon make traveling about the island as convenient and excellent as the old Spanish methods by calèche and mule were difficult and tiresome.

Political conditions, on the whole, have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The stability of the Government was shown by the energy and tact with which President Palma suppressed the strike riots. Qualities of real statesmanship are shown in his dealings with other nations, despite the opposition of Cubans who are not without influence. He has evolved order out of financial chaos. Instead of predicted bankruptcy, Cuba has money enough for legitimate expenses and over two million dollars surplus in the treasury. The President's popularity among his people seems assured and continually increasing.

A vote of censure against President Palma and his cabinet was reported from Havana on February 9, on account of an alleged secret sale of the Triscornia wharves and military railway to a British syndicate headed by Sir William Van Horne. Property which cost the United States more than half a million dollars is said to have been bargained away for a song, the alleged purpose being to checkmate, by sale to third parties, the intention of the Government at Washington to locate one of the American naval coal depots at Triscornia.

The report, early in February, of the committee on the loan to pay the army, placed the loan at $35,000,000, repayment to begin not sooner than five years after the issue. Dispatches on the 19th showed that representatives of all industries which it is intended to tax under the loan bill had drawn up a petition to President Palma urging him not to sign the bill on the ground that all the principal industries of the island would be injuriously affected by it. It was claimed that the liquor interests, especially, would be crippled, and that the manufacture of cigars would be heavily handicapped.

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**COLOMBIA**

The chief topic of present interest relating to Colombia is the international one of the Panama Canal. The ending of the recent revolution by the defeat and surrender of the Liberal leaders has given the Marroquin government a chance to rest from slaughter and the strenuous devices necessary to keep itself a-going. It was announced in January that President Marroquin had declined to be a candidate for re-election, saying that re-elections are among the main causes that make revolutions in

Latin America. That the Colombians are not happy unless they are making themselves miserable with a revolution seems to be suggested by the report that dissatisfaction with the Panama Canal treaty may lead to another outburst of "trumpets loud and clarions."

The suicide of General Uribe-Uribe, leader of the late revolution, was reported early in February.

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**VENEZUELA**

External powers threatening war have been withdrawn from the coasts of Venezuela, but internal forces in dire conflict forbid peace. While the warships of Europe blockaded the ports there was a lull in the civil strife. Perhaps had occasion required, the world might have seen a united Venezuela opposing hostile invasion. But no sooner has all danger of that passed than the revolution, which has distressed, if not impoverished, the land and threatened the Castro government with overthrow, develops new energy and makes the situation apparently more serious than ever. Whether truth or fiction, rumor, that "garrulous jade," had it near the close of February that the revolutionists had, after considerable fighting, attained position about twenty miles southeast of Caracas, and that both they and the Government troops were well placed for the "decisive battle" which has been expected for many months.

There are said to be three divisions of the revolutionary forces—one under General Antonio Fernandez, recently routed 120 miles southwest of Caracas; a second under Generals Mantilla and Solignie, recently defeated 140 miles west of Caracas, and a third under Generals Rolando, Penaloza, and Vidal, which has reached the position twenty miles southeast of the capital. The whole revolutionary movement is still under the headship of General Matos. The Government forces, under the control of President Castro, have been receiving considerable reinforcement since the conclusion of the blockade of Venezuelan ports by European warships.

A Government decree issued at Caracas on February 17 establishes a war contribution in the form of an extra duty of 30 per cent. to be levied on all imports. By this it appears that President Castro proposes to provide for the payment of German, English and other foreign claims very largely by additional burdens upon foreign merchants, chiefly Germans, who practically monopolize the commerce of Venezuela. Says the New York Tribune:

> So we have the engaging spectacle of Germany with a mailed fist exacting a big indemnity from Venezuela, and Venezuela in return exacting an equal sum from the pockets of German subjects. That isn't the proverbial "robbing Peter to pay Paul." It is robbing Paul's right-hand pocket to pay Paul's left-hand pocket. It is a bit of "high finance" that might almost suggest to William of Germany the desirability of sending to South America for a Finance Minister the next time he needs one particularly badly. Artemas Ward once expressed a willingness to put down the rebellion if it took every one of his wife's relatives to do it. President Castro means to pay Germany's claims in full, if it ruins every German merchant in Venezuela to do it.

## Affairs in Europe

**GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**

The British Parliament reassembled on February 16 not, indeed, under cloudless political skies, but with much less of the "stormy magnificence," and ominous reverberations of recent times. The problems in Asia and Southeastern Europe present no phases sufficient to deprive a British statesman of his sleep just now; India is still aglow with the splendors of the durbar festivities; Mr. Chamberlain is returning from South Africa with new feathers in his cap; John Bull is coming out of the Venezuelan imbroglio without the resentment of Uncle Sam; and the negotiations over the Alaska boundary question are like the sweet associations of a junketing where the music plays softly and the pleasant sound of laughter is heard. But it must be said that not everybody in England and Canada is pleased with the probable outcome of the Alaska dispute, and Anglo-German relations are somewhat more embittered by hard words in England over the Venezuela muddle. The Irish question mingles gloom with sunshine; the latter, however, predominating.

In a speech in Dublin on February 11, the Earl of Dudley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, declared the prospects highly encouraging. Several Irish Nationalists, imprisoned for violent utterances, have been released. As the result of interviews with the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Dunraven, John Redmond, and others, the following was cabled from London on February 21 respecting the much-talked-of plan to settle the Irish question:

> All the interested parties, Nationalists, Unionists, landlords and tenants, are now for the first time in the history of Ireland in agreement, upon the lines of the Dublin Dunraven-Redmond conference in January. They have joined forces in bringing pressure on the Government to make Secretary Wyndham's forthcoming bill in spirit with the recommendations of the conference, and all indications point to the bill conceding those demands. It will be introduced in Parliament at the end of March, and if passed will accomplish what Mr. Redmond and Lord Dunraven agree in saying will be one of the most "extraordinary peaceful revolutions ever effected." If Mr. Wyndham, for lack of funds or other causes, fails to meet the views of the conference, he will have on his hands, to quote Redmond, "an Ireland such as the world has never seen." In this view such a strong supporter of the

Government as the Duke of Abercorn concurs. The Duke is the President of the powerful Irish Landlords' Association, which at first declined to join the Earl of Mayo and Lord Dunraven in conferring with the Nationalists, but which later signified its assent. Mr. Redmond says:

If this agreement of keenly opposing parties lacks fulfillment through the Government's refusal, there will be twice as many members of Parliament in jail and twice as many counties under the ban of the Crimes Act than there were prior to the present truce. This truce will be continued until the terms of the bill are revealed.

It is said that taxation is the word which sums up the programme of the new Parliament. The King's speech intimated that the budget estimates of the expenditures would be large. The burden on the British taxpayer is bound to be a heavy one. London taxpayers especially will feel it. The new Education bill implies a higher school rate for the metropolis, and the London dock bill, while essential to the prosperity of East London, will involve a largely increased local taxation.

Sharp attacks are made upon the ministerial management of army and navy affairs. War Secretary Brodrick's army corps reorganization plan, based upon German experience, was ridiculed in the Commons by Mr. Winston Churchill (Conservative) on February 25. It was hotly assailed from both sides of the House. Nevertheless, an action which implied censure of Mr. Brodrick was rejected by a vote of 261 to 245.

It is declared, however, that the Grenadier Guards' scandal has demonstrated the urgent need of efficiency and authority in the War Office, and that the state of affairs revealed since the dismissal of Colonel Kinloch from the command of the Guards is the most debated question in England to-day.

The London correspondent of the New York Tribune says that the principal colonial question outside South Africa is the British emigration movement to Canada. The migration of people from the United States into the Northwest Territory has quickened the movement thitherward of English and Welsh emigrants. But few Scotchmen are interested.

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**FRANCE**

M. Leopold Mabilleau, the eminent Socialist, who has been lecturing in this country at Harvard University and elsewhere, says that while the Catholic Church in France is seeking to regain supremacy through the Conservative party, it is not improbable that in the end Church and State will agree to remain separate. This, of course, is an affirmation of the stability of the republic in which no element to-day seems to be more influential than the Socialistic. "The Republican-Socialist alliance goes on its way, deeply concerned with ethical and social readjustments, stable in its voting strength, whether tested by the votes of the House of Deputies or of the electors in the communes, and one after another of the efforts of the so-called Nationalists to defeat the Ministry by sounding the old rallying cries fail." M. Mabilleau says that the aim and end of the Conservatives is to renew, so far as possible, French tradition, and in this the army is an indispensable element and instrument. The instinct of the Socialist shows itself with remarkable force in a plea for disarmament by Deputy Jaurès, a Socialist leader and perhaps the most eloquent living Frenchman. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Chamber. The Government, although not Conservative, yet feels compelled to burden itself and the nation with a vast military budget, but M. Jaurès, the representative Socialist, will oppose it as stoutly as he does Clericalism itself. His oration was listened to with rapt attention by all parties. When Minister Millevoye, in reply, called it all a beautiful but impractical dream, the orator made a retort said to have been as effective as the original speech.

The question of a revision of the Constitution of the Republic so as to make the Court of Cassation (the highest tribunal) independent of Parliament, and the President chosen directly by the people instead of by Parliament (of which he and his cabinet shall not be members), appears to be nearing the day when action will succeed debate. When the amendments are finally made it is anticipated also that the army and navy, and the diplomatic service as well, will be removed from the direct control of Parliament and placed upon a non-political basis.

After an exciting contest over M. Rouvier's budget propositions, which, at one time seemed likely to end calamitously to the Government, the Minister of Finance was at length sustained, on February 12, by a vote of 278 to 207.

But the delay in voting the budget forced the Government to introduce a bill providing for a provisional credit for a month's supplies to meet the March expenses. The bill also asked authorization for the issue of $50,000,000 short-term Treasury bonds to meet the deficits in the 1901–02 budgets. After animated debate the Chamber adopted the bill by a vote of 370 to 87.

The sugar industry, one of the three great mainstays of French prosperity, is approaching a crisis which may have serious consequences both at home and abroad.

In the criminal courts on February 11 Parisians had their first opportunity to see the

Humberts, the famous swindlers. The case was not the main one, but a libel suit brought by a money-lender. It resulted in an acquittal of the Humberts on the 21st.

Religious disturbances connected with the Government's closing of church schools broke out again in Brittany soon after the middle of February.

They are removing the twenty miles of walls which were built half a century ago around Paris.

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**GERMANY**

The large looming of Germany on the horizon of the future makes her an endlessly interesting object of contemplation and conjecture. Especially since such utterances as that quoted last month in which Professor Mommsen says that in Germany constitutional government has become a dead letter, the judgments of competent observers respecting the empire of the Kaiser have an extraordinary interest. Among such judgments, expressed during February, we note three.

First, that of a Frenchman who now commands the attention of thoughtful men to a marked degree, M. Jaurès, the eloquent Socialist Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies. M. Jaurès, in an article in the *Petite Republique*, declares that the conflict between the German Socialists and the Kaiser has become so acute that the Kaiser must endeavor to break down the party by mutilating the system of universal suffrage or abandon his provocatory and aggressive attitude toward the Socialist proletarian. M. Jaurès believes that universal suffrage is so firmly established in France that there is no danger of its abolition, but in Germany it was accorded by royal power, and, therefore, not being founded in the national life, it is easier to overthrow.

The virtual triumph of the Agrarians in Germany, in the recent forced passage of the tariff bill, makes especially significant the utterance of Baron Wagenheim, President of the Agrarian League in Berlin: "We do not want a monarchy that is a shadow, as in England; we do not want a despotism with all its corruption, as in Russia, nor do we like republics with a rotten government by cliques. We desire to serve the Emperor not as slaves, but as free German men, like our forefathers. To strive for preferment, to stick to office, to cringe and to flatter is not German; it is Oriental. It is a fashion that must not make way in this country."

A voice from the Government was heard early in the month, in the speech of Chancellor von Bülow at the banquet of the Agricultural Council. Having said that the Government would give particular attention to the interests of agriculture in the negotiation of new commercial treaties, the Chancellor proceeded to warn foreign nations against regarding the nervous expressions of despondency and pessimism in the German press as a loosening of the imperial structure. These grumblings and exaggerated criticisms, he said, were merely surface ripples under which the broad stream of German national development flows undisturbed.

The legislative period in Germany is five years. The next general elections to the Reichstag will take place in June, and the winds already whistle portents of atmospherical and terrestrial convulsions. The Government has done much for the Agrarians, yet not enough, and the latter are not satisfied with the commercial policy of the empire. The Government has decided to readmit the Jesuits (who have been excluded since 1872), and yet the Clerical party is not satisfied and the Cologne Gazette foresees the possibility of a new Kulturkampf.

Doubts of the Kaiser's "orthodoxy" in religious matters have grown rankly since, last year, he first listened to Professor Delitzsch's lecture on the Babylonian origin of the Bible, personally assisted the Assyriologist in showing stereopticon pictures to members of the court designed to sustain the Professor's theories, and contributed to the fund to send the latter back to Assyria. The doubts referred to have induced the Kaiser to write for publication a confession of his faith and some criticisms upon Professor Delitzsch's attitude. It appears that the Kaiser steers skillfully between Scylla and Charybdis. The liberals in theology, at least, regard his orthodoxy as sufficiently established. Not so, however, theologians who regard all parts of the Scriptures as God's revealed word.

The now famous statue of Frederick the Great, which the Kaiser has given to the United States, is not to be sent over till the spring of 1904.

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**ITALY**

According to some sources, the Vatican and the Quirinal—Church and State—which since the excommunication by Pius IX. of every official connected with the Italian Government have stood aloof, "like two cliffs that have been rent asunder," are gradually developing "a spirit of accommodation." "Few people are aware that there is a telephone communication between the Vatican and the Quirinal, and that the officials who work it at either end have no sinecure." Not long ago it was intimated in the official organ of the Vatican (the *Voce della Verità*) that the prohibition against Catholics participating in the Italian elections would be withdrawn. Its withdrawal would doubtless enormously increase the influence of the papacy in Italian governmental affairs. How far are

Catholics now voting for the Italian Parliament? "That they do vote," says a correspondent at Rome, "is no secret to the statisticians, but so far as the Pope's influence extends in inducing men to believe that they incur grave sin by disobeying him in this particular, there is no Catholic voting in Italy."

An interesting experiment for the raising of the moral and material conditions of Italian peasants and the preventing of agrarian strikes is made in the Agricultural Association founded in Casale-Litta, a village in the province of Milan.

In a recent article in the North American Review, the Duke of Litta-Visconti-Arese, who is concerned in the association above mentioned, says that the tillers of the soil have really not been much better off than when they were slaves or serfs, anterior to the abolition of feudal rights in 1793. A middle class called "farmers" has largely got possession of the lands, by long leases from the aristocratic owners, which they sub-let to the peasantry. Then by oppressing the peasants and, at the same time, despoiling the landlords, these middle-men sometimes become very wealthy. In recent times, however, the peasants have learned to organize into Agrarian leagues and return blows for blows, sometimes compelling the rascally "farmers" to rescind their contracts and depart to "fresh fields and pastures new." The Agricultural Association of Casale-Litta is composed of peasants to whom the land is let without the intervention of middlemen. The association, up to the beginning of the present year, was composed of the heads of 128 families who number more than a thousand souls and live on the estates. The association is legally chartered and all details have been carefully attended to with the purpose of making the experiment every way successful. The Duke of Litta-Visconti-Arese says that when the plan was made public he was assailed by the fury and ridicule of the powerful and unscrupulous "farmer" class. Several other great landlords have followed his example, and the experiment is watched with great interest throughout Italy.

The great wretchedness prevailing in the southern provinces of Italy is engaging the attention of the Government and others in the hope of devising some scheme to better the condition.

Emigration statistics show that in the Neapolitan provinces and Sicily many are abandoning the country. It appears that the Bank of Naples and the Bank of Italy hold by foreclosure landed property in the Neapolitan provinces valued at over $10,000,000. Baron Sonnino thus vigorously describes the situation: "Agriculture is perishing, the country is being depopulated, and the only thing which prospers is the blood-sucking octopus of usury."

A dispatch from Rome in the middle of February stated that a contract between the Government and Signor Marconi for the establishment of wireless telegraphic communication with the Argentine Republic had been signed.

The silver jubilee of the pontificate of Leo XIII. was celebrated in Rome on February 20. He was born in 1810, became a cardinal in 1850, and was elected Pope in 1878. Probably the whole papal line has presented no kindlier, purer, or more devout man. His voice has always been for peace.

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**RUSSIA**

A deputation of landowners from the government of Simbirsk (on the Volga east of Moscow), commonly known as "Darkest Russia," arrived in St. Petersburg about the middle of February to warn the Government of a threatened peasant revolt of unusual magnitude.—Foreign countries are reported to be contributing generously for the relief of the sufferers from the famine in Finland.—Measures have been taken by the ecclesiastical authorities at St. Petersburg to destroy the widespread belief in the divinity of the famous Father John of Kronstadt, but so far they have not attained their object.

The veneration in which Father John is held was well illustrated when he was leaving St. Petersburg on February 17. Despite the secrecy that is always maintained concerning his movements, he had to be escorted at a considerable number of stations to the railway carriage by ten or twelve stalwart gendarmes, who joined hands and formed a ring around him. Despite these precautions women in the crowd made every effort to get near him. Some threw themselves on the ground and tried to crawl inside the ring of gendarmes and kiss his feet or his garments.

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**MISCELLANEOUS**

In Spain, during February, labor strikes were reported at Barcelona, Cadiz, and other places. On the 15th was announced the death of the Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of the Queen Mother, Maria Christina.—In Portugal, on the 27th, occurred the resignation of the Cabinet, in consequence, as it is understood, of the Government's critical financial condition. King Carlos intrusted the formation of a new Cabinet to Senhor Hintze Ribeiro, formerly Premier and Minister of Finance.—Dispatches from Stockholm early in February stated that the misery from the famine in the north is more widespread than was supposed. Relief funds are being received from foreign lands.—Holland has been having labor strikes.—The new statistics for Switzerland show that there are 1,918,191 Protestants and 1,383,135 Catholics. The competition between the Swiss State Church, which is known as the Reformed Church, and Catholicism, is said to be greater than in any other part of the continent.

# Affairs in Asia

**CHINA**

The torpid and inert Orient, as conceived in times now past, has been stirred by contact with the Western world until one now looks to the East to find well-nigh the most rapid developments of political and social conditions. Even China has become a land of "unrest," "uprisings," and "remarkable progress." The spirit which has transformed the Japanese has got hold of the Celestials and they are looking out over the world, traveling in all advanced countries, and developing a hunger and thirst for things quite out of accord with the stagnation and reversionary drifts of former days.

Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, who has spent many years in China, was reported at the end of February as regarding the Chinese situation very threatening The United States is asked to co-operate with the other powers in stopping the illegal importation of arms into China, in which Belgians are especially active, though parties in the United States, Germany, and Great Britain are also concerned.

A notable word of testimony as to the military efficiency of the Chinese comes from an experienced officer of the British army. Speaking of the Chinese regiment that was organized to serve as an auxiliary to the British troops at Wei-hai-wei before the decision was reached not to fortify the place, the British officer says:

> "I am fully convinced that, outside some parts of Northern India, we can never have better native troops, judged from any standpoint. As far as actual hard work is concerned, I would match them against any other Orientals. As regards their smartness under arms, General Gascoigne declared that they were the finest native troops he had ever seen." The same officer further declares that the Chinese soldiers were loyal, obedient and stanch. All military men who saw them were convinced that they would have proved highly effective fighters in almost any circumstances. The Chinese disregard of danger, pain, and death, added to the qualities developed through proper training, would make them almost ideal soldiers.

Official reports from Peking admit that the rebellion in the southern province of Kwangsi is increasing and extending north into Hunan.

Sir Liang Chen Tung, the new Chinese Minister to the United States, sailed from Hongkong on February 27 for San Francisco.

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**JAPAN**

The principal measures for which the Japanese Cabinet now stands are the naval expansion bill and the continuation of the high rate of taxation as necessary to the naval program. The opposition to the Cabinet is due not so much to the land tax as to certain "sins of omission," one of which is failure to reorganize the financial and executive systems, which it has long promised to do. The fight in Japan is also for a government by parties instead of an "old coterie of 'elder statesmen.'" It appears that Marquis Ito, the Liberal leader, and Count Okuma, the head of the Progressives, have come to an understanding which insures more rapid changes in the Government. At the general elections held last August, the results were: Liberals (the Sciyukai, Constitutionalists), 192 members; Progressives, 14; Imperialists, 20; Independents, 59. At the present writing, the recent elections appear to give the Liberals 183, the Progressives 92, the Imperialists 14, and the Independents 74.

It is announced that the Emperor has declared Mororan, on the island of Yesso, a free port.

Prince Komatsu, who was Japan's envoy at the coronation of King Edward of England, died on February 18.

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**INDIA**

Notwithstanding the recent criticism by Lord Rosebery of the appointment of Lord Kitchener to the command of the army in India, as being a position of less critical importance than some others, it is contended that the situation in India demands the best military talent that England possesses. The leading article in the Fortnightly Review for February affirms that there are defects in organization and questions of reserves and supplies relating to the Indian army which will give even a man of Lord Kitchener's caliber enough to do. It has seldom happened that there has been greater need of the best obtainable man as commander-in-chief in India than at the present time. For there is little doubt that since Lord Roberts left India, some ten years ago, the post which he filled so admirably has lost a good deal of its prestige, with the practically inevitable result that the defenses of the country have not received the same amount of attention which they did in his day. The great menace to India is not an internal rebellion, but the slow but sure march of Russia toward the frontiers. It is on account of this menace that there have been waged two lengthy and somewhat unsatisfactory Afghan wars and millions of money in armaments have since been spent. The sole

criterion by which the value of the Indian army must be judged is its capacity for repelling, when the critical moment arrives, this advance of Russia. And this the Indian army must be able to do speedily and decisively.

Lord Curzon is said to hold similar views as to the need of having Lord Kitchener in India. Moreover, the Viceroy declares that the Government is ill-equipped for dealing with the obstacles to industrial progress in India.

## Affairs in Africa

**MOROCCO**

The revolt of the Berber tribes against the authority of the Sultan, which has kept Morocco in a ferment since last summer, had not been suppressed entirely at the end of February, but the power of the alleged Pretender seemed broken. According to dispatches from Tangier on the 21st, Sir Harry Maclean, commander of the Sultan's bodyguard, described the situation as satisfactory. The Moroccan Minister of War, El Lenebhi, was driving the rebellious tribesmen before him and crushing them into submission. An interesting interview has been published in London, in which Mr. J. W. Langerman, just returned from Morocco, where he went to invite the Sultan to take part in the St. Louis Exposition, bears testimony to the hatred of the populace at Fez for foreigners. He declares that no European can ever stir out without a strong bodyguard, so rabid is the feeling against Christians. He highly eulogizes the Sultan. He says:

The Pretender is a nobody. There always has been internal dissension in Morocco, and this is only a recent phase of it. The Sultan said: "It is said that I am going too fast, that I am a white-washed European and that I dress in European garb." An indescribable smile from the Sultan followed this remark. He is as thoroughly a Moor as he ever was, but he wishes Morocco to keep pace with other nations in internal progress, especially in building railroads and opening up trade. He tried a small line from one palace to another, but it was torn up by the populace. The Sultan is such a fear-nothing character that he will go on relaying the line till he carries his point. If the Sultan only practised the cruelties of his predecessors he would be more popular in Fez. Yet he dispenses justice in some cases according to the old-fashioned Moorish traditions. Bad offenders are whipped round the town till they die. The Sultan told me he would not behead the Pretender if the latter should be caught, but would exhibit him in a cage through the country. If Europe will leave Morocco alone matters will soon be settled.

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**EGYPT**

Egypt has suffered much from the plague during the past year, and she does no more than any well-governed country would do in seeking to have the large numbers of Mohammedan pilgrims to the holy, filthy well at Mecca return to their African haunts by steamships from the nearest port to Mecca instead of overland by way of Medina. A request to this end addressed to the Sultan, as the overlord of Arabia and the nominal suzerain of Turkey, has received what is described as "a flat refusal."

The well at Mecca, where miraculous cures are supposed to be wrought, is described as a cesspool of abominations, resulting from the ablutions of many thousands of diseased persons annually for centuries, the water finding its way back into the well, for there are no sewers or channels to carry it away. As a consequence Mecca is the central distributing place for all sorts of contagious diseases, of which the bubonic plague is the most virulent, loathsome, and deadly. During the Medina journey the plague breaks out among the crowded caravans of the "filthy faithful." It is said that the proposed new return route would both shorten the time of the return and give the Egyptian officials a control that would greatly reduce the chances of an epidemic. There are various reasons for the Sultan's refusal, among which a contemporary mentions the fact that Medina is itself a shrine of the prophet and must be visited on the return from Mecca, and also the fact that in consenting to a change the Sultan would be taking instructions from infidels with regard to the most sacred of Mohammedan customs. Against his refusal the Egyptian Government has entered a protest, and there the matter rests.

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**BRITISH AFRICA**

There are no more perplexing problems for British statesmanship than those which relate to South Africa lying between the Zambesi River and the sea. The end aimed at is the federation of a South African Commonwealth. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his recent articles in the London Times, does not hesitate to say that the vast region possesses possibilities of development comparable to those of the United States. The fundamental problem is that of labor which, in the long run, must determine the entire social and political condition of the land; and the labor question is substantially the same in all the colonies. Says the Times:

The factor in the situation which outweighs all others is that, while South Africa is emphatically a white man's country, practically all manual labor is done by the natives. This situation is a direct consequence of well-known historic and ethnological

causes, but it is pregnant with grave evils for the moral and the material prosperity of the society where it exists. If British South Africa is ever to develop her natural resources to the full, and to take her proper rank among the great self-governing communities of the empire, she must draw to her shores a large white population before the economic framework of her institutions permanently hardens upon the wrong lines. This end can be achieved only by a gradual, but complete, change in the character of the supply of labor. If the land is to become in the true sense a white man's country, it must become a country of white labor, and it can only become a country of white labor by establishing and maintaining a standard of wages and of living high enough to induce the laborer of European blood to make it his permanent home. To the attainment of this object the existence of a native population, outnumbering the present white population of a million by five or six to one, constitutes a serious obstacle.

Colonial Secretary Chamberlain embarked at Cape Town for return to England on the evening of February 25. As he was enthusiastically welcomed to South Africa, on landing at Durban December 26, so he took ship for home again amid the plaudits of admiring multitudes. For two months, in a land strange to his vision yet long familiar to his dreams—sweet or distempered; face to face with British, Boer, and Bushman, wrestling with situations and problems which he had come to feel demanded his closest inspection and utmost acumen, he has been one of the most conspicuous figures on the world's stage—the cynosure of the nations. What has he accomplished? It is much too early to say. His own declaration, in a reported "powerful appeal for the union of the races" made at Cape Town on the evening of February 18, that since coming to South Africa he had grown less hopeful of immediate satisfactory results in view of the chronic antagonism of Briton and Boer, sounds ominous. He had found "rebellion exalted into heroism, loyalty discountenanced and ostracized, and even the pulpit joining in the propaganda tending to intensify the separation of the races." But it is easy to make quite too much of this.

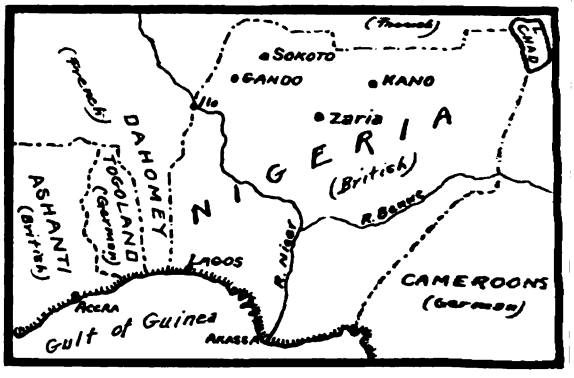
Near the end of January it was announced at London that, beginning with February 1, the whole of the British forces in South Africa would be under a single and supreme command, to which Lieutenant-General Lyttleton would be appointed, with headquarters at Pretoria.

This step is regarded as an important innovation, as significant of the intention of the Imperial Government to treat South Africa as a whole, and giving a strong probability of a similar political arrangement at some future date. It is also held to point to the future transfer of the center of power from Cape Colony to the new colonies.

There are factions among the Boers of the Orange River Colony which appear to threaten mischief. The feud between the brothers Christian and Piet De Wet is particularly strong, and there seems to be some doubt which really represents the dominant sentiment of the Colony.

In an address presented at a conference in Bloemfontein early in February, Christian De Wet, who is credited with wanting to tear up the Vereeniging treaty and begin afresh, referred to his brother and Christian Botha as "scoundrels," accused the Government of contravening the terms of the Vereeniging agreement, especially as regards the amnesty, and requested that the terms of peace should be incorporated in a law. Mr. Chamberlain responded to the address in severe terms, characterizing it as "insulting," inasmuch as it impugned the good faith of himself and the Government, and further widened the breach between the British factions. Christian De Wet asserted, in a rejoinder, that no co-operation of the Boers was possible, so long as Piet De Wet and Christian Botha represented the people. The country would not be ruled by them, but would rule them. He (the speaker) would not rest until he had caused a rebellion, not an armed rebellion but a rebellion of agitation and discontent against the Government.

The trouble in Nigeria with the Emir of Kano became acute some time ago. This entire region comprises the Lagos Protectorate and Southern and Northern Nigeria, the British sphere, according to the Anglo-German agreements of 1885, 1886, and 1893, and the Anglo-French agreements of 1889, 1890, and 1898. Nigeria covers between 400,000 and 500,000 square miles and has a population variously estimated from twenty-five to forty millions. The Emir of Kano by persisting in affording protection to the murderer of Captain Maloney, British resident of the province of Nassarawa, and by arresting the movement of southward caravans, finally compelled the British authorities to take action.



# Contemporary Celebrities

**A TYPICAL AMERICAN**

Peter Cooper Hewitt comes of a family whose name is closely associated with the history of the scientific and industrial progress of this country. His grandfather was connected with the early attempts to produce steam locomotion, and his father was one of the creators of the American steel and iron industry. According to a recent report, his sister, Miss Hewitt, has been decorated by the French Academy for her interest in the work of the Cooper Union.

Mr. Hewitt has recently come into prominence by his invention of a mercury vapor interrupter, a device which will, it is claimed, make a revolution in methods of sending wireless telegraph messages.

"The device consists of a glass globe, about ten inches in diameter, having two tubes containing mercury sealed into the bottom of the vessel. This apparatus acts as a powerful and effective interrupter, and takes the place of the spark gap now used in discharging the condensers for setting up electrical waves. It enables powerful, rapid and continuous oscillations to be set up in the antenna, or sending mast, used in transmitting wireless messages, and not only enables messages to be sent over very great distances with ease, but permits secrecy to be maintained, which heretofore has been impossible.

*Courtesy of Harper's Weekly*

PETER COOPER HEWITT

The operation of this device depends upon two new phenomena in physics, which have been discovered by Mr. Hewitt in the course of his researches."

No less an authority than Professor Pupin of Columbia has declared that "the Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor interrupter at once establishes wireless telegraphy on a commercial basis. The problem of selective signaling is solved, and transatlantic transmission will be easy."

This invention is not Mr. Hewitt's first contribution to the cause of electrical science. He has invented a mercury vapor lamp which has gone into commercial use here and abroad. His name is likewise connected with a static converter.

Mr. Hewitt worthily inherits the traditions of his distinguished family. A young man of large wealth, he has devoted his time and endeavors to scientific study and research. Generally, men of means seek other fields of employment than those directly concerned with difficult mental labor and research work. If they do approach such fields, it is often in the manner of the dilettanti. That Mr. Hewitt is thoroughly imbued with his work and brings to it the trained mind of the scientist is of no small import in these days when wealth and affluence are so often directed in less worthy channels.

*From The Story of My Life Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co*
HELEN ADAMS KELLAR

**IN A SILENT WORLD**

The recent publication of Miss Helen Kellar's, The Story of My Life, throws additional light upon the sad life of the talented young girl who has surmounted so many obstacles, in the way of acquiring a college education, due to the physical infirmities which make her life so different from that of her more fortunate sisters.

Miss Helen Kellar was born in 1880, in the little village of Tuscumbia in Alabama. When eighteen months old she lost the faculties of sight and hearing, due to a severe illness and fever. Before this sad affliction came over her, she was fast learning to talk, but after the illness she ceased to speak as she could not hear. She early learned to express herself by signs, and the desire to understand and to express herself grew with age. She acquired a system of communication by spelling words into the palm of the hand with the fingers. At seven she became associated with Miss Sullivan, who was to become her constant friend and teacher, and who was to have such an influence in her education. It was Miss Sullivan who linked her earliest thoughts with nature and who enabled her to understand some of its manifestations. In 1890 Miss Kellar began to learn to talk and she soon discarded the manual alphabet as a medium of conversation. In 1896 she went to Boston to prepare for the examinations at Radcliffe, which she successfully entered in the fall of 1900.

Although born, as it were, into a silent world, Miss Kellar knows much of the outer and the larger world. There is something Miltonic in her words:

> Is it not true, then, that my life with all its limitations touches at many points the life of the World Beautiful? Everything has its wonders, even darkness and silence, and I learn, whatever state I may be in, therein to be content.
>
> Sometimes, it is true, a sense of isolation enfolds me like a cold mist as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate. Beyond there is light, and music, and sweet companionship; but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless, bars the way. Fain would I question his imperious decree, for my heart is still undisciplined and passionate; but my tongue will not utter the bitter, futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears. Silence sits immense upon my soul. Then comes hope with a smile and whispers, "There is joy in self-forgetfulness." So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.

In the serene light of an everlasting eve Milton gave expression to the most beautiful of his poetry. To Miss Helen Kellar, denied those faculties that make life richest and sweetest, may also come some divine spark to enable her to see the world through eyes that can grasp its meaning in a deeper way than is granted to those who are clear of vision and have their faculties unimpaired.

HENRY PHIPPS

**A MASTER OF FINANCE.**

In these days of the strenuous life when the term hero has been so considerably cheapened, and the country is in the process of discovering how many tin soldiers it contains, it is refreshing to find men who shun rather than seek notoriety, and who are far happier in the personal knowledge that they have served themselves and their State well than in the noisy advertisement of an enthusiastic press. Among such men the name of Henry Phipps stands out prominently. Few know of Henry Phipps, of Pittsburg. Fewer know that he was for many years the leader of the Carnegie Steel Company, and launched it successfully on its career.

Henry Phipps was born in Philadelphia in 1839, and the history of his childhood and youth was one continual struggle. When about twenty-one years of age he became associated in the firm of Kloman & Co., who owned a blacksmith shop and small forge in Duquesne Borough, now a part of Allegheny. From this firm grew the Carnegie Steel Company of to-day. In 1861 the firm was designated as Kloman and Phipps and was prosperous. In 1863 Thomas Morrison Carnegie joined the firm. In 1865 Andrew Carnegie entered the combination and gave over to it the property of the Cyclops mill and fifty thousand dollars. In return he received 40 per cent. of the stock, and thus became the most prominent member of the firm, which was now entitled the Union Iron Mills Company. With the introduction of new interests and capital, this firm became successively known as the Carnegie-Phipps Company, Carnegie Brothers, and, finally, the Carnegie Steel Company. In this change and expansion, Mr. Phipps's position was that of financing the business. He was not only a very successful financier, but was also ready in the discovery of new and economical processes. His invention of a process by which better and cheaper pig-iron could be manufactured largely increased the ever-growing revenues of the firm.

Mr. Phipps's benefactions are frequent but unostentatious. In Pittsburg and Allegheny the Phipps's conservatories are witnesses of his generosity. A model gymnasium in Pittsburg also bears his name. His most recent gift was that of one hundred thousand dollars to the homeless Boers. In these modern days, Mr. Phipps echoes well the sentiment of Pericles, the first of Athenian statesmen, when he said: "Wealth is in our eyes a thing not for ostentation, but for reasonable use."

SERGEI YULEVITCH WITTE

**AN ATLAS OF AUTOCRACY**

In 1893, the total population of the Russian Empire numbered 118,354,649. Over these millions the Czar, Nicholas II, is supposed ostensibly to rule. But, in truth, the real ruler of Russia to-day, the swayer of her destinies, is not the Czar, but his Minister of Finance, M. Witte. He is easily the most important man in the Empire, and he is esteemed and hated in proportion to the exalted position that he occupies. In the East he is regarded as the bulwark of autocracy. Thus while democratic Russia assails him, autocratic and censured Russia cannot praise him too much.

During the last ten years, the power of Russia has increased wonderfully. An increase in the revenue has been brought about which is unparalleled. This is due to the astuteness of M. Witte. But the prosperity has gone to the government and not to the people. Wealth has concentrated in its hand with astonishing speed. M. Witte's policy has been summed up as "a system of economy based on the principle of concentrating the whole wealth of the country in a single hand." To bring about this condition of affairs, M. Witte has employed three methods—indirect

taxation, the creation of State capital out of current revenues, and expropriation and monopolies. The success of these methods is evident when a comparison of revenues is estimated. In 1892 the Imperial revenue amounted to 965,000,000 roubles. In 1902 it was 1,947,000,000 roubles, an increase of 100 per cent. This money has been used largely in building up a vast fabric of State ownership. State monopolies, begun in 1895, is another source of revenue. Spirits, tea, sugar, chemicals, and drugs are some of them. Monopoly brings wealth to the State, ruin to the people, and power to the Minister. At the present time, nearly every important undertaking in the Empire is under the control of M. Witte.

But there is another side to all this—the side of the people. It is a rather important side, too. Soon the people will be "sucked dry." The result will be a disgorgement. One hundred and eighteen million people will be hard to control when that day arrives, and it is bound to arrive. Poverty has increased among the people in the same ratio as wealth has poured into the government. In some provinces increase in numbers due to poverty has ceased. Consumption of bread *per capita* has decreased about seventy pounds. Discontent is rife. At the recent visit of the French squadron the people learned how to sing the *Marseillaise*, and caught somewhat the spirit of its meaning. This caused alarm at St. Petersburg. But the hungry are in the main the unthinking classes, and from these Russia thinks there is no danger to be feared. With the socialists and anarchists, the only dangerous enemies of Russia, M. Witte knows how to deal. In internal government he is not a believer of irritant measures and methods. He would not interfere with the Finns—that would cost money. Why drive the students to revolt and enlist thousands of unproductive policemen? The Stundists should not be driven into the Caucasus when they can pay good taxes at home. So the friends of M. Witte cry, "Better a year of Witte than a cycle of Pobiedonostseffs."

In the meanwhile the shadow of M. Witte lies upon the Empire. But in time the shadow will lift and the wail of the downtrodden will swell into an irresistible chorus. Until that time arrives, M. Witte will continue at his bureau in St. Petersburg dealing out patronage and planning other and new schemes for the aggrandizement of the State. After all, it is not given to every man to have such an all-pervading shadow!

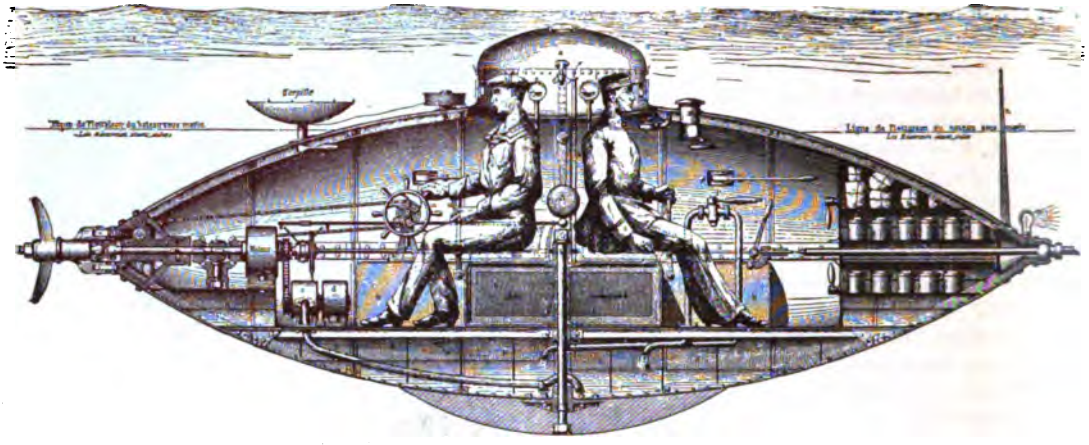
**A FRENCH DRAMATIST**

In comedy, the French have always been supreme. The seventeenth century witnessed the triumphs of Molière and Regnard; the eighteenth, Marivaux and Beaumarchais, and the nineteenth, Scribe, Augier, Dumas *fils*, Labiche, Meilhac and Halévy, and Sardou. With these well-known names exist others of lesser fame —Pailleron, Barrière, Feuillet, and Gondinet. Finally, forming the transition between the old school and the new, stands the merciless and potent author of *La Parisienne* and *Des Corbeaux*, Henri Becque. The new and contemporaneous French school embraces the names of Edmond Rostand, Paul Hervieu, Henri Lavedan, Jean Jullien, Alfred Capus, Maurice Donnay, etc.

Among these later and modern disciples of the stage, M. Paul Hervieu holds a very distinguished place. Although M. Hervieu had early obtained recognition as à dramatic writer of much skill and promise by the successful productions of his earlier pieces, *Les Tenailles*, *La Loi de l'Homme*, and *La Course du Flambeau*, still, it was not until the presentation, last year, of *L'Énigme*, which was the most successful play at the *Comédie Française*,

*From La Théâtre*

PAUL HERVIEU



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF GOUBET'S SUBMARINE BOAT

# Submarine Torpedo Boats

## By Lawrence Spear, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.*

As the development of the submarine, although fairly continuous, has not been entirely orderly, no sharp line can be drawn between the past and present, and during the merging period the work of contemporaries must be arbitrarily classified. That period is here taken to include the years 1885 to 1891, inclusive.

### THE PAST

Up to the seventeenth century man's work under water was apparently confined to experiments with crude forms of the diving bell. In 1624 Cornelius Von Drebbel, a Hollander, invented and built the first real submarine boat, oar propelled and capable of attaining a submergence of fifteen feet. The credit for the first boat is frequently given to an Englishman, William Bourne, but there are good reasons for believing that his invention, which antedated Von Drebbel's, really belongs to the diving-bell class.

During the seventeenth century the center of activity remained on the Continent of Europe, but in the following century the problem received its principal attention in England and America, and from the latter country in 1775 came the first important solution, viz., Bushnell's boat.

*Abstract of paper read at the New York Meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers Illustrations by courtesy of the Scientific American.

### BUSHNELL'S BOAT

With the appearance of Bushnell's boat—the pioneer torpedo boat, submarine or surface—the art of submarine navigation took a long stride forward and torpedo warfare made its bow, as did also the screw propeller; for although the latter had been invented in England some years previous it had never been practically applied.

The fact that this boat never succeeded in blowing up an enemy's vessel, though she made three attempts, was due solely to bad luck.

### FULTON'S WORK

The work thus abandoned by Bushnell was taken up shortly afterward by Robert Fulton, who, in 1801, after some years of preliminary work, launched his first submarine the Nautilus, into the Seine at Paris.

The Nautilus was subjected to thorough tests at Paris, Havre, Cherbourg and Brest and the results of the tests were embodied in improvements until eventually she gave good promise of efficiency. However, the times were not yet ripe, and although Fulton and his projects created a furor, first in France and afterward in England, he failed to get his system adopted in either country.

With the exception of Fulton's work, the first half of the nineteenth century was nearly barren of practical results.

### BAUER'S BOAT

The decade from 1850 to 1860 covers the work of the Bavarian, Wilhelm Bauer, who designed several submarines and built two—the Plongeur-Marin in Germany and the Diable-Marin in Russia.

An American contemporary of Bauer's, named Phillips, who experimented on the great lakes with a boat of considerable size, furnished the first example of automatic control in the vertical plane.

The history of the crude American submarines employed in the Civil War is well known, and being practically devoid of technical interest need not be recounted here, so that this short review of the submarine torpedo boats of the past may be brought to a close with a brief mention of four different types brought forward between 1860 and 1887, viz., the Plongeur, of MM. Brun and Bourgeois, the early boats of J. P. Holland, the Nordenfeldt, and the Goubet boats.

### BRUN AND BOURGEOIS

The first of these, the Plongeur, designed by Brun and Bourgeois, and launched in 1863, was an experiment on a large scale. The length was 136 feet, the beam 19 feet, and the depth 9 feet. She was armed with a spar torpedo and propelled by compressed air, which was also for the first time utilized for tank service. The final adjustment between weight and buoyancy was made by altering the latter, two pistons being provided for the purpose.

### THE HOLLAND BOAT

Mr. Holland's work began with a small one-man boat, built in 1877, which may best be described in the inventor's own words: "This boat, 14 feet 6 inches long, 3 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches in depth, was rectangular in external cross section and spindle shaped inside, excepting in the middle section, which accommodated the operator clad in a diver's suit, and also a 4-horse power petroleum engine in a separate water-tight space.

The experiments with this boat covered some three years, and the results attained demonstrated the practicability of forcing reserve buoyancy under by power from the propeller, the necessary inclination of the axis of the boat being obtained and controlled by rudder action alone. Continued development along these lines, both here and abroad, has produced the only successful and practical boats now existing.

The Nordenfeldt submarines are principally useful as examples of what to avoid, but merit some attention here, partly on account of the ambitious nature of the designs and the attention they attracted, but principally by reason of the false conclusions drawn by the inventor from his experience, which conclusions variously and ingeniously misstated have served to hamper materially the development of the submarine along proper lines.

### GOUBET'S BOAT

The last type selected for illustration was designed by M. Goubet in 1885 and began her

THE HOLLAND BOAT AT HIGH SPEED WITH CONNING TOWER ABOVE WATER FOR OBSERVATION

THE GYMNOTE TRAVELING AT THE SURFACE

will be desirable to examine in a little more detail the more important features of the modern types.

Confining ourselves at present to the submersible type, we note that the French and American designs, though independently worked out, are identical as to general principles and close to each other in the main features of design, the difference in the aims of the designers being taken into account. The distinguishing features as submarines are, first, reserve buoyancy, and, second, control in the vertical plane by rudder action only.

### RESERVE BUOYANCY

The presence of reserve buoyancy undoubtedly increases the difficulty of securing complete and satisfactory control in the vertical plane, as no matter where located it introduces an upward force which requires balancing, and it may, in addition, introduce a turning moment about the center of gravity which also requires balancing.

### CONTROL

The second characteristic, viz., control in the vertical plane by rudder action only, is also fully justified by tactical and construction reasons.

The correspondence between the French and American designs extends also in a general way to the most important construction feature, viz., the power plant. For submerged work both have adopted the electric drive, and for surface work and recharging batteries, etc., both go back to the hydrocarbons, the American using the light oil, gasoline, with an explosive engine, while the French employ a heavier oil, petroleum, and transform its energy into steam instead of using it direct in an explosive engine.

### AMERICAN SYSTEM BEST

From a purely theoretical point of view, the American system is better adapted to the purpose, involving as it does only one variable weight, viz., fuel, against two for the other, viz., fuel and feed water. On the score of safety the advantage, if any, lies at present with the French. A less volatile oil is used in the first instance, and it is probably less difficult to secure the complete expulsion of the products of combustion. The principal advantage of steam propulsion lies in the fact that the designer can avail himself of very complete data based on experience, whereas since the marine oil engine of the power now required is practically new in the field, the designer is hampered by lack of reliable data.

### ELECTRIC DRIVE

The remaining important feature common to both designs is the employment of the electric drive for submerged work. The storage battery and motor are admirable in some respects, but exceedingly inadequate in others, the principal objection being the well-known one of excessive weight and space in proportion to the power developed.

The principal difference between the French and American designs lies in the choice made of dimensions and proportions, which appears to be the direct result of different ideas as to the relative values of speed and maneuvering qualities. To attain the high surface speed desired the French designers have been forced to adopt a considerable displacement, great length in proportion to beam, the double hull with large tank capacity, and incidentally the steam engine and multiple rudders.

While the limit of surface speed for a given displacement has not yet been reached for

either type, further material advances are most apt to be made by further increases in *displacement*. The limit to this process is not set by construction reasons, but by the probable use of the type, which for any one country is fixed by its geographical location and the nature of its coast and harbors. For instance, a submersible of the Narval type and dimensions is for France not only a *defensive*, but an offensive weapon, and the partial sacrifice of submarine qualities in the design is warranted by the possibilities for offensive use. The same boat transferred to America would become purely defensive and would not be so well adapted to the conditions here as is the American type. It is probable *then that* in countries situated like France, where the possible enemy possesses large ports and arsenals within easy striking distance, the submersible will eventually be increased in displacement to perhaps 300 tons, in order to obtain a vessel which shall be seaworthy in a large sense, habitable for considerable periods, self-supporting and capable of a fairly high sustained sea speed. France has adopted for this purpose the submarine the Perle type, a course which is probably justified by the small number of her harbors and her highly organized fixed defenses.

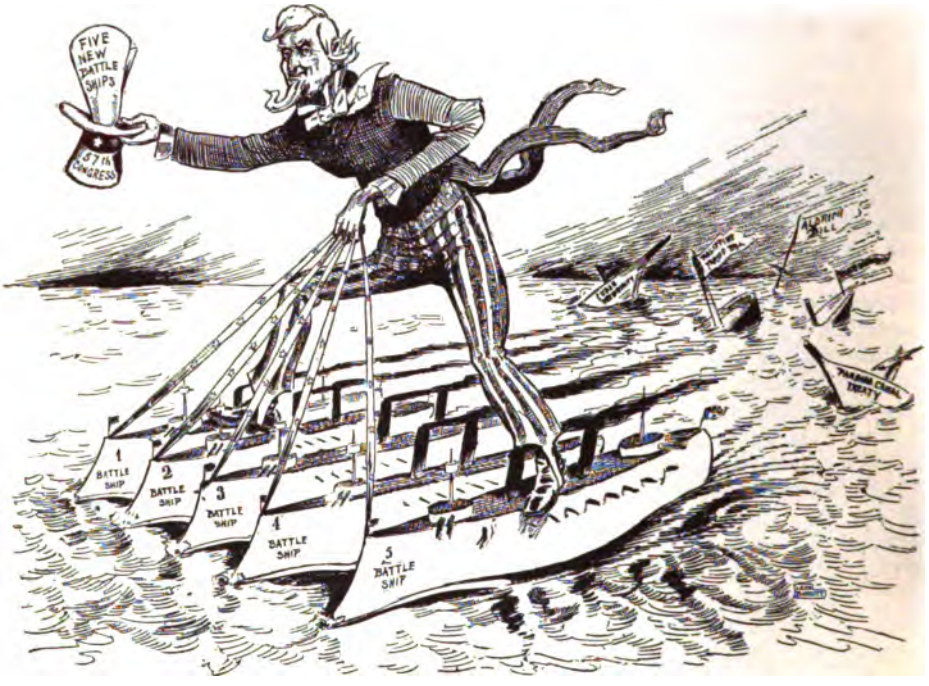
Turning now to the United States, her location *with respect* to possible enemies is such that there is no immediate prospect of the development of the large submersible into an offensive weapon; still the extent of her coasts, the number of her harbors and rudimentary character of her fixed defenses render this type preferable to the pure submarine for defensive purposes. The development of the best all-round boat to meet the conditions is likely here also to lead to some increase in total displacement, which eventually, however, will probably not exceed 200 tons. As compared with the larger offensive submersible, such a vessel would be less seaworthy and would have less surface speed, better maneuvering qualities and greater submerged endurance.

### CONCLUSION

To sum up, it appears that the submarine boats of the near future will naturally divide themselves into four types and two main groups, to conform to the different conditions in the different maritime countries. Group 1 would be suitable for many of the European countries, and would include the large offensive submersible, self-supporting, with auxiliary bottom-working features, and the small defensive submarine for torpedo work only. Group 2, suitable for the United States and similarly situated countries, would include the small offensive ground-working submarine or submersible (with auxiliary armament) and the medium-sized defensive submersible for torpedo work only. It appears, further, that the submarine qualities of the modern boats are based on sound principles, and that the future development of the four different types within the limiting displacements of each must be along the present lines, and in the direction of improvement in the tactical qualities of speed and practical radius of action.

THE SUBMARINE, ADDER, MAKING HER OFFICIAL RUN

# Cartoons upon Current Events




SAVED! THE NAVAL INCREASE BILL—BUT THERE ARE A LOT OF WRECKS LEFT BEHIND—N. Y. TIMES

A GROUND HOG CASE
ONGRESS ALSO SEES HIS SHADOW—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

DOING SOME SPRINTING—CLEVELAND LEADER

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD—N. Y. HERALD

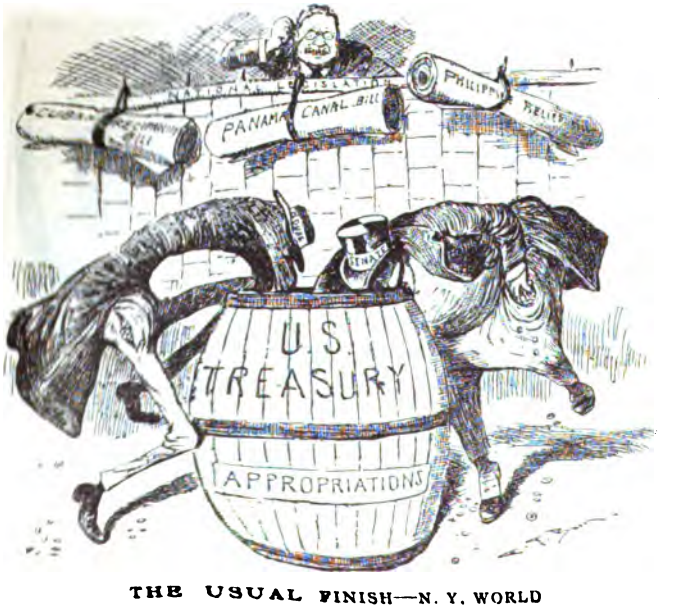
THE ONLY THING LEFT—N. Y. EVG. TELEGRAM

SENATE: "CAN'T—KEPT IN!"
—WASH. EVG. STAR

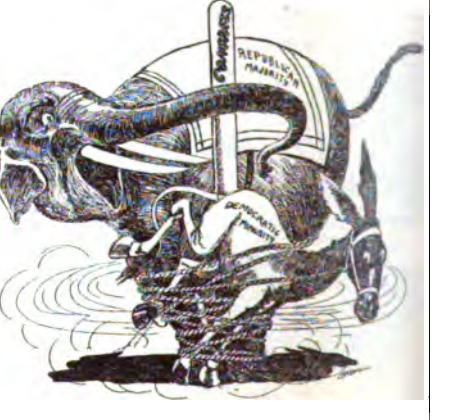
UNCLE SAM: "I RECKON YOU'RE ABOUT READY FOR THE SCRAP PILE"—OHIO STATE JOURNAL

# Cartoons upon Curre

WHO SAID MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO?—BOSTON HERALD




THE USUAL FINISH—N. Y. WORLD




TIED UP—BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

# ıtific Progress and Endeavor

### 'R HEWITT INTERRUPTER

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.ewitt, and should the bright promise held out by the principles involved be realized in practical commercial operation, the art of wireless telegraphy will be enormously benefited. Speaking of this application of the mercury vapor tube, the Electrical Review summarizes its character and value:

Its action as an interrupter enables it to be used to set up electrical oscillations, for which purpose it will take the place of the various types of interrupter now employed. The action of the tube depends upon two properties which make it particularly suitable for this work—that is, the so-called negative electrode resistance opposes a flow of current through the tube until a certain high-potential difference exists across the lamp. At this point resistance practically disappears, so that the tube forms a low-resistance circuit across the condenser and allows the latter to discharge at a very high rate. When, during this discharge, the difference of potential across the tube has fallen to a low value, the initial cathode resistance reappears and checks the discharge. At this instant the source of supply begins to recharge the condenser at a rate depending upon the power of the supply and the constants of the circuit. We have, then, an interrupter of low resistance which, by its action, may cause the condenser to charge and discharge at a very high rate.

The importance of this device will be recognized at once, and it will certainly be put to many uses. It will prove a powerful weapon in the hands of physicists studying electrical waves; but probably the most striking and important application just at this time will be its use in wireless telegraphy.

The method now employed to set up oscillations in the sending circuit of a wireless telegraph station consists of a discharge of condensers across an air-gap; but this method gives rise to oscillatory discharges of such a character that it is practically impossible to tune a receiver to them, and since the resistance of the spark-gap is high, the power which may in this way be radiated is comparatively small. The Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor interrupter, however, gives continuous impulses of equal amplitude. The frequency of these will be predetermined precisely by the constants of the circuit, so that selective telegraphy will not only be possible, but easy. That is to say, there will be no difficulty in tuning a receiving circuit to respond to a given frequency.

To preserve secrecy it is, of course, necessary to prevent other stations from tuning their receiving circuits to the selected frequency. This can be done by varying the frequency of transmission—that is to say, each system may have a frequency code. When a message is to be sent out the transmitting station will signal this fact to the proper receiving station, and will indicate the particular frequency which will be used. By the throw of a switch the receiving station can be tuned to that frequency and will receive the message. In the short time which elapses during the sending of the message—or, rather, during which this one frequency will be used—it will be practically impossible for any other receiving station at which the code is not known to tune its circuits to the, to them, unknown frequency.

Furthermore, since the impulses established by the Cooper Hewitt interrupter are regular and continuous, their action will be far more effective on a properly tuned receiving circuit than the irregular discontinuous impulses which are being used to-day. It would seem, therefore, that the use of this interrupter will increase greatly the possible range of transmission.

### RECENT WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY DEVELOPMENT

This new invention of Mr. Hewitt's naturally turns the mind toward activities in the field of wireless telegraphy. As is the case with every new invention, a dozen or more people have sprung up to share or to attempt to obtain the glory of originality. While Marconi stands unquestionably at the head of the list, a number of men of no small degree of prominence have recently come forward and lawsuits and contentions are impending. In Harper's Weekly there is a partial account of these claimants and their claims:

The amazing success of Signor Marconi, in crossing the Atlantic, has stirred up a host of rivals, and between this country and Europe there are now a dozen or twenty systems struggling for precedence. And the lawsuits have begun.

In this country the de Forest company is suing the Marconi company for a million dollars damages for certain statements said to have issued from the Marconi company. The latter replies by a suit for infringement against the de Forest company, and asking the latter company to remove itself from the earth. It is to be noted that if the Marconi company's claims are upheld, this will raise hob with any system employing the coherer principle as a receiver of the messages. The de Forest receiver

operates on an exactly opposite principle, however, and there seems little likelihood that it will be shut out.

In Germany the Slaby-Arco and the Braun systems have had a clash, with a recent victory for the latter, that it does not infringe the Slaby-Arco devices. In France the government has practically confiscated wireless telegraphy, so that the stock-boomers there have not had much of a chance. Italy, proud of its native genius, seems to have taken up with Marconi, and the English Government has also equipped many of its warships with Marconi instruments. In America the lead in this line seems to have been secured by the de Forest system, both the War Department and the Navy having, after competitive trials, given the contracts to the latter company.

But by far the most interesting point is the question of transoceanic signaling. Marconi's recent messages across the Atlantic were secured by means of what he calls a magnetic detector. For long-distance work, the old coherers broke down. This magnetic detector, which seems to be far more sensitive than any form of coherer, is the invention of Professor Rutherford, of Toronto, and was exhibited as far back as 1897. It seems to have been taken up independently by Sir Oliver Lodge, in England; by Marconi; and by Prof. R. A. Fessenden, of Washington. Their patent applications, now pending, are in interference. It is said, however, that Professor Fessenden offers proof of his invention, or improvements, a year in advance of Marconi's application. If this is true, and Fessenden wins, the Marconi company can do business across the Atlantic only with Professor Fessenden's permission, for, so far, no other form of receiver has been shown capable of taking signals over such a distance.

At present the practical difference between all the different "systems" narrows down to the question of receivers. But Prof. Ferdinand Braun, of Strassburg, Germany, announced recently that he had found a new method of sending the electric waves, in any desired volume, and directed to a given point of the compass. These are very broad claims, and further details are being awaited by scientific men with the deepest interest. Professor Pupin, of Columbia, credits Professor Braun with having done the most valuable work in wireless telegraphy after Marconi. Anything he has to say, therefore, will be respectfully listened to. The sparking method of producing the electric waves does seem a rather crude device, and we might hear any day of a new method which would quite revolutionize wireless.

Meanwhile, what is going to happen when a dozen different systems are shooting up poles and bombarding space with electric waves? It cannot but mean the most hopeless confusion. There can be no monopoly in wireless telegraphy. That is settled. The field is free to all comers. Anybody with a common alternating dynamo or an induction coil can set up for business, or to upset somebody else's business. Tuning, or syntony, is no doubt possible within limits, but at present these limits are vague. With any extensive use of wireless, there is bound to be a mix-up and a gay one.

What will the lawyers do? Nobody knows much ut the ether, and nobody less than they. Will sk the legislatures for wireless franchises? So yone can see now, that is the only thing that can make wireless telegraphy a practical business proposition. The alternative is that the government should take it over, as France has already done.

### AN ENGLISH WIRELESS SYSTEM

The work of one of the men mentioned above has recently taken a new and decided turn. Sir Oliver Lodge, in conjunction with Dr. Alexander Muirhead, a well-known telegraphic expert, is perfecting a system which has already been successfully tried and which the inventors hope will rival the Marconi system. Experts who have seen the present Lodge-Muirhead system working pronounce it to be more rapid and clearer than anything yet exhibited. Professor Lodge's new coherer, which is the integral feature of the system, consists of a small steel disc rotating in light contact with a column of mercury through an oil film. It is stated that the sensitiveness of the coherer is remarkable, as are its extreme simplicity and freedom from derangement. Moreover, it does not require a decoherer or relay circuit. It works direct upon the Kelvin-Muirhead siphon recorder, giving, it is said, signals almost equal to the best submarine telegraph work.

It is stated that the submarine cable companies have so far abandoned the reserved attitude shown toward other systems as to take a practical interest in the Lodge-Muirhead system.

### RADIUM THE WONDERFUL

News comes from London of the reduction in price of that marvelous metal radium. Heretofore the price per pound has been about $1,000,000. It is reassuring to learn that it may now be had for $900,000 a pound. The reduced price is, however, not likely to cause a run on the market, for there is at present in existence in all the world not over two pounds of the precious material. In the last three years not more than one and one-quarter pounds have been manufactured. Even this is not absolutely pure, for pure radium does not exist as a metal. Only its salts are known. The substance with which chemists experiment is chloride of radium associated with barium. The metal was discovered by Professor Curie of the *École de Physique et de Chimie Industrielles* at Paris, and his wife, Madame Curie. The history of its discovery, as told by C. W. Kanolt in the Scientific American, is interesting:

In 1896 Prof. Henri Becquerel, of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* at Paris, discovered the radio-activity of uranium. He found that all compounds of uranium, as well as the metal itself, continually emit radiations, which act upon photographic plates and have a penetrating power similar to that of the X-rays. This was one of the first of a

series of quite remarkable discoveries. Investigators immediately experimented with various materials with the hope that they might find other substances having the same property as uranium. Of the elements already known, thorium as well as uranium was found to be radio-active. But research has led to the discovery of three new radio-active substances, which are looked upon as new elements. These are radium, polonium, and actinium. Of these radium alone has been obtained in a pure condition, and it is the one which has been most experimented with.

Professor Curie, of the *École de Physique et de Chimie Industrielles* at Paris, and Madame Curie turned their attention to pitchblende, a mineral which consists largely of oxides of uranium. They found that some samples of this mineral from Bohemia possessed a greater activity than either uranium or thorium, the only substances then known to be radio-active. This fact led them to the conclusion that the activity of the pitchblende must be due to some new element of great activity. In order to find this new substance, they dissolved a quantity of pitchblende in acids and, by the ordinary chemical methods, separated the material into portions containing different elements. They then observed which of these portions possessed radio-activity. This could be done by exposing photographic plates wrapped in opaque paper to the substances and observing which plates were acted upon. But it could be done more expediently by another method. Becquerel had observed that the new radiations—"Becquerel rays," as they are now called—render the air through which they pass a conductor of electricity. They are now known to have a similar effect upon many other substances which do not ordinarily conduct electricity. The Curies had but to measure the conducting power of the air in the immediate neighborhood of the material under investigation, to find whether the material was radio-active and to obtain a measure of its activity, if it possessed any. Guided by such experiments, they gradually concentrated the active substances into small portions of the material. One portion they believed to contain a new element, which they called "polonium"; another yielded radium.

The radium greatly resembled barium chemically, and its separation from barium was the last and most difficult part of the operation. It was at length accomplished by fractional crystallizations and fractional precipitations, and in 1902 Madame Curie announced the preparation of pure radium chloride. E. Demarçay examined the spectrum of this material, and found that it consisted of lines which were not those of any previously known element, thus proving quite conclusively that the radium was actually a new element.

The great power and intensity of this new metal is nothing short of wonderful. Lord Kelvin said of it that "it has such surprising properties that it threatens to overthrow the law of the correlation of force." It seems already to have overturned, or at least unsettled, the accepted theory of light, and when the experiments of Professors Mendeleiff, Yegoroff, and Borgman of the Electro Technical Institute at St. Petersburg are completed, the results may be to give us a new science and a new nomenclature.

It is a constituent of pitchblende, which is found in many places, but only in a very small way. All that has so far been segregated has come from a mine in Cornwall. A ton of pitchblende carries about 15½ grains of radium, and it is difficult to extract. It has many curious and as yet inexplicable properties, and also entails many dangers to those who handle it carelessly. Prof. William Crookes, in describing it recently, said: "Probably if half a kilogram were in a bottle on that table it would kill us all." It would almost certainly destroy our sight and burn our skins to such an extent that we could not survive. The smallest bit placed on one's arm would produce a blister which it would need months to heal." This would seem to indicate that it emits something more than light. Heat and actinic energy must make up a large part of its radiation. It also emits electrons with a velocity so great that, according to Professor Crookes, "one gram is enough to lift the whole of the British fleet to the top of Ben Nevis; and I am not quite certain that we could not throw in the French fleet as well." This is popular rather than scientific, but it warrants the conclusion that radium will always be a laboratory metal, and that efforts to recover it in large quantities will not meet with much commercial encouragement. Perhaps the universal solvent might have been found long ago if there had been anything to keep it in.

Its influence upon the development of electrical science promises to be very important. A quarter of a century ago it might have been said that electricity had a property somewhat resembling inertia. Now it looks as if Sir Oliver Lodge had a substantial basis for the assertion that the inertia of matter will have to be explained electrically, since there is no inertia but electricity. This concept of electric inertia was first expressed in a magnificent mathematical paper by J. J. Thompson of Cambridge in 1881, when it was regarded as a mathematical curiosity. Radium promises to establish the Thompson hypothesis, and in so doing will possibly open the way to new and yet more important discoveries in a field in which the future doubtless has many surprises in store for even the present generation.

**A NEW FORM OF ENERGY ....F. LEGGE....LONDON ACADEMY**

Hardly anything is more marked than the way in which the ideas of men of science with regard to force and matter have completely changed during the last ten years. In the eighties force was force and matter was matter, and although a few thorough-going materialists, like Ludwig Büchner, could be found who asserted that force was only a mode of matter, it never occurred to any one that there could be a realm of Nature in which the two could meet. The atomic theory that every scrap of matter could be divided in the last resort into atoms each in itself indivisible, and combining among themselves only in fixed proportions, was also then a law of scientific faith, and led to pronouncements like those of a late

president of the Chemical Society, who informed his hearers in his annual allocution that the age of discovery in chemistry was closed, and that henceforth we had better devote ourselves to a thorough classification of chemical phenomena. But this prediction, irresistibly reminiscent of the typical German professor with his love of tables and formulas, was no sooner uttered than it was falsified. There came upon us Mr. (not then Sir William) Crookes's discovery of what he called "radiant" matter, Hertz's demonstration of the existence of waves in the "ether," Röntgen's rays, and Becquerel's light-giving metals. Now, M. Gustave le Bon, in a series of articles which appeared in Paris, steps forward and assures us that these new ideas are not several things, but one thing, and that they all of them point to a form of matter spread throughout the world, indeed, but so inconceivably minute that it becomes not matter, but force.

To appreciate properly the value of this generalization, we must go back to the discovery which really set the whole theory going, and which is the phenomenon associated with the apparatus known as "Crookes's tube." By this Sir William Crookes demonstrated for the first time that if an electric discharge of sufficient violence—such, for instance, as takes place between the terminals of a Ruhmkorff or "intensity" coil—occurs in a glass tube exhausted to a high degree of vacuum, certain luminous phenomena are produced which he explained as a bombardment of the positive end of the tube by a rush of particles of matter proceeding from the negative terminal or "cathode." That this stream consists of matter and nothing else seems proved by the fact that if the exhaustion of the tube be pushed to a yet higher degree, so that a practically perfect void be found containing neither air nor any other gaseous substance, the phenomena at once cease. But the odd thing about these "cathodie rays," as they are sometimes called, is that the rush of particles which they seem to indicate is so swift that if we suppose them to have any weight, the energy producing it must be sufficient, as Sir Oliver Lodge has lately said, to raise the British fleet to the top of Mont Blanc. Then came Dr. Röntgen and showed that this cathodie bombardment itself produced outside the tube the celebrated rays known as X, or the unknown, which proved themselves capable of penetrating more or less perfectly all known substances, and there- though not themselves luminous, a photographic film; and which, unlike their parents, the cathodie rays, were not drawn aside or "deflected" by a magnet placed transversely to them. Then came M. Becquerel, who showed that certain rare metals, such as uranium and thorium, had the extraordinary property at ordinary temperatures of emitting rays which were in themselves streams of extremely finely divided matter, and which gave forth a feeble light when impinging on other substances. And all the time there had been under debate the theory which is called the theory of "ions," and which teaches that when either a liquid or a gas is subjected to an electric discharge, its component atoms become split up into a number of yet smaller parts called "ions," each of them ridden by a charge of electricity and pressing forward, some to the negative and some to the positive pole.

Now all these phenomena seem to M. le Bon to be connected by one common feature, which is that they all tend toward the discharge of an electrically charged body. Let a gold-leaf electroscope—to use the only instance he gives us—receive a sufficient charge to cause the gold leaves to diverge, and let the cathodie rays, the X rays, or the rays from one of M. Becquerel's light-giving metals fall upon it, and the leaves at once close as if they had been shot, thereby showing that the electric charge which before caused them to diverge is no longer there. But he has convinced himself that the same result attends every chemical reaction, such as, for instance, the mixing of a seidlitz powder, and that they are even produced spontaneously under certain conditions by all simple forms of matter. He therefore supposes that the "atoms" of chemistry which, as their name asserts, have hitherto been supposed to be indestructible and insolvable, are themselves composed of infinitely small particles of matter charged with neutral electricity, and in a variety of circumstances split themselves up into negative and positive ions, each of them bearing an enormous electric charge. This "ionic" electricity has also the power, according to him, when it meets any material obstacle, of transforming itself into rays, which according to their different lengths may be cathodie, X, or Becquerel rays, and which can pass through what we have been accustomed to call "solid" matter without losing their charge of electricity. These propositions he supports by experiments described at length, and which are certainly well within the power of any one with a very slender equipment of electrical knowledge and apparatus to repeat for himself

# Art and Archæology

**THE ROMAN FORUM .....FROM LANCIANI AND OTHERS**

From the age of Tiberius to that of Constantine the history of the Roman Forum is represented, says Professor Lanciani, by four great fires followed by three great restorations. The first was that of Nero in 65. The second was that of Titus in 80. The third was in the reign of Commodus, 191. The fourth took place in 283, in the days of Carinus. A century later occurred the abolition of pagan worship, which is mentioned as the first incident in the destruction of the Forum. Yet the place was in a tolerable degree of preservation as late as the beginning of the sixth century.

"What happened to the Forum from the ninth to the fourteenth century it is exceedingly difficult to say." The accumulation of soil probably began after the visit of Charlemagne in 800. After the devastation of 1084 the place seems to have become a vegetable garden. During the fifteenth century the hollow of the Forum became the receptacle of vast quantities of rubbish. It was the dumping-ground of the city. Subsequently, for two hundred years, ending with the close of the eighteenth century, the place was ravaged by searchers for ancient marbles, and the remains of the venerable edifices were almost completely destroyed.

It was Pope Pius VII., "whose memory is dear to all lovers of art and antiquities," who began the work of reopening the Forum in the spirit of reverential regard for the past. His work was interrupted by the French invasion of 1809, but it was subsequently continued by other agencies. In 1870, after Rome had become the capital of United Italy, the Government undertook the general excavation of the ground crossed by the Sacra Via from one end to the other. During nearly a quarter of a century that has passed since then, much has been done in the way of uncovering and making the most of what remains of the spot that was once the pride of Rome and the admiration of the world.

In 1898 the excavation of the Forum, in which but little had been done for fifteen years, was resumed on a more extensive and systematic plan than ever before. The aims of the Italian Government have been three: (1) The restoration to their original positions of the heaps of broken columns, cornices and bases accumulated in previous explorations. For instance, they have restored in part the temple of Vesta (see plan herewith) and reconstructed a tiny chapel near by. (2) To reach the lowest ancient level, wherever possible, without injuring later structures; to penetrate to early imperial, republican, kingly and even prehistoric strata. In pursuance of this object the Sacra Via, the most important of Roman streets, has been exposed to the original level in a considerable part of its course through the Forum. (3) To complete the investigation of structures already partly uncovered, and to excavate the unexplored sites of the Senate House and the Basilica Æmilia. Among the most important buildings whose plan can now be accurately determined is the Regia, the residence of the high priest adjoining the temple of Vesta, where with solemn ceremony he annually extinguished and relighted the sacred fire. Here Cæsar passed his last days, and here was spent that last night when, according to tradition, visions warned him and his wife Calpurnia of his doom.

Beneath the round temple of Vesta has been found the sacred vault where the holiest objects were kept, and where no one but a Vestal could ever enter. Close by is the house of the Vestals, where six Vestals, each for thirty years, dwelt in strict seclusion, guarding the sacred fire in the temple adjoining. One of the most interesting discoveries is the basis of the altar erected on the spot where the body of Cæsar was cremated by the mob, after Antony's eloquent harangue. North of the Forum has been excavated the Basilica Æmilia. The large platform of the Basilica Julia, which Cæsar built in honor of his daughter, is one of the most conspicuous remains in the Forum.

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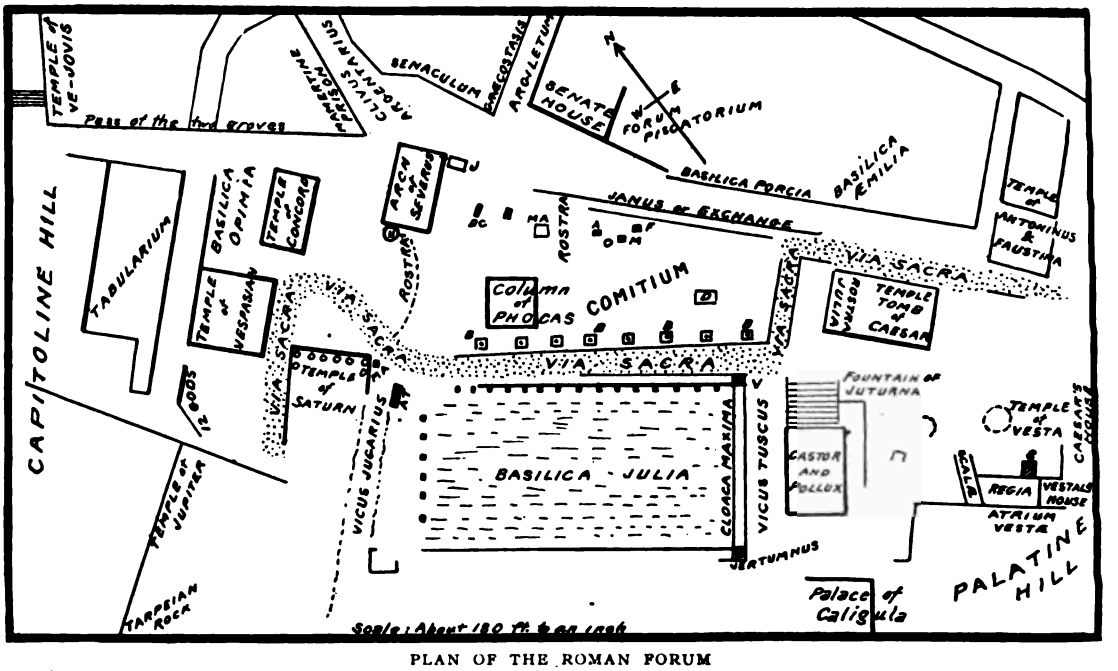
**TRUTH IN PAINTING.....JOHN C. VAN DYKE***

Just now realism in art seems more of a *desideratum* than ever. Bluntly stated, there is no such thing as absolute realism in art. The "real" is nature itself, and "truth" is merely the report of nature made by man. Under no

*From The Meaning of Pictures, John C. Van Dyke, N. Y. Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25.




PLAN OF THE ROMAN FORUM

circumstances is the report made by producing the real things in evidence. It is practically impossible to do that in art. Instead of producing the real, art merely implies or suggests the real by certain signs and symbols which we have agreed among ourselves to recognize as its equivalent. All art is in a measure conventional, arbitrary—unreal, if you please. Everyone knows that Hamlet in real life would not talk blank verse with his latest breath. The drama (and all poetry, for that matter) is an absurdity if you insist upon asking: Is it natural? It is not natural; it is very artificial. The opera is a most palpable convention, and the flow of music, which so beautifully suggests the depths of passion and the heights of romance, is but an arbitrary symbol of reality. Recognize this and you have taken the first step toward the understanding of art; fail to recognize it and art must always be a closed book to you. You will not perceive the artist's intention.

Truth is the report of nature made by man. "True to nature" means to each man what his eyes tell him and to each painter what the sincerity of his makeup enables him to record. But it is not the heaping of fact upon fact that flashes the truth upon us—at least not in art, though it may in logic or in law. Indeed, the accumulation of evidence often confuses. It is a common studio experience that a sketch of a picture is frequently better than the picture

The attempt to "finish"—that is, to put in all the details and minutiæ—makes it dull and unsuggestive. In word pictures, how well Shakespeare, the great master of art, knew what to leave out! The truth of art is of far more consequence than merely formal truth. Corot's light is light because everything else in the picture is sacrificed to it. There is no quarrel with truth to nature in this truth to art. Great art seldom falsifies, but it always selects, emphasizing some features and subordinating other features. It usually gives the large truths and merely implies the small ones.

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**BURIED CITIES IN HONDURAS. S. D. PEET. AM. ANTIQUARIAN**

One of the strange things about the prehistoric races of this continent is that their origin and early history are involved in so much obscurity. This is especially true of the civilized races of the South and Southwest. Civilization began among the Mayas as early as the Christian era, and from their original abode in Central America gradually spread northward until it reached the borders of Mexico, where it was taken up by the far-famed Toltecs, whose history is so obscure, and finally was transmitted by them to the Aztecs or Nahuas, who came down from the North and settled in the beautiful valley of Anahuac, or Mexico. Some of the cities of this civilization lie buried beneath accumulated ruins; others have remained hidden in deep forests and have only within a few years been discovered.

The partly buried city of Copan has been recently visited by exploring parties. Its ruins are in Honduras, twelve miles from the frontier of Guatemala, in a beautiful valley, watered by a rapid running stream, shut in by mountains that rise to the height of about three thousand feet. It may be said that Copan differs from other cities in Central America in several respects. (1) In the first place it is situated on the banks of a stream which is rapid enough to undermine the foundations of the city. (2) Its situation was upon the side of a hill which was so cut down that part of the city containing the Great Plaza was lower than another part on which some of the temples stood, the upper area extending for many feet to the north. (3) The chief point of difference is that underground ruins have been discovered which show great age, as a succession of buildings have been erected one upon the other. There are evidences that point to several periods of occupation. The river front presents what looks at least like three great spaces divided by floors or pavements of mortar cement. If these floors mark the various levels corresponding to different epochs in the history of the city, the question of the age of the ruins becomes still more complicated; for between each successive period of occupancy, there is the period of silence, the length of which can be inferred from the thickness of the structure. We see then that the history of the Maya race is written upon the ruins of the cities which were occupied, but the same is also true of the celebrated Toltec race.

Many other cities have been discovered in Honduras which have been buried for many years. The city of Lorillard was discovered by Charnay in the year 1884. The number of monuments was estimated at fifteen or twenty, consisting of temples, palaces, and huts of the lower orders. These buildings, some sixty-five feet from the river, were supported on terraces rising in amphitheater and resting on natural hills, which the builders made use of to save labor. A buried city, or rather buried temple, has been recently discovered near the village of Carozal. The site chosen by the builders is one of the most favorable for many miles around, as it is on an extensive plateau 50 to 100 feet above the sea level, and about one mile inland. The soil upon the plateau is remarkably productive. The only apparent drawback was the fact that the nearest fresh water was several miles away, but the defect was remedied by the construction of underground reservoirs. The site was marked by about twenty artificial mounds, some of which were constructed over buildings; others contained pottery images near the surface, and on the ground level, painted pottery animal figures.

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**ART AND THE PUBLIC TREASURY.....N. Y. TRIBUNE**

An interesting report has been made to the Fine Arts Federation of New York by the committee on international information in the interest of the movement to erect a United Fine Arts Exhibition Building at a cost, including site, of about $3,000,000. This committee was appointed to collect data for the information of the public in regard to similar institutions abroad. The report says that there are not many instances where the art societies have been housed out of the public treasury, although in several instances quarters are assigned those most important in a gallery or a museum which is owned and controlled by the cities. Probably the most important instances are to be found in Budapest, where the two principal art societies of Hungary—the National Hungarian Fine Arts Society and the National Hungarian Industrial Arts Society—have been given public buildings, erected out of public funds by the State of Hungary. In Brussels, Antwerp, and Liège there are academies of fine arts, partly supported by the city authorities. But the encouragement of art and art societies is not limited to these lines of activity. Some cities, notably Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Birmingham, and Manchester, maintain schools of art or make grants to institutions under private management.

The direction in which activity is most needed in New York at present is evidently that of a spacious fine arts building, which shall be the home of all art movements, of art societies and art workers, which shall provide what does not now exist—adequate facilities for loan exhibitions, exhibitions of contemporary art, etc., and which shall, by its very existence and influence upon the city, so stimulate art workers, millionaires, and public officials that the city will become not only the greatest art center to the United States and possibly the world, but also the most beautiful city in the world.

This may be accomplished in one of four ways: By a subsidy from the city treasury; by private endowment and support; by a combination of both, or by so financing the enterprise as to make it self-supporting.

# Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

### THE FORMALIN CURE FOR SEPTICÆMIA

For some time past the press has given glowing accounts of the curative power of formalin in septicæmia. Dr. C. C. Barrows of New York reported in the New York Medical Journal the recovery of a severe case of puerperal septicæmia by the injection of formalin. Since then a number of physicians, having experimented with formalin, find that it does not maintain the claim made for it by Dr. Barrows.

The New York Medical Record tells of experiments made by Drs. W. H. Park and W. A. Payne in the bacteriological laboratory of the New York Health Department:

The experiments were performed upon rabbits, and showed that when a formalin solution of the strength used in Dr. Barrows' case was injected into a number of rabbits inoculated previously with a streptococcus germ, the result was that these rabbits did not live so long as an equal number likewise inoculated with a streptococcus germ, but which had not been injected with formalin. With larger injections of formalin, it was found that the formalin lessened the resistance of the body to the invasion of bacteria. Dr. Park concluded, as an outcome of these and other experiments, that the amount of formalin injected by Dr. Barrows had very little effect upon bacteria, retarding for a few hours only the rapidity of the development of the germs.

The formaldehyde combines with the albuminous part of both the bacteria and the blood and is consequently injurious to both. The affected bacteria quickly reproduce, and the formalin, being already consumed by the chemical combination that has taken place, has no further effect. The injury to the blood cells, however, is not healed so quickly. In short, the experiments would seem to show that formalin is of no use in septicæmia, but is a source of some danger.

Like experiments have been made in St. Louis by Dr. Oscar H. Elbrecht and C. A. Snodgrass. A chart of the result of their experiments on rabbits is given in the Inter-State Medical Journal. The Philadelphia Medical Record sounds the following note of warning:

It is always unwise to build too much upon the results of a single case. Laboratory investigations have shown conclusively that injections of solutions of formalin and other germicidal agents distinctly lower, rather than increase, the power of the organism to resist infection. The difficulties of securing favorable results from the use of any antiseptic introduced into the circulation, have frequently been pointed out. When destructive to bacteria, h solutions are also destructive to cell life. oxæmia which results from bacterial infection should logically be met by the use of some substance which should possess antitoxic power for the particular toxin. Evidence is quite lacking that formalin in any way fills this requirement. A point that must not be overlooked is the fact that even desperate cases of septicæmia may recover spontaneously and quite independent of any but supportive treatment. The improvement which follows the injection of normal saline solution is recognized and utilized. To our mind it is doubtful in the highest degree whether the addition of formalin in potent amount to such a solution could accomplish anything but harm. The experimental evidence which stands against the formalin treatment can scarcely be said to be assailed by the single case which Dr. Barrows reports.

### THE SLEEPING SICKNESS

The Sleeping Sickness has become so serious in the British Protectorate of Uganda, called by Stanley "the Pearl of Africa," that the English Government has sent a commission to determine the reasons for the spread of the disease and if possible to find a remedy. Dr. Low of the London School of Tropical Medicine, who is at the head of the commission, estimates that the disease has, within a few years, killed from twenty to thirty thousand people. It has depopulated great tracts of land which have passed out of cultivation and has seriously affected the financial resources of the country. According to the London Hospital, the malady is essentially a chronic form of meningitis:

Sleeping Sickness or Negro Lethargy is produced by the presence of a "germ" presumably bacterial, and is communicable from person to person through channels which have not as yet been clearly demonstrated, the general fact of infectiveness not being doubtful. It seems to differ widely from the only form of epidemic meningitis known in Europe, the so-called "cerebro-spinal," in its chronic character, as well as in its almost invariably fatal issue, recovery or cure being practically unknown. The early symptoms are so slight that they would easily escape the notice of an unpractised observer; but the natives of Uganda have become thoroughly acquainted with them, and have brought to the hospital of the Commission many commencing cases in which their diagnosis has been only too surely justified by the event. The duration varies from one month to six, and the disease is described as being capable of being classed with hydrophobia as one of the most fatal that is known to mankind. More or less slowly, the early listlessness passes into coma, and the coma into death, with occasional deceptive periods of apparent improvement. No treatment appears to exert any definite influence upon either the march or the termination of the malady.

Though thus far only negroes have been affected, Europeans are not known to be immune, and the British Government is doing what it can to enforce isolation and prevent the disease from reaching the railways.

### THE LATEST GERM THEORY

In a lecture before the Philadelphia County Medical Society the end of last month, Dr. Sajous, as a result of investigation, showed that the suprarenal glands, commonly supposed to be without a function, were of vital importance. Their secretion, Dr. Sajous said, is carried to the lungs and there uniting with the oxygen taken through the organs of breathing becomes "adrenoxin," a substance which the blood fluid absorbs and carries through the arteries and capillaries. This adrenoxin distributes by means of the blood circulation the oxygen which heretofore was supposed to be the work of the red blood corpuscles.

Situated in the brain is the anterior pituitary body, the functions of which have never been known. Dr. Sajous claimed for this small organ the control of the suprarenal glands and also that on which all poisons acted either by stimulating or depressing it. As a consequence of this organ being stimulated, the amount of oxygen taken in by the secretion of the suprarenal glands was increased, and vice versa. Hence the basis for vitality and the power to destroy disease germs in the tissue lay in the anterior pituitary body. When the pituitary organ is strong, the human body possesses the power to destroy ordinary disease germs by making demands on an increased supply of oxygen. But when pneumonia germs attack the living tissue such is their destructive quality that they cannot be overcome except by counter-action in the use of proper salts and thus aiding nature.

The condition of the anterior pituitary organ largely determines one's vitality; and in the case of hereditary weakness of this body, since its powers can be increased or diminished by the administration of specific remedies, there follows a natural ability in the human system to resist the ravages of disease germs.

### THE MODERN ANESTHETIST.

An interesting phase of modern surgery is the increasing responsibility of the anesthetist. In the past and in many places to-day almost any person is thought capable of administering an anesthetic, the aim being merely the prevention of pain. Frederick W. Hewitt, an English authority on anesthesia, recently delivered at the London Hospital two lectures on the Anesthetization of So-called "Difficult" and "Bad" Subjects.* Speaking of incompetent anesthetists, Dr. Hewitt says:

Modern surgery demands the services of efficient anesthetists even in simple cases. The death-rate from anesthetics—in other words, the risk a patient runs when he is rendered unconscious for a surgical operation—may be reduced to almost infinitesimal proportions, while the results of many surgical operations may be distinctly improved by placing the administration of anesthetics in experienced and skilled hands. Unhappily, there are still a good many leading members of our profession who either do not realize this fact, or if they realize it do not pause to consider its significance; and so long as this state of things obtains, even among a section of the profession, we cannot be surprised at the apathy displayed by the public concerning their own safety. The opinions held by the laity regarding anesthetics are almost ludicrous. They either believe that, provided their hearts are strong enough, they can take any anesthetic with impunity no matter who administers it, or they think that, the death-rate of anesthesia being incapable of reduction by skill and experience, they personally are pretty certain to be marked out by fate for a disaster during the operation about to be performed upon them. You will often find, even among the ranks of the educated classes, people who will haunt Harley Street for a week with the object of settling whether they should or not take a blue pill occasionally, but who will go to an unqualified and advertising dentist for the cure of toothache and cheerfully allow themselves to be dangerously asphyxiated by nitrous oxide or rendered pulseless by chloroform. It would, of course, be going rather too far to say that every accident that now occurs is preventable, but there can be no doubt that in each year's death-roll there are many cases in which life has been unnecessarily sacrificed.

Before entering upon the main question of his lectures, Dr. Hewitt gives the following brief description of good subjects for anesthetics:

I take it that by a good subject is meant a patient who, whatever anesthetic we may choose, gives us no trouble during its administration, inhaling it freely, displaying little or no excitement or inconvenient muscular spasm under its influence, passing quietly into deep anesthesia without any respiratory derangement, remaining perfectly immobile during operations upon sensitive parts, and recovering with no unusual after-effects. Now a patient who behaves in this exemplary manner is entitled, I think, to be taken as a model and to be regarded, for our present purpose, as the normal type. I have on other occasions pointed out to you the common—and I had almost said the dangerous—fallacy of regarding the strong and perfectly healthy man as the normal and typically good subject for anesthetics. He is by no means necessarily so. I have also alluded to the popular fallacy of regarding strong cardiac action as essential for safe anesthetization, the fact really being that patients with comparatively feeble heart action are, *cæteris paribus*, better subjects than those whose hearts are perfectly normal

*Published in the London Lancet.

and vigorous. The explanation is simple enough. Putting out of the question the presence of advanced cardiac disease, there is a correlation between the heart and the general muscular system of the patient, and the greater the development of the latter the greater will be the tendency for the patient to give trouble to the anesthetist by muscular rigidity and consequent respiratory derangement. It hence happens that the comparatively feeble individual, as exemplified by the chronic invalid whose skeletal and cardiac muscles have undergone some degree of atrophy, passes quietly into deep anesthesia. Speaking in general terms, therefore, it may be said that the patient with the "weak heart" is, of the two, a better subject for an anesthetic than the patient with the strong heart, a totally different doctrine to that which is generally accepted.

### THE DEATH OF LEPROSY*

The American Consul at Canton, China, Robert M. McWade, has sent to the State Department at Washington a report of work done by Dr. Adolph Razlag in curing leprosy. With the report is an appeal from Dr. Razlag for government aid to root out leprosy. A like appeal has been sent to the other powers. Dr. Razlag, having made a thorough study of the disease, went a year ago to a leper town, near Canton, and chose four lepers for treatment. When the report was sent, three of these lepers were absolutely cured; the fourth, who had the worst case of leprosy in the village of 982 lepers, was steadily improving. Of the three who recovered, one is a native preacher attached to the Presbyterian mission at Kuk Fau; the second is a coolie now able to carry heavy loads of rice, and the third a boy of sixteen.

Hearing of the success of the work, a Chinese viceroy put at the disposal of Dr. Razlag a house near a leper village. Thirteen patients in advanced stages of the disease were taken into this house and are undergoing treatment.

In applying to the American Government the doctor points out that there are many more lepers in the Philippines than is generally supposed. He knows that in the province of Lagima there are 100, though the latest report gives but one. It is estimated that there are 500,000 in China, Siam, and India. In Canton there are 20,000. Dr. Razlag thinks that the West should take measures to guard against this disease, and suggests an international conference.

The proposed plan for the cure of leprosy calls for the use of from one to three islands. Though one island would be sufficient for the lepers of any country except China, Siam, or India, the ideal plan would be to have one island for men, one for women, and one for cases nearly cured. The islands must be in a tropical climate and have an abundant supply of water. This is essential, for in his report the doctor places, first of all in importance, frequent bathing of the lepers in fresh water, salt water, medicated water, according to the peculiarity of the patient's condition.

Though bathing with massage and ointments has the larger part in the treatment, internal medicines are given. Considerable stress is put upon the clothing of the leper. The report states that: "The men in the hot season are to wear simply short pants without jacket; the women pants and jacket made of one piece, so that they may be continually exposed to the fresh air. In the cold or rainy seasons the patients would be given heavier cloth to wear, but the shape would remain the same.

Under favorable conditions the average time of successful teatment is at least one year. In this connection the statement is made that "a positive and radical cure is not to be spoken of."

Dr. Razlag says that if this plan of isolation, together with a separation of the sexes, can be put into effect there will, within ten years, be few uncured cases on the island, and that when twenty years have lapsed a leper island will no longer be necessary.

*Public Health Reports of January 30, 1903.

### FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

Some thirty years ago a disease known as Foot and Mouth Disease broke out among the cattle of the Eastern States and caused considerable loss. It was finally exterminated, and until recently, when it suddenly appeared in Massachusetts, has been unknown in the United States. The peculiarities of the disease are described in the Scientific American:

The disease is propagated by germs and is highly contagious. Persons can carry the germs on their clothing or shoes, dogs can transport them, and they can be taken into the systems of a healthy herd which passes over the same road that a sick animal passed over a few hours previous. Cattle are not the only animals subject to it, for it is contracted by sheep, swine, horses, poultry, and sometimes by man. In the latter it comes from drinking the milk or eating the flesh of infected animals, and sometimes by coming in contact with the sores; for instance, the hands coming in contact with the sores on the teats, while milking. The disease has the nature of an eruptive fever, which is easily recognized by the symptoms, consisting of a higher temperature in the mouth, bleeding teats, an erect coat, loss of appetite, and the secretion of "ropy" saliva. The disease runs its course in ten or fifteen days, and the animal gets well in the majority of cases, although it sometimes proves fatal.

# Applied Science and Industry

### THE GREAT SHIP CEDRIC

The great question of ocean travel has been brought into renewed prominence by the arrival in New York of the biggest ocean liner afloat, the Cedric. Although having none too pleasant weather, the big ship came into port with her passengers enthusiastic concerning her. A glass of champagne placed on a sideboard at her departure was found without a drop spilled on her arrival. The dimensions of the vessel are striking:

Her gross tonnage is 21,000, while her displacement figures total 38,200 tons. Her extreme length is 700 feet, her greatest breadth, 75 feet; while her depth is 49½ feet. She is of the twin-screw type, her propellers being driven by two sets of quadruple engines. To furnish the steam to operate the machinery there are eight double-end boilers, each capable of working to a pressure of 210 pounds to the square inch. The Cedric is designed to attain a speed of 17 knots.

There are nine decks on the Cedric. She is built on the cellular double-bottom principle, and has numerous water-tight compartments that make her practically unsinkable. She has four masts, and, like all the other great White Star liners, two massive buff funnels. It may be interesting to note that the distance from the top of the funnels to the keel is 131 feet. The diameter of the funnels is 14 feet 3 inches by 11 feet, which proves that it would be an easy matter for them to be utilized in the London underground tube railways, if it were ever found necessary to substitute ocean-going steamship-funnels for the specially prepared tubing.

The passenger accommodations are as follows: in the first saloon, 350; in the second saloon, 250; and in the steerage, 2,000. Her crew numbers 335, making a total population on board when all the accommodations are taken, of 2,935 souls. In addition to the ordinary staterooms there are suites of bed, sitting, and bath rooms, enabling those who desire the greatest possible comfort and room to find both aboard the great ship.

It is interesting to know that many of the great shell plates of the Cedric weigh as much as three tons each, while some of the bigger pieces of the ship, such as the stern frame, reach the grand total in weight of fifty tons. The launching weight of the Cedric was 14,257 tons, and her dead weight carrying capacity is 18,400 tons. In external appearance the Cedric differs little from her sister and slightly smaller ship, the Celtic.

### THE NEWSPAPER ON SHIPBOARD

The much-discussed project of printing a newspaper on ship, while still at sea, by means of wireless telegraphy, has had a demonstration on board the Cunarder Etruria. The vessel sailed from New York on January 31. On board was Mr. Marconi. Shortly before midnight, February 6, while still 170 miles from the Irish coast, the wireless instruments began to work, and summaries of what was going on in the world came vibrating on board. Most of the passengers were asleep at the time, but the editorial staff was wide awake, and everything was in readiness for printing the paper when the news had been received.

Purser McCubbin acted as editor, and handled the dispatches which Operator Hughes received. A. Harris, ship's printer, set up the matter in type, and Assistant Purser H. D. Stainer undertook the job of circulation manager.

Five hundred copies were struck off, and one was laid, neatly folded, at each passenger's place at the breakfast table that morning. There was such a demand for the papers as souvenirs that another edition was printed.

### THE HEAT VALUE OF FUELS

The recent difficulties in the coal regions have called forth a quantity of statistics concerning the question of fuels. A mass of the material thus written has been both untrustworthy and emotional. The Philadelphia Record thus states the case:

A good deal of misinformation is being promulgated at the present time in regard to the economy of oil and gas (using special stoves or burners) for fuel in place of anthracite, even at normal prices for the latter. The only way to get an intelligent understanding of the problem is to figure on the basis of the number of heat units contained in the several fuels. The combustion, or burning, of a given weight of any substance develops a certain number of units of heat, no matter what form of furnace or burner is used. This maximum quantity of heat may produce more heat than others—that is, may approach nearer the theoretical heat equivalent of the substance burned, but can never exceed this maximum amount under any circumstances. At given prices, therefore, the problem is simply this: What is the cost of 1,000 or 10,000 heat units when developed by such a fuel?

Illuminating gas, for instance, does not contain more than 600 heat units per cubic foot; refined oil, such as is ordinarily sold for illuminating purposes, contains as many as 20,000 heat units per pound; and anthracite coal, say, 15,000 heat units per pound. Heat is an accurately measurable quantity, and no appliance can produce more than the above figures, and all produce less, as the combustion is never perfect, and considerable heat is always lost in chimney gases when stoves or furnaces are used

Taking gas at $1 per 1,000 cubic feet, and allowing the full theoretical heat value of perfect combustion, presuming that it is to be burned in a gas stove which has no flue connection with the outer air, so that all the heat is available; anthracite coal at $5.60 per ton, and admitting that only 80 per cent. of its heat is available for useful heating, the balance being lost up the chimney; and illuminating oil at nine cents per gallon, weighing approximately 6½ pounds, and figuring only 80 per cent. of the heat available, supposing the burner to be used in a range, grate or furnace, and not in a blue-flame oil stove, without direct connection with the atmosphere, then by simple proportion, it follows that one cent expended for the various fuels will yield heat about as follows:

One cent expended for coal at $5.60 per ton will yield 48,000 heat units. One cent expended for oil at nine cents per gallon will yield 11,500 heat units. One cent expended for gas at $1 per 1,000 cubic feet will yield 6,000 heat units.

A number of other factors enter the problem, however, for it is quite evident from the above that anthracite coal at $15 or $20 per ton is cheap compared with other fuels where heat is desired continuously. Of course in industrial plants the cost of firing the fuel and removing ashes in the case of coal has to be considered; but in any case these are not determinable factors, and for the household they are minor considerations.

### THE STEAM TURBINE

Although the steam turbine has not lacked for advocates, its introduction has not been surprisingly rapid. This no doubt can be accounted for by the conservatism of the engineering profession. The first types of steam turbine were naturally far from perfect and their performance not efficient. To-day they stand on a par with the best steam engines as regards efficiency, and it only remains for experience to prove their reliability. The advantages claimed for the steam turbine over the reciprocating engine are many. These are given by the Scientific American as follows:

1. The effort of the steam is applied directly without any intervening mechanisms for conversion of motion. This avoids their attendant friction, their costly fitting, and probable lost motion.

2. There being no reciprocating parts, there is no inertia to overcome at the beginning of the stroke, with the necessary consumption of energy required to accelerate them.

3. The absence of reciprocating parts makes it possible to run the shaft at vastly higher speeds than are attainable in a reciprocating engine.

4. The turbine engine becomes very compact from the absence of converting mechanism, and it consequently occupies very little room.

5. The engine has no dead-center, but will start from rest in any position.

6. The engine has either no valve gearing, or that which it has is of the simplest character.

7. The simplicity of the engine and absence of ex-[illegible]e mechanism make it cheap to build and, [illegible], it should be cheap to buy.

8. Very little skill is required to run the engine, and fewer engines are needed, and there is a consequent saving in the cost of handling.

9. The absence of reciprocating rods and dead-centers results in a construction in which the pressure of condensed steam in the engine does no harm. Water does not stop the engine from turning, it cannot endanger the engine casing. The engine can be started, even if under water, by simply opening the valve which admits pressure to the turbine blades; it will start with solid water as in the case of the water turbine.

10. Its incased construction and the above peculiarity adapt it for outdoor service and places exposed to low temperatures. Weather does it practically no harm, and its protection from outside injury makes it particularly serviceable in mining and stone quarrying.

11. The turbine is easily controlled; it is stopped by simply turning off the steam by means of an ordinary valve, and started again by turning on the valve.

The above advantages apply to its use in general, but for the propulsion of ships it has especial advantages:

1. The absence of vibrations, which are so troublesome in reciprocating engines. The study of vibrations in a reciprocating engine has called forth many valuable and scientific papers by engineers who have made this subject a special study. The necessity of the balancing of engines in ships need not be commented upon, for who has not suffered from it, even on the largest and best designed of our present-day passenger steamers? The continual shaking which the hulls and fittings of ships are subjected to is one great cause of their frequent need of repairs, some, it is true, of minor consequence, but the loss of time incurred in making these seemingly minor repairs results in an appreciable decrease in the vessel's earning capacity. And, when balanced at one speed, it does not follow that the same condition will follow at other speeds; in fact, it generally does not follow. With the turbine engine, all this loss of time and inconvenience is avoided.

2. The use of the turbine engine effects a great saving in weight of machinery.

3. The perfect balancing of the turbine engine does away with increased weight in construction of engine bedding and hull fittings, which are necessary to withstand continual vibrations and strains.

4. The increase in stability gained by the use of the turbine is greatly due to the low position of the center of gravity of the engine. This is a very important feature in the turbine, as it enables vessels to carry heavy weights on the upper decks without endangering the stability of the vessel. In the case of a warship this would allow heavy guns and armor to occupy a position of greater elevation than is admissible now; and, in the case of a merchant ship, would enable her to go to sea in a light condition in greater safety. The turbine situated well down in the ship's body would be protected from injury in action without the necessity of armor decks, beyond protection from falling projectiles.

5. The lives of the engine-room crew are not endangered by intricate, fast-moving parts. It is not necessary to call to mind the marine disasters that have been caused by the breaking of a shaft and the consequent racing of the engines, resulting in completely wrecking the engine-room and not infre-

quently injuring the hull seriously. From all this the turbine is free.

6. A much smaller engine-room force is required. This results in a great saving in running expenses, and, in the case of a warship, would enable more men to be carried to man the guns.

7. Last, but not least, of all, the turbine requires very little lubrication, resulting in a great saving of lubricating oil, which in a large vessel is no small item.

The best known turbines to-day are the Parsons-Westinghouse, the DeLaval, and the Dow. All these different classes of turbines are designed to derive the maximum effect of the kinetic energy of steam under expansion, and this requires that the turbine shaft revolve at a very high speed. This makes the turbine specially adaptable for electric generators, and its use in this connection is becoming general.

### A NEW PROCESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY

An invention which seems to go far in simplifying photographic processes has been made by Professor Ostwald and Dr. Gross of Leipsic, and has attracted much attention in scientific and photographic circles, according to the New York Times:

The new process is named "katatypy." "Photography without light" is a popular designation for it, but this is a misnomer, as it is also, linguistically, a "bull." The picture is still taken with a camera upon a plate and light is still the agency. But it is no longer necessary with the new invention to photograph on a transparent surface like glass or celluloid, for light is not needed in the printing process. Only the surface of the plate is used to reproduce the picture, and when the photographer has left the dark room with the negative he need no longer fear the effect of light upon it. He is, indeed, quite independent of it, for his further processes.

The method is described as follows: Over the finished negative is poured a solution of hydro-superoxide. This leaves, after evaporation, a uniform layer of peroxide of hydrogen. Soon the silver of the plate works upon this peroxide and produces a catalytic dissolution wherever there is silver, while, in the places free from silver the peroxide remains. By this means an invisible picture of hydro-superoxide is produced upon the plate. This picture can be printed from the plate directly upon common paper, to which the image is transferred in a few minutes.

There are various ways of developing the picture. For example, treatment with a solution of green copperas produces a weak yellow picture of iron, which with ferricyanide of potassium is made blue, with gallic acid is made violet, and with pyrokateolin is made black.

This picture, when placed under the microscope, shows very sharply all the delicacies of the original. As many of the colors named above are durable—the picture with gallic acid consists of common ink, which can last for centuries—the problem of making the common silver photograph lasting appears to be solved.

Moreover, the photographer finds himself relieved of a number of tedious intermediate processes between the development of the plate and the finished picture.

So far no experiments have been made in this country, but the process has been submitted to public demonstration in Berlin and Leipsic, and these demonstrations seem to show that by simple chemical means any number of prints from negatives can be produced in a short time, and without the aid of light. The printing is done directly upon the paper by the chemical action of the developed plates, and what seems especially remarkable is that, according to the reports received, the plate suffers no deterioration.

Prof. Wilhelm Oswald and Dr. Gross of Leipsic appear as the discoverers of the process. They found that when paper prepared with bichromate of potassium and pyrogallic acid was placed in contact with an ordinary platinum print the platinum, for some reason unexplained, hastened reaction between the bichromate and the acid, which otherwise act very slowly upon each other. The result was an exact print of the platinum picture upon the prepared paper, the color of the reproduction being a red brown. Descriptions of the experiment received during the past week by a New Yorker say that this action of the platinum plate upon the prepared paper left the original platinum picture unchanged. If that is the case, obviously the process can be repeated with the same plate, and other paper prepared with bichromate of potassium and so on.

### REFORMS IN RAILROAD TRAFFIC

The question of railroad traffic has been brought harshly to mind during these last few days by a series of railroad accidents as gruesome as their lesson is vivid. The agitation which has sprung up as a result of this should be productive of good. The figures in the case are terrible in their convincingness:

In the United States, during the year ending June 30, 1901, 282 passengers were killed by railroad accidents and 4,988 passengers were injured. But this is only a small part of the story. Railroad employees, trespassers, and grade-crossing victims suffered most severely. The total number of casualties to persons on account of railroad accidents for the year was 61,794, the killed numbering 8,455 and the injured 53,339. Of railway employees 2,675 were killed and 41,142 were injured. The total number of persons other than employees and passengers killed was 5,498; injured, 7,209. These figures include casualties to persons classed as trespassers, of whom 4,601 were killed and 4,858 were injured. The total number of casualties to persons other than employees, from being struck by trains, locomotives, or cars, were 4,135 killed and 3,995 injured. Casualties of this class occurred as follows: At highway crossings, passengers killed, 3; injured, 11; other persons killed, 828; injured, 1,343; at stations, passengers killed, 21; injured, 344; other persons killed, 378; injured, 553; and at other points along track, passengers killed, 6; injured, 27; other persons killed, 2,899; injured, 1,717.

The summaries giving the ratio of casualties show that one out of every 400 employees was killed, and one out of every 26 employees injured. With reference to trainmen, including in this term enginemen, firemen, conductors, and crews, it is shown that one was killed for every 136, and one injured for every 13. One passenger was killed for every 2,153,469 carried, and one injured for every 121,748 carried. Ratios based on the number of miles traveled, however, show that 61,537,548 passenger miles w

accomplished for each passenger killed, and 3,479,067 for each passenger injured. The corresponding figure in these latter ratios for the year ending June 30, 1900, were 64,413,684, and 3,885,418 passenger miles for each passenger killed and each passenger injured, respectively, showing that the accident ratio is growing worse.

This awful destruction was due to a number of causes, most of them traceable to carelessness or neglect. To quote from the Post:

The principal causes were: forgetfulness by conductors and enginemen who run their trains past stations (at which, according to written orders in their pockets, they should stop; overlooking one of a number of orders; mistakes in reading hours or names in written orders; misreading watches or miscalculating time; misreading time tables and train registers; carelessness in identifying trains at meeting stations. Besides these errors of the men on the trains, there are mistakes by train dispatchers in issuing telegraphic meeting orders and by telegraph operators at stations in receiving, copying, sending, and delivering telegraphic orders, which are sent by the dispatcher to the men in charge of trains and are repeated back to the dispatcher. Collisions occur also by reason of complications following deliberate neglect to carry out certain safeguards—the negligent employees, like the bank clerk who "borrows" from his employer expecting to repay the loan, being unable to foresee the results of this omission of a seemingly unimportant duty.

The enforcement of regulations has long been the subject of discussion among railroad officers, but this has not resulted in marked improvement, except in the adoption of the block system.

The accident reports made to the Interstate Commerce Commission disclose that in many instances railway employees are required to be on duty, or voluntarily remain for so unusual a number of hours as to suggest that accidents, more or less, frequently result from that cause. The work of operating trains, in which these men are engaged, requires a high degree of mental and physical vigor. If their powers are impaired by service exceeding the limits of ordinary endurance, there is liable to be a loss of that alertness on which the safety of the traveling public so constantly depends. From the data compiled it appears that in seven serious cases occurring in six months, the men at fault had fallen asleep on duty, or had been constantly on duty from fifteen to twenty-five hours before the accident.

The remedies for this which have been suggested are, for the most part, palpable. The railroads must themselves work out some plan for the safer operation of their trains. Some system is highly desirable which will prevent mistakes in the transmission of telegraphic orders, eliminating words and phrases susceptible of more than one meaning. It is possible that a third man as pilot engineer will yet be carried on important passenger engines to act as a check on the engineer, whose manual duties absorb much of his energies. The element of human fallibility is the hardest to deal with. At the same time there comes news from our Consul at Berlin of a new safety device which has had a successful trial.

Our Consul at Berlin describes in a recent report to the State Department the details of a new electrical device for preventing collisions between railroad trains, which has been tested on one of the State lines near Frankfort. It might be worth looking into. Midway between the rails is laid a light third rail of the ordinary T pattern, the joints of which are so connected as to form a continuous conductor. Midway under the forward part of the engine is hung an electrical apparatus inclosed in a square case or jacket occupying a cubic foot of space. The instrument is connected with a contact shoe, which slides along the third rail, and by wires with a telephone and electric alarm bell in the cab of the engine driver, and a red incandescent lamp, which is lighted by the same impulse that rouses the alarm bell into action. A further improvement of the device sets the electric brakes on the engine or entire train simultaneously with the alarm signal which sounds the bell and lights the lamp. The apparatus is so adjusted that the engineer can at any moment, by touching a lever, satisfy himself that it is in full working condition.

The tests on November 12 were conducted on the main line from Frankfort to Hanau. Two locomotives had been equipped with the new device, and the experiments proceeded. One engine, drawing a special train and approaching at full speed, received the danger signal and came to a full stop; its driver then asked by telephone the cause of the signal, and received from the keeper of a grade crossing, half a mile in front, word that a wagon had broken down in crossing the track, and obstructed the line. After ten minutes' wait, the engineer received word by telephone that the obstruction had been cleared away, and thereupon resumed his trip.

A mile further on, the signal again sounded, and the driver was informed by telephone as before, that the semaphore around a curve and more than half a mile distant was set at "halt." Thereupon the engine slowed down, and proceeded cautiously, sounding its whistle at short intervals, the telephone bell in the driver's cab ringing continuously until the curve was rounded, when the ringing ceased, notifying the engineer that the semaphore had changed to "track clear." Thereupon full speed was resumed.

In the tests to prevent collision, the other engine came up rapidly from behind, and on the same track. The moment it got within 1,000 metres of the first, the signal on both engines began to ring, and their red lights to glow. Thereupon the rear engine halted, the driver inquired of the one in front the cause of the alarm, and a complete understanding between the two trains was immediately established. In practice the same warning signal is sounded upon every engine equipped with the apparatus which is on the same track, and within the prescribed radius from the engine and train which cause the obstruction. If a semaphore be falsely set at "safety," the train may run past it into a block in which another engine is halted with perfect security that warning will be given in ample time to prevent a collision.

The German Government has directed that a section of track be equipped with the apparatus for careful, practical experiments, and it is reported that the Government of Russia has obtained license to test it in actual service on its new military lines now under construction in Siberia.

# Some Old French Chateaux

## By Clara Crawford Perkins*

PIERREFONDS.

The date of the first chateau at Pierrefonds is lost in obscurity; the first account we have of it being of its reconstruction out of the débris of an earlier royal abode. Whether it was the earlier "royal abode," or the reconstructed chateau which served as the residence of Charles the Bald in 855, is a matter of doubt, as well as the date when the domain came into the possession of a family named Nivelon.

The huge structure crowns a bluff, itself a natural fortification, overlooking many miles of the surrounding country, much of which is covered by the royal forest of Compiègne. And not many miles away, on the other edge of the forest, lies the town of Compiègne, with its eighteenth-century Renaissance royal chateau.

The ground plan of the inclosure is a quadrangle. Exterior walls are of enormous thickness and present few small openings. They are divided and protected by eight massive circular towers, which rise to a considerable height, and end in sharply pointed, cone-shaped roofs. Both walls and towers are machicolated and battlemented, with loopholes between the embrasures of the battlements. The main entrance is guarded by a portcullis and moat, and further protected by a walled-in court. All the exterior walls, except on the side of this court, rise precipitously from the edge of the steep bluff.

CHATEAU PIERREFONDS

The chateau is built around a quadrangular court, in which are found the windows which light its various halls and apartments. A number are coupled with foliations set in their heads, and a few are pointed. One large window is even more than half filled with flamboyant tracery. The dormers are surmounted by crocketed gables, gargoyles, heraldic animals, and carved moldings, all producing a most splendid court. Yet, as nothing is overdone, it has an air of dignified simplicity often lacking in later work.

For the medieval life at Pierrefonds, one must rely largely upon one's imagination, for, beyond a few bare facts, we find nothing of importance. The chateau is said to have been

*From French Cathedrals and Chateaux, by Clara Crawford Perkins. Boston: Knight and Millet, 1903. Copyright, 1902, by Knight and Millet.

CHATEAU CHAUMONT

completed in 1406, eight years after it was begun; and its builder, the Duc d'Orléans, was assassinated in 1407. The years following his death were those of the intestine strife produced by the weak rule of the mad king, Charles VI., and of the losing fortunes of the Hundred Years' War.

Here, when those towering walls were new, undoubtedly came the beautiful duchess of Louis d'Orléans, Valentine of Milan, and possibly her rival, the wicked and shameless queen, Isabel of Bavaria. To them, as well as to those who came later, even to Marie de Medicis, the jagged sky line of the glistening towers of Pierrefonds were not so much regarded for their splendor or picturesque beauty as for the fact that they promised safety; for even during times of peace, and until a comparatively late date, brigandage and assassination were only too common.

### CHAUMONT

The chateau of Chaumont occupies a bluff overlooking the broad basin of the Loire, a few miles below Blois, and about twice as far above Tours. The situation is one of the most pleasing in all that charming region, and commands long reaches of the winding river. Here again we are reminded of the counts of Anjou and their descendants, the kings of England; for Chaumont was an early outpost of the counts of Blois, and a border castle of France. As such it was frequently attacked in early days by the counts of Anjou, and later was the scene of many struggles between the kings of England and France.

The walls and the ground plan of Chaumont are still fundamentally those of a Gothic fortress. Each angle is covered by its round tower; and before the wing facing the river was thrown down in the early years of the eighteenth century, its four wings surrounded a court. There is an overhanging battlemented gallery; but, like that at Langeais, it is roofed over, making a continual covered passage which crowns the full extent of the outer wall. Roofs are steep, those of the towers sharply pointed, and the sky line, as is usual in Gothic work, is exceedingly broken and irregular.

The court, now open toward the river, and commanding a most charming prospect, shows a preponderating Gothic influence. In fact, even here it is difficult to find any distinctly Renaissance work, unless it be the very rich cornice under the flamboyant tracery of the gallery that guards the upper windows, and the delicate carving surrounding some of the windows and set into the panelled buttresses.

The old floors of red tiles are oiled and polished to the ruddiest shade of terra cotta: the black beams of the ceiling of one chamber bear the crescents and hunting horns, the bows and arrows of Diana. Priceless tapestries cover many of the walls, and narrow Gothic windows give occasional glimpses of sunny hillsides or the winding river. Everything within and without unites in producing that atmosphere of rich color and historic beauty which are the essence of the attraction of

Chaumont to-day. All is peaceful, harmonious, beautiful. Portcullis and bristling towers hint of medieval savagery, but their usefulness had well-nigh departed even before they were built, and their service has never been more practical than it is to-day, when they add the last felicitous touch, the crowning and picturesque charm to Chaumont.

### AMBOISE

The royal chateau of Amboise crowns a steep and high bluff which overhangs and dominates the Loire, about half way between Blois and Tours. The huge, round tower, and stretch of gray walls, whose foundations lie at the very base of the bluff, seem to rise directly from the water's edge. The sheer cliff of masonry is most imposing and impressive, and, notwithstanding a short stretch of open galleries and wide windows above, Amboise is still a medieval fortress of enormous strength.

Amboise, as it stands to-day, is a monument of the reign of Charles VIII., and of the later years of the fifteenth century. It is also fundamentally Gothic, though some of the decorative details of the garden facade, as they are coming out now (1902) from under the restorer's hand, are in the later Renaissance style. These and the lighter, more open Gothic work were most probably the later work of Charles, added after his return from his famous campaign in Italy. He is said to have greatly admired the fashions in architecture which he found in the south, and to have brought a long train of Italian workmen home with him.

This work of rebuilding was not even begun, however, in 1484, and it was in the old fortress that the betrothal of Charles with the little Marguerite of Austria was celebrated. Both towers are assigned to the period between the king's return, in 1496, from his two years' campaign in Italy, and his death in 1498. Of this same period is the tiny chapel, built for Anne of Brittany and dedicated to St. Hubert. It is an exquisite gem of florid Gothic, whose lace-like carving would not be out of place on a jewel-casket. Its construction and decoration are attributed to the Italian workmen—the "gravers" from Naples. The little church of Sta. Maria della Spina at Pisa, the north portal of the cathedral at Florence, much of the finish of the cathedrals at Sienna and Orvieto, and the famous tabernacle of Orcagna, all are recalled by the exquisite delicacy of finish of this chapel of Amboise.

The chateau is now the property of M. le Comte de Paris, under whom extensive restorations are being carried on. Until recently, little but the walls have remained at Amboise, but within a few years it promises to be as completely restored as Blois or Pierrefonds. One must, of course, regret the loss of the softened lines and mysterious shadows produced by age and decay, and Amboise, restored, can never possess quite the romantic interest of Amboise, partially ruined. Yet, when the choice lies between absolute decay and restoration, one may not hesitate, and many thanks are due for the great care and reverence for the past, which here and elsewhere in France are being exercised in the preservation of her historic monuments.

CHATEAU AMBOISE

BLOIS

As a monument, the chateau of Blois is notable in that it illustrates four distinct periods of architecture, while two of its wings, which are unusually magnificent with decorative carving and heraldic emblazonments, remain models of the best period of the French Renaissance. In its history, Blois presents some of the most thrilling pages in the lives of the Valois kings. As elsewhere, one recalls beauty and romance, intrigue and bloodshed, but the list at Blois is a long one, and culminates in that most dastardly crime, the murder of the Duc de Guise.

To those who look first for symmetry of general outline, the chateau at Blois is likely to prove a disappointment, owing, of course, to its variety of styles.

The earliest portion of the heterogeneous pile is the great hall which remains between the two wings, attributed respectively to Louis XII. and Francis I. Another remnant, possibly of the same period, is the Gothic chapel which occupies a corner of the wing of Charles d'Orléans. These, with probably some of the foundations, are said to be all that is left of the stronghold built by the counts of Blois, upon the site of an earlier Roman fortress, some time before the thirteenth century.

WING OF LOUIS XII., BLOIS—ENTRANCE

Of the many monuments that bear the name of Francis I., the wing at Blois is still considered his *chef d'œuvre*, and frequently also, as the *chef d'œuvre* of the French Renaissance. That it is purer in style and more delicate in detail than any other work of Francis is true, but that he was entirely responsible for its success is much to be doubted.

The beauty and magnificence of the staircase have probably never been excelled. The upright lines of its support have the necessary solidity to give it weight and dignity, and the curves of the spiral, with the exquisite elaboration of decoration, add the grace and beauty which complete a picturesque and finished creation. Even the double curves of the stairs yield themselves to the motion of the waving lines, which "rush upwards like a flame blown from beneath."

After the destructions of the Revolution, which were especially ruinous at Blois, what was left of the chateau was converted into a barracks, but in 1845 it was placed in the restorer's hand. Much of his work is admirable, and undoubtedly saved an utter ruin.

CHAMBORD

The history of Chambord takes one back once more to the counts of Blois, for it formed a portion of the large domain of Blois which passed out of their hands and into the possession of the House of Orleans in the fourteenth century. Under the counts of Blois it had been a feudal manor-house, but under the Orleans princes it was used as a sort of hunting-lodge, and such it remained until Francis I. decided to transform it into the largest and most magnificent chateau in France. The location, a flat sandy plain, was most unattractive and unsuitable, and, as in the case of Versailles, later, its great distance from suitable building material rendered its erection a matter of enormous labor and expense, but with a monarch of the temperament of Francis I., time and money weighed as nothing in the balance against a passing whim, and during the early years of his reign Chambord was his passion. For it he left Blois to be finished by Gaston d'Orléans, and on it he is said to have employed eighteen hundred men for twelve years.

Whether the result fulfilled his expectations, or was commensurate with the expenditure

of labor and money, it is very difficult for us to-day to judge, as Chambord now possesses no claims to magnificence except size, and none whatever to beauty. But it must be admitted that the Chambord left by Francis I. was a very different affair from the barren barracks which to-day claims a day of one's journey down the Loire. To realize its early grace and splendor, it is necessary to study Du Cereau's drawing in *Les Plus Excellents Bastiments de France*, and read Lippomano's descriptions. The latter writes: "I have seen many magnificent buildings in the course of my life, but never anything more beautiful or more rich. They say that the piles for the foundations of the chateau in this marshy ground have alone cost three hundred thousand francs. . . . I counted one hundred and eighty-six steps in the spiral staircase which occupies the center. It is constructed with such skill, and is so convenient that a party can go up one side and down the other, six or eight abreast, at a time. . . . The wall that surrounds the park is seven leagues in length, and in the center rises the chateau with its gilt battlements, with its wings covered with lead, with its pavilions, its towers and its corridors, even as the romancers describe the abode of Morgana or of Alcinoüs."

The foundations of Chambord were laid in 1526. In its ground plan it surrounds a court, though it was originally inclosed only on three sides. Its angles are covered by round towers, and the main façade is broken by two others. These are all necessarily of enormous girth to correspond with the broad expanse of the walls. The latter are divided into panels by horizontal courses and pilasters, and the towers, window openings and all matters of detail are arranged with rigid regularity. Except for the round towers, therefore, these walls at Chambord would pass for very good Renaissance work, but the roof which crowns them is Gothic run riot.

The somewhat coarse splendor of Chambord especially appealed to Catherine de Medicis, who was frequently there during the reign of her three sons. A true Medicis, she loved magnificence, and she also delighted in the especial facilities for intrigue afforded by the famous double staircase, the intricate passages and innumerable chambers of the great palace.

The Revolution dismantled and disfigured the old chateau, leaving Chambord a bare shell. The government at one time intended to destroy it entirely, but as they found themselves fully occupied nearer Paris it was left unmolested. Chambord is most easily reached from Blois by partially following the Loire

CHATEAU CHAMBORD

# Choice Verse

**THE TEAMSTER** ..... **H. H. BASHFORD** ..... **LONDON OUTLOOK**

Ah, who'd go teaming wood on such a morning,
Go swinging on the bob-sleighs, through the frost,
Take any trail, before God's day is dawning,
With twenty miles of prairie to be crossed?
The colts are huddled sadly round the building,
The bitter wind creeps wailing down the plain,
No streak of dawn the starless east is gilding,
And I must rise and take the trail again.

O bride of mine, rest calm—the miles are lonely,
O bairn of mine, sleep sweet—the day is long,
The plains are wide and empty, and I, only,
Go forth at night to travel with a song,
Go forth alone to journey in the greatness
God spread, long since—a russet, tideless sea,
All shrouded now beneath the stars' sedateness,
The battleground of life for you and me.

Yet hark, the runners down the trail are ringing,
And see, the team is getting into stride,
And slow, and far, the mighty dawn comes singing,
Comes singing to the conquest of his bride,
Comes singing to the prairie's shy unfolding,
Treads softly, spreading roses on the snow,
Stays never, brooks no secret or withholding,
Till I, too, pay him homage as I go.

And I, too, sing the song of all creation,
A brave sky and a glad wind blowing by,
A clear trail and an hour for meditation,
A long day and the joy to make it fly,
A hard task and the muscle to achieve it,
A fierce noon and a well-contented gloam,
A good strife and no great regret to leave it,
A still night—and the far red lights of home.

**FOG** ..... **JOHN B. TABB** ..... **HARPER'S**

The ghost am I
Of winds that die
Alike on land or sea,
In silence deep
To shroud and keep
Their mournful memory.

A spirit white,
I stalk the night,
And, shadowing the skies,
Forbid the sun
To look upon
My noonday mysteries.

**A RECOLLECTION** ..... **CLINTON SCOLLARD** ..... **METROPOLITAN**

If I should pass beyond the bounds of time,
And tread the spaces of eternity,
That are as an immeasurable sea
Above our human grasp of thought sublime,
Though all else faded as the winter rime
Before the vernal sun, one memory,
My heart-deep whispers, would abide with me
Imperishable in that celestial clime.

It is the recollection of the hour
When she, the lily of all loveliness,
First gave the guerdon of her lips to mine;
I knew a rapture above mortal dower,
And was uplifted o'er earth's strife and stress
Till for an instant seemed my soul divine.

**TWO DWELLINGS** ..... **EMERY POTTLE** ..... **OUTING**

Here in the roar of the street,
In traffic's dull beat.
Swift to defeat
Dwelleth my mind,—
Striving and driving with its grim kind.

There is a far forest's lane,
Green after rain,
Careless of gain
Dwelleth my heart,—
Seeking the silence the trees impart.

**GIFTS** ..... **FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN** ..... **FRANK LESLIE'S**

Labor and Rest,
These are the best
Blessings that Heaven gives;
And happy he
Who makes them be
His gladness while he lives.

With every day
To wake and say:
*Thank God for work and ligh !*
And when at last
The day is past:
*Thank God for rest and night!*

This is to find
Sweet peace of mind;
To know life's precious worth;
God's gifts to take
And with them make
A paradise of earth!

**SONNET TO THE SEA** ..... **MARVIN DANA** ..... **SMART SET**

Eternity and time! of these, O Sea, thy song.
Erstwhile, thy storm-beat waves with awful truth related
The chaos' clamored shocks, how atoms fought and hated;
Thy tempest's roar was echo of that shrieking throng.
But now thy calm enthralls me. Conquered is the wrong;
Thy crooning billows breathe the joy that God has fated
To crown the cosmic toil: repose for all created.
That holy peace for which worlds, men and angels long.

O Sea, so gently fair, I listen to the phrase
Thou softly murmurest; I hear thee tell of days
Undying, glad with light, of blessed days eternal.
When soul of me shall float forever on thy breast.
Immortal Sea of space, in ecstasy supernal—
Thy rocking surge my cradle, for unending rest.

# The Courtship of Mr. Stubbins

## By Alice Hegan Rice

The following episode is from the new book* by the author of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Lovey Mary, an orphan, has run away from an asylum and taken refuge with an old maid, Miss Hazy, of the Cabbage Patch. One evening she comes home with a "blue letter" addressed to Miss Hazy. In fear lest it concern her she gives up the letter. Mrs. Wiggs, who is present, reads it. Justice to the author demands that it be stated that the selection has been necessarily condensed.

"Miss Hazy.

DEAR MISS (Mrs. Wiggs read from the large typewritten sheet before her): Why not study the planets and the heavens therein? In casting your future, I find that thou wilt have an active and succesful year for business, but beware of the law. You are prudent and amiable and have a lively emagination. You will have many ennemies; but fear not, for in love you will be faithful and sincer, and are fitted well fer married life."

"They surely ain't meanin' *me?*" asked Miss Hazy, in great perturbation.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Wiggs emphatically; "it's you, plain as day. Let's go on:

"Your star fortells you a great many lucky events. You are destined to a brilliant succes, but you will have to earn it by good conduct. Let wise men lead you. Your mildness against the wretched will bring you the friendship of everybody. Enclosed you will find a spirit picture of your future pardner. If you will send twenty-five cents with the enclosed card, which you will fill out, we will put you in direct correspondance with the gentleman, and the degree ordained by the planets will thus be fulfilled. Please show this circuler to your friends, and oblige

"Astrologer."

As the reading proceeded, Lovey Mary's fears gradually diminished, and with a sigh of relief she applied herself to her lunch. But if the letter had proved of no consequence to her, such was not the case with the two women standing at the window. Miss Hazy was re-reading the letter, vainly trying to master the contents.

"Mary," she said, "git up an' see if you can find my other pair of lookin'-glasses. Seems like I can't get the sense of it."

*Drawing by Florence Scovel Shinn*

"MRS. WIGGS TOOK PICTURES FROM HER WALLS AND CHAIRS FROM HER PARLOR"

Mrs. Wiggs meanwhile was excitedly commenting on the charms of the "spirit picture":

"My, but he's stylish! Looks fer all the world like a' insurance agent. Looks like he might be a little tall to his size, but I like statute men better'n dumpy ones. I bet he's got a lot of nice manners. Ain't his smile pleasant?"

Miss Hazy seized the small picture with trembling fingers. "I don't seem to git on to what it's all about, Mis' Wiggs. Ain't they made a mistake or somethin'?"

"No, indeed; there's no mistake at all," declared Mrs. Wiggs. "Yer name's on the back, an' it's meant fer you. Some way yer name's got out as bein' single an' needin' takin' keer of, an' I reckon this here 'strologer, or conjurer, or whatever he is, seen yer good fortune in the stars an' jes wanted to let you know 'bout it."

"Does he want to get married with her?" asked Lovey Mary, beginning to realize the grave importance of the subject under discussion.

"Well, it may lead to that," answered Mrs. Wiggs hopefully.

Miss Hazy herself uttered faint protests and expostulations, but in spite of herself she was becoming influenced by Mrs. Wiggs's enthusiasm.

"Oh, shoo!" she repeated again and again. "I ain't never had no thought of marryin'."

"Course you ain't," said Mrs. Wiggs. "Good enough reason: you ain't had a show before. Seems to me you'd be flyin' straight in the face of Providence to refuse a stylish, sweet-smilin' man like that."

"He is fine-lookin'," acknowledged Miss Hazy, trying not to appear too pleased; "only I wisht his years didn't stick out so much."

Mrs. Wiggs was exasperated.

"Lawsee! Miss Hazy, what do you think

*Lovey Mary. Alice Hegan Rice. N. Y. Century Co. $1.00

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he'll think of yer figger? Have you got so much to brag on, that you kin go to pickin' him to pieces? Do you suppose I'd 'a' dared to judge Mr. Wiggs that away? Why, Mr. Wiggs's nose was as long as a clothespin; but I would no more 'a' thought of his nose without him than I would 'a' thought of him without the nose."

"Well, what do you think I'd orter do 'bout it?" asked Miss Hazy.

"I ain't quite made up my mind," said her mentor. "I'll talk it over with the neighbors. But I 'spect, if we kin skeer up a quarter, that you'll answer by the mornin's mail."

If the Cabbage Patch had pinned its faith upon the efficiency of the matrimonial agency in regard to the disposal of Miss Hazy, it was doomed to disappointment. The events that led up to the final catastrophe were unique in that they cast no shadows before.

Miss Hazy's letters, dictated by Mrs. Wiggs and penned by Lovey Mary were promptly and satisfactorily answered. The original of the spirit-picture proved to be one Mr. Stubbins, "a prominent citizen of Bagdad Junction who desired to marry someone in the city. The lady must be of good character and without encumbrances."

The wooing had been ideally simple. Mr. Stubbins, with the impetuosity of a new lover, demanded an early meeting. It was a critical time, and the Cabbage Patch realized the necessity of making the first impression a favorable one. Mrs. Wiggs took pictures from her walls and chairs from her parlor to beautify the house of Miss Hazy. Old Mrs. Shultz, who was confined to her bed, sent over her black silk dress for Miss Hazy to wear. Mrs. Eichorn, with deep insight into the nature of man, gave a pound cake and a pumpkin pie. Lovey Mary scrubbed and dusted, and cleaned, and superintended the toilet of the bride-elect.

The important day had arrived, and with it Mr. Stubbins. To the many eyes that surveyed him from behind shutters and half-open doors he was something of a disappointment. Mrs. Wiggs's rosy anticipations had invested him with the charms of an Apollo, while Mr. Stubbins, in reality, was far from godlike. "My land, he's lanker'n a bean-pole!" exclaimed Mrs. Eichorn, in disgust.

Taking everything into consideration, the prospects had been most flattering. Mr. Stubbins, sitting in Mrs. Wiggs's most comfortable chair, with a large slice of pumpkin pie in his hand, and with Miss Hazy opposite arrayed in Mrs. Shultz's black silk, had declared himself ready to marry at once. And Mrs. Wiggs, believing that a groom in the hand is worth two in the bush, promptly precipitated the courtship into a wedding.

The affair proved the sensation of the hour. For one brief week the honeymoon shed its beguiling light on the neighborhood, then it suffered a sudden and ignominious eclipse.

The groom got drunk.

Mary was clearing away the supper dishes when she was startled by a cry from Miss Hazy:

"My sakes! Lovey Mary! Look at Mr. Stubbins a-comin' up the street! Do you s'pose he's had a stroke?"

Lovey Mary ran to the window and beheld the "prominent citizen of Bagdad Junction" in a state of unmistakable intoxication. He was bare-headed and hilarious, and used the fence as a life-preserver. Miss Hazy wrung her hands and wept.

"Oh, what'll I do?" she wailed. "I do b'lieve he's had somethin' to drink. I ain't goin' to stay an' meet him, Mary; I'm goin' to hide. I always was skeered of drunken men."

"I'm not," said Mary, stoutly. "You go on up in my room and lock the door; I'm going to stay here and keep him from messing up this kitchen. I just hate that man! I believe you do, too, Miss Hazy."

Miss Hazy wept afresh. "Well, he ain't my kind, Mary. I know I'd hadn't orter marry him, but it 'pears like ever' woman sorter wants to try gittin' married oncet anyways. I never would 'a' done it, though, if Mrs. Wiggs hadn't 'a' sicked me on."

By this time Mr. Stubbins had reached the yard, and Miss Hazy fled. Lovey Mary barricaded Tommy in a corner with his playthings and met the delinquent at the door. This modern David had no stone and sling to slay her Goliath; she had only a vocabulary full of stinging words, which she hurled forth with indignation and scorn. Mr. Stubbins had evidently been abused before, for he paid no attention to the girl's wrath. He passed jauntily to the stove and tried to pour a cup of coffee; the hot liquid missed the cup and streamed over his wrist and hand. Howling with pain and swearing vociferously, he flung the coffee-pot out of the window, kicked a chair across the room, then turned upon Tommy, who was adding shrieks of terror to the general uproar. "Stop that infernal yelling!" he cried savagely, as he struck the child full in the face with his heavy hand.

Lovey Mary sprang forward and seized the poker. All the passion of her wild little nature was roused. She stole up behind him as he

knelt before Tommy, and lifted the poker to strike. A pair of terrified blue eyes arrested her. Tommy forgot to cry, in sheer amazement at what she was about to do. Ashamed of herself, she threw the poker aside, and taking advantage of Mr. Stubbins's crouching position, she thrust him suddenly backward into the closet. The maneuver was a brilliant one, for while Mr. Stubbins was unsteadily separating himself from the débris into which he had been cast, Lovey Mary slammed the door and locked it. Then she picked up Tommy and fled out of the house and across the yard.

Mrs. Wiggs was sitting on her back porch pretending to knit, but in truth absorbed in a wild game of tag which the children were having on the commons. But when she caught sight of Mary's white, distressed face and Tommy's streaming eyes, she dropped her work and held out her arms. When Mary had finished her story Mrs. Wiggs burst forth:

"An' to think I run her up ag'in' this! Ain't men deceivin'? Now I'd 'a' risked Mr. Stubbins myself fer the askin'. It's true he was a widower, an' ma uster allays say, 'Don't fool with widowers, grass nor sod.' But Mr. Stubbins was so slick-tongued!"

*Drawing by Florence Scovel Shinn*

MR. STUBBINS COURTS MISS HAZY

"But, Mrs. Wiggs, what must we do?" asked Lovey Mary, too absorbed in the present to be interested in the past.

"Do? Why, we got to git Miss Hazy out of this here hole. It ain't no use consultin' her; I allays have said talkin' to Miss Hazy was like pullin' out bastin' threads: you jes take out what you put in. Me an' you has got to think out a plan right here an' now, then go to work an' carry it out."

"Couldn't we get the agency to take him back?" suggested Mary.

"No, indeed; they couldn't afford to do that. Lemme see, lemme see—" For five minutes Mrs. Wiggs rocked meditatively, soothing Tommy to sleep as she rocked. When she again spoke it was with inspiration:

"I've got it! It looks sometime, Lovey Mary, 's if I'd sorter caught some of Mr. Wiggs's brains in thinkin' things out. They ain't but one thing to do with Miss Hazy's husband."

"What, Mrs. Wiggs? What is it?" asked Lovey Mary, eagerly.

"Why, to lose him, of course! We'll wait till Mr. Stubbins is dead asleep; you know men allays have to sleep off a jag like this. I've seen Mr. Wiggs—I mean I've heared 'em say so many a time. Well, when Mr. Stubbins is sound asleep, you an' me an' Billy will drag him out to the railroad."

Mrs. Wiggs's voice had sunk to a hoarse whisper, and her eyes looked fierce in the twilight.

Lovey Mary shuddered.

"You ain't goin', to let the train run over him, are you?" she asked.

"Lor', child, I ain't a 'sassinator! No; we'll wait till the midnight freight comes along, an' when it stops fer water, we'll h'ist Mr. Stubbins into one of them empty cars. The train goes 'way out West somewheres, an' by the time Mr. Stubbins wakes up, he'll be so far away from home he won't have no money to git back."

"What'll Miss Hazy say?" asked Mary, giggling in nervous excitement.

"Miss Hazy ain't got a thing to do with it," replied Mrs. Wiggs, conclusively.

At midnight, by the dark of the moon, the unconscious groom was borne out of the Hazy cottage. Mrs. Wiggs carried his head, while Billy Wiggs and Mary and Asia and Chris officiated at his arms and legs. The bride surveyed the scene from the chinks of the up-stairs shutters.

Silently the little group waited until the lumbering freight train slowed up to take water, then with a concerted effort they lifted the heavy burden into an empty car.

The engine whistled, and the train moved thunderously away, bearing an unconscious passenger, who, as far as the Cabbage Patch was concerned, was henceforth submerged in the darkness of oblivion.

# In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

**TO ONE I LOVE .....J. B. CRANFILL.....INDEPENDENT**

When I am gone,
And my still form is wrapt
In death's repose;
When thou art lone,
And I am deaf to love of friends
Or hate of foes,
Remember then, dear heart,
That all my great deep wealth of love
Was thine.

I was not good,
But through the weary years
I struggled hard to be,
And my soul's food
Was thy sweet love
And my deep love for thee.
I did my best, dear heart,
And through it all I loved
And worshiped thee.

I suffered much,
But now and then a gleam of heavenly light
Was mine;
Your gentle love
Brought to my hungry soul
A glimpse of love divine,
And when I die remember well, dear heart,
That all my soul and life and love
Were thine.

In after years
When thou art loved and petted
By life's throng,
Look through thy tears,
And know that I was thine
Through all the journey long;
And when I died
My soul was soothed to peace
By thy love's song.

**OUR LITTLE NEED ....ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE..LIPPINCOTT'S**

A little love, a little life,
A little woman for a wife,
A little brood to come and go—
A little mound where grasses grow.

A little fire to warm the heart,
A little cheer before we part,
A little hope, a little trust,
Before the ashes and the dust.

**AT THE END .....ARTHUR KETCHUM.....AINSLEE'S**

The road dips down thro' the dusky wood—
To cross a bridge and skirt the pond—
Then glimmers away to village roofs
And the shadowy hills beyond.

And so the end of the guest is reached—
The open door and the welcome light—
And the wood and wind keep their tryst alone,
And the river whispers across the night.

**A BALLADE OF MEMORY...G. H. LUDOLF...CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL**

I see thee in each bright spring morn
When idling in my garden fair;
While dewdrops still lie on the lawn,
And pale narcissi scent the air.
Some feathered songster breathes a prayer,
Sunshine and shadow come and go:
How glad life is! Yet I declare
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

I see thee in the mellow corn,
Now bright with many a poppy's flare;
I watch the frolic-loving fawn
Peep forth from out his shady lair.
The world is bright and debonair,
The wild bees honey-laden grow:
'Tis wondrous, dear! and yet I swear
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

I see thee in a land forlorn,
By wild and wintry blast laid bare;
Now gray and desolate the dawn,
And wan the garb the hedgerows wear.
'Mid blinding snow, in mute despair,
The cheerless herd drifts to and fro.
How drear! and yet I hardly care:
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

ENVOI.

Yea, though I see thee everywhere,
And hear thy accents softly flow,
At night-hour, when I draw my chair,
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

**BEREFT..... ISIDOR D. FRENCH..... BOSTON EVE. TRANSCRIPT**

I passed the window where she used to sit
With quickened step; I knew she was not there;
This was the time her lamp was always lit,
And she sat busy with her needle's care
For those she loved; and oft, by happy chance.
She would look down and give me cheery glance.

Such busy hands! Such tender, loving heart
That made of service crown and happiness,
Her sunny glance helped me to do my part
With more desire to lighten and to bless
Those the dear Father gives into my care,
With whom the joys and griefs of life I share.

All undisturbed by anxious fear or care
Her faithful love gives holy service yet;
The heaven that holds her we shall long to share;
In its clear light, O heavenly Father, let
Our love for her in its deep truth appear
Unstained by all its selfish blemish here.

But oh! "the vanished hand," the sweet "stilled voice"!
For us the bitter loss, for her the gain!
In all her peace and rest I would rejoice;
But as I homeward pass, her window's pane
Will have no light for me, no happy smile;
Ah! I must pass some other way awhile!

# The Art of John Singer Sargent

## By Charles H. Caffin*

How shall one describe the method of John Sargent? It reveals the alertness and versatility of the American Temperament. Nothing escapes his observation, up to a certain point at least; he is never tired of fresh experiment; never repeats his compositions and schemes of color, nor shows perfunctoriness or weariness of brush. In all his work there is a vivid meaningfulness; in his portraits, especially, an amazing suggestion of actuality. On the other hand, his virtuosity is largely French, reaching a perfection of assurance that the quick-witted American is, for the most part, in too great a hurry to acquire; a patient perfection, not reliant upon mere impression or force of temperament. In its abounding resourcefulness there is a mingling of audacity and conscientiousness; a facility so complete that the acts of perception and of execution seem identical, and an honesty that does not shrink from admitting that such and such a point was unattainable by him, or that to have attained it would have disturbed the balance of the whole. And yet this virtuosity, though it is French in character, is free of the French manner, as indeed of any mannerism. For example, his English men and women, his English children especially, belong distinctly to English life. Though he may portray them in terms of Parisian technique, he never confuses the idioms, being far too keenly alive to the subtle differences of race.

*Courtesy of Harper's Weekly* *Copyright by Harper & Bros., 1903*
JOHN SINGER SARGENT

This skill of hand is at the service of a brilliant pictorial sense. Like a true painter, he sees a picture in everything he studies. Perhaps it would be truer to say that he sees the picture, the one which for the time being has taken possession of his imagination and to which he is willing to sacrifice even truth, or at least some portion of truth, rather than to permit the integrity of his mental picture to be impaired. This pictorial sense is one of the sources of the greatness and of the less than greatness in his work. It gives to each of his canvases a distinct esthetic charm; grandiose, for example, in the portrait of "Lady Elcho, Mrs. Arden, and Mrs. Tennant," ravishingly elegant in the "Mrs. Meyer and Children," delicately quaint in the "Beatrix," and so on through a range of motives, each variously characterized by grandeur of line, suppleness of arrangement and fascinating surprise of detail; used with extraordinary originality but always comformable to an instinctive sense of balance and rhythm. And then, too, how tactful is the selection of pose, costume, and accessories! With what taste he creates environment for his conception of the subject!

It is, however, in regard to the conception of his subject that Sargent challenges criticism. How far does he render the character of the sitter? To say that his characterization is slap-dash and superficial is, surely, going too far. It was confuted by that exhibition of fifty portraits, which represented at least fifty distinct persons. Nor with that panorama of

*From American Masters of Painting. Charles H. Caffin. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.00 net. Copyright, 1902, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

*Courtesy of N. Y. Daily News*
PORTRAIT OF P. A. B. WIDENER

his art in one's memory can one admit that he has no real sympathy with his sitters. Very possibly, however, it is not a personal svmpathy and for two reasons. He is a picture maker before he is a portraitist, and in portraiture has less interest in the individual than in the type which he or she represents. This latter particular is symptomatic, partly of the artist himself and partly of his times. He is not of the world which he plays so conspicuous a part, but preserves an aloofness from it and studies it with the collectedness of an onlooker interested in the moving show and in its general trends of motive, but with an individual sympathy only occasionally elicited, as when he paints Georg Henschel, like himself, a musician.

Again it is an affectation of the class from which most of his sitters, especially the ladies, are drawn to exhibit the studied unconviction so deliciously represented in Anthony Hope's Dolly Dialogues. The elegant shallowness of so many of his portraits is true enough in a general way, and very likely in the individual case. There is another type, embodying the thinking-for-herself and the greater latitude of action of the modern woman. They are, to a certain extent, the product of an age of nerves, and in his portraits of them there is perceptible an equivalent restlessness of manner, a highly strung intention, almost a stringiness of nervous expression. Again, I can recall in the Boston exhibition two portraits of ladies whose *esprit* was of a kind that quiet folks would consider fast. Their cases also had been keenly diagnosed and met with the skill of an artist who did not care to extenuate, nor, on the other hand, had fallen under personal subjection to their physical

*Courtesy of John Lane, The International Studio*
A JAVANESE DANCER

*From a Cosmos Print*

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL BENEATH THE YOKE OF THEIR OPPRESSORS—BOSTON LIBRARY

attractiveness but set down what he saw and surrounded it with the elegant atmosphere that was its salvation in real life. It is here that he compares to such advantage with a painter like Boldini.

Sargent has instinctive refinement. It would be quite impossible for him to have any feelings toward his subjects other than those of a true gentlemen; and, though he may represent in a lady a full flavor of the modern spirit, he never allows the modernity to exceed the limits of good taste. For the same reason Sargent's pictures, though many of them have a restlessness of their own, seem quiet alongside Boldini's. The latter makes a motive of nervous tenuosity, and his pictures, if seen frequently, become wiry in suggestion, and defeat their own purpose of being vibrative; but Sargent's, controlled by a fine sobriety of feeling, another phase of his unfailing taste and tact, retain their suppleness. Their actuality is all the more convincing because it is not the motive, but an incident.

Yet, even so, this actuality is of a very different quality from that reached by the old masters. I have in mind an inevitable comparison, suggested by his portrait of Mr. Marquand in the Metropolitan Museum with one by Titian on the same wall and with a Franz Hals, a Velasquez and a Rembrandt in an adjoining gallery. In all these latter there is a gravity of feeling that is not alone due to the subduing effects of time; while Sargent's portrait, even apart from the sleek

*Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.*

CARMENCITA

FRIEZE OF PROPHETS—BOSTON LIBRARY

fatness of the brush work, which age will mature, is the product of a habit of mind altogether different.

Among the masters we may feel certain that Sargent will be reckoned as having been one of the most conspicuous figures of his age; but his vogue will rise and dwindle according to the amount of interest felt for the time being in the age which he represented; it will scarcely have that inevitableness of conviction, which, when once recognized, must abide. If this forecast is correct, the reason is that Sargent, though, raised above his time, scarcely reveals in his portraits elevation of mind; he has the clear eye of the philosopher without his depth and breadth of vision; he has possessed himself of his age, and the age has taken possession of him. He swims on its sea with strokes of magnificent assurance, but with a vision bounded by the little surface waves around him; he has not sat upon the cliffs quietly pondering its wider and grander movements.

So the intimacy revealed in the great majority of Sargent's portraits is of that degree and quality which passes for intimacy in the polite society of to-day—a conformability to certain types of manner and feeling, with interesting little accents of individuality, that shall distinguish without too keenly differentiating; traits of style rather than of personality. Sometimes there is even less than this. The subject would seem to have got upon the artist's nerves, interfering with the usual poise of his study, so that he seems to have allowed himself to be sidetracked on to some loopline of the temperament. Occasionally he touches a deeper level of intimacy, as in the portraits of Henschel, Mr. Penrose, and Mr. Marquand, and oftentimes in children's portraits, notably in that of Homer St. Gaudens. But, for the most part, I believe, it is not the personality of the sitter that attracts us so much as that of the artist, which he has seized upon the occasion to present to us; a

personality of inexhaustible facets and of a variety of expression that, for the time being at least, creates an illusion of being all-sufficient.

What a contrast he presents to Whistler, with whom he shares the honor of being among the very few distinctly notable painters of the present day. Sargent with his grip upon the actual, Whistler in his search for the supersensitive significance, are the direct antipodes in motive. Each started with a justifiable consciousness of superiority to the average taste of his times; but while Whistler, on one side of his character a man of the world, has in his art withdrawn himself into a secluded region of poetry, Sargent, almost a recluse, has delighted his imagination with the seemings and shows of things and with their material significance.

Is the reason for this merely that success claimed him early and that he has not been able to extricate himself from the golden entanglement, or that deeper one, noticeable in many artists, that their artistic personality is the direct antithesis of that personality by which they are commonly known to the world? Otherwise, this man, with his gift of seeing pictures, with his power of a brush that seems loaded with light rather than with pigment, with his smiting force or tender suggestiveness of expression—what might he not have done had he followed the bent of his mind, a mind stored with culture, serene and reflective? Something, doubtless, less dazzling than his

FRIEZE OF PROPHETS—BOSTON LIBRARY

portraits, but more poetical, more mysteriously suggestive, more distinctly creative. As it is, some little studies of Venice, such as "Venetian Bead Stringers," come nearer probably to the true spirit of Sargent; to that exquisiteness of fancy which he developed more completely in the study of children lighting lanterns in a garden, "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose." The refined originality of this embroidery of light and shadow, the lights so brilliant, the shadows penetrated with mystery; the affectionate tenderness with which the children and flowers are represented, the lovely imaginativeness of the whole conception, bespoke qualities which have appeared only partially in the portraits, and are altogether of a rarer significance than their vivid actuality. This picture is perhaps even more acceptable than his elaborate decorations in the Boston Public Library, because it represents more unreservedly an artist's vision and one of such delicate apprehensiveness. The decorations involve a more labored, conscious effort to produce something noble, and the literary allusion encroaches somewhat upon the æsthetic. Yet to enjoy them we are not bound to thread our way through the maze of mythological suggestion.

*Courtesy of John Lane, The International Studio*

"CARNATION, LILY, LILY, ROSE"

The panels are full of dignity and beauty, considered purely as decoration; finely rhythmical in the frieze, stern with tensity of form and deliberate harshness of color in the lunette, a labyrinth of tapestried ornament in the soffit of the arch.

Their significance, both as decoration and allusion, is progressive, passing from the serene simplicity and tempered realism of the prophets through the mingling of human tragedy and symbolism in the misery of the apostate Jews, up to the bewilderment of beauty and horror in the representation of the tangle of false faiths. Moreover, this graduation of motive bears a very skilfully adjusted relation to the architectural function of the several spaces embellished. Unfortunately the room itself has very little architectural reasonableness, and is unworthy of the decorations, which will not establish their full dignity of effect until the remaining spaces are filled. So it is scarcely fair to compare them with Puvis de Chavannes's in the same building, which involve a completed scheme, for which, too, the architects made due provision. Further, the motives of the two artists are so radically different: Puvis content to shadow forth a vague conception in abstract terms; Sargent seeking to embody the facts of men's mental and moral life in their direct and actual significance. It was a more daring problem, and one that perhaps is more closely knitted to the feeling of our times. The solution is a most notable attempt to bring the intellectual faculties into harmonious accord with the esthetic.

It is along the line of these decorations and of "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" that one believes the true Sargent may be discerned. In them he is giving utterance to himself: in his portraits responding with a certain *hauteur* to the allurements of his day.

# Matters Musical and Dramatic

### THE LITERARY DRAMA

There has never been a period when the cry for the literary drama has been so strong as it is at present. Nor has there ever been a time when the condition of the actual drama seemed apparently more deplorable in some ways. The stage of New York City has been literally overrun by strange concoctions called musical comedies. For the most part these have been characterized by music that has been reminiscent and by humor that has been grotesque and coarse. Where is the real *opera comique*, the operetta of the type of Fra Diavolo, Pinafore, The Chimes of Normandy, not to mention *Carmen*, or Mignon, or Il Barbiere de Seviglia, which have now been relegated to the home of grand opera? We look for these in vain through a list of stupid hodge-podges without plot or music. Comic opera is practically dead, has been killed by vaudeville. But in the serious drama there have been many interesting phenomena during the season. Several Shakespearian revivals have gladdened the heart of the old-timer. Interesting experiments, such as Everyman, Mary of Magdala, and Ibsen's Ghosts have shown elements which are working toward a higher and a better thing. And now there comes the announcement of several productions which should have a meaning.

### THE TRANSFORMATION OF A PLAYHOUSE

In a little theater on Forty-fourth Street there has been the scene of a transformation which is almost symbolic. Some time ago, Mrs. Osborn originated the theater and produced there musical travesties meant for the fashionable. The venture had a precarious experience and was finally abandoned. This was the original scheme. The transition came in an opposite extreme. An attempt to produce old Elizabethan plays in their original manner without scenery and with Elizabethan atmosphere ended, as was inevitable, in failure. The little playhouse thus passed its second stage and it now enters upon its third and, it is to be hoped, successful period. Mr. George Fawcett of Baltimore has procured the house and will produce here the dramas of Ibsen and the best of the European dramatists. Here is a perfect picture of the state of the drama and its effort to work out toward a higher and a better thing.

### THE NOVELIST AND THE DRAMA

The same tendency is seen in another way in certain productions of book plays. The Resurrection, Tolstoi's great novel, has been seen in New York. It is true that the story has been sentimentalized and cheapened toward a melodrama, but the spirit of Tolstoi still lives in it. Over in England, Kipling's The Light That Failed is meeting with success. The sentimental element here again intrudes in an absurd "happy ending." But here also the author's spirit remains. Several other plays by John Oliver Hobbes, J. M. Barrie, E. K. Benson and the like show how the literary element is creeping into the drama.

### THE ENDOWED THEATER

On top of all this comes an increasing demand for the endowed theater. A resolution has been introduced into Congress by Representative Meiers favoring a great State-endowed theater in Washington. A movement toward an endowed theater in New York City is gaining force under the inspiration of the American Dramatists' Club. At a meeting of the Club, on February 7, the following resolution was adopted:

> Resolved, That a preliminary committee be appointed by the acting president to discuss and formulate a plan for presenting the Endowed National Theater project to the public, and bringing it to the consideration of potential subscribers; and that such committee be empowered to invite the co-operation of an equal number of persons not members of the American Dramatists' Club, interested in the said project.

The Theatre for March thus describes the movement:

> There seems to be misapprehension in some quarters as to the significance of the term "National" Theater. It does not mean a State-aided theater. That, of course, would be impossible under our system of government, and undesirable, if it were possible, for politics would at once become a mischievous element in the management. The theater advocated should be entirely independent of the State. It should be privately endowed and supported by public subscription. It should be simply a repertory theater, where the classic and standard plays, as well as new plays, might be performed in the best possible manner. It would be a national theater only in the sense that the productions made would represent the best this country can achieve in the dramatic art. There is nothing very revolutionary about this program, and the good—edu-

cational and artistic—that would come of it is incalculable. Most important of all, it would give the native playwright a better opportunity than he has ever had.

### THE MOVEMENT IN PHILADELPHIA

Even more striking than this agitation is a movement in Philadelphia to establish an American Academy of Dramatic Art. Its object is the purification of the English language, and the uplifting of the American stage. The conduct of its affairs will be along lines similar to those which have gained for the Comédie Française, in Paris, such an enviable reputation. Already $300,000 has been pledged, and it is expected that the remainder of the $5,000,000 necessary for the success of the venture will be soon forthcoming. Mr. George Clark, the veteran actor, is the moving spirit of this endeavor.

### PROPHETS OF DESPAIR

There are those who refuse to see in these events anything but despair, who refuse to look at the silver lining, and consequently see but the dark cloud. The New York Post is one of these:

The theatrical outlook here and in England is so discouraging that the most ardent believers in the possibilities of the stage as an artistic, moral, and educational force, as well as a source of the best entertainment, might well despair of its future, if it were not for the occasional schemes suggested for its reform. These, as a rule, are far too vague and ill-considered to justify the expectation of practical results, but they reveal, at least, a growing feeling of contempt and disgust at the imbecility or indecency of most of the current exhibitions, and a desire for something better. Therefore they work together for good.

Reform to be effectual must originate in the theater itself, and, perhaps, the most alarming feature in the dramatic situation just now is the dearth not only of first-rate actors, but of second. It is to this latter class that all our so-called stars belong, and even they have few visible successors. The same state of affairs prevails in England.

This can be provided only in stock companies. In them the novice is paid for his services and therefore can serve a longer and more thorough course of apprenticeship than in a so-called school of acting in which he can learn nothing that he does not pay for. Without stock companies there will be no supply of good actors, and without them there can be no theatrical resurrection. There must be a reversion to first principles, and it may be nearer than superficial observers suspect.

### THE OUTCOME

The article just quoted suggests several things. The stock company is not dead but is being revived. All over the country there are hundreds of these. It is true that they are houses of cheap prices. But they produce good plays and produce them worthily. Moreover they are educating actors on one side and the public on the other. These theaters have a constant *clientèle* which attends regularly every week. They produce revivals and they show the real drama. Even taking the above writer at his word, the outlook is not ominous. The drama is slowly but surely working back to its own. There never will be a time when each play will be a masterpiece. There never was a time when such was the case. In Shakespeare's day it was not true. The original Hamlet was a melodrama. And we have accomplished many things. We have created scenery. We have made color and music part of the drama. Given with our advance a serious worthy play and we shall outstrip our origins.

### PLAY CONTESTS

There have been in the past several contests with attempts to call forth good material from unknown talent. Mr. George Fawcett is at present conducting such a contest. A new one is announced by Mr. Arthur Hornblow, editor of The Theatre, in his March issue. The prize offered in the latter case is a metropolitan production by Charles Frohman next November In the former case there have been over three hundred plays submitted.

### MORE BOOK DRAMATIZATIONS

The most recent announcements in book dramatizations for next season are Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch and The Pit. The former should make an excellent comedy, quaint and attractive, a female counterpart to David Harum. In regard to The Pit, the matter is not so simple. There is a great play in the book, but the chances are heavy that it will develop into a huge melodrama instead of, as it should be, a tragedy or serious Ibsenesque study.

### THE NEW IMPRESARIO

Of prime interest to New York and also of great interest to the country at large was the selection of a manager to fill the post made vacant by the retirement of Maurice Grau from the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Heinrich Conreid who was chosen is probably the foremost manager in America, judged from the standpoint of real merit. Since 1892 he has been manager of the Irving Place Theater, which playhouse he has made the foremost German theater outside of Germany. He has brought over to America the finest of German actors and he has produced the best of continental plays. His rare worthiness is attested by the fact that he has been honored by the kings of

Belgium and Italy, while the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the originator of one of the most famous stock companies the world has seen, made him a knight. In this country both Harvard and Columbia universities have bestowed on him honorary degrees.

#### ANOTHER PATTI FAREWELL

Patti the wonderful and the ever young has signed a contract to make another farewell tour of America. She will appear in sixty concerts and is to sing only twice at each concert, with possible encores. Her numbers, subject to change by herself, will be limited to the popular ballads of England and America, selections from La Traviata, Lucia, and the Barbiere de Seviglia. Those who have heard Madame Patti in recent years say that her voice retains much, if not all, of its oldtime charm and richness, and that she will therefore be able to please as much as she did at her last "farewell" in New York at the Madison Square Garden about nine years ago. The concert tour is booked to begin at the Metropolitan Opera House, November 3. Later Madame Patti will go in a special car to Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, and then west to Chicago, St. Louis, and the other important cities to the coast, excepting New Orleans.

#### OLD MUSIC ON OLD INSTRUMENTS

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, the musical antiquarian and his wife, have been giving a series of unique concerts in New York. Mr. Dolmetsch's plan is to play old music upon the archaic instruments for which it was written. For many years he has been a zealous devotee of the ancient music written for harpsichord, clavichord, viols and lutes; he has mastered the technique of those instruments and has also devoted much time not only to playing them in public but in making new specimens on the old models. The concerts were chiefly to be commended for their antiquary interest and for the excellence of the music and its performance. But Mr. Dolmetsch hardly justified himself when he "bewails the development of musical art away from the naïve ideals of that elder day of its being which he loves—the transmutation of an art that was merely decorative and accessory into an art that has become primarily a medium of emotional expression. He appears to believe that modern music, in attaining its unparalleled capacity for intense emotional utterance, has made a reckless and unjustifiable sacrifice of simplicity, reticence, and repose." In some few cases the antique instrument proved the more satisfactory, but in the main the concerts justified the modern developments.

# Educational Questions of the Day

#### MAKING THE TEACHER A MACHINE

The public school teacher is being deprived of all initiative. He or she is told exactly what and how much of any subject is to be taught. The school system is becoming an autocracy; the teacher being merely a machine by which the will of the superintendent is made operative. In a lecture before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, Dr. John Dewey, the well-known director of the School of Education of the University of Chicago, states that the remedy for public school educational evils is to give more initiative to the teachers:

> In everything else in our social and political life we are committed to the principle of federation, of representative government. Only in the schools do we deny ourselves the benefits of local self-government. The crying evil of our whole public school system is the subjection of the subject-matter and methods of teaching to outside dictation.
>
> Some of the school reformers who believe that the regulation of curriculum and text-books and methods by a non-expert school board was a fault in the system, have run to the idea that the only remedy for such a fault lay in centralizing all this power in the hands of an expert superintendent. That is, they would substitute for a partial democracy an autocracy, a one-man power. But the real remedy, it seems to me, is to make the school democracy more complete by giving the individual teachers actually employed in the schoolrooms some regular and effective way of influencing the selection of subjects, text-books, and methods of teaching.

The objection will be immediately made that the average teacher is not competent to determine how the class had best be taught. Dr. Dewey admits this present incapacity, but insists that the competency of the teacher would be increased by sharing in the responsibility of outlining the school course. External authority over these matters tends actually to protect the incompetent and inefficient teacher in her position. It puts the standard of the judgment of the teacher's work in the wrong

place. It may make those teachers who, through their very inability to think for themselves as to the needs of their individual classes conform most closely to the "system," appear to better advantage than those who in reality are more efficient in teaching.

### THE TRAINING OF DEFICIENT CHILDREN

The New York Board of Education recently instructed the school principals to report the number of children in their schools with a mental capacity below normal. Eight thousand five hundred children were reported as deficient, defective, or feeble-minded; that is, they were not able to keep pace with the average child. They are not idiots or imbeciles, but if they are not to become useless, and perhaps vicious, members of society, they must be taken out of the regular public school classes and taught according to their capacity. In this connection Isabel R. Wallach, writing in the New York Times, tells what has been done abroad for this class of children:

England, Germany, and Belgium solved the question of helping these children by the formation of special or auxiliary classes. The teachers of these special classes are made aware of the peculiarity of each child and acquainted with any physical defect from which it may suffer. They ascertain the nature of the home environment, and they shape their methods of instruction and discipline in accordance with these details. Lessons are graded according to individual capacity, and purely brain work is alternated with manual training.

All lessons are short in duration, because many of the pupils are unable to concentrate their thoughts for any length of time. Moreover, they may be curtailed at the teacher's discretion whenever signs of fatigue and restlessness indicate the need of such a step.

The manual training work introduces much that the kindergarten has made familiar, but of a coarser grade. In addition the knotting of thick cords, hammering home nails and pegs, tossing bean bags into pockets, plain cooking, gardening, and joining help in teaching eye and hand to yield obedience to the brain.

Shop lessons are considered great fun, and prove a valuable aid in the mastering of arithmetical combinations. At the same time they impart a practical knowledge of the details of buying and selling, and inculcate habits of justice and honesty in business dealings.

The children improve noticeably in these classes under such methods, and gradually learn to reason and to answer almost as intelligently as normal children, though more slowly, of course. One sees here little evidence of the confusion and loss of rational speech that, in a regular class, so often assail the deficient child when suddenly called upon to recite.

Individual progress is quickly discovered by the teacher on the watch for it, and encouraged in every way. The child is advanced as his capacity develops, and transferred to the regular class as soon as his mental growth warrants the change.

It has been urged that the parents of deficient children will strenuously object to any classification which will affix, as it were, a stigma on their offspring. This may be very true, for there are people who will sacrifice everything to their vanity. But for the sake of helpless children whose weak minds can never grasp school work without special and individual aid, such parents must be educated to accept the right view of the situation. They must be led to realize that the special class differs from the regular one only in degree, not in kind; that the trend of its work is in the same direction, only that the end is reached more slowly, and that the work is simplified to meet the child's capacity; that instead of being an unhappy and hopeless dullard in a class of children of superior mentality, the backward child has a chance to advance on lines it can follow, and to see its efforts win success instead of ridicule and failure.

### TRADE SCHOOLS AND UNIONS

The seventeenth annual report of the Commissioner of Labor deals with trades and technical education. It gives some interesting facts as to the antagonistic attitude of certain unions toward trade schools. The New York Evening Post, commenting on this attitude, remarks that the rise of the law school from suspicion to popularity is within the memory of many men who do not yet call themselves old:

Conservative practitioners at the bar used to look askance at the new process of making lawyers, and declare that they would give more for the training of a year in an office of general practice than for six years in the best school ever established. These opponents of the system were often educated men, and always sincere. They simply failed to appreciate the fact that a school course offered a short cut to certain rudiments of legal learning which would have to be acquired by arduous processes in an office; and that, though the graduate in theory would have a vast deal to learn in practice after the school had done all it could for him, his schooling at least would save his employer many hours of hard drumming on subjects which could be mastered just as well outside of an office as in it.

If it took men of large mental scope a good while to grasp this idea, it is not surprising that the mechanics who compose the labor unions have taken a good while to digest the same idea underlying the trade schools.

The unions made a bitter fight on barber schools at the outset, ostensibly because their tendency was to overcrowd the trade, but really, it is suspected, because the schools interfered with the practice of the shops of keeping young men working a long time as apprentices, and thus getting their assistance for nothing. However, the manager of a school in Omaha opened negotiations with the local unions, and finally brought about a system of co-operation, under which an advisory board of union barbers takes part in the disciplinary control of the school, revises and grants permits for its advertisements, examines its pupils, signs its diplomas, and the like. The school management, in return, binds itself to respect the rights and privileges of the unionized craft, to do no public barbering other than for pur-

poses of clinical demonstration, etc. On these terms the once hostile interests have been getting along very well for some time. Elsewhere, however, the old friction continues, and the graduates of the schools are reduced to the necessity of either going through the same apprenticeship as ever, regardless of their preliminary training, or finding employment in non-union shops, or setting up in business for themselves.

Other crafts like the bricklayers and the granite cutters regard the schools with favor when their purpose is to teach workmen who are actually going to make a life task of the trade, or those who have already mastered the practical side and would like to learn the larger scientific or technical side of their callings.

The trade correspondence school is another most useful development of the trade school. One of these schools, with headquarters at Scranton, Pa., employs hundreds of instructors and has an enrollment of 300,000 pupils. Seventeen districts and one hundred and fifty local offices are maintained throughout the United States and Canada.

There is a field equipment consisting of six railroad cars with complete air-brake outfits, costing $10,000 each. When arrangements have been made with the officers of a certain railroad company, one of these cars makes a tour of the entire line, stopping at one and another station long enough to enable the local employee to visit it, inspect the instruction papers, and investigate the school methods. By this means, about forty different roads have been patrolled and 8,000 railway employees enrolled as pupils. Those who subscribe to a course are furnished at once with the necessary instruction and question papers, and presently an instruction car comes along and supplements the written work with lectures, illustrated by the stereopticon and working models of locomotives and the like. Everything is kept abreast of the latest improvements and discoveries in machine building.

### AN IMPORTANT CATALOGUE

Perhaps the most important coöperative library work ever undertaken is the printing and distributing of its catalogue cards by the Library of Congress. The Librarian of Congress has given the following reasons for undertaking the work:

The catalogues of most American libraries, indeed of all of any importance, are in card form. These cards, so familiar to most library users, are of Bristol board and approximately the size of the smaller postal cards formerly in use. With a very few exceptions all the libraries in America use catalogue cards of the same size, this uniformity being one of the invaluable results of the earnest labors of the library pioneers, some of whom are still among our active librarians and are building upon the foundations so wisely laid. Catalogue cards are either written or typewritten, or, in the case of a very few of the largest libraries, are printed. Each book has a separate card for the author, the subject, and for the title, if noteworthy. Some books may have fifty separate subject cards, some only one; the average is perhaps five. The preparation of such a catalogue requires the services of an educated expert, of extensive knowledge and good judgment, to determine and state accurately the subjects treated, and of a copyist to do the work of writing. This work each American library has heretofore been doing for itself, at great expense. As already noted, something had been done in the way of co-operation in this direction, but no comprehensive plan could be adopted or carried out from the lack of a central bureau adequately equipped for the special purpose in hand. This central bureau the Library of Congress proposes to establish. While the immediate purpose of printing the cards is for its own use, it offers to furnish the cards as printed to all American libraries at the cost of production, which, it is needless to say, is an insignificant fraction of the cost of producing them separately in each library.

The Dial, in an article on "Modern Library Enterprise," referring to the work of the Congressional Library, states:

"The distribution and use of this great catalogue will, in addition to its other advantages, do much to promote another important work of mutual helpfulness among librarians—that of inter-library loans. The idea of loaning books to other libraries, even to those at a considerable distance, is not a new one. The most important work of this kind has been that done in connection with the Library of the Surgeon-General at Washington. This valuable collection of books, consisting of 135,000 volumes, has been practically at the service of the medical profession throughout the country for many years."

The Library of Congress has adopted the plan of loaning books to other libraries, and is practically placing its valuable collection at the service of the student and investigator in any part of the country. The conditions of the loan are thus stated by the Librarian of Congress: If the book is in the National Library, if it is a book which it is not the duty of the local library to supply; if it is not at the moment needed in Washington, and if it is transportable, it may, very probably, upon application, be lent to the local library for its use. To justify the issue beyond the limits of Washington of a rare book, or a book important for reference use and not a duplicate, there must be a somewhat extraordinary need. It must be on the part, not of ordinary readers, not of a student whose purpose is merely self-improvement, but of an investigator whose use of the book will tend to advance the general knowledge.

# Sociologic Questions of the Times

### RUSSIAN TEMPERANCE COMMITTEES

The most interesting temperance scheme of which we know is being tried in Russia. A very complete description of it is given by Miss Edith Sellers in the Contemporary Review.

By a law passed in 1894, the Russian Government made the spirit trade a State monopoly. The State manufactures and retails spirits, buying at its own price all spirits distilled in the empire. With the exception of some large hotels and one restaurant to every four thousand inhabitants, all spirits are retailed in sealed bottles at Government shops. To open a bottle in a shop or in the street is a punishable offense. On holidays, court days, or pay days if near a factory, the Government shop is closed. At other times anyone over sixteen and not a soldier may buy.

The Russian Minister of Finance, M. Witte, is responsible for the law. Before it was passed he frankly admitted that to deprive a certain class of men of the right to drink vodka was to deny them the only pleasure they could procure for themselves, and that the Government, in taking it away, was bound, to replace it with other pleasures. He also said that, "if we are to prevent the working classes from drinking, we must give them something to eat. It is a waste of time trying to keep vodka out of their way, unless we are prepared to bring wholesome food well within their reach." To this end he organized Temperance Committees. Every town and every country district in Russia now has its Temperance Committee, while special committees are appointed for schools and prisons. Each village has a temperance protector. These committees are formed of the most influential members of the community. Some are officially appointed and paid, while others are private citizens interested in temperance and social reform. The president of the committee is always the chief local authority.

The Government expects the committees to provide "recreation for those unable to provide it for themselves; to organize temperance restaurants; to watch over the sale of alcohol; to spread information as to the evil effects of alcohol, and to provide retreats for alcoholists." The committees all receive a Government grant from the spirit monopoly fund.

Miss Sellers writes:

Of all the Temperance Committees, that at Moscow is the one to which most interest is attached, owing to the fact that it has a larger and more critical *clientèle* to deal with than any other committee. Moscow is the great industrial center of Russia, some half million workers being employed there; it is also the refuge to which the peasants for hundreds of miles eastward betake themselves temporarily when things go wrong in their village. It has a huge working-class population, made up of diverse elements, of comparatively well-paid artisans and casual laborers on the brink of starvation; and while the former are at once more intelligent and better educated than any other set of workers in Russia, the latter are amongst the most ignorant and uncivilized. Then its people are of the very kind most prone to resort to public houses, for a large percentage of them are homeless men. As rents are terribly high in Moscow, they leave their wives, if they have wives, in the villages, and content themselves as a rule with a "corner"—just space enough in some room in which to sleep at nights.

The Moscow Committee began its work in June, 1901, and within a year it had already opened twelve huge Narodny Doms, or People's Houses. It hopes to open eight more before many months have passed. A Narodny Dom, as the term is understood in Moscow, is a workingmen's restaurant, club, library, and much besides, all combined in one. The restaurants are fine, large rooms, well lighted, well ventilated, and beautifully clean, and in most of them at the entrance there are marble basins in which all who choose may wash their hands—they are supplied with soap, water and towels gratis. They are open from early morning until late at night, for the workers resort there for their breakfasts, which consists as a rule of a cauldron of weak tea and a hunch of bread, they resort there also for their suppers—tea and a snack of fish, or anything else they can afford. During the dinner hour the restaurants are always crowded, and with a motley company, strictly teetotal institutions though they be. There are workers of all kinds there, from skilled artisans to road cleaners; there are petty functionaries, too, of every class, and tramps of every sort, peasants just arrived from their villages, criminals just released from jail, sitting side by side, perhaps, with men who, unless their faces and hands belie them, have but recently come down in the world. For these restaurants have already become general rendezvous, not only for the workers, but for all who have to regulate their appetites according to their means, and must ask themselves, when giving their orders, not how much they can eat, but how much they can pay for. All the food served is wholesome, nutritious and thoroughly well cooked, and every day quite a large number of different dishes are provided. The prices are quite marvelously low, for only the bare cost of the various dishes is charged, all other expenses being defrayed out of the Government grant, the vodka money

In one of the Narodny Doms there is a labor bureau, where what can be done is done that men may not stand idle in the market-place while work is waiting to be done. In the other eleven there are reading-rooms where all comers may pass their whole day if they choose.

Quite special interest is attached just now to four of the Moscow Narodny Doms, owing to an experiment that is being tried there, an experiment which may pave the way for a solution of one of the most difficult problems with which Russia is to-day face to face. Last March, on the anniversary of the freeing of the serfs, the Moscow workers held a great demonstration in honor of Alexander II. The Governor General of Moscow, the Grand Duke Sergius, was present at the demonstration, and was so impressed by the orderly behavior of the men, by the quiet, law-abiding fashion in which they demeaned themselves, that he determined—so at least the story runs in Moscow—to gratify a long cherished wish of theirs. The workers in certain factories were told that they might come together every Saturday night, if they chose, to talk over their own affairs and take counsel together. In Moscow it is the custom to speak of these meetings as something quite revolutionary and dangerous, for never before have labor meetings been allowed to be held in Russia, and that they should be held now is a sharp thorn in the flesh of the whole capitalist community.

In great cities the poor have always a hard lot, and in St. Petersburg their lot is peculiarly hard, for the climate there is more trying than elsewhere, while wages are low and the cost of living is high—the average workman must toil early and late to make both ends meet. None the less, the St. Petersburg poor are now in one respect more fortunate than the poor of any other city: hard as they must work, what leisure they have they spend pleasantly, if they choose; and care beladen though they be, the chance at least is given them of forgetting their burden from time to time. And that it is thus is owing entirely to the Temperance Committee which, by organizing the Dom Nicholas II and many another institution, has brought recreation to their very door.

For English people special interest is attached to the Dom Nicholas II, for it is exactly what our People's Palace was intended to be and is not. It is a pleasure resort for the poor a place where they may betake themselves whenever on enjoyment bent. The Dom itself—it is the old Nijni-Novgorod exhibition building renovated—is a huge place, painted blue, white and gold. It stands close to the Neva, in the midst of a beautiful park, with great trees all around it, and flower beds aglow with bright flowers in summer, dotted about here and there. Among the trees there are prettily arranged little grottoes for those who wish to avoid the throng. The building is divided into five parts, a great entrance hall which serves as a general promenade, a restaurant, a concert hall, a theater and a reading-room. The charge of admission is 2½d.; and the only extra charge ever made is for a seat in the theater.

The restaurant is a perfect model of what such a place should be. It is spotlessly clean—pale blue and white—and everything served is not only wholesome but appetizing, and so cheap that even the unskilled laborer can afford to take his wife and children there to dine. Thousands of workmen and petty functionaries do dine there indeed every Sunday, and the average price paid for the meal is 2½d.

Considering the work they are doing, these committees are not expensive luxuries. In theory they each receive from the Government at least 50,000 rubles; but one committee solemnly assured me a few months ago that it had never received a penny and was supporting its tea-room out of its own pocket; while several were emphatic in their declarations that M. Witte is the veriest Pharaoh—he expects them to make bricks without straw. The truth of the matter seems to be that, whereas to large towns money is given freely, to small towns and villages it is given but grudgingly. In 1900 M. Witte handed over to the committees collectively nearly 4,000,000 roubles, and last year he gave them considerably more, how much more is not yet known. And this he could well afford to do seeing that the yield of the vodka monopoly brought into his coffers already in 1897, 20,375,000 roubles, and is expected to bring into them this year nearly five times that amount.

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### CHILD LABOR IN THE NORTH

In January, 1901, an Englishwoman, Irene Ashly Macfayden, who had been unusually successful in organizing London working girls, was sent into the Southern States by the American Federation of Labor to investigate the question of child labor.* The North on the findings of this investigation, too hastily pointed the finger of scorn at the South, for the hard pressed working children of the North promptly told a story that put their guardians to shame. Since then every disclosure has made the story more pathetic. In January of this year the governors of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois urged their Legislatures to pass new laws for the prohibition of child labor. In New York a committee has been organized to secure the prohibition of all child labor in the State. The present law applies only to children employed in factory and mercantile establishments. We quote from the New York Times as to the work done by children outside the pale of the present law:

The most important among these are the newsboys, bootblacks, peddlers, office boys, messenger and telegraph boys, and those who deliver for the express companies. There are children who deliver

* For the result of this investigation see CURRENT LITERATURE for July, 1902.

milk from 4 o'clock in the morning until the opening of school. There are other children, both boys and girls, who work both before and after school, cleaning the hallways and basements of the poorer flats and hotels and washing dishes in the kitchens of the restaurants. An insatiable demand for children comes from the bakeries and laundries which deliver their goods in baskets. It is said that the employment of children in this way is only limited by their ability to lift or carry the loads from house to house. It is rare for children over twelve or thirteen years of age to be employed in such work, and in the poorer quarters of the city both boys and girls are employed

The most striking and self-evident facts about the newsboys are the early years at which they go to work and their long hours and night employment. Out of one hundred newsboys to whom an investigator talked, sixty-six were twelve years old or under, thirty-seven were ten years, and eight were from six to eight years of age. The newsboys who go to school sell their papers from 3.30 in the afternoon until as late as midnight, while some of them sell evening papers as late as 2 o'clock.

One of the difficulties encountered is the fact that parents and employers evade the requirements of the age limit by means of a subterfuge which does not perjure either party. The present law forbids work only for those children who are "employed." This permits children to work wherever wages are not directly paid to them. In factories, where other members of the family are at work, the latter are paid for the children's services, and it is urged that the children are working for them.

The Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, through its industrial committee, made the following statement of the condition of child labor in Illinois:

The Illinois factory child, trained neither in the schoolroom nor the workshop, promises in coming maturity to be little more than an addition to the mass of wretched, helpless, unskilled labor. Many occupations are found to threaten mutilation and disease. In cigar factories the boys and girls employed become saturated with nicotine, and during some processes are obliged to stay in rooms into which no fresh air can be admitted. There are frequent accidents among the children employed around the dangerous machines used in paper-box making. In paint works, soap works, chemical works, rubber works, and photograph shops absorption of poison through the skin is unavoidable. Many young boys in sweat-shops are button-holers, and every one develops curvature of the spine sooner or later. Those who run foot-power machines develop tuberculosis of the lungs or intestines. The little "hand girls" develop crooked backs over their hemming, felling, and sewing on of buttons, or tuberculosis or other disorders over the foot-power machines. Illinois permits children to work who cannot read in any language, who have never attended any school. She demands no educational test before beginning work, such as is demanded in twenty other States. The number of child laborers has doubled since 1897. There are now twenty thousand children under fourteen working in Illinois factories, mainly in Chicago.

Mr. Francis H. Nichols, in McClure's Magazine,* has given a most impressive picture of child labor in the anthracite region. The boys are employed in the mines, for the most part in the "breakers," picking the slate from the coal, and the girls in textile mills. Mill owners have gone to the anthracite region because there girl labor is at it cheapest. Mr. Nichols estimates that 24,023, or nearly one-sixth of all the employees of the anthracite coal mines, are boys; of the 11,216 females statistically given as employed in the mills, 90 per cent. have not yet reached womanhood. No faith is to be put in the certificates filed with the mine or mill superintendents. Perjury to an employer is justifiable, "but any statement made to the representative of the union must be absolutely truthful." For this reason Mr. Nichols invariably questioned the boys as to their age in the presence of a representative of the union. The following anecdote is characteristic:

"How old are you?"

Boy: "Thirteen, going on fourteen."

Secretary of the Local: "On the level, now, this is union business. You can speak free, understand."

Boy: "Oh, dat's a diffurnt t'ing altogether. I'm nine years old. I've been working since me fadder got hurted in th' explosion in No. 17 a year ago last October."

How this boy works we may learn by reading the description of a day in the "breaker:"

The hours of toil for slate pickers are supposed to be from seven in the morning until noon, and from one to six in the afternoon; but when the colliery is running on "full capacity orders," the noon recess is reduced to half an hour, and the good-night whistle does not blow until half-past six. For his eleven hours' work the breaker boys get no more pay than for ten. All day long their little fingers dip into the unending grimy stream that rolls past them, the chafing of the coal sometimes making them bleed, and wearing their nails to the quick.

The coal so closely resembles slate that it can be detected only by the closest scrutiny and the childish faces are compelled to bend so low over the chutes that prematurely round

* January, 1903

shoulders and narrow chests are the inevitable result. In front of the chutes is an open space reserved for the "breaker boss," who watches the boys as intently as they watch the coal.

The boss is armed with a stick with which he occasionally raps on the head and shoulders a boy who betrays lack of zeal. The breakers are supposed to be heated in winter, and a steam pipe winds up the wall; but in cold weather every pound of steam is needed in the mines, so that the amount of heat that radiates from the steam pipe is not sufficient to be taken seriously by any of the breakers' toilers.

Turning to the New York Evening Post, we find this account of the night work of little girls:

There have been other breathless moments at the hearings of the Strike Commission, but none so intense as when eleven-year-old Helen Sisscak and Theresa McDermott and Rosa Zinka sat in the witness chair and told the story of their lives. Every one of the seven commissioners rose to his feet and strained toward the children. The crowded courtroom became as still as a summer night; not a dress rustled, not a foot scraped; the childish voices were heard in every corner. Chairman Gray asked most of the questions. The children spoke simply and frankly, as children will, much puzzled as to why so many people were interested in them. They did not know that seventeen thousand little girls under sixteen years of age who toil in the great silk mills and lace factories of central Pennsylvania were speaking through them. When they told of leaving their homes to report at the factory at half-past six, and of spending the long hours of the night until half past six in the morning, when, tired and half asleep, they dragged back across the fields or through the streets of the scattered town to their beds, they did not realize that their words meant the emancipation of nearly four thousand child workers from night labor.

But this is not the saddest feature of night labor. There are phases to this question too terrible to describe. In the warm months of spring, summer and autumn, during the half hour in the middle of the night which is allowed for refreshment, the children are encouraged to leave the factory and spend the time in the outside air. In most instances the silk mills and lace factories of Pennsylvania are somewhat isolated from the villages and towns. They occupy lonely sites on the edge of the mountains or near the river banks. The children leave the heated atmosphere of the factory rooms and run among the trees or across the fields. One or two men are supposed to watch over them, but, under cover of the night, their vision is short. Those who should know, the police, justices of the peace, and investigators, say that immoral loafers and strange men lurk around these mills. In every factory there are older girls whose influence is not the best.

According to the State Factory Inspector, there are something over 17,000 girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen who work in the manufacturing establishments of the State. Of this number approximately 4,000 work all night in the textile mills, and it was estimated at the beginning of this investigation that nearly 50 per cent. of these are under thirteen years of age. A prominent Scranton lawyer is responsible for the statement that "more than one-half of the children who work all night in the textile mills are under the statutory age. Fully 75 per cent. of all the girls who do night work are under fifteen years." The legal age in Pennsylvania is thirteen, but, as Judge Gray took occasion to remark, some of the State laws are but dead letters in the anthracite regions. In one week following the disclosures before the Commission over 200 children were removed by a single inspector.

These children have their unions. The breaker boy belongs to a "Junior Local," the members of which are under sixteen. These "Junior Locals" have the usual officers elected by the boys. The miners' union of the district sends a representative to act as referee and instructor.

These children's unions not infrequently declare a strike because of a grievance that has nothing directly to do with hours or wages. The seventeen-year-old girl president of a union told me this story of a little girl who was employed to operate a treadle:

"She had to work all day long, and as she was growing pretty fast, she began to get kind of crippled-like. She was lame in one leg, and she was lop-sided, one shoulder being higher than the other. By and by she got so bad that she had to lay off for a week and go to bed. While she was away the boss hired a big boy to work the treadle, and paid him, of course, considerable more than she was getting. But when she came back to work, he fired the boy and put her on the treadle again. Our grievance committee waited on the boss and asked him polite, as a favor, to give her an easier job, because she was getting deformed. But he said he wouldn't have no interference with his business. He was an American citizen, and no one could dictate to him. Then I called a meeting of our Local.

"'Girls,' I says, addressing them from the chair, 'shall we stand for it—we, that believes in the rights of man? Shall we stand for seeing her growing up a cripple and the union not doing nothing nor reaching out no hand for to help? I know that it's tough to strike now, because some of us is supporting our families, whose fathers is striking. Shall we stand for it?' They voted unanimous to strike if she wasn't took off the treadle. We had the resolution wrote out nice on a typewriter. The grievance committee handed it to the boss. He thought it over for two days, and then he gave in. The boy is working the treadle yet, and the girl is at the bench."

# Literary Thought and Opinion

**THE GRIP OF THE PAST ..... LONDON ACADEMY**

No student of certain of our modern tendencies, and particularly no student of modern literature, can fail to take into account what is generally known as the Celtic Revival. The movement has been discussed in many quarters: here by people who took the term for an almost meaningless shibboleth, there by those who brought to the question only sentiment and vague enthusiasm. It may safely be asserted that the truth lies with neither of these classes. That the movement has current vitality there can be no doubt, but will it permanently effect any definite change, will it touch the life of a people or merely express itself in individual art?

The whole matter is raised by Mr. Stephen Gwynn's recently published To-day and To-morrow in Ireland. Mr. Gwynn is an Irishman who has found his work in London.

The Celtic influence in literature has, of course, been great, but, like all partisans, Mr. Gywnn is inclined to overrate it. Indeed, until quite recent years, it has been a small influence. Here is a statement the second sentence of which gives us pause: "Mr. Meredith, by common consent head of those who write in English to-day, is Celt and Welshman, but he is the Celt become cosmopolitan. A Celt may recognize the Celt in him; the Englishman may feel, and probably does feel, in his work an element that is bewildering and alien." But surely all great writers have been cosmopolitan in their appeal. It may, indeed, safely be asserted that Mr. Meredith's public is essentially an English public; the Celtic imagination in general does not lend itself to such conciseness, such preponderating thought, such heat of actual passion, as make Mr. Meredith's work supreme. The sensitiveness to the "beauty of vagueness, of large, dim, and waving shapes" may be his, but all his philosophy and art tend to concreteness and the facing of facts. From these things may be drawn a loveliness and music of far greater actual value than from "dim and waving shapes." For the Gaelic Revival in Literature we have nothing but good-will; it seems necessary, however, now and then, to remind the enthusiast that exaggeration does not help a cause. We can hardly believe that the effective influence of the Gaelic League and the Irish Theater is so great as might appear. We fancy that interest is stronger in England than in Ireland, at any rate, and that the lovers of Mr. Yeats's verse, for instance, are largely English. As for the revival of the Gaelic tongue in Ireland, we can only say that we watch the experiment with interest. And if it is revived, we very much doubt whether it will greatly help literature. For that literature must largely be created, and the Celts are not a reading people.

Anyone who knows anything about Ireland knows that the Irish Celts are not a reading people. Traditional songs and stories they have, which make the glamour of their twilights articulate and stir those half-conscious memories which are implicit in generation after generation. But the story which circles about the fire, the song that plucks at the heart, does not necessarily imply love for, or even a rudimentary appreciation of, literature; it signifies the continuity of tradition, the reaching after the unknown, the love of a past which seems to shed light upon a perhaps inglorious present.

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**THE AGE OF CHARM ..... GERALDINE BONNER ..... AINSLEE'S**

Somewhere in The Small House at Allington, Trollope, mentioning the age of Lily Dale's mother (which was forty), remarks, that, for his part, he thinks it a very good age for a woman. To him it had just as many attractions, though perhaps of a different kind, as belong by tradition to twenty years earlier.

To-day we would not regard this as so unusual a point of view as it must have been then. Trollope belonged to the era of progression, when the heroine was advancing from the sixteen and seventeen of Sir Walter Scott's period to the twenty of Thackeray's and Dickens'. Beatrice Esmond was as triumphantly beautiful as ever at twenty-eight, and it was even later than that when she fascinated the prince, and Esmond and her brother broke their swords before the royal guest who had dishonored their house. Jane Eyre, on the other hand, who had the poise, experience, and character of a woman of thirty, is set down by her author as nineteen, an error in art for which the fashion of the day is surely responsible.

As far as fiction goes, the age of charm has been steadily advancing. When the romantic spirit in England began to express itself in the plays of the Elizabethan era, fourteen was the

time of life that fashion ordained for the heroine. Juliet—the only heroine in Shakespeare whose age is given—was at this tender period of her youth, and so was Virginia, in Webster's tragedy on the Roman story. Later on, during the Restoration, it was still adhered to. Miss Hoyden, a great comedy character of that coarsely jocund day, was fourteen, and so was the heroine of The Gentleman Dancing Master, one of Wycherley's four comedies. Fielding increased it by a few years and put his lovely and lovable Sophia at seventeen. Then came the bunch of great novelists of the middle of the century, who combined to raise the age of charm to twenty.

Meantime, across the channel, Balzac had surprised his world by introducing to it the still fresh and bewitching woman of thirty—"those women," Saint-Beuve says, "who, having had their day, waited their painter with vague anxiety." This was regarded as so great an innovation that parodies appeared on it, one of which, The Woman of Forty, is said to have been by Théophile Gautier. Soon, however, people began to realize that "the most prolific writer of his day," which was the reputation of Balzac at that time, was simply describing the famous belles of the Empire, those languid beauties, with drooping curls and small sandaled feet, the secrets of whose hearts he could read and whose subtle fascination he could describe. As a contemporary critic said, it was not the marble majesty of the great Venus that he admired, but the daintily modern Parisienne who stood gazing at her.

That France was the first country to announce that the young girl in her teens has a powerful rival in the woman in her thirties, is not surprising, when one considers how potent a figure the mature charmer has been in French social life.

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**LITERATURE AMONG OURSELVES.. EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR. HARPER'S**

We have lately seen in a country not naturally abounding in romantic facts a school of romantic fiction flourishing in a vigor which leaves the green bay-tree in its own shade, as it were. In other countries rich in the materials and facilities of romance, with princes and princesses a-plenty in the past, and with actual royalties and nobilities to represent them in the present, the novelists do not now go a-gunning for game of that sort; but here, where we have never had anything nearer like them than their poor Indian equivalents, whom the discoverers and conquerors of the tribes were in rash haste to kill off there has been such a battue that hardly any shining figure of the olden times has escaped a shot. It is wonderful how our simple republican romancers, many of whom are from the inland regions of the commonwealth, and twice removed from anything like actual knowledge of the existing royalties and nobilities, have imagined them; and, when quite young girls, have safely conducted their heroes through perils and adventures which might well appal the stoutest invention and shake the nerves of novelists inured to scenes of blood. In the school of romantic criticism which flourishes side by side with the romantic school of fiction, is one which must be admired for an aristocratic splendor greatly exceeding that of contemporary thought in countries provided with actual royalties and nobilities. The criticism goes even beyond the fiction in its proud ideal. It demands that if the novelist will write about our own facts he shall choose those which are genteel, and native to the best society, so to speak. The exceptionally circumstanced can alone meet its fastidious want; it will not call upon an author who has not a man in livery to open his book to it.

One might imagine that this sort of criticism was written by swells, by the "prominent clubmen" and the "leading society women" of our principal cities; but if our theory has anything at all in it the romantic critics are as remote from the social criterions by which they test imaginative worth as if they were in the depths of the country. Not only are prominent clubmen and leading society women averse from literature, whether they are expected to read it or to write it, but their life has probably not the glamour for them which it has for the romantic critics.

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**EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN HUMOR... JAMES L. FORD... COLLIER'S**

Philosophers who look upon passing events through the rose-clored glasses of optimism may find cause for rejoicing by comparing our national humor of to-day with that of the so-called "newspaper school" that flourished from a quarter to a third of a century ago.

It was at a time when the entire American nation seemed to be literally hungering after something funny that The Danbury News Man, The Detroit Free Press Man, The Burlington Hawkeye Man, and a score of others of their class sprang into a sudden local renown which in many cases grew into national fame.

We have outgrown this school at the present day, but let us not sneer at it, for, after all, it was true, sterling humor, founded on the same

deathless principle of seeing somebody get the worst of it that underlies all funny happenings the world around—the same principle that forms the backbone alike of Thackeray's satire and the early English jokes of the pulling-a-chair-from-under variety. Moreover, it was a clean, honest humor which served the double purpose of educating the popular taste and developing a few writers, like Mark Twain and Eugene Field, who are now a source of national pride.

In the early eighties the growing popularity of Puck, Life and Judge led to the establishment of pages or columns of original humorous matter in a vast number of periodicals. It was this extraordinary and unlooked-for call for humorous matter that led a vast number of men and women to abandon such serious pursuits as the cultivation of the soil, the cleansing of household linen, the mending of tinware and the picking of huckleberries in order that they might become American humorists.

At last the public began to tire of humorous pages made up of paragraphs, verses, and two-line dialogues—"short stuff" as it was called—and displayed a marked preference for the Sunday humorous article signed by some well-known name. It was on this wave of popular taste that Bill Nye, who had made his first reputation on a western newspaper, came into great popularity as the pioneer of the syndicated weekly article, which at the time of his death brought him an income of $200 a week and rendered him prosperous to a degree that the humorists of an elder day never dreamed of. Bill Nye was the last leader of the race of American newspaper humorists and one of the best of them as well. The school which he represented is fast disappearing from its native soil, but it seems to have taken a firm root in England under the fostering care of Jerome K. Jerome and his following.

As for our own humor in its most modern phases, it is more like that of Benjamin Franklin, the earliest humorist of our nation, than anything that has been known here in many decades. It is satirical rather than acrobatic, and deals with mental moods rather than with disasters. Its most popular commercial form is that of the syndicated Sunday article, and its chief prophets are Mr. Finley P. Dunne and Mr. George Ade.

Judging from the most pronounced trend of the popular taste of to-day, it is safe to predict that satire in its highest form will soon find a large and appreciative audience in this country, and that the time is ripe for an American Thackeray to satirize our manners and vanities.

Machine-made epigrams, of the meretricious school in which Oscar Wilde chose to sink his remarkable talents, never took any real hold on us, although a vast number of the dilettanti declared them "immensely clever" and affected to prefer them to "coarse American newspaper jokes." These epigrams failed to become genuinely popular here because they were not founded upon that quality of sincerity which underlies all true wit.

# Brief Comment and Gossip of Authors

Israel Zangwill, who has been called the unrivaled exponent of the modern Jew, was born in London in 1864. In 1884 he won his bachelor's degree at London University. During his college days he wrote, in collaboration, a series of humorous political papers which were later published under the title, The Premier and the Painter. In 1889 he founded a comic paper which failed after a two years' uneventful career. The publication of The Bachelors' Club (1891) brought his name prominently before the public. It was not until the appearance, however, of The Children of the Ghetto that he made his first real success. This book is an epic of London Jewry. It is melodramatic but pregnant with life and shows the author's belief in Judaism. The author's next important work was The Master, in which he forsook the Ghetto to depict the life of an artist. In They That Walk in Darkness, Mr. Zangwill returned to a depiction of the lowly lives of his own people which he knows how to treat with so much tenderness and sympathy. Other of Mr. Zangwill's books are The Old Maids' Club, Merely Mary Ann, The King of the Schnorrers, The Big Bow Mystery, Ghetto Tragedies, Dreamers of the Ghetto, The Mantle of Elijah, and The Grey Wig. Besides his novels, Mr. Zangwill has written a comedy, Six Persons, and has contributed critical articles for The Idler, the Pall Mall Magazine, and The Critic.

For some time, Mr. Zangwill has been deeply interested in the Zionistic movement. So absorbed has he been in this that it seemed for a period that he had given up literature. The announcement this spring of a new book is reassuring to his admirers.

A man of many personal peculiarities, Mr. Zangwill adds to his intellectual parts a keen love of wit and a power of gentle and kindly earnestness. He loves his race passionately. He has lived its life and loves its faith and language. His stories come near to illustrating his own definition of art—"a revelation of beautiful truth through the individual vision."

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The first number of The Journal of Comparative Literature has recently appeared. The journal is under the editorial care of Professor Woodberry of Columbia, Professor Fletcher of Harvard, and Mr. J. E. Spingarn, tutor in Columbia. The scope of the journal is briefly outlined as follows:

The Journal of Comparative Literature is a quarterly publication devoted to the interests of the study of comparative literature in this country and in Europe. Its contributors are scholars of all lands and contributions are printed in the tongues in which they are written. Such contributions are cordially invited, and the co-operation of scholars interested in such studies will be welcomed by the editors.

The principal contributions to the first number are Professor Woodberry's editorial on the purposes and methods of the journal, Huguenot Thought in England by Professor Bastide of Beauvais, some unpublished Latin letters of an English humanist of the fifteenth century, and an article on Molière in Italy by Professor Toldo of Turin.

A journal of such a nature cannot appeal to the average reader, but its value to scholars and students of comparative literature is unquestionable. To arrive at a clear sense of proportion and a happy sense of perspective in literary estimates, comparative methods of study are indispensable.

Professor Woodberry's editorial connection with The Journal of Comparative Literature is a guarantee of the scholarship and thoroughness of its aims and methods. Professor Woodberry's work at Columbia has been of such a nature as to call forth a note of admiration and praise from German universities with less equipped facilities for the advanced study of comparative literature.

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Japanese authors have lately taken to writing their works in English. Viscount Hayashi is about to publish a story of Japanese life in feudal days entitled For His People. Mr. Okakura, the artist and archæologist, is preparing a work on the art of Japan. Mr. Yone Noguchi, a Japanese poet, has recently brought out a volume of verse with the title of From the Eastern Sea. Japanese life and history is extremely fascinating. Lafcadio Hearn has brought certain phases of Japanese life and culture to readers of the West. John Luther Long's story, Madame Butterfly, is an exquisite little romance of modern Japan. Perhaps of all the writers, however, who have occupied themselves with things Japanese, Pierre Loti is the most prominent—that writer whose books are the guides *poetiques à travers les mers et les mondes* and whose life is *un voyage perpetuellement recommencé.* Madame Chrysanthème is a story of Japan so delicate and fanciful in touch that it seems no more real than one of those sunsets that purples the hills of Nagasaki.

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Whatever may be said of Miss Marie Corelli as a novelist can in no manner reflect upon her vigorous and deserved protest of a Carnegie Free Library at Stratford-on-Avon, next to Shakespeare's birthplace. Miss Corelli says that "the Stratford townspeople are by no means over-anxious to possess a free library at all, and that if money is to be spent they would prefer to have it go toward restoring some of their fifteenth century carved house-fronts."

Free libraries are, in themselves, very worthy and estimable gifts. But a certain discrimination should be exercised in founding them. A modern building, replete with modern methods of cataloguing, next to the old-fashioned and quaint architecture which characterizes Shakespeare's birthplace, is decidedly out of place and in bad taste.

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At last the *Académie Goncourt* is an established fact. After years of litigation in the French Courts, the Council of State has decided that the society conceived in 1870 by Edmond de Goncourt as a monument to the memory of his brother Jules, and known officially as *L'Académie des Goncourt*, is of public utility and may accept the important legacy. In opposition to the French Academy, the *Académie Goncourt* is forbidden by its founder to engage in grammatical or philological discussions. Its members, ten in number, are each to receive an annual income of £250, and are to dine together once a month.

prize of £200 is to be awarded yearly to a work of real literary merit.

Some of the first members of the Academy are dead. When the academicians held their first meeting in 1900 but seven remained of the original number. These were MM. Gustave Geffroy, Léon Hennique, J. K. Huysmans, Paul Margueritte, Octave Mirbeau and the brothers Justin Boex and Joseph Henri Boex (who call themselves Rosny). M. Huysmans, certainly the best known among these names, was elected president, and M. Paul Margueritte secretary. They completed their number by the election of M. Elémir Bourges, M. Lucien Descaves, and M. Léon Daudet.

The members of the Academy are in the main realists. Edmund Gosse has declared that "without resembling one another closely in detail, they have a certain likeness in their common leaning to the fantastic side of realism, in their enthusiastic study of the art of writing, in their comparative indifference to the public."

J. R. Huysmans, the mystic, is known by his novels *En Route*, *À Rebours* and *La Cathédrale*. Paul Margueritte is the author of *Mon Père* and *La Tourmente*. With his brother Victor he has written many novels relative to the war of 1870. The most important of these are *Le Désastre* and *Les Braves Gens*. *Les Mauvais Bergers* and *La Journal d'une Femme de Chambre* are representative of the work of Octave Mirbeau. The Rosny Brothers have written *L'Impérieuse Bonté* and *La Tentatrice*. Of the works of Lucien Descaves, *Sous-Offs* and *La Colonne* are best known. *Les Morticoles* and *L'Astre Noir* represent the work of Léon Daudet.

While not having the reputation and the *éclat* of the older and more famous French Academy, the *Académie Goncourt* exerts a certain influence upon French letters. The fact that its members are limited and are novelists only presupposes from the beginning a small company of experts devoted zealously to one department of literature.

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Mr. James L. Ford, writing on the Evolution of American Humor in Collier's Weekly, declares that while we have outgrown the "newspaper school" of humor that flourished from a quarter to a third of a century ago, yet we must not sneer at it, because it was sterling humor and clean and honest. It is hard to reconcile Mr. Ford's criticism with an investigation of the coarse and ribald humor of Seba Smith, Artemus Ward, and Petroleum V. Nasby. Mr. Ford likewise declares that our modern humor is akin to that of Benjamin Franklin's. Franklin, however, was never unrefined, and there was a flavor to his wit that is sadly lacking in the funny fellows of to-day. American humor, such as written by Franklin, Irving, Aldrich and George William Curtis, is foreign to the work of our present humorists. That a *renaissance* in American humor is slowly dawning is evinced, however, in the admirable work of Joel Chandler Harris, Petér F. Dunne, and Oliver Herford.

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Somebody writing recently in the Chicago Musical Leader upon the statement of an English artist that "Paris wrecks more artists than it makes," comments as follows upon that city and upon the Latin Quarter:

> There is something about the Circe of cities that turns many of her students into swine. Verily Van Prinsep knows whereof he writes. His words should be weighed by the thousand American *patresfamiliorum* who pinch themselves to send their boys and girls to study some branch of art in the most dissolute city in all the world, a city where the hour of absinthe is more in evidence than the hour of prayer. Right here in Chicago the Art Institute and the several splendidly equipped musical colleges offer every necessary opportunity to the student who is seduced by the siren voice of Paris. That there is no "Latin Quarter" here in Chicago is but one of the many advantages Chicago possesses over the old world.

To those who know their Paris, the above remarks are only typical of a current idea that has often been refuted. In the first place, Paris is not the most dissolute city in the world, as those who have traveled any can testify.

*Le Quartier Latin* has indeed its gay side, yet it has its serious one as well. The serious side of the Latin Quarter, and one that unfortunately does not receive the attention that it really deserves, is only known to him who mingles and takes part in it. Its two great institutions, the Sorbonne and the College de France, draw students not only from the French but from all over the world. From these great seats of learning, founded in times almost beyond the memory of men's minds, have gone forth many who have made and who have helped to make history. On the rolls of their faculties have been written names which are known wherever the history of education and culture have been able to penetrate. To-day some of the most intellectual men in France are giving lectures in both—men who have no superiors in their own specific fields of labor and research. Among them may be mentioned Faguet, Janet, Berthelot, Ler y Beaulieu, and Bossier.

# The Lost Art of Reading

## By Gerald Stanley Lee *

### THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF A BOOK

We have plenty of provision made for books in civilization, but if civilization should ever have another man in the course of time who knows how to read a book, it would not know what to do with him. No provision is made for such a man. We have nothing but libraries—monstrous libraries—to lose him in. The books take up nearly all the room in civilization, and civilization takes up the rest. The man is not allowed to peep in civilization. He is too busy in being ordered around by it to know that he would like to. It does not occur to him that he ought to be allowed time in it to know who he is before he dies. The typical civilized man is an exhausted, spiritually hysterical man, because he has no idea of what it means, or can be made to mean, to a man to face calmly with his whole life a great book, a few minutes every day, to rest back on his ideals in it, to keep office hours with his own soul.

The practical value of a book is the inherent energy and quietness of the ideals in it—the immemorial way ideals have—have always had —of working themselves out in a man, of doing the work of the man, and of doing their own work at the same time.

Inasmuch as ideals are what all real books are written with and read with, and inasmuch as ideals are the only known way a human being has of resting in this present world, it would be hard to think of any book that would be more to the point in the modern civilization than a book that shall tell men how to read to live—how to touch their ideals swiftly every day. Any book that should do this for us would touch life at more points and flow out on men's minds in more directions than any other that could be conceived. It would contribute as the June day, or as the night for sleep, to all men's lives, to all of the problems of all the world at once. It would be a night latch—to the ideal.

### THE PURGATIVE FUNCTION OF LITERATURE

There are a great many men, even among the wisest and strongest of us, who benefit every year of their lives by what might be called the purgative function of literature—men who, if they did not have a chance at the right moment to commit certain sins with their imaginary selves, would commit them with their real ones. Many a man of the larger and more comprehensive type, hungering for the heart of all experience, bound to have its spirit, if not itself, has run the whole gamut of his possible selves in books, until all the sins and all the songs of men have coursed through his being. He finds himself reading not only to fill his lungs with ozone and his heart with the strength of the gods, but to work off the humor in his blood, to express his underself, and get it out of the way. Women who never cry their tears out, it is said, are desperate, and men who never read their sins away are dangerous. People who are tired of doing wrong on paper do right. To be sick of one's sins in a book saves not only one's self but every one else a deal of trouble. A man has not learned how to read until he reads with his veins as well as his arteries.

It would be useless to try to make out that evil passions in literature accomplish any absolute good, but they accomplish a relative good which the world can by no means afford to overlook. The amount of crime that is suggested by reading can be more than offset by the extraordinary amount of crime waiting in the hearts of men, aimed at the world and glanced off on paper.

There are many indications that this purgative function of literature is the main thing it is for in our present modern life. Modern life is so constituted that the majority of people who live in it are expressing their real selves more truly in their reading than they are in their lives. When one stops to consider what these lives are—most of them—there can be but one conclusion about the reading of the people who have to live them, and that is that, while sensational reading may be an evil, as compared with the evil that has made it necessary, it is an immeasurable blessing.

### ON READING A NEWSPAPER IN TEN MINUTES

I am not saying it does not take a very intelligent man to read a newspaper in ten

*From The Lost Art of Reading. Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1902, by Gerald Stanley Lee.

drop it. I think it does. But I am inclined to think that the intelligent man who reads a newspaper in ten minutes is exactly the same kind of intelligent man who could spend a week reading it if he wanted to, and not waste a minute. And he might want to. He simply reads a newspaper as he likes. He is not confined to one way. He does not read it in ten minutes because he has a mere ten-minute mind, but because he merely has the ten minutes. Rapid reading and slow reading are both based, with such a man, on appreciation of the paper, and not upon a narrow, literary, Boston-Public-Library feeling of being superior to it.

The value of reading-matter, like other matter, depends on what a man does with it. All that one needs in order not to waste time in general reading is a large, complete set of principles to stow things away in. Nothing really needs to be wasted. If one knows where everything belongs in one's mind—or tries to—if one takes the trouble to put it there, reading a newspaper is one of the most colossal, tremendous, and boundless acts that can be performed by anyone in the whole course of a human life.

If there's any place where a man needs to have all his wits about him, to put things into—if there's any place where the next three inches can demand as much of a man as a newspaper, where is it?

The moment he opens it he lays his soul open and exposes himself to all sides of the world in a second—to several thousand years of a world at once.

A book is a comparatively safe, unintelligent place for a mind to be in. There are at least four walls to it—a few scantlings over one, protecting one from all space. A man has at least some remotest idea of where he is, of what may drop on him, in a book. It may tax his capacity of stowing things away. But he always has notice—almost always. It sees that he has time and room. It has more conveniences for fixing things. The author is aways there besides, a kind of valet to anybody, to help people along pleasantly, to anticipate their wants. It's what an author is for. One expects it.

But a man finds it is different in a morning paper, rolled out of dreams and sleep into it—empty, helpless before a day, all the telegraph machines of the world thumping all the night clicked into one's thoughts before one thinks—no man really has room in him to read a swift enough. . . . Nations in a sentence. . . . Thousands of years in a minute, philosophies, religious, legislatures, paleozoics, church socials, side by side; stars and gossip, fools, heroes, comets—infinity on parade, and over the precipice of the next paragraph, headlong—who knows what!

Reading a morning paper is one of the supreme acts of presence of mind in a human life.

### READING FOR RESULTS

That there are many reasons for the habit of reading for results, as it is called, goes without saying. It also goes without saying—that is, no one is saying very much about it—that the habit of reading for results, such as it is, has taken such a grim hold on the modern American mind that the greatest result of all in reading, the result in a book that cannot be spoken in it, or even out of it, is being unanimously missed.

The fact seems to need to be emphasized that the novel which gives itself to one to be breathed and lived, the novel which leaves a man with something that he must finish himself, with something he must do and be, is the one which "gets a man somewhere" most of all. It is the one which ends the most definitely and practically.

When a novel, instead of being hewn out, finished, and decorated by the author—added as one more monument or tomb of itself in a man's memory—becomes a growing, living, daily thing to him, the wondering, unfinished events of it, and the unfinished people of it, flocking out to him, interpreting for him the still unfinished events and all the dear unfinished people that jostle in his own life—it is a great novel.

It seems to need to be recalled that the one possible object of a human being's life in a novel (as out of it) is to be loved. This is definite enough. It is the novel in which the heroine looks finished that does not come to anything. I always feel a little grieved and frustrated—as if human nature had been blasphemed a little in my presence—if a novel finishes its people or thinks it can. It is a small novel which finishes love—and lays it away; which makes me love say one brave woman or mother in a book, and close her away for ever. The greater novel makes me love one woman in a book in such a way that I go about through all the world seeking for her—knowing and loving a thousand women through her.

# Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

**Truth.** Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly. N. Y. John Lane. $1.50.

Zola's last novel is a dramatic story of a crime. The scene is laid in the French school world. Coincident with the main plot, which is the accusation of Simon the Jew schoolmaster for the killing of his little nephew who was a Roman Catholic, are the struggle of Marc Froment and his wife Geneviève, due to their different religious beliefs, and a discussion of political, religious, and educational methods. The Dreyfus affair serves as an incident in the book, but the arrest of the schoolmaster is placed upon the Church and not upon the Army. The main theme of the story, however, is the power of truth, which is always triumphant in the end. In Zola's own words, the last he wrote, "Justice resides in truth alone, and there is no happiness apart from justice."

**The Reflections of Ambrosine.** Elinor Glyn. N. Y. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

The Reflections of Ambrosine, by Elinor Glyn, preserves the charm, humor, and philosophy of her previous novel, The Visits of Elizabeth. The characters of the story are mostly of this world, and have a habit of saying sententious and epigrammatic things. The book is delightfully clever.

**Lovey Mary.** Alice Hegan Rice. N. Y. The Century Co. $1.00.

The new book, by the author of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, continues the study of the Cabbage Patch district. Mrs. Wiggs appears again in ever-increasing charm, while the new characters make this volume an improvement upon its predecessor. A sunny, delightful picture, full of vitality and humanity—a book sure to have a great and deserving popularity. The excerpt which we give in another place in this magazine will suggest something of the character of the tale.

**Six Trees.** Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. N. Y. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

This, the most recent offering from the pen of that gifted portrayer of homely life character, shows the author at her very best doing the type of work upon which her literary reputation chiefly rests. A series of exquisite sketches of character, done with power yet poetry, with rare realism and idealism.

**Journey's End.** Justus Miles Forman. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

This is a novel with a "Lady-or-the-Tiger-ish problem," containing the story of a young Englishman who writes a play for an American actress, the identity of whom seems rather palpable. The whole point to the story appears to converge upon the end which leaves the reader to guess which of two ladies the hero marries. It might be said *en passant* that the most attractive admirer of this by-all-loved young man is a certain "red-haired" girl whom he does not deign to consider eligible.

**Tales of the Spinner.** Jerome Doucet. Done into English. T. O. Guen. With illustrations by Alfred Garth Jones. N. Y. R. H. Russell.

This is a book of exquisite workmanship and real literary value. In its physical appearance, the work is one of rare beauty, being embellished by really decorative and appropriate illustrations and borders. Charming allegory conveyed with rare delicacy and exquisite poetic taste is its characteristic note. In every way it is worthy of high commendation.

**The King's Agent.** Arthur Patterson. N. Y. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

It is a relief to find a historical novel which leaves the beaten track and seeks its scene and characters in new fields. The period chosen is that of William and Mary, and the story hinges upon the machinations of the fugitive James II. to overthrow the government of his daughter and her husband. The title is derived from an agent of the king, whose duties are to watch the English nobility for signs of dealings with the self-exiled monarch, and it may well be supposed that such a man would manufacture evidence if he could not discover it. The author has used the possibilities very ably and has produced a tale which bears the impress of history, illustrating admirably the conditions existing during the reign of "Dutch William" and depicting accurately the characters of the Duke and his equally famous Duchess.

**Adam Rush.** Lynn Roby Meekins. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

No one will regret the time spent in reading this book. Not only is it a pleasant tale, with sufficient ripples to show that "the course of true love never runs smoothly," but some of its characters are drawn with so skilful and humorous a hand that they will become desirable additions to the population of the mind. The lives of the principal personages, from childhood to the time when heroes and heroines of fiction are usually supposed to vanish from the stage—marriage—are assuredly interesting enough, but when we are brought into the midst of corrupt and venal politics the movement of the story becomes thrilling. Adam Rush is certainly a good wholesome story.

**The Talk of the Town.** Elisa Armstrong Bengough. N. Y. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

This is a novelette of more than ordinary merit,

dealing admirably with the life which prevails among the working classes of a manufacturing town, bringing out its trials, its pathos, its waywardness, its strength, and, withal, occasionally its pettiness. The story is in every way a good one.

**Love and Louisa.** E. Maria Albanesi (Effie Adelaide Rowlands). Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

The novel bearing the somewhat awkward name of Love and Louisa, by E. Maria Albanesi (Effie Adelaide Rowlands) is a tale of the steadfast love of the editor of a London social weekly for a woman much younger than himself, who, ignorant of his affection and driven from home by the second marriage of her father, becomes the wife of a drunken baronet. The story is well told, the characterization is well defined, the situations are sufficiently vivid, and the tone is high for a society novel.

**Tower and Throne.** Harriet T. Comstock. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The days of Henry VIII. and his successors have not been exploited to any great extent by writers of fiction, but Harriet T. Comstock has ventured to select this period in her pleasing novel. The volume is very suitable for young people. To use the author's simile, she has taken the milestones which history has erected in the early life of Queen Elizabeth, and has filled in the scenery between each from her own imagination. The book is a pleasing change from much of recent historical fiction.

**French Cathedrals and Chateaux.** Clara Crawford Perkins. Two volumes. Boston. Knight & Millet. $4.00.

These two volumes charmingly and sympathetically describe the cathedrals and chateaux of France. Added to picturesqueness of description is a thoroughly interesting outline of French history. The history of France is largely connected with most of her historic buildings, and this fact has been emphasized by the author. The volume dealing with the chateaux of France is especially felicitous in treatment. An excerpt given in another place in this magazine will serve to indicate the character of this delightful work.

**Luncheons.** Mary Ronald. N. Y. The Century Co. $1.40.

Cooking must assuredly be raised to the dignity of a fine art, if we have regard to the increasing number of manuals and text-books provided for those who desire to prepare food for jaded appetites. One could almost wish to be a member of a jury of tasters, if investigation had to be made concerning the dishes presented by Mary Ronald. The variety, the daintiness, the sapidity, are tempting to a degree which becomes bewildering. The author says that at such luncheons as are here suggested "ordinarily the company is composed of women alone," and that "an hour and a half is the extreme limit of time that guests should be kept at the table." The very thought that so much excellent art, so many appetizing dishes, so much beauty of arrangement, should be reserved for the gentler sex alone is sufficient to rouse the ruder sex to agitate for "men's rights." Happy indeed would he be, who, after a hard day of business, study or professional duty, could sit down to one of Miss Ronald's luncheons. Life would indeed have its compensations.

**Life of Ulrich Zwingli.** Samuel Simpson. N. Y. The Baker-Taylor Co.

The author gives a handy history of the great Swiss reformer, evidently writing from the viewpoint of the Reformed Church, and claims for Zwingli a degree of honor not inferior to that accorded the famous founder of the Lutheran Church. The claim is reasonable, for Zwingli's work was doubtless very important, and it may be questioned whether the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist which bears his name, and which aroused the anger of Luther, is not the one held by the majority of Protestants, notwithstanding the formulated dogmas of their respective churches. Mr. Simpson's book is well written and will be found convenient, in matter as well as form, by general readers who desire to know somewhat about the life and work of one of the most notable figures of the Reformation period.

**Germany.** Wolf von Schierbrand. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.40.

This is a book for the statesman, the business man, the student of history, and the general reader. The writer impresses one as a man who knows whereof he writes, and his work should go far toward making American readers more fully conversant with the way in which, within the last thirty years, a divided section of Europe has been unified and has become one of the world powers of the age. It matters not whether Mr. von Schierbrand deals with the political, commercial, or industrial aspects of Germany; with its internal problems or its influence on other countries, its social and moral questions, and its music and art; he always shows the same impartial and able judgment, arranging his facts and drawing his conclusions in a very masterly way.

**Mount Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique.** Angelo Heilprin. Phila. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.00

Professor Angelo Heilprin has contributed a most valuable volume to the annals of seismology. The book is no mere record of the observations of an intrepid inquirer into the circumstances of one of the greatest catastrophes of modern times, but it embodies the researches of a scientific investigator whose object was to add to our knowledge of volcanic action. The author modestly confesses that his investigations have not as yet yielded ripe scientific fruit, but it is no small matter to possess a history of the tragedy so carefully written and so full of accurate observation. It is not too much to say that as a history of a gigantic volcanic convulsion the volume is unique.

# Among the April Magazines

The leading article in The Atlantic Monthly for April is The Function of the Stock and Produce Exchanges. The author, Charles A. Connant, attacks the theory ignorantly held by many that operations on stock and produce exchanges are pure gambling. He refutes the idea as follows:

The fundamental function of the exchanges is to give mobility to capital. Without them the stock and bonds of the share company could not be placed to advantage. Nobody would know what their value was on any given day, because the transactions in them, if they occurred, would be private and unrecorded. The opportunities for fraud would be multiplied a hundred-fold as compared with the publicity which is given under present conditions to the least movements on the Stock Exchange. The mobility for capital afforded by the limited liability company would be meager and inadequate if the holder of its bonds and shares did not know that at any moment he could take them to the exchanges and sell them for a price. He cannot be misled as to this price, because every newspaper in the land, if the security is one of importance, gives him each morning the value which it possessed the day before in the markets of the world. The holder of it thus knows what the average judgment of hundreds of men is upon the value of that security. If it were not thus quoted, he would have to rely upon the judgment of a few people, expressing their opinion privately and perhaps interested in misleading him.

Speaking of securities and their importance in modern financial systems, the writer declares:

Securities form one of the greatest and most important parts of the modern mechanism of exchange. They are, in many cases, as good as money, and in some cases are better than money. If a large shipment of money has to be made from New York to London, it is much more economical to ship securities of the same amount than to ship kegs of gold. Credit is forwarded by cable and the securities follow by mail. All markets are thus brought into touch with one another, and respond to a fluctuation of a fraction of one per cent., but without the confusion and crash which would ensue if every sudden pressure for money was felt upon a market naked of such securities.

France was saved from one of the greatest crises of history by the large holdings of securities among her people during the Franco-Prussian War. When Germany demanded an indemnity of five thousand millions of francs ($1,000,000,000), it was in the belief that its payment would throw a paralysis upon French industry and enterprise which would prostrate them for a generation. But what happened? When the French Government appealed to the people, saying, "We need five thousand millions of francs to pay off this indebtedness," the whole matter was adjusted through the securities market, and in a few years the Bank of France resumed the payment of gold for its notes. Frenchmen subscribed liberally for the securities of the new loans to pay off Germany and, in order to obtain the necessary funds, directed their brokers to sell in London, Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, and New York, the old securities which they held. Five thousand million francs were taken from the capital of France, but she was so rich that she was able to submit to it without disaster. She was rich because she had piled up these securities, with which she was able to part without suffering. The crushing debt imposed by the conqueror was practically canceled by transferring to other markets the titles of the debts which Frenchmen held against foreign peoples. No such operation would have been possible before the organization of the modern securities market, responsive as it is to the slightest change in supply or demand, the slightest rumor of war or peace.

Other interesting features of the number are Emerson's Correspondence with Herman Grimm; The Honorable Points of Ignorance, by S. M. Crothers; Makers of the Drama of To-day; In Old Brittany, by Anna Seaton Schmidt; and Horace E. Scudder, An Appreciation, by Alexander V. G. Allen. The fiction and verse are fully up to the very high standard always set by the magazine.

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In the Century for April, Charles Moore has a long and exhaustive article on The Restoration of the White House. In the series of articles on the Great Business Combinations of To-Day, Commander Kelly, U.S.N., writes with authority on the So-Called Steamship Trust. In Modern Musical Celebrities, Hermann Klein gives personal recollections of Verdi, Wagner, Gounod, Liszt, and Tschaikowsky. Butte City, by Ray Stannard Baker, is an interesting desription of the greatest of copper camps. Good and readable stories are contributed by Margaret Collier Graham, Lucy Norvell Clark, Lillie Hamilton French, and Ruth McEnery Stuart. Richard Whiteing continues his novel, The Yellow Van.

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Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, Lady Rose's Daughter, comes to an end in the April number of Harper's Magazine. Richard T. Ely's article, Economic Aspects of Mormonism, is a thoroughly masterful study by one of America's greatest economists. Speaking of co-operation among the Mormons, he has this to say:

The present condition of co-operation among the Mormons is one which indicates retrogression rather than progress, and is not wholly encouraging to

believers in co-operative principles. Yet co-operation floats before the minds of all the leaders as a goal, and they expect to advance much beyond any past achievement.

Continuing, he declares:

But the ideals of the Mormons go much farther than co-operation as ordinarily understood. They seem to have, like Plato, a first-best state and a second-best state. They have ideals approaching in some measure those described in Plato's Republic, and also those described in his laws. Their first-best state is pure communism, and is called the Order of Enoch, or United Order. This is nothing less than complete communism, working together, living together, having all things in common like certain early Christians.

Their second-best state is one based upon a far-reaching recognition of common needs, involving a generous provision for all public purposes, and also for all classes in the community requiring help, especially the aged.

At the present time the Latter-Day Saints are, as some of their leaders lament, in a condition which is inferior to the ideals of the second-best state. Co-operation languishes, the wealthier and more enterprising Mormons vie with the Gentiles in absorption of natural resources, and the gaps between economic classes are widening.

Brander Matthews contributes an essay on Briticisms of All Sorts, and Carl Snyder one on Physiological Immunity. Thomas A. Janvier concludes his historical study on The Dutch Founding of New York. In fiction, the issue is represented by Robert W. Chambers, Julian Ralph, W. D. Howells, Maud Stepney Rawson, and Candace Wheeler.

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Among its usual varied and interesting features, the April number of the World's Work contains Confessions of a Foreign Newspaper Correspondent, by Wolf Von Schierbrand. The article throws interesting side lights on German political and social methods. Those who are interested in marine insurance will find pleasure in a perusal of Lloyds, by Chalmers Roberts. In the Coming of the Automobile, Henry Norman, M.P., shows how the railway age is bound to give way in time to the motor age. Other interesting and topical articles make up a very attractive issue.

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It is a well-known fact that in several of the remote countries of the world, men walk barefoot over white-hot stones without suffering any injury. In Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for April, Walter Burke, F.R.P.S., in an article, entitled The Fire-Walkers of Fiji, describes the performance as follows:

Without hesitation or haste they stepped onto the stones and walked round the pit in pairs, the inside men being well toward the center. They do not seem to choose the stones to step upon, and take from ten to fifteen seconds to complete the circuit. Then they step off quickly; the workers rush forward with masses of green leaves and small boughs. These they throw into the center of the oven, the fire-walkers step back and press down the leaves with their hands and feet. Immediately clouds of smoke from the burning leaves envelop them, and they can but dimly be seen through it. Great baskets of food, consisting principally of roots of the Dracœna, are heaped in the center; more leaves are added, till the whole pile is about a yard in height. This is covered with earth, and the whole left for forty-eight hours, when the oven is opened and the food used for feasting.

Immediately after the food was placed in the oven the men were examined by the doctors, who were completely at a loss to explain the mystery. The men's feet and hands were extremely cold, which gave rise to some suspicion of the use of a local refrigerant. Otherwise the feet were soft, and there was *no sign of any burns*. I examined them myself and found that one had had a number of blisters on his feet, but they were not recent.

In fiction, Ernest W. Hornung continues his novel, Denis Dent, and S. R. Crockett contributes a short story, The Midnight Free Traders. Other short stories and verse make up a pleasing number.

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Hogarth, by John La Farge, and illustrated by reproductions of some of Hogarth's masterpieces, is the principal feature of the April McClure's. Ida M. Tarbell continues The History of the Standard Oil Company. In Masters of Their Craft, Adrian Kirk gives interesting anecdotes of those men who get their chief pleasure in life out of the exercise of their own skill. In fiction, stories are contributed by Stewart Edward White, William Hamilton Osborne, Clara Morris, and Arthur Stanwood Pier.

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Outing for April is fully up to the high standard which has characterized the magazine of late. Its articles and stories of sport and adventure are always interesting. . The illustrations are excellent and the general appearance of the magazine leaves nothing to be desired. The present issue is signalized by three excellent articles—American Racing, by Francis Trevelyan, Human Tree-Dwellers of Malaya, by Caspar Whitney, and Stage Fencing and Fencers, by Kyrle Bellew.

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Many subjects of interest are treated in the April Cosmopolitan. William R. Stewart writes of the Americanization of the Canadian Northwest; Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, 2nd, contributes a well-illustrated article on Grace in Woman's Costume. The Prophet Poet of

Norway is an interesting study of Björnson by Louise Parks Richards, and Famous Cures and Humbugs of Europe is by the late Julian Ralph. The Captains of Industry for the month are Jacob Henry Schiff and Henry Osborne Havemeyer. Henry Seton Merriman's novel, Barlasch of the Guard, is continued, and short stories are contributed by Guy Wetmore Carryl, Seumas MacManus, and John Oxenham.

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Easter in Many Lands is the leading article in Everybody's Magazine for April. The author is C. Bryson Taylor, and he writes entertainingly of Easter customs in many different countries. The First Railway Merger, by Earl D. Berry, is the true story of the origin of the community of interest idea. There are other interesting contributions which lack of space forbids a detailed mention. Of the stories, Grettir at Thorhall-stead, by the late Frank Norris, is the most important.

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Archibald Eyre's story, The Trifler, almost fills the entire number of the April Lippincott's. With the exception of Lafayette's Last Visit to America, by Theodore Stanton, and Next Summer's Garden, by Eben E. Rexford, the remainder of the issue is devoted to short fiction.

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Beginning with the April issue, The Metropolitan becomes the New Metropolitan. The change of title is synonymous with a change of editorial policy. In the future the magazine proposes to devote itself to a consideration of entertaining and interesting phases of metropolitan life. In fine, it will aim to characterize the many varied phases of the most cosmopolitan of cities. The first issue of the new *régime* fully justifies the aim of the editors. The articles, the stories, even the poetry have a flavor decidedly local. Among the contributors of the month are William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, John Kendrick Bangs, Cornelius Van Cott, Albert Bigelow Paine, Edward W. Townsend, John Corbin, Hon. Jacob A. Cantor, and David Belasco. The above names are all representative of the city.

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The Criterion for April maintains its usual standard of entertaining articles and stories. Of special mention are The Académie Goncourt, by Stephen Mackenna; Venezuela, and the Monroe Doctrine, by Edwin Emerson, Jr., and A Great Military Ball in Paris, by Countess de Montaigu.

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The contributions to the April National Magazine are many, and cover a large field of subjects. A good portion of the number is devoted to Affairs at Washington, by Joe Mitchell Chapple. Men and Affairs of Modern Mexico, by S. Glen Andrus, and The New Berlin, by Christin A. Luhnow, are two of the most important features of the issue.

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The New England Magazine for April contains its usual number of interesting articles and stories. Under the title Little Rest, Philip Kittredge Taylor contributes a delightful study of the old Rhode Island village, Kingston. The continuation of John Vance Cheney's article, Nature Love Among the Poets of Ancient Greece, is another worthy feature of the issue.

# Magazine Reference List for April, 1903

### Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Artistic Achievements of the Stage...New Metrop.
Beauty on the Operatic Stage ..... Munsey's
Greatest Pleasure Palace .....New Metropolitan
Hogarth .....McClure's
Hoeber, Alfred,.....New England
Makers of the Drama of To-day.....Atlantic
Masters of Their Craft.....McClure's
Modern Musical Celebrities.....Century
Music in the Metropolis .....New Metropolitan
Production of Industrial Art in America.Chautauquan
Revolt from the Machine ..... National
Stage Fencing and Fencers.....Outing
U. S. as an Art Center..... Chautauquan

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

### Biographical and Reminiscent

California's First Native Governor.....National
Cortelyou, George Bruce .....World's Work
Fiske, John .....World's Work
*Gray, Horace .....Harvard Graduates'
Leo XIII.....Frank Leslie's
Lyon, Colonel Matthew .....Century
Marriageable Princes .....Munsey's
*Nieces of Mazarin, The .....Gentlemen's
Norris, Frank .....World's Work
Prophet-Poet of Norway.....Cosmopolitan
Recollections of European Celebrities....Criterion
Richest Americans, The.....Munsey's
Scudder, Horace E. ..... Atlantic
Shiff, Jacob Henry .....Cosmopolitan
Tuan Fang, Confucian .....Everybody's

### Educational Topics

How Free Lecture System Works ..World's Work
*Question of Seminars, The...Harvard Graduates'
*Seminars and Printed Notes.Harvard Graduates'
What is the Best College?.....World's Work

### Essays and Miscellanies

Académie Goncourt..... Criterion
*Cretan Exhibition, The.....Cornhill
Day's Work in the N. Y. Post Office.New Metrop.
Emerson's Correspondence with Grimm...Atlantic
Flat Dwellers of a Great City, The..World's Work
Foe of Compromise, The.....Atlantic
Foreign Newspaper Correspondent, A.World's Work
*Frantic Fear .....Gentlemen's
Friendship of Thackeray and Dickens...Munsey's
*Germanic Museum, The.....Harvard Graduates'
Grace in Woman's Costume .....Cosmopolitan
Great Military Ball in Paris .....Criterion
Honorable Points of Ignorance, The.....Atlantic
*How I Became a Novelist.....Sunday
*Inns Past and Present .....Gentlemen's
Japanese in New York, The.....New Metropolitan
Making a Cruiser Out of a Ship's Longboat..Outing
Manhattan's Foreign Colonies..New Metropolitan
Model American Residence..... World's Work
Nature Love among the Poets of Ancient Greece
.....New England
New Longfellow Letters .....Harper's
New White House, The.....Munsey's
Qualities of Style.....Chautauquan
Restoration of the White House, The .....Century
Romances of the World's Great Mines.Cosmopolitan
*Servants and Service in the 18th Century.Cornhill
To Love or To Be Loved.....Cosmopolitan

### Historical and Political

Americanization of the Canadian Northwest
.....Cosmopolitan
Cradle of Great Americans, A.....National
*Crete under the Venetians.....Gentlemen's
Days in the Lives of Great Americans..Everybody's
Dutch Founding of New York.....Harper's
Fortune of War.....Century
Lafayette's Last Visit to America ...Lippincott's
Manhattan of the Future, The..New Metropolitan
New Citizens for the Republic.....World's Work
*Philosophy of Madame Roland, The.Gentlemen's
Recollections of Andrew Johnson.....National
Saxon and Slav .....Chautauquan
*Turkey ..... Chambers's
Venezuela and the Monroe Doctrine.....Criterion
*Young Pretender in London, The....Gentlemen's

### Religious and Philosophical

*Does Science Contradict the Bible.....Sunday
Easter in Many Lands .....Everybody's
Religious Ceremonies in Mayjayjay.....Criterion
Ritual of the Church, The.....Munsey's
Twenty Millions for Church Work..World's Work

### Scientific and Industrial

Day's Work of a Railroad President, A
.....World's Work
Famous Cures and Humbugs of Europe...Cosmop.
*Glimpses at the Moon.....Leisure Hour
Growing of American Lemons.....World's Work
Healing by Electricity.....Munsey's
Lloyds .....World's Work
Medicine ..... Cosmopolitan
*Metals More Precious than Gold .....Chambers's
*Modern Cosmogonies ..... ...Knowledge
*Natural Sources of Wealth.....Chambers's
*New Chemistry, The .....Cornhill
New England Farmer, The .....Everybody's
Niagarics, the New Force .....Munsey's
*Path of the Moon, The.....Knowledge
Physiological Immunity .....Harper's
Railroads and Forestry, The.....World's Work
Ship Canal, Southern Florida, A.....National
*Station Master, The .....Leisure Hour

### Sociologic and Economic

Autobiography of a Shop Girl..... Frank Leslie's
Beggars of New York .....Munsey's
Economic Aspects of Mormonism..... Harper's
*Evils of Property, The .....Cornhill
Evolution of American Census Taking, The.Century
First Railway Merger, The.....Everybody's
Function of the Stock and Produce Exchanges,
The .....Atlantic
How Women Are Winning the Ballot.. National
Life Insurance in New England.....New England
New Department of Commerce ....World's Work
New Socialism and the Trusts .....National
*Problem of London's Unemployed, The..Cornhill
*Problems of Prison Labor .....Leisure Hour
*Proposed Emigration Scholarships...Leisure Hour
So-Called Steamship Trust, The .....Century
Social Settlements .....Chautauquan
Toilers of the Home .....Everybody's
VastMachine for Social Betterment..World's Work
Whence Come Our Immigrants?....World's Work

### Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

After Flamingos in the Bahamas.....Outing
American Racing .....Outing
*American Trotter, The .....Badminton
*At the Durbar .....Cornhill
*Boat Race, The .....Badminton
Butte City .....Century
Coming of the Automobile, The.....World's Work
Fishing of the Free People, The .....Outing
Football ..... ..Harvard Graduates'
*Fox-Hunting in Argyllshire ..... Good Words
*Giant Land Tortoise ..... Knowledge
Human Tree-Dwellers of Malaya .....Outing
*Isle of Fire and Fiord, An..... Badminton
*Ivory Coast, The .....Chambers's
*Johannesburg ..... Chambers's
Journey Through Russia ..... Chautauquan
Land of Theocritus, The ..... Harper's
Making of a University Oarsman, The....Outing
*Motors and the Roads .....Badminton
Next Summer's Garden..... Lippincott's
*Notes Made in a Dutch Village...Leisure Hour
*Notes on Rare Migrants ..... Badminton
*On the Moors with Prince Ranjitsinhji.Badminton
*On the Trail of the Fox .....Chambers's
*Platypus Shooting by Moonlight .....Badminton
*Recollections of Life at an Open-Air Sanitorium
.....Good Words
Return to the Country, The .....Outing
*Tetuan .....Chambers's
*Travels with a T-Square .....Cornhill
Two Jungle Rogues .....Outing
When Bruin Wakes ..... Outing

# Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

**IF THOU MUST LOVE ME ..... ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING**

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile . . her look . . her way
Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,
Since one might well forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

**THE FLY ..... WILLIAM BLAKE**

Little Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.

**TWILIGHT ON TWEED ..... ANDREW LANG**

Three crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plane,
The dear remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Plashed in the golden stream.

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Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and thrice fair you be;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.

**A FAREWELL ..... COVENTRY PATMORE**

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My Very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposed paths to persevere.
Go thou to East, I West.
We will not say
There's any hope, it is so far away.
But, O, my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nursling Grief,
Is dead,
And no dews blur our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazed meet;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

**FROM FERISHTAH'S FANCIES ..... ROBERT BROWNING**

Not with my Soul, Love!—bid no Soul like mine
Lap thee around nor leave the poor Sense room!
Soul—travel-worn, toil-weary—would confine
Along with Soul, Soul's gains from glow and gloom,
Captures from soarings high and divings deep.
Spoil-laden Soul, how should such memories sleep?
Take Sense, too—let me love entire and whole—
Not with my Soul!

Eyes shall meet eyes and find no eyes between,
Lips feed on lips, no other lips to fear!
No past, no future—so thine arms but screen
The present from surprise! not there, 'tis here—
Not then, 'tis now:—back, memories that intrude!
Make, Love, the universe our solitude,
And, over all the rest, oblivion roll—
Sense quenching Soul!

**"ITALIA, IO TI SALUTO!" ..... CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI**

To come back from the sweet South, to the North
Where I was born, bred, look to die;
Come back to do my day's work in its day,
Play out my play—
Amen, amen, say I.

To see no more the country half my own,
  Nor hear the half-familiar speech,
Amen, I say; I turn to that bleak North
Whence I came forth—
  The South lies out of reach.

But when our swallows fly back to the South,
  To the sweet South, to the sweet South,
The tears may come again into my eyes
On the old wise,
  And the sweet name to my mouth.

**HER FIRST SEASON** ..... **WM. M. ROSSETTI**

He gazed her over, from her eyebrows down
Even to her feet: he gazed so with the good
Undoubting faith of fools, much as who should
Accost God for a comrade. In the brown
Of all her curls he seemed to think the town
Would make an acquisition; but her hood
Was not the newest fashion, and his brood
Of lady friends might scarce approve her gown.
If I did smile, 'twas faintly; for my cheeks
Burned, thinking she'd be shown up to be sold,
And cried about, in the thick jostling run
Of the loud world, till all the weary weeks
Should bring her back to herself and to the old
Familiar face of nature and the sun.

**ODE** ..... **ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY**

We are the music makers,
  And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
  And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
  On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
  Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
  And out of a fabulous story
  We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
  Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
  Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
  In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
  And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
  To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
  Or one that is coming to birth.

**TO DAFFODILS** ..... **ROBERT HERRICK**

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
  You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising Sun
  Has not attain'd his noon.
    Stay, stay,
  Until the hasting day
Has run
  But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
  Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
  We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
  As you, or any thing.
    We die,
  As your hours do, and dry
Away
  Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
  Ne'er to be found again.

**LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY** ..... **PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY**

The fountains mingle with the river
  And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
  With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
  All things by a law divide
In one another's being mingle—
  Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
  And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
  If it disdain'd its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
  And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
  If thou kiss not me?

**THE DEATHBED** ..... **THOMAS HOOD**

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another morn than ours.

**SOUL'S BEAUTY** ..... **DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI**

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
  Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
  Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath.
Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
  The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,
  By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.
This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
  Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem—the beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
  How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

# Animal Life: Snakes in Many Moods

WHERE POISONOUS SNAKES ARE WORSHIPED..CHAMBERS'S JOUR.

Outsiders who are unacquainted with the numerous quaint and bewildering social and religious institutions of the two British districts of South Canara and Malabar and the two native States of Travancore and Cochin—all four of which lie on the southwest coast of India, and are believed by the natives to have been miraculously reclaimed from the sea—can form no adequate idea of the extent to which the cobra, at once the most poisonous and the least wanton or aggressive genus of Indian snakes, is pampered, protected, and propitiated in these four little provinces. It is not meant to assert that serpent-worship and the propitiation of snake-divinities is a peculiarity of these provinces, for we have abundant historical evidence that such worship overspread nearly all Asia at a very remote period, and even crept into portions of southern Europe; but it never elsewhere assumed such a tenacious hold on the people as it has done in the region mentioned, nor did it anywhere else break out in such startling and fantastic shapes. Further, in no other part has it been able to resist so successfully the invading forces of other schools of religious thought and belief.

To take the case of Travancore alone, from the single fact that the district contains no fewer than from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand shrines dedicated exclusively to the propitiatory worship of snakes, one is somewhat in a position to understand the intensity and popularity of this ancient form of worship. These shrines are invariably in honor of the minor divinities of the country, some of them being of venerable age and more than local repute, and possessing extensive and valuable properties for their maintenance and for the cost of the numerous ceremonies which their keepers have to perform from time to time.

In these shrines the Hindus set down fantastic idols of serpents on a stone basement, and the shrine is protected by a mud wall. It is essential to the welfare of the householders that they should make periodical offerings of dough and milk and cooked rice to the serpentine habitués of the shrine, and place lights and chant hymns in order to be assured of their favor.

In addition to the special feasts, there are daily ceremonies. Every morning the king and the queen of the serpents are bathed, and fruit and milk are offered to them; at noon cooked rice is offered, and fried grain follows after a reasonable interval has been allowed to these lucky creatures to digest the choice viands that have gone before. On certain star-days, the idols in the grove and in the household temple are carried in procession to the house, where propitiatory offerings are made. The presiding functionary at all these various ceremonies is necessarily the eldest female member of the family, who has to practise celibacy from the day she attains the position.

The arrangement is different in some other parts of modern Kerala. For instance, in South Canara, ceremonies are performed by the virgin dedicated to this pious work. At similar famous snake festivals of Travancore pious folk gather from all parts to join in the worship, and bring votive offerings of gold, silver, grain, cocoanuts, pepper-spices, fruit, oil, ghee, sandal-wood, silk, and other things. The cost of the festivals is defrayed from the revenues derived from the paddy-fields and gardens attached to the shrine. It is believed that if the ceremonies are not performed with purity and devoutness the serpent-gods will be offended and the largest of the cobras will come out of the grove and show themselves to the people of the house. It is also believed that snake bites in the neighborhood of this and other such shrines never prove fatal. However this may be, it is certain that, estimating the average snake population of each of these shrines at a dozen—which is a modest computation, for I know of many groves each of which is inhabited by at least thirty cobras, and that there are between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand of these shrines in Travancore alone—the number of deaths from snake-bite in the country is remarkably small.

Of course, a partial explanation of this circumstance is to be found in the kindness with which the inhabitants of the State invariably treat their creeping friends. Indian snakes are, with rare exceptions, non-aggressive. They never molest people—they keep to themselves; and when their creature comforts are benevo-

foraging expeditions unnecessary, it is not in the least degree astonishing that they become most docile and harmless. It may be that the thoughful and observant ancients of Kerala, wise in their generation, and recognizing the fact that even the most deadly of venomous creatures must play an important part in the economy of nature, thought it more useful to bring such creatures under subjection than to exterminate them, and thereby disturb the beneficent and well-ordered arrangements of the Creator.

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**FASTING OF SNAKES ..... PUBLIC OPINION**

M. J. Pellegrin has written to the Zoological Society of a curious case of fasting by a serpent, and in this connection it may be stated that frequently among the ophidians there are observed cases of fasting the duration of which is extraordinary. Among serpents in captivity individuals are noticed which, although side by side with those who willingly accept the food given them, obstinately refuse all and every sort of nourishment. This state of affairs cannot be indefinitely prolonged, but death frequently does not occur until after a lapse of time which in many cases is very great, as will be seen from the following interesting particulars:

At the snake house of the Museum of Natural History in Paris facts of this nature are noticed frequently, and August Dumeril cites the case of a snake of North America which remained fifteen months without taking nourishment and a rattlesnake which only ate at the end of twenty-six months. M. Vaillant cites the case of a pelophile which is still living after twenty-three months of fasting, and a python who only took food at the end of twenty-nine months. This observer further reports the case of two pelophiles which died of inanition, one after three years, the other after the extraordinary period of forty-nine months—that is, more than four years.

The case which we wish to especially notice here is remarkable not for the duration of the fast, which was sufficiently long—nearly two and one-half years—but above all for the loss of weight of the animal—that is, nearly two-thirds of the original volume. According to the investigations of Chossat at Geneva, experiments which were made on warm-blooded animals for the most part, it seems that death occurs independently of every other cause

same conclusion with reference to ring snakes, which, after being submitted to absolute fasting—that is, deprived not only of food but of water—died on the average after a loss of 38 per cent. of the original weight. In the cases of those submitted to relative fasting—that is, not deprived of water—death occurred after a loss of 40 per cent. of the original weight, but the duration of life was with them three times greater.

It is not the same in the following case: The 17th of November, 1899, there was placed in the snake house of the museum a superb reticulated python of Japan, which measured nineteen and one-half feet in length, his coloration being living and brilliant, his diameter enormous, and his activity denoting the most flourishing state of health. Furthermore, he manifested a dangerously aggressive disposition. He was offered the most diverse foods, but all were obstinately refused. Sheep, rabbits, geese, ducks, and chickens were in turn offered, and whilst at times he stifled these in his coils he left them without touching them. He contented himself with frequent bathing in his basin, and this fact is important, as death comes much quicker with the ophidians submitted to an absolute fast.

The python continued to refuse food and began to decrease in volume, the brilliant and glistening color present at first giving place to a dull, gray color, and at the commencement of 1902 he was surprisingly thin, being nothing more than skin and bone. Completely apathetic and inoffensive, he allowed himself to be handled with impunity, remaining perfectly inert, rolled up in the corner of his cage. At different times it was sought to feed him by means of eggs placed in his mouth, but this nourishment produced no result. It was observed that partial and successive death of the organs preceded in a way the total death, which occurred the 20th of April, 1902—that is, after two years five months and three days of fasting.

The animal weighed at the time of death twenty-seven kilos, the initial weight having been seventy-five kilos. Thus the reduction was forty-eight kilos, or nearly two-thirds of the original weight, a remarkable figure, which seems to prove that sometimes with the larger adult ophidians, submitting voluntarily to a relative fast, death does not occur until after a loss of weight much greater than Chossat thought.

**THE SNAKES OF ARIZONA ..... DETROIT FREE PRESS**

The Smithsonian Institution authorities say that more varieties of poisonous snakes are found in Arizona than in any other part of the United States. The best authority on Arizona snakes is believed to be Graham Peck, who has been studying them for years.

"No other region in the United States is so much of a natural breeding-ground for the rattlesnake as is southern Arizona," said he. "The rocks of the mountains and foot hills are of a heavy yellow and gray color and the soil is so like the hues of a rattler that a snake can move slowly along and hardly be perceived by a person fifty feet away. The hot, dry air and the warm, sandy earth and the immense quantity of small birds and ground squirrels in the mountain cañons and brush all combine to make life for rattlesnakes in this region one of rare ease and comfort.

"There are literally tens of thousands of rattlers in the sage brush and chaparral along the edge of southern Arizona wastes. They grow to enormous size and it is common to read of the capture of rattlesnakes five and six feet long, with fourteen and fifteen rattles.

"Hog-nose snakes are quite plentiful in the mountainous parts of Arizona. After all the talk about serpents hissing, this is the only specimen of the ophidian family which I have ever heard utter a sound.

"Many writers on reptiles in America say that thunder snakes are common in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. They are really uncommon in the territories. They are a prairie reptile and are often encountered by prairie travelers, especially before and after thunderstorms.

Flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, which are terrifying to bipeds and quadrupeds, seem to have a charm for these members of the ophidian family. Whenever a thunderstorm comes up these snakes come crawling out of holes, from behind rocks and rotten stumps and enjoy the fun while it lasts.

"The coach whip is remarkable for its tremendous length and surprising speed. It is cream or clay colored, very much like the hard-baked prairie over which it glides, is very long and its scales are arranged in such a manner that they closely resemble the plaited leather of a whip.

"Not endowed with poison, it has tremendous power of constriction. It forms its body into coils which are capable of crushing sheep, dogs, and coyotes.

"When I was in Lower California in 1890 I was told by a Mexican peon that he had a ten-year-old boy squeezed to death by a coach whip a few years before. The man said that on another occasion his wife was attacked by a coach whip which threw its coils about her quicker than she could see.

"She was too frightened to do more than scream and fall to the ground, when her daughter came running up and quickly released her by merely unwrapping the snake's tail. Strange as this may seem, it is a very easy way to release a victim in the coach-whip snake's grasp, for while the reptile's constricting powers are abnormal, a child may unwrap the coils by beginning at the tail."

"Do you believe that snakes have the power to charm animals?"

"Yes, there is a certain power to fascinate in a snake's eyes and movements. I saw only the other day a typical illustration of the power of a snake to fascinate.

"Over in the pine woods I saw a ground squirrel fascinated by a black gopher snake. The forked tongue darted out of the snake's mouth almost as regularly and rapidly as the needle of a sewing machine rises and falls. The squirrel seemed to watch it spellbound. The snake crept slowly nearer.

"When the gopher snake was within two or three inches from the squirrel it gave a leap and threw three coils about the squirrel. Instantly the spell was gone. The fascination or charm there had been over the little animal was no doubt broken the very moment the serpent's coils were about the squirrel, for the animal gave three convulsive, terrified chirps and realized that its death moment had come.

"I believe implicitly that all snakes have a certain degree of power to fascinate their victims to death. Black snakes, gopher snakes, and racers have the power to a large degree. Rattlesnakes have the most fascinating power among all the poisonous serpents in the southwest.

"The indications of charming among poisonous snakes are deceiving sometimes. Poisonous snakes fang their prey once only. The poison does not kill at once.

"The victim flutters to a branch, it may be, or runs a short distance and stops. The snake watches it. The poison does its deadly work, and the bird falls.

"Anyone who comes up, not having seen the attack, might be readily deceived into imagining that it was the glance of the snake and not the poison that caused the victim to fall."

**FEEDING REPTILES** ..... **CHICAGO INTER OCEAN**

Unlike the animals which are fed daily, the reptiles receive their food at intervals ranging from a day or two to a month, according to the species or the disposition of the specimen. If a reptile is very active it must be fed frequently.

Turtles, and lizards, which are continually frisking about, require feeding every other day. The big constricting snakes which lie coiled in the same position for a week at a time, seldom take food more frequently than twice a month.

As a rule, the smaller snakes are fed every ten days, while the boas and pythons receive their food every three weeks.

Nearly all the big snakes have the habit of fasting for indefinite periods. After feeding regularly for three or four months, a python will steadily decline food for about the same period, after which it again begins feeding voraciously.

During these long fasting spells the keepers follow their charges' actions with close attention for it is at these times that the dreaded canker may form in the serpent's mouth, and unless immediately counteracted by antiseptic washes, it becomes dangerous and often fatal. A three-months' fast with a healthy snake never worries the keeper, for the reptile usually begins feeding again without the slightest sign of emaciation.

The reptile house bill of fare is elaborate in its composition. Rabbits, pigeons, and chickens furnish nourishment for the constrictors, while rats, mice and sparrows are provided for the smaller snakes. The lizards demand large quantities of meal worms, which are varied by flies caught in the warm months in a series of fly traps. Large quantities of fish go to the alligators and water snakes, while vegetables of many kinds form the food of the tortoises and herbivorous lizards.

If a live rabbit or chicken were cast into the cage containing six or eight big snakes, trouble would be inevitable. Several of the reptiles would seize the creature at the same time, and in the constriction that followed all would become entangled in such knots that the smaller snakes would fare badly. If, after the prey is killed and a large snake begins to swallow it, a smaller snake is persistent in its hold on the prey, the small snake may find a resting-place in the elastic interior of its cage mate.

The feeding of a cage of pythons is an operation which requires time and skill. The first thing done is to separate the big fellows, which lie sociably coiled in a great mass. The keeper then hands them their chickens and rabbits, one by one, keeping many of the snakes covered with blankets to prevent fighting. To throw the food at random into the cage would result in the more powerful specimens eating everything, besides fighting among themselves.

The most difficult reptiles to maintain successfully are the poisonous snakes. So nervous that the slightest movement causes them to spring into a coil of defense, these reptiles in many instances deliberately starve themselves to death. In consequence of this nervousness the poisonous snakes are fed at night, when the reptile house is absolutely quiet. It is the viperine snakes that possess this scary disposition. The cobras and their allies, although always on the alert for trouble, feed regularly and voraciously.

In the reptile house of the New York Zoological Park is a cobra with an appetite that embarrasses the keepers. The specimen is thirteen feet in length, and strictly cannibalistic. Nothing but snakes will he touch, and, still more, he scorns the small, common snakes which are readily obtained.

Before the formidable brute had been in the building six months he had depopulated a cage full of black snakes, and devoured a collection of southern coach-whip snakes, and all the large specimens which the park could spare. More black snakes were ordered, but, as the cobra demanded four or five of these at a meal, the situation became embarrassing.

It was finally decided to remedy conditions by an ingenious method. A black snake was killed and stuffed full of rats, until its diameter was about six times beyond the normal, when it was cast into the cobra's quarters.

After inspecting the morsel for some time, the cobra began to swallow it slowly. It was an operation that consumed a full half hour, and, after its completion, the snake's appearance demonstrated that he had enough to satisfy his most voracious expectations.

When valuable snakes arrive at the reptile house, and are not apparently inclined to eat, they have a certain length of time in which to show signs of appetite, and then, if still indisposed, compulsory feeding is resorted to. Czarina, the twenty-five-foot python in the reptile house, was allowed to fast five months before vigorous measures were used.

A force of men were organized into a python squad, numbering about a dozen members. The big snake was taken from the cage, and a number of rabbits, fastened together in a long string, were run down the serpent's throat with a bamboo pole.

# Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

**Edited by Robert Blight**

"When well-apparel'd April on the heel of limping winter treads," as Shakespeare says, we begin to think about the garden, and the looking forward to its interest and beauty becomes one of the greatest pleasures of our existence. It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the pleasures of a garden to the readers of these columns in CURRENT LITERATURE, but the following passage describes them so well that no apology for quoting it is needed:

**GARDENS .....W. G. BOWDOIN.....THE ART INTERCHANGE**

How much of joy there is in even a modest garden, only those who have had experience in making one can fully know. The grass, the trees, the shrubs, and flowers that belong to gardens all have a story to tell the gardener who lives with them and studies them. The making of a garden signifies the harnessing of some of the forces of nature and of driving them along a selected roadway. The charm of a garden is as varied as the seasons, and one charm succeeds another as the spring merges into summer and then fades into autumn. Even in winter there is preparation in a garden for the development of the vegetable life that shall bloom amid the singing of birds and the sighing of insects.

The gardener must be near to nature's heart in seed-time and choose well when he consigns to the ground the seeds containing the germs of the things that will be if nature's requirements are complied with. And when he has done his work, faith steps in and whispers that all will be well. The springtime in a garden is a wonderful period. The uplifting forces of countless grass blades pushing toward the light silently, but with immense force that can at times move rocks, is full of wonderment when we stop to think about it. At the very beginning of a garden, we are made to realize the wonderful power of the unseen agencies that must work if even the most insignificant plant is to live and grow.

### TWO KINDS OF GARDENING

There are two kinds of gardening: the naturalistic and the formal. The naturalistic takes nature as she is, and artfully conceals the art that enters into the garden. Wildness is not permitted to run over-wild, but out of natural conditions there is brought what may, perhaps, be termed an untrimmed garden. The so-called Alpine, rock, bog, water and subtropical gardens belong to this class. Our botanical gardens are generally of this kind: In such a garden there is much opportunity for grouping the plants gracefully and harmoniously. A garden so arranged as not to be restful, and which does not suggest repose, misses one of the essentials of a garden. There is much to be said in favor of the wild garden.

On the other hand, there is the formal garden. William Morris has championed this: "Large and small, the garden should look both orderly and rich. It should be fenced from the outer world. It should by no means imitate the willfulness or wildness of nature, but should look like a thing never seen except near a house. The formal garden is the place for carefully trimmed hedges, against whose dark and rich verdure the bright old-fashioned flowers may glitter in the sun. In such a garden there must be a careful balance, if not an actual symmetry, of design. An outer inclosure is, of course, appropriate, as affording seclusion for those who may wish to ramble therein. It is in some degree a protection for the flowers that are growing in it. It also furnishes a convenient and very desirable background for flowers. Clearly defined divisions and subdivisions and other ornamental features well serve to emphasize the various centers of interest. It is essential that the scale of the flower beds and their ornamentation should harmonize more or less with that of the building. If a terrace be abutted by a bank of grass or by a stone retaining wall, so much the better. Whatever form the garden takes, it should be kept entirely consistent."

### BE NOT DISCOURAGED

Let no one be discouraged by the thought of how much there is to learn. The very mistakes in gardening are object-lessons that are academic. The birds, the bees, the very worms work together to the upbuilding or the downpulling of a garden, and when a man pits him-

he realizes that a garden is a grand teacher. Botany does not of necessity belong with a garden, although it does no harm to know somewhat of the science in connection with it. No hard and fast rules can safely be laid down as sure guides in gardening. A given plant will behave differently in different gardens. The constituents of the soil may vary and be favorable in one case, and unfavorable in the other. Successful gardening signifies alertness as well as untiring watchfulness. Destructive weeds grow fast in a garden, and they must be combated. A garden is not all joy, but in the modest one there yet lingers something of the atmosphere of the first Eden. If you have a garden, you can also have a sun-dial which fits in with a garden very harmoniously. You can also have roses, lilies, hollyhocks, asters, pinks, ferns, chrysanthemums, golden rods, Dutch tulips, honeysuckle vines, marigolds, violets, bleeding hearts, and a whole train of other flowers that the botanies describe, but which, when you grow them, have an altogether different meaning to you. Any of these flowers will be many times more beautiful in your own garden than any botanist can make them when they are described as science prescribes.

The taste for gardening has developed marvelously of late, and, as in all other arts and sciences, one feature of this development is noteworthy. This is the tendency of all gardeners to become, more or less, specialists. You can scarcely go through the modest plot without its proud possessor calling your attention to some species of flower on which it is evident that he bestows his fondest affections and greatest skill. One prides himself upon his roses, another upon his sweet peas, another upon his dahlias, and so on. This is but natural. Although we may say that we love all flowers, yet, like the man who professes love for all his fellows, we have special favorites. And it is wise, for the skill attained in dealing with some one species is certain to increase the facility with which we cultivate others. To those who are in love with that most delicious flower, the carnation, the following excerpt will have peculiar value, especially as it is the advice of an expert:

**THE CARNATION..EDWIN LONDSDALE..COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA**

In order to grow good carnations, the amateur should follow the methods of the commercialflorist, so far as cultivation is concerned. The following advice is given for this purpose. In nearly all greenhouses, whether belonging to the commerical florist or the amateur, carnations are grown to be cut and then to be used for home adornment, rather than to be kept on the plants until they show signs of wither- plants grown in the greenhouses of the amateur.

Carnations are very much more easily grown than are roses,—that is, if clean, healthy plants are secured to start with. In the effort to secure healthy plants, it is very much better to get stock in the spring rather than in the fall. If the plants are shipped from a distance, the smaller plants may be expected to reach their destination in better condition in spring than will the larger field-grown plants in late summer or fall. The larger plants frequently develop "stem rot" and other fungous diseases in transit (when the disease germs are present). The close confinement incidental to the packing for shipment furnishes just the conditions for the development of many carnation diseases.

In the former time, carnation plants were left growing outdoors until late in September, and very frequently as late as October, and sometimes, though not to be recommended even in those days, until after there had been a few degrees of frost. A decided change in the time of planting into their winter quarters has taken place in recent years. Early in August, for some of the choicer varieties, is considered the very best time for this work. It is readily understood why this should be so, when we remember that the plants are better able to withstand the shock of lifting when not so large nor so deeply rooted. Formerly the vigorous-growing varieties were allowed to remain out late in the fall until the nights were cool and dewy. These were considered to be ideal conditions for the carnation to develop in, and so they were to produce large plants; but the plants were generally very succulent or "sappy," consequently more susceptible to disease. Strange as it may appear, when we consider that the carnation is perfectly hardy in Great Britain and other parts of Europe, the disease among carnations known as "rust" may be circumvented by growing the plants under glass, winter and summer. As the carnation delights in much fresh air on all favorable occasions, it has been found that by early planting outdoors in spring (which means after danger from severe frost is past), and the earlier lifting to winter quarters, much more satisfactory results are obtained.

**ENEMIES**

The most troublesome insects are greenfly and red spider. The greenfly, or aphis, is kept in check by thorough fumigation with tobacco

or some of the tobacco compounds. The red spider may be kept in check by an occasional thorough syringing, directing the full force of the water supply where these little mites are getting in their destructive work. Its work may be recognized by the grayish appearance of the leaves. It has been found that plants which have been punctured by insects are more likely to take some of the diseases to which carnations are subject, the disease germs finding their way into the tissues of the plants through the apertures made by the insects. It is apparent, therefore, that if we would have our plants comparatively free from diseases we must strive to keep them free from insects. Insects are far more easily combated than are diseases. I have tried many of the fungicides, but must confess with little or no satisfactory results; whereas, with insecticides applied with intelligence and good judgment, the results are generally satisfactory. The best way, I have found in my efforts to control diseases of plants, is to keep the carnations free of all dead and decaying leaves, the beds clean from weeds, and the soil lightly stirred on the surface.

### SOIL AND PROPAGATION

A word is needed as to soil in which to grow carnations. Any good loam will answer, if sufficiently porous so that water will pass away freely. Choose that in which diseased carnations have not been grown. Persons who have investigated the subject tell us that the fungous germs which cause "stem rot" remain active in the ground for several years. For this disease the sterilization of the soil (by baking or steaming it) is said to be the only remedy. The sterilizing of soil looks to be a big undertaking to anyone who has not made the attempt, and some practical growers doubt the advisability of the practise on general principles. While admitting that the process may kill disease germs, weed seeds and insects they think that there is danger of destroying the nitrifying bacteria which fertile soils should contain. At all events, to prevent disease is better than to eradicate it.

The carnation is multiplied by means of cuttings taken in February and March. When the increase of stock is undertaken, it goes without saying that only the best cuttings should be taken and those from the most healthy plants. It is understood that nearly all plants may be improved by selection, and carnations are no exception to the rule. The aim should be to secure quality before quantity. When plants are done blooming in the spring, they are thrown away. New virgin plants are so much better that no florist keeps the old ones over, even though some uninformed amateur may do so now and then. Usually the amateur would better buy his plants late in summer or early in the fall than attempt to grow them. Plant them ten to twelve inches apart in good soil on your greenhouse benches; give good care; pick off the diseased leaves; fumigate for the greenfly; then gather the flowers.

Some lovers of gardening, having an eye rather to the useful than to the beautiful, are specialists in fruits. Such will be interested in the following record of the work of the Department of Agriculture. Lovers of melons, it would seem, may look forward to enjoying that luscious fruit for a much longer period than that which has hitherto been usual. It is curious to recall that Sir Alexander Burnes, in 1834, spoke of these winter melons, in his account of his travels in Turkestan. Speaking of the late melons of that country, he says: "Those which ripen in the autumn have exceeded four feet in circumference. One has a notion that what is large cannot be delicate or high-flavored; but no fruit can be more luscious than the melon of Bokhara, nor do I believe their flavor will be credited by anyone who has not tasted them. The winter melon is of a dark green color, called Kara koobuk, and said to surpass all the others." The introduction of such into this country cannot be regarded as other than a very acceptable boon.

**EXPERIMENTS WITH WINTER MELONS....CHICAGO EVENING POST**

It was in 1888 that the Agricultural Department first introduced to America foreign melon seed. Professor E. N. Hansen was sent to Russia to collect the finest sample seeds of the melon that he could find. Upon his return, the Secretary of the Interior decided to place a quantity of the seeds in the hands of S. F. Brown, whose reputation as a horticulturist and winter-melon grower had been called to the attention of the Department. The melon which Mr. Brown had grown so successfully prior to 1888 was named the Eden. He made such a commercial success of his fruit that the traveling public began to demand it, and the Rio Grande Western Road soon commenced serving the melons in their eating-houses and on their dining-cars. They grew in such favor that the leading hotels and restaurants began placing their orders for them.

There were three varieties of the seeds placed in the hands of Mr. Brown. Two were muskmelons and the third a watermelon. The first of the former was known as and is now called the No. 114 Khiva, and the second the E. N. Hansen 116 Khiva. The naming of the watermelon was left to Mr. Brown, and he called it the King and Queen. He has such an exalted opinion of it that he offers $100 for a pound of

mercial point of view, as the King and Queen. As yet no one has secured the premium.

The Russian seeds produced an exceptionally fine muskmelon. In flavor they are more acceptable than the summer kind; far more attractive from an exterior view, and grow in weight to twenty-five pounds. One of the features of the melons is that their luscious flavor does not deteriorate as they increase in size, as is often the case with the summer fruit. The beauty of the winter melons is that they are in their prime in the dead of winter, when the snow covers the Northern States, and nature hibernates with the thermometer in close proximity to zero.

The seeds are planted about May 1. As it requires only about 100 days for the melons to develop, some of them ripen on the vines by August 1. The major portion of the crop, however, has to ripen after being picked. The date of their ripening depends entirely upon the temperature in which they are stored. If deposited in a cool place they will not ripen much before the first of the year. If the melons are desired for an earlier market, it is only necessary to place them in a room of a living heat. Such a temperature will place them in condition for the table in less than a week.

The above furnishes another proof, in addition to the many already existing, of the imperfect state of our knowledge of the vegetable life of the world, and a good instance of the way in which widening knowledge is turned to man's advantage. Similarly, the next passage will reveal a state of things which the ordinary reader would carcely suspect from the usual descriptions of Alaska. The testimony to the interests of the Alaskan flora is given by Mrs. Volney T. Hoggatt:

**WILD FLOWERS OF ALASKA** ..... **WASHINGTON STAR**

People who have never visited the territory of Alaska and are not familiar with its resources and conditions generally, are naturally a little incredulous when we speak of the soil and the botanical conditions. As many as 130 varieties of wild flowers have been found in the district of Nome, between the sixty-sixth and sixty-fourth parallels of North Latitude, along the coast of Bering Sea. I have spent hours and days among the hills and lowlands gathering the little waxen-petaled flowers—of every tint and color—so beautiful and dainty in texture and color that they seemed, as you studied them, as if the sweet breath of heaven had but merely touched them and left the blushes of love messages upon their petals. I have walked miles upon the driftwood, along the overflow of white lily with shell-like tinted center, with these same long rubbery stems, which grow along the water's edge.

The foothills and lowlands that slope down to the sea, through the months of June, July, and August, are veritable gardens of wild flowers, mosses, ferns, etc. The reindeer moss is the moss upon which the reindeer subsists; it takes the place of grass and grows everywhere in abundance. It is of a silvery gray and various shades of green, turns gray after frost, but remains nutritious. This moss forms beds everywhere for the wild flowers and ferns. (The "Reindeer Moss" is not a true moss, but a lichen, *Cladonia*, or *Cenomyce, rangiferina*; it is found in Scotland, and is the badge of the Mackenzies.) As you wander through the lowlands, following the small streams toward the majestic Sawtooth range, with its snow-white caps forming a background to the soft old green of the foothills below, covered with wild flowers, you see a picture of grandeur and beauty.

Among these foothills, flowers are to be found in extraordinary abundance, the white and blue violet, sweet Williams, bluebells, lilies-of-the-valley, buttercups, marguerites as large and beautiful as the cultivated ones. The tall forget-me-not in the rich, delicate blue, and the white, can be found by the acre. These, to my mind, are the most bewilderingly beautiful of all. There are a number of varieties of ferns, also—the maidenhair fern, the broad leaf, the old woods' fern, etc. Then, too, there is the little delicate flower that pops its head up in the spring as soon as the birds begin their song—only not so early in Alaska as in more moderate climates where they have early springs—but it barely waits until the snow disappears. You will find one here and there, wherever the sun's full rays touch the earth. The indoor plants and cultivated plants thrive well. They can be seen in many of the homes of those who were thoughtful enough to take with them into this country a few sprouts or seeds. The experiment of cultivation of flowers has proven successful and interesting.

Doubtless we shall soon have a scientific account of the flora of Alaska, and few things can be more interesting. The less known Cryptogamia are certain to be the most abundant, for lichens and mosses have been found far beyond the limits of the flowering plants. For instance, a lichen, *Lecidea geographica*, and a moss, *Splachnum angustatum*, have been met with at Melville Island, in the Far North, while another lichen, *Usnea fasciata*, has been gathered on Deception Island in the Antarctic regions

# The True Captain Kidd

## By John D. Champlin, Jr.*

William Kidd was a Scotchman, a native, it is probable, of Greenock. Of his early life almost nothing is known. We hear of him first in the West Indies, in 1689, as captain of a privateer in the war with France. He made himself so useful in this capacity, and proved so brave and able as a seaman, that he won the applause of the general in command.

In 1691 the General Assembly of New York declared that "Captain William Kidd, for his many good services rendered the province (in attending with his vessel to guard against enemies and pirates), deserves to be suitably rewarded," and on the 14th of May following ordered £150 to be paid to him.

At this period the sea swarmed with free sailors. The war with France had set afloat a great number of privateers, many of whom had turned pirates in earnest, attacking all flags without distinction. Most of the colonial ports received these corsairs and shared in their spoils. Even Governor Fletcher of New York was more than suspected of complicity with them. Their principal rendezvous was in Madagascar, where a brisk trade soon sprang up, the merchants of New York and Providence exchanging rum, powder and lead for their ill-gotten spoils. Large fortunes were made in this traffic.

In 1695, Richard Coote, Earl of Bellamont, was appointed Governor of New York in place of Fletcher. He did not receive his commission, however, until 1697; so Fletcher retained the office until April, 1698, when Bellamont arrived in New York. Soon after his appointment as Governor, in 1695, Bellamont conceived the idea of making an effort to suppress piracy and the piratical trade of the colonies. He asked the government to send out a frigate against the corsairs, but the request was declined on account of the war with France. The Earl then determined to fit out a private vessel.

Kidd was in London at this time, in command of the brigantine *Antigoa*. Robert Livingston, the founder of the family of that name, who had become personally interested in Bellamont's scheme, suggested Kidd to the Governor as the proper man to command such a vessel. Bellamont took his advice, and Kidd was engaged.

The ship *Adventure Galley* was bought, but it took longer to fit and equip her than was anticipated, and the moneys were not all paid within the time specified. On the 20th of February of the following year, 1696, it was mutually agreed that the contract should stand in force, notwithstanding that the terms had not been complied with. At this date, however, the full amount had been paid in, the commissions had been obtained by Bellamont, and the ship was ready to sail. Kidd had two commissions, one to cruise as a privateer against the French, the other against pirates.

Some time in May, 1696, Kidd fell in with a small French fishing vessel, called a "bunker," bound for Newfoundland, which he captured and carried into New York, where he arrived, he says, about the 4th of July. The prize was condemned and sold, and the *Adventure Galley* was provisioned with the proceeds.

Kidd at once set about drumming up a crew, in which he met with little difficulty. Fletcher writes: "Many flockt to him from all parts, men of desperate fortunes and necessitous, in expectation of getting vast treasure." "A great part of them are of this province," says Fletcher; but some were from New Jersey. Governor Hamilton of that colony, in response to Fletcher's request for men to aid in the defense of Albany, then threatened by the French and Indians, says, after speaking of the difficulty of getting recruits, "Several of our youth have gone aboard Captain Kidd."

There seems to have been some apprehension, even then, that Kidd would not be able to control his men. Thus Fletcher writes: "It is generally believed here they will have money pr. fas aut nefas, that if he misse of the design intended for which he has commission, 'twill not be in Kidd's power to govern such a hord of men under no pay."

On the sixth day of September, 1696, the *Adventure Galley* sailed from New York for the East Indies, with a crew of one hundred and fifty-four men, only seventy of whom had been shipped in England. For a long time nothing was heard of her. More than a year

* Harper's.

after her departure sinister rumors began to be whispered about; and at last it was asserted openly that Kidd had adopted the trade which he had been sent out to suppress. Some said he had turned pirate voluntarily, others that he had been forced by his men against his will. In 1698 came news that he had taken a large ship called the *Quidah Merchant*, and with her a vast amount of treasure. The government, satisfied of Kidd's malfeasance, sent out instructions to the commanders of the East Indian squadron and of other squadrons "to make it their particular care to pursue and seize the *Adventure Galley*"; and strict orders were given that no promise of pardon should be made to Kidd in case of his capture. Secretary Vernon apprised Bellamont and the other colonial governors, under date of the 23d of November, that such orders had been given. On the 5th of December, 1698, the Governor-General of Surat wrote to the East India Company that Kidd was not in the Red Sea, and that it was not known where he was; but "I presume he is gone with the *Quidah Merchant* to Madagascar or the West Indies, his ship being very leaky and crazy." In the spring of 1699 it was proposed to send out a special squadron to the East Indies, under command of Captain Warren, to break up the haunts of the pirates.

While these efforts were making for his capture, Kidd suddenly appeared, in June, 1699, in Delaware Bay, in a small sloop called the *St. Antonio*, manned by about forty men. He communicated with the shore at a place called the Horekills and obtained supplies from the people, many of whom went on board of his vessel. After a short stay there he sailed up the coast, around the east end of Long Island, and up the Sound into Oyster Bay, where he landed and despatched a message to New York, with a letter addressed to one James Emott, a lawyer. Emott arrived in a day or two, when Kidd took him on board and sailed for Rhode Island, where he put him ashore with instructions to go to Boston, where Bellamont then was, and try to make terms for him.

Emott arrived in Boston on the 13th of June, and went at once to Bellamont, "late at night." He represented that Kidd was innocent of the crimes alleged against him, of which he first heard on his arrival in the West Indies, and that he had been forced by his men, who locked him in his cabin while they committed depredations, which statements he could prove by many witnesses. Emott also gave to Bellamont two "French passes," which Kidd alleged were found on board of two Moorish ships that he took in the Indian seas.

On the 15th of June, Bellamont sent Emott back, accompanied by Duncan Campbell, the postmaster of Boston, "a Scotchman as well as Kidd and his acquaintance." The latter was instructed to promise Kidd a pardon "if he could prove himself as innocent as Emott said he was." They put off from Rhode Island in a sloop and boarded Kidd about three leagues from Block Island. Campbell says there were but sixteen men on Kidd's sloop.

Kidd told Campbell the same story substantially that Emott had carried to Boston, and requested him to intercede with the Governor in his behalf. He still protested his innocence, and laid all blame on his men, over ninety of whom, he said, had mutinied and deserted him in Madagascar.

On the 19th of June Bellamont again sent Campbell to Kidd, this time with a letter, couched in the same ambiguous terms as his previous message. Kidd was evidently satisfied by it that the Governor was acting in good faith, for he returned an answer, dated "From Block Island Road, on board the sloop *St. Antonio*, June the 24th, 1699," informing him of his intention of going into Boston. Kidd also sent by Campbell several jewels as presents to Lady Bellamont. Of this, Bellamont says, he was to be kept in ignorance, but his wife showed them to him at once. With the advice of the Council she was told to keep them for the present.

Kidd arrived in Boston on Saturday, the first day of July. Bellamont received him coolly. He writes: "I would not speak to him except before witnesses. I thought he looked very guilty." On the 3d of July, Bellamont summoned him to appear before him and the Council, at six o'clock in the evening, to give an account of himself. Kidd asked for time to write a narrative, declaring that his journal had been taken from him and destroyed at St. Marie's, in Madagascar, by ninety-seven of his men, who deserted him there. This was granted him; but Bellamont avers that Kidd trifled with him and the Council on the three or four occasions when he was under examination, and that he was impertinent. He also says that Campbell and Livingston (who had posted from Albany when he heard that Kidd had come) "began to embezzle some of the cargo."

On Thursday, July 6, Bellamont heard that Kidd designed to present his wife with £1,000

in gold dust and ingots; but "I spoiled his compliment by ordering him arrested and committed that day." When he was "taken by the constable, it happened to be by the door of my lodging, and he rushed in and came running to me, the constable after him."

Kidd lay in jail in Boston until the spring of 1700, when he and his men were sent to England in the *Advice* frigate. On the 8th of April the King notified the House of Commons that Kidd had arrived and that he had ordered a yacht sent to the Downs to bring him up. He was consigned at once to Newgate Prison, where he lay until the following spring.

On the sixth of March, 1701, all papers relating to Kidd were ordered to be brought before the House; and on the 20th a special committee was appointed to examine and to report on them. On the 24th was presented the petition of "Cogi Baba, on behalf of himself and other Armenians, inhabitants of Chulta, the suburb of Spahaw, and subjects of the King of Persia. The petitioners freighted a ship, called the *Karry Merchant*, from Surat to Bengal and return. That she went to Bengal, where the petitioners loaded her to the value of 400,000 rupees, besides 40,000, the cost of the ship; all of which was taken and carried away by Captain Kidd."

On the 31st of May, Kidd was again brought before the House, at his own request, but merely made a personal explanation, and was remanded to Newgate.

On the 8th of May, 1701, William Kidd was brought to trial at the Old Bailey, for murder and piracy on the high seas. With him were arraigned Nicholas Churchill, James Howe, Robert Lamley, Willam Jenkins, Gabriel Loffe, Hugh Parrot, Richard Barlicorn, Abel Owens and Darby Mullins for piracy.

Kidd was tried first for the murder of William Moore, gunner of the *Adventure Galley*. He asked for counsel, but was refused. He declined to challenge any of the jurors. There were but two witnesses for the prosecution. Joseph Palmer, mariner, swore that Kidd struck Moore over the head with an iron-bound bucket, on board the *Galley*, off the coast of Malabar, and that he died the next day. Robert Bradinham, surgeon of the *Adventure Galley*, did not see the blow struck, but said the skull was fractured, and that Moore died from it.

Owens, Barlicorn, and Parrot testified that the men were mutinous at the time. Barlicorn said Moore was one who insisted on taking the *Loyal Captain*, and was mutinous because Kidd would not permit it. Parrot said Kidd told the men when they rose in arms about it, "If you desert the ship, you shall never come back, and I will force you into Bombay."

When Kidd was asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "It was not designedly done, but in my passion, for which I am heartily sorry."

The jury were out an hour only, and brought in a verdict of guilty.

On the next day Kidd and the nine others were tried for "Piracy and Robbery on a Ship called the *Quidah Merchant*."

The only witnesses against them were Bradinham and Palmer, who testified concerning the capture of the ship and the division of the property. They also said that Kidd gave Culliford the great guns, and swore he would not meddle with him.

Kidd said that he could make no defense unless he were allowed to send for witnesses and papers; that Bellamont had kept back his papers. The *Quidah Merchant* was under a French commission, which Bellamont then had. He could not condemn his prizes, because his crew mutinied. He denied that he gave any guns to Culliford, and said he was never on board his ship.

The jury were out a half an hour, and brought in a verdict of guilty against Kidd, Churchill, Howe, Loffe, Parrot, Owens, and Mullins. Lamley, Jenkins, and Barlicorn were found not guilty.

Kidd and his companions were then tried on four other counts—of taking coffee, provisions, and rigging from Moorish vessels, with the same result.

After sentence of death had been passed, Kidd, said: "My Lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part, I am the innocentest person of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons."

William Kidd and the above-named six persons, who were found guilty with him, were hanged at Execution Dock, London, three days after sentence, May 12, 1701. With them were executed Robert Hickman and John Eldridge, who were condemned also for piracy. Kidd, under ordinary ircumstances, would have been regarded as a bold adventurer, with a reputation no worse than that of a modern filibuster; but fate was against him, and he suffered not only the extreme penalty of the law, but the worse penalty of being branded for all time as a criminal.

# Before Homer: Sea Power and the Odyssey

## By W. M. Fullerton

The following article is a reyiew* of a striking book by M. Victor Bérard, entitled The Phœnicians and the Odyssey. The results obtained by M. Bérard in applying to the history of ancient Greece his science of topology are startling and yet seem to be within the limits of probability.

Who were the original inhabitants of Greece? Who, precisely, were the combatants in the Trojan War, if indeed there was a Trojan War? And what, later on, were these extraordinary shifts of population, these migrations of which we hear the rumblings as of marching feet, but nothing more?

Nation after nation went up and down the bright Mediterranean coast in peaceful commerce or in pirate conquest, founding station after station, dropping from port to port, bringing news from neighboring lands, and new products and the seeds of thought.

During the period of restless intercommunication between the bordering countries of that inland sea, a process which, until M. Bérard, those who write our histories had taken into no adequate account, people from the East, from the coast of Asia Minor and the islands, or from Egypt; people who had been in contact with more Eastern nations still, the Phœnicians, Assyrians, and the Egyptians—any one or all in one—sailing westward, finally, therefore, found themselves just off the Hellenic coast, and, beating for anchorage, caught glimpse of but two desirable spots: the great re-entrant Saronic Gulf, broken up cosily into sheltered roadsteads and pretty harbors by the green islands, and the deep but narrower indentation of the Gulf of Argolis. These considerations illustrate only vaguely a method which, in the hands of M. Bérard, has shown itself one of the most astonishing instruments of penetration of the past that human ingenuity has invented. The name of this magic pickaxe is topology, and a clue to its virtue may be had in a knowledge of the fact that topology is not synonymous with topography, but bears the same relation to topography as geology does to geography. M. Bérard is the first to systematize, in elaborate application to the Mediterranean world, an idea with which a certain public has already been familiarized by M. Desmoulins' expression, "social geography." His method, as justified in his book, is the new instrument—*novum organon*—supplementing archæology, the rash generalizations of which he castigates amusingly. He deciphers the palimpsest of philologic and ethnologic strata, laying the foundations of modern history (which, says he, begins with the Medic Wars), while offering once and again a triumphant example of the utility of working hypotheses in the march of science. He begins, for instance, by the assertion that command of the sea, *thalassocratie*, must have been always a Mediterranean fact. This fact was "so" because it cannot have been otherwise. Where he becomes admirable and original is in his method of proof that this self-evident truth is, at the same time, a scientific fact. For, pursuing his theme, he shows how such a thalassocracy deposits, always in the same spots (the configuration, climate, winds, and fauna and flora of the Mediterranean remaining virtually identical) the relics of its reign, the débris of its civilization; so that we have successive layers of tell-tale signs, names, and words, still subsisting at the points where the *à priori* laws of topology show us in advance that the dominant races were bound to leave their mark as sea powers.

Hear him, pages 28, 29:

> The results of the application of topology and toponymy to historical questions will have a general value; that is to say, if properly applied to any given point, the discoveries thus made will be valid for all other sites of the same epoch. The methods of both these sciences are based, in fact, upon immutable laws; they start from present or future experience to go back to the facts of the past; the Mediterranean of to-day explains the Mediterranean of forty centuries ago.
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> Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the English have gained control of the Mediterranean traffic. Their marine and commercial terms, their merchandise and habits, their measurements and methods of navigation have made their way from Gibraltar to Port Said. The Mediterranean of to-day holds, as though in suspension, these English materials, which one day will be deposited and become sediment, when some other power—German, French, or Italian—will have taken the lead. This English layer will cover nearly everywhere the French formations of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Frankish *thalassocratie* of

*From The Cornhill Magazine.

been well explored. The Italians had a monopoly for five or six centuries before the French. A thick Italian layer is still visible at certain points. In their turn the Italians had the Arabs as predecessors. It may be said that this Arab *thalassocratie*, which lasted three or four centuries, is almost unknown to us, not for want of documents but for want of study and exploration. It is the same with the Byzantine layers which, under the thin Arab leaf, lead us to the dense, compact and uniform banks of the Romans and Greeks.

But study this Greco-Roman stratum, and in the oldest layers you will recognize, even after a superficial examination, remains that are not contemporaneous with the mass, which, furthermore, have not glided there from a subsequent deposit, but must have come from a still older layer. They are either names of places that no Greek or Latin etymology can explain—Ida, Samos, Korinthos, Salamis, Rheneia, Kasos, Massicus, Cumæ, Œnotria, etc.; or positions of towns contrary to all the theories of the Greeks—Tiryns, Chalcedon, Astypalæa, etc.; or political systems, amphictyonies of *seven* ports, neither the model nor key of which is given by Greek policy; or trade routes formerly followed by we know not what caravans nor for what traffic, and abandoned, it would seem, from the day when the Greek people, master of its destinies, became conscious of its own needs and had the free disposal of s forces; such, for instance, was the Odysseian ute from Pylos to Sparta, or the legendary route heseus) from Troezen to Marathon. If, incited these facts, you seek further light in the oldest ographical document of the Greeks, I mean the yssey, you will there soon find the same words the same incomprehensible phenomena. The nes, routes, habits, conceptions, and theories of Odyssey do not seem to be Greek. The poem least full of reminiscences that seem to be anteenic, because they are anti-Hellenic, contrary l we know of the Greek language, thought, life, civilization. Underlying the formations of the ical epoch, topology, toponymy and the study e Odyssey oblige us to suppose the existence of l older layer, of a thalassocracy anterior to navigation.

eady, in his *De l'Origine des Cultes iens* (Thorin: 1894), M. Bérard, after Arnolt and M. Clermont Ganneau, had l us, in discussion of the overland routes Phœnicians, a brilliant and conclusive stration of the impact of the Semitic ipon the central cantons of the Peloas, and inaugurated the method with e now triumphs over the Mediterranean ole.

y he goes still further, and proves that ssey itself, at all events the Ulysseide is but a Phœnician *periplus*, a Levanster's log-book, transposed in Greek id poetic legends by the Greek tem- . He has thus arrived at one of the liant demonstrations that philologic ave ever offered us, namely, the it literary cosmopolitism, which M. Greeks and Romans, has never been more remarkably exemplified than in the relations of the Greeks with the Orientals.

The search, then, of as many ante-Hellenic topological facts as possible, and the proof that they all reveal a Greece dominated and civilized by the foreigner, or exploited by seafaring peoples of Semitic origin, is the object of this book. Its pages are crammed with delicate demonstrations of this fact. The demonstration becomes of an extreme elegance in the elucidation of a whole set of passages from the *Telemacheia*, or the trip of Telemachus in the Peloponnesus. These passages illustrate the law, as M. Bérard calls it, of the "traversed isthmus": a phrase that sums up briefly the habit of the primitive navigators to shun the sea whenever it was possible to take an overland route. For the sailors of the Odyssey the sea is only the perilous path for small craft that, while easily beached, were as easily upset. The law of the *traversed isthmus* lets us into the secret of a hundred mysterious passages, both in Homer and in later texts. It tells, for instance, why Ilion was a sort of inland pre-Hellenic Byzantium, for it was built expressly on the all but obligatory trade route between the Hellespont and the West, coasting merchantmen preferring a thousand times to deposit their cargo in the Bay of Besika, in the Ægean, and to transfer it thence by the plain of the Scamander, in reality an isthmus, to the Bay of Koum Kaleh, in the Dardanelles, than to risk the perils or delays, still recorded in all the pilot books of these waters, which beset a vessel attempting to double the Point of Sigeum. Troy, therefore naturally became the commercial emporium between the mysterious and tempestuous Northern Sea, and the calmer waters of the Ægean. Its princes were the commission agents of all the peoples of Northern Asia, who became their friends; so that the catalogue of the Trojan allies as given in the Homeric poems is, perhaps, rigorously exact.

The same law of the *traversed isthmus* applied to the land routes of the Peloponnesus leads to the most interesting discoveries. Where Strabo walked with halting gait, M. Bérard strides quite sure of himself, identifying sites with a happy facility which suggests that Hermes himself has kept him company. "Give me a boat and twenty rowers," says Telemachus at Ithaca; "I mean to go to Sparta and to sandy Pylos for news of my father, Ulysses." How did he go? Where was Pylos?

in M. Bérard's work the brilliant and conclusive argument, supported by maps and pilot charts and reproduction of plates from the Expedition of the Morea, leading up to his apparent challenge to the archæologists to verify his reasoning by setting their pickaxes at work in the splendid "Mycenæan" ruins of Nestor's capital. For he has found that capital; and not only Pylos, but every detail of the journey he explains, proving, by the way, these portions of the Odyssey to be the work of a Court bard of the Neleid kings of Ionia.

Read, then, his Book III, entitled Kalypso, in which he takes up the Odyssey properly speaking, the Return of Ulysses. The *Odysseia* opens in the island of Kalypso, where Ulysses has been seven years in captivity. Had this island any real existence, or is it only a poetic fiction, a sailor's Utopia and paradise? This ideal landing-place, so rich in springs of running water, provided secondly with one of those caverns which, as M. Bérard with the help of M. Maspero spends long pages in explaining, was a veritable boon to the primitive sailors in these waters; thirdly, a port, which is an island port, but a port of a small island that hugs the mainland, a state of things which a quantity of ingenious topologic considerations show to have been an essential element in a coasting trader's paradise; and, fourthly, a verdant isle where, too, there is a look-out whence to dominate the pirate-haunted sea. All these characteristics make, indeed, a virtual mariner's paradise; and when such a site as this is known to the sailor you may be sure he will give it a name. Now, in the deepest strata of the Mediterranean civilization what philological fossils can we find showing traces of a Semitic pre-Hellenic thalassocracy, which would have noted just such characteristics as these recorded in the Odyssey? There are, for instance, the three names, *nis* (hawk), *megara* (cavern), and *'in* (spring): and on the coast of Greece, Megara, with its port of Nisa and its goddess Ino (the White Goddess), has all along puzzled historians because of the inexplicable commercial importance which it held centuries before Athens came to the fore. Why and how, no one had known. From a Greek point of view, Megara never played any rôle whatever, yet the Greeks attest that once it had been mistress of the seas. What is the meaning of this pre-Hellenic grandeur? Fifty learned but fascinating pages by M. Bérard are required to give the grounds of this answer, who embarked at Nisa; and topology confirms the argument drawn from the presence on this coast of abundance of Greco-Semitic doubles.

But while Megara, with its cavern, its springs, its sea-birds, its harbors, presents all the characteristics of the Homeric paradise of the island of Kalypso, and is haunted by the memory of Phœnician sailors, it is, just the sort of place, in a word, for which the great primitive sea-power of the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians, was always on the lookout. The particular sailor's paradise vaunted in the Odyssey is, on the other hand, as definitely localized as it is faithfully described.

*'Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὴν νῆσον ἀφίκετο τηλόσ' ἐοῦσαν,'* says the text, and it adds that the island of Kalypso is inhabited by the daughters of the pernicious Altas, who knows the abysses of the whole sea, and who alone possesses the high columns reared 'twixt sky and earth. Apply, with M. Bérard, Helbig's well-known principle of the essential precision of the Homeric epithet, and control the result by the ingenious methods of topology. The consequence will be the identification of the island of Peregil, the African Algésiras, with Kalypso, an island that originally, no doubt, bore the name of Ispania (the Semitic root *sapan* is the exact equivalent of *καλύπτω*). With the downfall of the Phœnician hegemony in the Mediterranean this island ceased to be frequented, and the name *Ispania* floating, so to say, in the Straits of Gibraltar, was transferred to the continent, where, as at Gibraltar, the caverns riddle the coast. M. Bérard thinks, for good reasons, which he develops at length, that the Latin versifier Avienus, who translated the *Periegesis* of Dionysius, may have used for his documentation the same Phœnician log-book as did the poet of the Odyssey.

Strabo, after all, is M. Bérard's master, for he said: "If Homer described so accurately the region both of the Inner and Outer Sea, it is because he had his science from the Phœnicians." And the French topologist has shown that the Odyssey is subsequent to a vanished Phœnician sea-power, and that the speech, the habits and the ideas of Homeric sailors preserved multiple traces of Levantine influence. But he goes still further, and professes to prove that the entire Odyssey is mainly a witness of this Phœnician influence, that Phœnician pilot charts were its source, and that the author of this Greek work was a disciple of the Sidonian geographers.

# Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

**THE TRAIL OF THE SKIRT ....J. E. S. ....WESTMINSTER GAZETTE**

(With apologies to Tom Hood.)
Skirt, skirt, skirt,
Mode of woman's attire,
In it she walks with footsteps trite,
Picking up dust and mire.
Sweep, sweep, sweep,
Through filth, and flood, and dirt;
It needs must be, 'tis fashion's decree!
So she trails the trail of the skirt.

O England's sisters so dear!
O England's mothers and wives!
It is not your dresses you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
Germ, germ, germ,
Lurks in that murky dirt;
You carry to-day with a double tread
A shroud as well as a skirt.

Trail, trail, trail,
The labor you never shirk,
Through filthy flood and slush and mud,
Doing but scavenger's work.
Trail, trail, trail,
Gather microbes, as doctors assert:
Fit style with stealth, 'gainst comfort and health,
This is the song of the skirt.

**HIS TRIUMPH .....CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD**

He started in to study law,
And got a part of Blackstone read;
Then, growing weary, gave it up;
'Twas too exacting, so he said.

He thought he'd be a doctor next,
And gathered books with eager vim,
But very soon decided that
A doctor's life was not for him.

"I'll be a preacher," he declared,
"And guide men into righteous ways";
But preaching seemed to lose its charm
Before he'd studied many days.

"I'll write," he proudly told his friends;
"I'll be a Dickens or a Scott";
He tried, but soon decided that
All books were merely tommy rot.

He turned from writing to the brush,
Deciding to ennoble art,
But gave up that sublime pursuit
Before he'd fairly got a start.

From farming he, disgusted, turned
To be a civil engineer;
He studied architecture, and
Once thought he'd be a financier.

He had good chances by the score,
But failed at everything he tried,
Because he didn't persevere,
Because his passions quickly died.

Yet there was one thing that he did
To show that patient efforts win;
In coloring a meerschaum pipe
He held his course through thick and thin.

**A THANKLESS JOB .....BALTIMORE NEWS**

I do not want to be a King
And sit on a golden throne,
With rubies and diamonds, and everything,
But not a way of my own;
I do not want to have my duds
Put on by the Lord High Chamberlain,
And my shoes by the Low Down Shoe-Viscount,
And my tie by the Chief Guy on Cravats.
With the Lord High Fixer to screw my studs
And the Royal Brusher to brush my hats—
And a world full of trouble, and any amount
Of rubbing and scrubbing,
And wheezing and squeezing,
And hauling and mauling,
And kicking and picking,
And howling and growling,
Kow-towing and bowing,
And tugging and slugging,
And mixing and fixing,
And calling and bawling,
And churning and turning,
Insisting and twisting
From morning till night,
Till the state of my nerves is the essence of fright—
And I and the Lord High Chamberlain,
And the Shoe-Viscount and the Garter-Knight,
And the Keeper of Hose, and the Hauler-Tight,
And the Puller-Up and the Letter-Down,
And the Keeper-in-Chief of the Seegar Light,
And half of the Lords in the Royal Town,
Just finished the job, start right away then
To undress me and trim me for sleeping again
By rubbing and scrubbing,
And wheezing and squeezing,
And hauling and mauling,
And kicking and picking,
And so forth, and so forth,
Till my dizzy head
Is allowed just a comfort of recess in bed!

So I do not care to be a King,
And sit on a golden throne,
With rubies and diamonds and everything,
But not a way of my own.

**PURSUIT .....WASHINGTON EVENING STAR**

A boy once chased a butterfly; it led him far away;
He ran till he was out of breath, until the twilight gray;
His hands were torn with briars, and his weary legs were sore—
And when he caught the fluttering thing he valued it no more.

A man once chased a dollar, and he ran with might and main,
Unmoved by other pleasures and indifferent to pain.
And when a glittering fortune in his grasp quite safely lay,
He said, "I'll turn philanthropist and give it all away!"

# In Dialect:
## Selections in Character Verse

**HERE'S HOPIN'! .....FRANK STANTON.....N. Y. PRESS**

Year aint' been the very best;—
Purty hard by trouble pressed;
But the rough way leads to rest—
Here's hopin'!

Maybe craps wuz short; the rills
Couldn't turn the silent mills;
But the light's behind the hills—
Here's hopin'!

Where we plant roses sweet
Thorns come up an' prick the feet;
But this old world's hard to beat—
Here's hopin'!

P'r'aps the buildin' that we planned
'Gainst the cyclone couldn't stand;
But, thank God, we've got the land—
Here's hopin'!

Maybe flowers we hoped to save
Have been scattered on a grave;
But the heart's still beatin' brave—
Here's hopin'!

That we'll see the mornin' light;
That the very darkest night
Can't hide Heaven from our sight—
Here's hopin'!

**FAITH .....WASHINGTON EVENING STAR**

We've all got griefs that we're bound to nurse;
Some clouds darken, but some disperse;
There's songs of sorrow an' songs of glee;
World's no worse than it used to be.

The folks that lived in the Bible days
Had fights an' famines all kinds o' ways;
The things they was called on to control
Was rougher than runnin' short o' coal.

An' some of 'em had to live as slaves
An' row in galleys to wat'ry graves;
Them tyrants so wealthy an' unjust
Did things lot worse than to start a trust.

Of course, we've a long way yet to go,
But we're givin' the Golden Rule a show;
An' this world, it honestly seems to me,
Is better a heap than it used to be.

**THE BALLAD OF PIETRO MASCAG .....NEW YORK SUN**

Pietro Mascag was an artis' gran',
The patron saint of the hand-organ man.

Mascag, he did write him the Inter-mez-zo,
It may be that signor has heard it? So!

An' Pietro, he get him so very well known,
He stan', by himself, in a class all alone.

One day a vera reech man from here,
He wrote him a letter: "Pietro, dear,
If you'll come to this countree good and queeck,
I give you say twenty-fi' dollar a week."

An Pietro write back: "Make it twenty-seex,
An' maybe I come for a couple of weeks."

An' it was arrange'. He come to this land,
They meet him with flowers and shaka his hand.

But up comes a cop. He arrests Pietro,
They all say, "Why, why?" The cop he don't know.

They let him go then, but take him again,
An' throw him in jail. Ah! the stone-hearted men.

But soon he gets loose, but, eh, what's the use?
They arrest him again. Carramb! What excuse?

You ask me for why? Yes, sir, an' I know
It all on account of that Inter-mez-zo.

An' the hand-organ men who have play him all day,
So they say to Pietro: "In jail you mus' stay.

Or maybe you start up some other blame tune,
An' make us all nuts in our head pretty soon."

**PORT O' MANY SHIPS .....NEW YORK TRIBUNE**

"It's a sunny, pleasant anchorage is Kingdom Come,
Where crews is always layin' aft for double-tots o' rum,
'N' there's dancin' 'n' fiddlin' of ev'ry kind o' sort—
It's a fine place for sailormen is that there port.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

"The wind is never nothin' more than jest light airs,
'N' no one gets belayin'-pinned 'n' no one never swears;
Yer free to loaf an' laze around, yer pipe atween yer lips,
Lollin' on the fo'c's'le, sonny, lookin' at the ships.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

"For ridin' in the anchorage the ships of all the world
Have got one anchor down 'n' all sails furled;
All the sunken hookers 'n' the crews as took 'n' died
They lays there merry, sonny, swingin' to the tide.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

"Drowned old wooden hookers, green wi' drippin' wrack,
Ships as never fetched to port, as never came back,
Swingin' to the blushin' tide, dippin' to the swell
'N' the crews all singin', sonny, beatin' on the bell.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there."

# Vanity Fair
## Fads Foibles and Fashions

THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN..GERALDINE BONNER..S. F. ARGONAUT

The passing of the middle-aged woman is a fact that has been accomplished within the last ten years. As long ago as that a woman of forty-five was looked upon as pretty well advanced, and not generally regarded as the object of grand passions and universal admiration. When a mother had a son at college, she grew sober in her dress, wore her hair smooth, and took no interest in her figure. She was just one remove from the rural English, who think when nature destroys a front tooth it is sinful to seek to remedy the omission by artifice. And when a mother had a married daughter and began to see in the offing grandchildren looming up she put on black, gave up corsets, and began to think the theater a too frivolous amusement.

These are the women who now look about the same age as their daughters. At any place where the idle and fashionable rich are represented in large numbers, one sees a few real old ladies, venerable dames of between seventy and eighty, a good many young girls in their teens, and a very large number of maids and matrons who look about twenty-five or thirty, and range from that age to fifty.

The middle-aged woman did not pass from this active and attractive sphere without a struggle. Youth is not thus prolonged without labor. They say the French actresses first taught New York matrons that they could be fresh and fair at fifty. Women who charmed at the age when tradition said they sat in the chimney corner and knit stockings, were something new, and the rich ladies who didn't enjoy doing the stocking-act a bit, took to the new idea like ducks to water. They have massaged and steamed and creamed themselves back twenty-five years. Dress makes an enormous difference, and they dress now as youthfully as their daughters. As for corsets—a large part of the trick depends on them, and of the whole toilet of the coquette of forty-five they are the most important item.

One can't achieve anything worth while without effort, and the New York woman's great struggle is to avoid fat. This is her crumpled rose-leaf.

It would not have been so bad some years ago, when what the novelists called "opulent curves" were the fashion. But curves are out. To be as lean as a lath is now the mode. The ideal figure looks as if a deal board were bound to the front of it under the limpest of gowns, which is drawn so smooth and so tight in the skirt that it fits like a pair of trousers. A fashionable tailor told me the other day that he was making skirts with a seam on the side from the ankle to the hip, and that this seam made the dresses so tight the wearers could not sit down. So he asked all his customers when the skirt was being cut if they wanted a dress in which they expected to stand up and look smart, or sit down and look sloppy.

Faced by such fashions, the anxieties of the women inclined to fat may be imagined. And nearly all the smart women in New York are inclined to fat. One can't eat three elaborate meals a day, with tea and muffins at five, and candy off and on all the time, without increase of avoirdupois. Many of these women won't take exercise. When one has a superb open carriage, with sable rugs and eider-down cushions, to go driving in, one must be made of heroic stuff to put on one's heavy boots and go for a walk. How to get off or keep off fat is one of the great subjects of discussion here. When half a dozen women get together it is certain, sooner or later, to come to the surface of the conversation.

Then they all give their opinions with the kindling eye and flushing cheek which denotes the discussion of matters close to the heart. Some of the more determined and forceful bent almost starve themselves. A favorite cure is to drink no water at any time during the day. Some walk, taking constitutionals of miles at a brisk rate of speed. Some take patent medicines, warranted to cure obesity, and nearly kill themselves. But the favorite method is Turkish baths. These are less trouble than any of the others, and vigorously taken, once or twice a week, are said to be very efficacious.

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THE AMERICAN BOUNDER.....EDINBURGH SCOTSMAN

A certain type of young ambitious New Yorker, when he achieves his modest $5,000 a year, marries and goes to the West Side, there to live in a flat or small suite in an

apartment hotel of the kind that would have been called luxurious a dozen years ago, but is now third-class.

Let us assume that his wife, whether she came from out of town or from New York, is the typical New York woman of extravagant ideas—is, like her husband, wealth-crazy and luxury-crazy and society-mad.

In all probability they will have no children. Children are not popular among the extravagant in New York—dogs are less expensive, less troublesome, fully as affectionate, and far more fashionable. The extravagant rich still tolerate children, possibly because of a quaint, English-made theory that aristocratic families should maintain the "family line." But "climbers" cannot afford the necessary time and money.

It was Swift—was it not?—who first called attention to the fact that the attitude in climbing and crawling is the same.

Our young climber is busy all day downtown—busy making money. His wife is busy uptown—busy spending the money he makes, or as much of it as she can threaten or wheedle away from him. She falls into a set of young married women with husbands and tastes like hers. They, like their husbands, think only of wealth and extravagance. And, while they wait for their dreams to come true, they invest every cent they can lay their hands upon in an imitative vain show.

Our young man's wife reads the fashionable intelligence with her coffee. She presently goes forth as fashionably dressed as if their income were three or four times what it is. She walks in fashionable streets or sits in some fashionable restaurant, there to view and study and envy the fashionable women she has read about. She "shops" in the fashionable millinery and dressmaking establishments—not to buy, but to steal hints for the use of her own cheaper milliner and dressmaker in getting together her imitation costumes. She strives to model her person, her dress, her walk, her conduct, her conversation upon the conception of what is fashionable in the multi-millionaire's set.

As our young man has the genius for money-making, he gradually becomes rich. As his wealth grows, he and his wife drop the "friends" of less income, gather about them "friends" of their own fortune, and reach out for "friends" who have fortunes greater than their own. And at last, perhaps, by way of a season or two in London, under the guidance of some impecunious woman of title, they arrive at the bliss of being able to make the New York annual circuit in good company all the way. And a crowd gapes at their palace doors and windows whenever they entertain.

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**JEWELS WORN BY WOMEN.. EMMA B. KAUFMAN..COSMOPOLITAN**

Jewels belong to woman. Her possession of them enhances their beauty—and hers. One and all, gems have been used to describe the beauty of woman. Now she is white as the paled pearl, again her lips match the coral, and again her cheeks glow like the red ruby. Her eyes are like turquoises, sapphires, emeralds, or they hold a thousand tints like the opal.

When the Paris, Exposition was at its height, there was displayed there a necklace of four hundred and fifty thousand pearls. To collect them had taken fifteen years. Around that necklace, crowds gathered. Connoisseurs perhaps marveled at the matching of the precious stones, but one universal question passed from lip to lip. Whose the neck that it was destined to encircle? The admiring crowd distributed it to fit their admiration. It was donated now to one favorite, now to another. Hour after hour, the imagination of thousands lifted it from its gorgeous case to the white throat of some fair woman.

A string of pearls clinging to a formless velvet pad lacks character, just as a gown stuffed out to fit a dummy lacks the grace, the style, the distinction, that flesh and blood give it. There are collectors who glory in a gem for the gem's sake, but they are men. In the world of women there is none such. The woman who loves her jewels wears them.

In jewels there is a fashion, as in everything else. If they are laid away too long, when they are taken out they may have to be reset; for in this day, as we all know, our things cannot be just a little old-fashioned. They must be either antiquated or up to date.

If we glance back, scarcely too many years ago for many who may read these pages, we may recall a time when the eighteenth birthday of the daughter of the house was very rarely accentuated with ropes of pearls or diamond diadems. We refer to the days when it was not the fashion for a young girl to own either laces or jewels. Instead she received something that to-day is so common that every school-child has one.

She was old enough to have a watch—a gold watch. The heir of the house, on his twenty-first birthday, was similarly favored. To-day, it is computed that thirty millions of people in America own watches.

A watch is a necessity. The present daughter of any house is wise in her generation. She has learned the value of beauty. At eighteen, she longs for things that enhance it. If she asks for a watch, she thinks of a chain that will wind about her neck. The watch is the accessory, the chain is the thing that adorns. So does Time trifle with Fashion, and therefore, with Desire.

If she is a usual girl, the kind of a girl that we really like to have about, she will put her money into the chain. It will be set with her favorite jewel; it will be antique in design, or it will be modern; it will be simple, or it will be elaborate; but, whatever it is, it will overshadow the watch.

The love for jewels has been called Oriental, but long ago we proved that it is also modern. The fashion, but not the passion, for every jewel has changed.

If a woman of fashion is known to have a large bank account, she may, with almost certain confidence that her ruse will not be suspected, have substituted for her real jewels, which she may fear to wear in public gatherings, imitation ones.

When people declined to wear imitation laces they also declined to wear imitation jewelry. But to a certain extent both these prejudices have passed. Yet there may be said to be an etiquette about imitation jewelry as inviolate as the etiquette of manners. One may, for instance, wear a string of imitation pearls, but the string must not grow into a rope.

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**MUSTACHES AND BEARDS ..... HARPER'S WEEKLY**

The mustache will probably survive every other form of the beard, because it is the most flattering to the vanity of the young. It is on the upper lip that the down of adolescence, fair or dark, first appears, and gives the world assurance of maturity. The boy with a mustache feels himself a man, and many of the sex who do not wish to wear mustaches themselves, but are sometimes obliged to do so, accept him at his own estimate. It helps him to look old, and the look of age is useful in business, and inspires confidence. The youth of twenty-one looks thirty with a mustache, and without it he would look sixteen. This is a real reason, and about the only one for wearing it. In age, the wearer is keenly alive to the fact that if he cut it off at sixty he might appear a blooming youth of fifty, but he is helpless for the cause already given, and can only sigh, and advise his posterity never to grow a mustache. For himself, he can indeed reduce it to the smallest size, as is now much the fashion. The flowing mustache, the up-and-out-branching, the deeply drooping, neither of these is now any more the mode than the mustaches which used to meet the fringing whiskers; and the barbers have even got a name for the close-cropped mustache which remains. They ask you if you want it stubbed.

The flowing whiskers have long vanished; the beard that once streamed meteor-like upon the wind now streams only from the cheeks and chins of rustic sages; the imperial and the goatee are rarer than the mutton-chop whiskers; the square-cut chin-beard has ceased to be significant of our nationality, it is so inadequate to our numbers; all other dots and dabs of hair upon the human countenance have been gathered confluently into the full beard, or have perished before the remorseless sweep of the razor. The gain of manly beauty through the fashion of clean-shaving, has not as yet, it must be confessed, been very great. Those who had not grown beards of course remain as they were, in their native plainness; but it is in the case of those who had worn beards, that the revelations are sometimes frightful: retreating chins, blubber lips, silly mouths, brutal jaws, fat and flabby necks, which had lurked unsuspected in their hairy coverts now appear, and shake the beholder with surprise and consternation. "Good heavens!" he asks himself, "is that the way Jones always looked?" Jones, in the meanwhile, is not seriously troubled. He is pleased with the novelty of his aspect; he thinks upon the whole that it was a pity to have kept so much loveliness out of sight so long. As he passes his hand over the shapeless expanses, with the satisfaction which nothing but the smoothness of a freshly shaven face can give, he cannot resist the belief that people are admiring him. At any rate he has that air.

Perhaps they are; and yet to our own taste, we think he mostly looked better in his beard. Of course it was foul; a beard cannot really be kept clean; but it was natural, and it was dignified. It hid certain things, certain features, expressions, that were best hushed up. That smirk, that sensual pout, that bull-dog clinch, they were all mercifully hidden or they were at least so much palliated that they remained a dark suspicion, and not this dreadful conviction with which they now afflict the spectator. It can be said that there is a gain for honesty if not beauty in the new fashion of shaving, and this cannot well be denied. But it appears that the Creator could not trust the human countenance to itself, at least as it was given to

they could be allowed to look what they really were, but with men it was another story.

**SALUTATIONS** ..... **LONDON GLOBE**

It has often been pointed out, somewhat fancifully perhaps, that the modes of greeting current in different countries are sometimes nationally or racially characteristic. The Spaniard or the Italian says, "How do you stand?" which may be referred either to stateliness or laziness. The Frenchman, careful of deportment, asks "How do you carry yourself?" The Dutchman, fond of the table, salutes you with "May you eat a hearty dinner!" while the Englishman, the man of action, says "How do you do?" More markedly characteristic are some of the equivalent phrases used among non-European peoples. The peasant of southern China, for instance, asks tenderly, "Have you eaten your rice?" and at Cairo they inquire sympathetically, "How do you sweat?"

Our English "How do you do?" is a direct translation of the mediæval French form of greeting, "*Comment le faites-vous?*" and seems to have come into common use toward the end of the seventeenth century. Curiously enough, its general acceptance appears to have coincided with the dying out of the old mode of greeting ladies, which was emphatically known as saluting, and which seems to modern ideas so extraordinarily familiar and intimate—that is, by kissing. Englishmen are sometimes inclined to regard with rather a superior air the more effusive methods of salutation, especially between men, common on the Continent; but for centuries England was the land of kisses. When a man greeted a woman, whether it was for the first or the hundredth time, he kissed her. Chaucer alludes to the custom as existing in his day. In the "Sompnour's Tale," the Frère, when the mistress of the house enters the room where he and her husband are sitting together—

> Ariseth up ful curtisly,
> And hire embraceth in his arms narwe,
> And kisseth hire swete, and chirketh as a sparwe
> With his lippes.

Two hundred years later, Erasmus, in one of his graphic letters from England, wrote very appreciatively of the custom. "If you go to any place," he tells his correspondent with reference to English ladies, "you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey you are dismissed with a kiss; you return, kisses are exchanged. They come to you, you kiss them all around. Do they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance." It was no wonder that Erasmus told his friend that if he had once had experience of the custom—"on my honor you would wish not to reside here for ten years only, but for life."

This mode of salutation continued in fashion more or less through the seventeenth century and into the eighteenth; but occasionally there were protests. Bunyan condemned it severely in his Grace Abounding, and other serious writers followed his lead. Like other fashions, it died out gradually, first among the "quality," as society people were then called, in town, and later among country folk.

The excessively familiar salutation was succeeded by bows and curtsies of great dignity and alarming profundity; and these again became less and less ceremonious until the whirligig of time has brought back the reign of familiarity in another way, in the somewhat casual and off-hand "How do you do?" which, nine times out of ten, implies no interest whatever in the health of the person addressed, but is simply a meaningless formula of greeting. The still more meaningless "Good morning" is of later date than "How do you do?" The earlier forms, which long preceded the latter phrase, were "Good morn" and "Good morrow," which both date from the fourteenth century. The latter is no longer in use in actual conversation, though the poets have a weakness for it.

Another old elliptical form of greeting, now long obsolete, was "Good time of day." In Richard III, Hastings salutes the Duke of Gloster with "Good time of day unto my gracious lord." But this was too cumbrous a form of salutation to make much headway.

Our modern "How do you do?" is found too long by many hurried speakers, and gets abbreviated into "How do do" and the like absurdities. Other variants are such phrases as "How are you?" and "How goes it?" The latter is a liberal equivalent of the German form of "How do you do?" and also of the common French salutation "*Comment ça va-t-il?*" In some rural parts of England "How goes it?" is shortened into "How goa?" Another salutation phrase which is now regarded as colloquial, if not vulgar, but was formerly in respectable literary use, is "What cheer?" "Heere Master; what cheere?" cries the boatswain in the opening scene of The Tempest; and the greeting was in use a century and a half before Shakespeare's day

# Table Ta

## Concerning Eating and Drin

IN MONARCHS' KITCHENS.....CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL

The German Emperor is disposed to be rather officious in the supervision of his kitchen. He has been known to make a special tour of inspection, under the guidance of the marshal of the court, and to harangue the scullions, or give them lessons in the art of making coffee. As a rule he gets his meals *en pension*, there being a regular sum allotted per head for the board of the imperial family, and within these limits the cooks have a free hand. The chief cook is a German, and under him are a German and a Frenchman, although the use of the French language upon the menus is strictly forbidden. The chef has to get through about four hundredweight of butcher's meat on ordinary days for the meals of the court, and on great occasions he usually begins his preparations a week beforehand, and calls in the services of the cooks at the other palaces, besides utilizing the services of the dainty confectioners in Unter den Linden. William II believes in dishes *en masse*. The joints appear in the dining-saloon, and the cakes are frequently fashioned into the shape of temples, minarets and castles.

The chef in the household of the Czar is an Alsatian, an ex-soldier, who is paid a very high salary. He is an adept in the fabrication of ppetizing Russian soups, which are much liked y Nicholas II, and he has a regular dictionary f recipes for the treatment of caviare. He has ad to overcome the nuisance of having two three Circassians always hovering about the tchen on the lookout for suspicious underigs, although these gentry apply themselves the task of tasting the imperial viands with eater zeal than the occasion demands. The press often conveys to the kitchen a wish a dainty dish to be prepared *à l'anglais*, and rt from the national dishes the composition he imperial *ménu en famille* is as much Engas French. The Emperor Francis Joseph aid to spend £50,000 per annum upon his e, although he himself is one of the most emious monarchs in Europe. The staff ists of half a hundred trained cooks, lly divided as to sex, and a committee of eads of each department is held on the ion of a state banquet. All the carving is done in an apartment reserved pose, to which the comestibles a from the kitchen. The custom o is probably more firmly established trian imperial kitchen than anyw royal Europe.

At some of the smaller courts r are preferred as, for example, in Rc and Stockholm. At the Sublime P Hamid formerly contented himself chefs, but after the visit of the G peror to Constantinople he engaged man cooks, who assist him in disp enormous daily sum of £1,000 upor ures of the table for his vast establisl the Sultan's personal dishes are p silver vessels, and are sealed by Vizier before they leave the kitchen. is broken in the presence of the mo it is the duty of the Chamberlain t first mouthful if so commanded. T tion of a chef by his royal master event; even the Royal Victorian Ord considered by her late Majesty to be method of acknowledging the servi culinary artists. When a famous cl from the service of the imperial k Berlin he was rewarded by the Emp the Gold Cross of Merit, but even in tl land this distinction was unique. Pe most curious kitchen department in perial palace in the world is that of peror of China. The staff consists of than seventy-six experts, whose duti them to be acquainted with the methods of serving up bears' paws or tails, eels, eggs, or monkeys lips, whil a special department which concer with the serious task of producing bi soup.

DINNERS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO ..E. S. BLADEN .. L

In 1852, while still a school-girl, m took me to Washington, where I was with him to dine by Mrs. Robert J. Mr. Walker was then Secretary of the T The hour was 6 P.M. There was soup was served in plates, no turee on the table, which was set with rc either end and intermediate covered d

servant handed around the dishes. When the substantials were removed the tablecloth was also lifted and the desserts served on the polished mahogany. In the center of the table there was a china plateau with the bonbons then in style. These were wrapped in ornamental papers, which were beautifully hand-painted, but the contents were hard squares of colored sugar. These bonbons were designed for souvenirs, and the host complimented the ladies by picking out what he considered especially pretty or appropriate for each. The desserts consisted of pastry, puddings and fruit; fresh figs sliced in wine were especially delicious. Black coffee in small cups followed the dinner.

At this time I was also invited to dine by Mrs. William M. Meredith. Hon. William M. Meredith had been Secretary of the Treasury during the short administration of President Taylor. My father, Cornelius Darragh, was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, with the power of appointing his whole three hundred deputies. He was a man of great influence and many friends wherever he went. The Meredith dinner was more elaborate, but on the same lines as the Walker dinner. One night at President Filmore's reception, where Daniel Webster was the most striking figure in the Blue Room, he asked my father if he could not bring me informally to supper. The date was fixed, and at 10 P.M. we arrived at the Webster mansion, which, like all Washington houses at that time, was very unpretentious. The supper consisted of roasted oysters, and roasted potatoes, with the usual condiments. There were three or four great men present, and the point that most impressed me was that the brilliancy of their conversation and grace of their manners made me forget that I was a shy girl of fourteen.

The first course-dinner I was at in Philadelphia was at Mr. and Mrs. Richardson's, on Walnut street, below Nineteenth, a three-quarter house, which stands there yet. It was in every sense a superb scene. The table was a mass of flowers, glass and silver. A great pyramid of poinsettias and japonicas rose almost to the ceiling. Every plate was an art-work, and all the courses were served. After oysters there was soup, then fish, then game of all kinds, terrapin, canvas-back ducks, etc. There was no wine on the table, champagne being served almost continuously. This was understood to be a French dinner, the

In those days the family dinner-table was as prodigally provided, though on a smaller scale, as that for invited guests. I never saw a meager table when I was a child. As this is a record of modes of living a half century past, I take the picture of my maternal grandmother's household. She (Mrs. Dr. John Simpson) was born in Maryland. She married at the age of fifteen and moved to Southern Pennsylvania. After the death of her husband she resided in Pittsburg, and in the arrangement of her table always followed the old-time Maryland style. At one end there was always a roast ham, at the other end roast beef or fowl, often a saddle of venison; four vegetables, with sauces and condiments; always an elaborate dessert. There were always four cut-glass decanters on the dinner-table and many delicacies, but never soup. Breakfast and supper were also hearty meals. The first included broiled beefsteak, fresh fish, lamb chops, and various styles of hot cakes. Supper was more delicate—fried chickens and waffles, game, sweetbreads, and peas. At breakfast there was often Welsh-rabbit; neither this nor ham was regarded as food, but merely as an appetizer. My paternal grandmother, who lived to be nearly ninety years of age, told me she had never failed to eat broiled beefsteak for her breakast since her earliest recollection. Her father had been one of the first settlers, and she was the second white child born west of the Allegheny River; the first was Colonel William Robinson, who became the first president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. There were plenty of Malaga grapes and some oranges and lemons, with all kinds of dried fruits, which came to us from New Orleans, as did sugar, coffee, tea, etc., and there were great old warehouses where furs, buffalo robes and tongues, and all sorts of good things were stored

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**UP-TO-DATE DINNERS** ..... **NEW YORK SUN**

In no one particular are dinners now more remarkable than in the quality of the table linen. Few others than those who have a chance to penetrate into the homes of New York's millionaires at such times, have any conception of the wonderful collections of damask which have found their way into this country during the last decade or so, and include not only the finest weaves of linen turned out by the looms of Europe, but also hand embroideries and laces than which there are none better to be had

mentation of their bed and table linen. Even dinner napkins are now covered to half their depth with embroideries, and there is scarcely a square inch of plain linen to be seen in those used at luncheons.

For this season at least, no one need fear to err on the side of elaboration in dinner decorations. If there is gold plate in the house, bring it on, all of it, every time; lacking gold, make the most of the silver. There cannot be too much of it in evidence.

The handsomer and more gorgeous the china the better. American women are fast being educated to know the difference between the commonplace and the rare in any kind of table ware, and every piece of rare china in evidence at a banquet is sure to be recognized and commented on at once—a circumstance of which every up-to-date hostess is well aware.

If anything, floral decorations are more elaborate this year than they were a year ago, and the chief difference in their arrangement is that very tall standards of flowers have again been introduced to the middle of the table. Contrary to what might be expected, these standards do not cut off the view of guests on opposite sides of the table for the reason that the lower shank or shanks of the flower holders, which are variously of gold, of silver, or of glass, are very slender and don't broaden out much till about on a level with the top of the diners' heads.

The same tall style is now preferred in candelabra, those of slender make with spreading branches high up being substituted for the lower branched pattern so long admired.

A floral wreath encircling the table about twelve inches from the edge is still included in the most fashionable decoration schemes, and this is further elaborated by tiny electric lights of many colors, which peep out between the leaves. For that matter, though, electric lights fill a very important rôle in dinner decorations this winter. They shine from beneath the silk or metal shades of the candelabra; from between the roses in the huge center-pieces or the low center-piece, as the case may be; from the ropes of flowers and foliage sometimes suspended above the table and even sometimes from some of the dishes of the menu.

There is no disposition to lengthen the dinner menu this season. Ten courses at most are served at the most elaborate banquets; eight are permissible at any formal dinner; opera dinners—that is, dinners given before the opera, Except at stag dinners, three wines and a liqueur are the limit in this direction. Oftener there are only two—sauterne with the soup, champagne from then on.

Connoisseurs say that what the latter-day menu has lost in quantity it makes up in quality; that with rare exceptions the viands served on such occasions are worth eating. And every dinner giver, no matter what her social position, seems to understand thoroughly that at least one rare dish, hard to get, must be included without fail in her bill of fare, and furthermore, that this dish must be faultlessly cooked.

It is interesting to note that the custom of giving handsome dinner souvenirs has almost died out and that at the most noteworthy feasts of the day the favor is seldom other than some pretty trifle, amusing sometimes, if the hostess is blessed with originality—but seldom or never costly.

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**THE RATHSKELLER ..... NEW YORK TIMES**

The first rathskeller was established in New York in 1863 by Fred. Hollander. It was modeled after the famous restaurant under the Rathshaus (City Hall) in Bremen, where the Rathsherren, or Board of Aldermen, met every day to discuss topics of civic interest over beer and bretzels. It still does a flourishing trade within a stone's throw of its original site. Its present proprietor has a budget of interesting reminiscences of the crowds that visited it when the Brooklyn Bridge was first opened; of the days when it was a novelty in the city, and of the celebrated New Yorkers who frequented it. The place is comfortable, and its appointments are unpretentious. A small dining-room devoted to the use of women patrons opens off the large room in which newspaper men and others congregate. The walls are decorated with inscriptions such as "Let us have wine, mirth, and laughter; sermons and soda the day after," and "Partake of love as the temperate man partakes of wine." The doors close at 8 P.M., thus leaving a free field for the new and ornate rathskellers that have started up within the past few years.

At present there are only three rathskellers on Broadway. They are at their brightest when the theater lights have been extinguished and actors and audience seek pastures new. From midnight until 3 A.M. they are full to overflowing. There are grades in rathskellers, as in everything else, and each of these under-

ground restaurants has its own particular class of trade. The decorations in one of the best of them are beautiful and artistic. Fine specimens of German pottery, steins, platters, and vases are ranged along the walls. The hand-painted canvas that covers the ceiling was put up at a cost of $5,000. The design with its blending of green and gold is the work of a master hand. Antique lanterns hang from it, and the glow of electric lights, wilderness of plants, and sheen of mirrors add their quota of beauty to the scene.

A glance around the tables is equivalent to a year's subscription to the leading dramatic paper, as all the faces that appear in its pages can be seen there. The Metropolitan Opera House artists look upon it as a happy hunting-ground, and a group of them is invariably found there after midnight. It is not unusual to see the greatest singer of them all enjoying a modest glass of beer with his party, while at the opposite table sits one of the chorus girls pledging her escort in champagne. Writers also frequent this rathskeller, and the leading lights of the legal fraternity, as well as many of the celebrities whom they have successfully pulled out of the clutches of the law.

Music is furnished in the rathskellers, and uncommonly good music it is, too. The audience appear to enjoy it, and frequently the hum of conversation and the pop of champagne corks are suspended while stringed instruments make a "concord of sweet sounds." Singing is frowned upon by the management, but there are times when it is impossible to suppress the buoyant spirits of the diners, and the strains of popular ditties, classic and otherwise, resound on all sides.

Smoking is allowed, of course, and as the hours go by the light gray curtain grows opaque, the consumption of oysters, lobster salads, and Welsh rarebits is increased, and the sale of liquid refreshments assumes proportions that would make a temperance convention throw up its hands. And then, when the fun is at its height, the clock gives warning of the approach of closing time, and the crowds scramble out of the rathskellers into the streets of the restless city, while tired waiters gloat over their tips.

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**COFFEE-CHEWING HABIT** ..... **N. Y. TRIBUNE**

There is a new habit—the habit of coffee chewing. Many women who work in coffee-roasting plants have this habit, and recently they have been communicating it to the world at large. Some physicians say they have almost as many coffee chewers as tobacco chewers, and that tobacco chewing is going down; coffee chewing is coming up. But the world does not benefit from this, for to chew coffee is a bad thing for the health. To chew coffee creates nervousness makes the skin yellow, blackens the teeth and diminishes the appetite.

The United States, in the last few years, has come to be the world's greatest consumer of coffee. There were used here, last year, 900,000,000 pounds, enough to make 37,800,000,000 cups of the beverage. The United States uses nearly one-third more coffee than the rest of the world put together.

The Yankee leanness, nervousness, sallowness—the Yankee dyspepsia as well—were imputed by Professor Virchow largely to the excessive use of coffee. What Professor Virchow would have said if he could have visited an American coffee-roasting plant, if he could have seen the men at work there, nearly every one with a peculiar little pouch sewed on the breast of his jumper, and each putting in his mouth from this pouch every little while a half-dozen grains of coffee, it is difficult to imagine. He would, perhaps, have made a close study of the effect of habitual coffee chewing, just as Dr. Joseph Smurl, of Philadelphia, has done.

Dr. Smurl says: "Coffee chewing is a habit easily contracted, for the taste of the crisp, roasted berries is not unpleasant, and the exhilaration, the stimulus, that the berries give is quite as marked as that which would be obtained from a glass or two of beer, or from a drink of whisky.

"It is this exhilaration, I am convinced, that causes the habit to be formed, and that makes it a hard habit to break away from. It should be broken away from; its effects are highly injurious; they are more injurious than those of tobacco chewing.

"The coffee-chewing habit wrecks the nerves, it makes the skin sallow, and it destroys the appetite. I have had occasion to treat a number of men for it. I always advise such men to break off by imperceptible degrees—to give three or four months to the task. Some succeed, and some do not. Men who work in coffee plants find it almost impossible to succeed."

Coffee experts alone, among the coffee workers, do not contract the chewing habit, for if they did their sense of taste would be dulled. The experts, by smell only, or by taste only, distinguish without the slightest difficulty or uncertainty between the Arabian, the Javanese, the Guatemalan, the Costa Rican, the Bogotan and a dozen other coffees. They could not do this if they were coffee chewers.

# The Sketch Book

## Character in Outline

**THE CHILD.....LONDON ACADEMY**

You know the effect of one lighted window in a dark house: when that house is a cottage, clinging alone to the hillside, and you see the light at night time from a wood below; when the inmate of the lighted room is a young, pale girl who is playing the violoncello, and the window is open, and there is nothing abroad but her music, the soft summer air, and yourself—such a sight remains. I saw her and heard her, many times by night and by day. There was no heed to hide or crouch, for her eyes were weak like her slight body, and everything beyond the garden fence was dim to Lizzie. Why this child of peasants should have had the gift of music, or why the offspring of so sturdy a couple should have been doomed to an early death from curvature of the spine, was inexplicable. Three days a week, when she was strong enough, the carrier jolted her into Marketbourne, where she had lessons at the Conservatoire. Colonel Ward, Jonathan's employer, saw to the fees, and he it was who, when she became too weak to make the journey, gave her the violoncello.

It was Colonel Ward's sister who carried Lizzie off one day to a Harley street oculist who interested himself more than usual in the case, and provided her with glasses which, almost as if by a miracle, restored her sight. She wore the glasses for a week, and then discarded them. When I upraided her, she answered: "They make me see everything so clearly. I don't want to see things clearly. The flowers and the trees are not nearly as beautiful as they were when I saw them through the mist. The gentleman was very kind to give me the glasses, but I want him to take them back." She never wore them again. When I saw her playing at the open window, looking out on three counties as she played, her eyes were unprotected. It was Schumann in those latter days, always Schumann, and nearly always the little "*Schlummerlied.*" Her parents listened and wondered, with the inarticulate wonder of the very poor. They treated her as if she were a princess or an angel, but they never spoke to me of Lizzie.

When she died her father threw himself on his knees by the bedside and whispered: "God's will be done!" It was terrible to hear him cry. The mother, looking as white and cold as a statue, gave the cottage a superfluous autumn cleaning. Two days later Jonathan tramped into Marketbourne, and returned with his pockets stuffed with cheap laces, odds and ends of muslin and chiffon. "It's all soft things," he said, as he placed them gently into the coffin. "Her soft flesh mustn't be hurt." The woman stared at him, left the room without a word, and at once began to shake out the mats in the yard. When the men in black came down the steps she told them to wait, laid the mats tidily in their places, and then returned to the chamber. "Jonathan," she said, and jerked her head to the door, "the onions has gone musty. There's a chance of your getting no supper to-night." He looked dazed but did not move. She went up to him took his arm, and led him gently to the door. "I want you," she said, "to let me be alone with the bairn before—before the men come!"

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**CAME OUT EVEN .....ENGLISH MAGAZINE**

To illustrate how far wrong one may go in trying to estimate the goods and ills in another man's life, a speaker at a recent public dinner told this story. Two men met at a college re-union after twenty-five years. They had been close friends in the old days, but had lost sight of each other since.

"Well, Bill?"

"Well, Charley?"

"Tell me about yourself. Where have you been and what have you done? What has your life been all this quarter of a century?"

"Well, Charley," said Bill, reflectively and somewhat sadly, "I'm about where I was when I started out twenty-five years ago."

"That so?"

"Yes, just about in the same place."

"But something must have happened to you?"

"Yes, I've been married."

"That's good."

"Well, I don't know: she turned out to be a terrible shrew."

"That's bad."

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"That's good."
"Well, yes, I suppose so. But she died."
"That's bad."
"Well, I don't know. She left a great deal of money."
"Of course. That was—well, money is an advantage."
"Yes, it certainly is; but she didn't leave me any."
"That's bad."
"Well, it might have been worse. She left me a fine house."
"That's good."
"Yes, that was good—while it lasted, but the house burned."
"That's too bad."
"Yes, that was bad. It wasn't insured either. So I'm just where I was when I started."

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**THE FOOL WHO COULDN'T SEE..AUGUSTA KORTRECHT..N.Y. PRESS**

It was dusk, after a cold, rainy day in winter. The uptown train on the elevated road was crowded with men and women, tired-looking business people for the most part, with a sprinkling of Chinese and Italians.

Next to the window, and shut in by a fat man whose knobby parcel dug into her arm with every swing of the car, sat a young girl in soft furs. Her beauty was delicate and refined, and the mouth had the subtle curve which is the sign of protection from the roughness of life. This made her strangely out of place. The girl looked troubled. She fumbled nervously with her purse—a trifle of gray fur it was—and from time to time her eyes searched the faces of her nearest fellow passengers. These happened to be all men.

At one of the stops a young man entered the car and made his way through the people hanging to the straps. His face was well cut and intellectual, and his manner decided, even to being masterful. He was well dressed and well groomed.

Two laughing women, with just a touch of paint on their rather pretty faces, jostled him, trying to attract his attention. The man saw them, looked through them coldly and without a tremor, and at length slipped into a seat as the occupant rose to leave the car.

face. The young man opened a magazine, one of the deeper reviews, and began to read.

As the train approached the uptown stations the girl's nervousness became more apparent.

At Twenty-third street a man getting out left empty the place next the young man. The girl glanced once at her fat neighbor, but he was asleep, his head fallen forward on the knobby parcel. With an effort she got up and changed her seat to the one opposite. The young man did not look up, but moved just the least bit away from her. Then the girl laid a hand on his arm, and began half incoherently. "I am in trouble; I beg your pardon; can you—will you lend me—" but she never finished, for the man shook his arm gently free, looked into her face gravely and rebukingly, and crossed the car to another seat.

Then for the first time the girl saw the laughing women; one of them waved to her, and shook her head toward the man.

The color burned the girl's face for a moment, then it left it white and cold; and she got up and went out on to the dark platform where, soon after, she spoke to a working woman leaving the next coach, and they got off together at Forty-second street.

* * * * *

That night, in a great house up the Hudson, in a softly lighted room, which might have been a queen's, a fine woman of middle age, who had seen the world, tried to soften first impressions for a girl who had seen nothing until now. The mistake about the boat and the telegram was explained; the folly of a sudden journey without escort and with insufficient money was dwelt upon, censured and forgiven; but the wound to the youth and unknowledge of the girl smarted and throbbed, and the mother and child wept together.

And a young man spent his evening peering through enlarging glasses at his pictures of cog wheels and rivets, with the windows to his soul tight shut.

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**BUYING THE ENGAGEMENT RING..ALEX. RICKETTS..SMART SET**

I had loafed around in front of the shop hoping to find a moment when it was clear of customers—and I never saw business so good in all my life—until I had evidently excited the suspicions of the policeman on the corner, and until I felt myself a fool. The buying an engagement ring was more embarrassing than I had anticipated. Why were engagement rings worn, anyhow? Rings an

such tokens were simply a survival of barbarism, that should be abolished by civilized peoples. I wondered if I couldn't persuade the dearest girl in the world to take that view of it. But I knew I didn't dare try.

It was the proudest and happiest moment of my life, I reasoned, irrefutably. Then, why in the name of Hymen, did I feel so sheepish over it?

I swore to put off all timidity. Everybody could know if they wished. I was willing to proclaim the glorious truth from the housetops; heralds could announce it on every corner for all I cared. The town crier could shout it along every street and lane, without fazing me in the least.

Chock full of this valiant defiance of all the world, I threw up my head, stuck out my chin, swelled out my chest, and stalked boldly into the shop.

I strode sternly up to the nearest clerk, and said, in loud, vibrant tones, despite the hideous fact that I felt everyone had stopped trafficking to watch me, "I want to see some of your—er—of your—er—er—hem! please let me see some of your—er—your—er—your clocks."

It was ignominious. Why, oh, why had I yielded to that sudden impulse of cowardice, that foolish longing to gain time at any cost? The clerk's suave, "Yes, sir; just step this way, sir," fell on unheeding ears, as loathingly, I contemplated the depth of my fall.

"I think you said you'd like to look at some clocks, sir," suggested the clerk, after waiting a few minutes for me to follow him.

"I did—miserable shuffler that I am, I did," I exclaimed bitterly. "But I don't. I shouldn't care if there'd never been a clock made."

The clerk stared.

"What I really want to see, and I don't care who knows it," I continued, in a firm, resonant voice, "is some of your—er—er—pianos."

Again I had balked at the fatal word. Oh, what a wretched poltroon I was! I flushed to the roots of my hair. I looked wildly around for some avenue of escape. Oh, to get away, to hide myself, and my shame in some far-distant and desolate country, where I should be the only living soul!

I threw up my arms in instinctive defense, and ducked, with both eyes shut tight, as I felt a hand close at my elbow.

"I think, sir," whispered the clerk, who had slipped from behind the counter, without my noticing his movement, "that—excuse me—it is probably a wedding-ring you wish to see."

I opened my eyes, with a gasp. "N-no, no-o-o, n-n-ot j-j-just yet!" I stammered.

"Ah, an engagement ring?" he insinuated, with the most charming smile I ever beheld.

I grasped his hand, and wrung it, fervently; tears of gratitude started in my eyes. I would gladly have laid down my life to give him a moment's pleasure.

"How did you ever guess?" I cried, amazed at such miraculous penetration.

That night, the dearest girl in the world wished to know if I had had much trouble selecting the ring, but—she—does—not—know!

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**REWARD OF ECONOMY...ALICE TURNER CURTIS...LIPPINCOTT'S**

"Wastefulness," remarked Mr. Brown, fixing a firm eye upon his son Frederick, "may be said to be the chief cause of all trouble. The careless throwing aside of garments perfectly good—"

"But, father," interrupted the son, "I wanted a *new* overcoat this winter. I have worn your clothes made over all my life, and I think I am big enough now to have a new coat."

"Yes, my son, you are large for a boy of sixteen, but my last winter's coat will make over nicely for you. A little wide on the shoulders, perhaps, but easily altered." Mr. Brown looked at his son critically, and remarked, "I only wore that coat one winter. It is as good as new, but it's a grain small for me. Fine material. I have ordered my new coat made exactly like it."

But even this fact did not reconcile Frederick, and he refused to admire his father's new coat when it came home from the tailor's or to rejoice in the possession of the old one.

"Now, my son," remarked Mr. Brown one morning as he opened the closet door and took out his overcoat, "I have made an appointment for you with my tailor. We will take this coat down, have him try it on, and see what changes will have to be made to have it fit you."

At the tailor's, Mr. Brown commented on the excellent quality of the cloth; and the tailor gazed at the garment in surprise, and said it was really too bad to cut a garment over that was so fresh and new. In fact he asked Mr. Brown if he was determined to have it altered for his son, and Mr. Brown replied that he was.

In a few days the garment was sent home, and Mr. Brown called his family about to see how well it fitted Frederick.

"It would have been a wicked waste not to have made some use of that coat," said

Mr. Brown amiably. "Why, it is as good as new—not a bit worn; looks as fresh as mine does. Now, Frederick, remember this, that it pays to be careful even in regard to a second-hand overcoat."

Mr. Brown looked around the family circle to see that his words made a suitable impression, and then went after his new coat to compare it with Frederick's.

As he brought it out, he looked at it for a moment suspiciously, then with anxiety; turned it carefully about, and then, with a smothered exclamation, looked wrathfully at his son.

"This is my old coat!" he exclaimed, waving it about. "How—how came you to take my new one to that scamp of a tailor—my new coat?" he almost yelled.

"I didn't. You took it yourself," said the boy. "I didn't wan't any coat made over for me. I wanted a new one."

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**MAN AND THE MOTOR.....BABBY PAIN.....BLACK AND WHITE**

CHAPTER I.

John Smith was the son of wealthy and illustrious parents. He was chiefly remarkable for his extreme ordinariness. At the age of thirty-five—the period at which our history begins—he was much older than he had been; on the other hand, he was not as old as he was going to be.

CHAPTER II.

"It is," said John Smith, as he snipped the end from his after-dinner cigar, "a shame and a scandal that these infernal machines should be allowed on the public roads at all."

"I simply hate them," said Mrs. Smith.

"How anybody can stand the filthy smell, and the rattling and shaking, and the continual breakdowns, I can't conceive. However, that is the affair of the fools who use them. What we can do and must do is to get their speed strictly limited to six miles an hour. Even then horses will never get used to them, and thousands of lives will be sacrificed. The country has gone stark, staring mad."

"That's what I think," said Mrs. Smith. Then some time elapsed.

CHAPTER III.

"My friend Robinson," said John Smith, "tells me that he has bought one of these motor-cars."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Smith.

"It's a queer thing that our horses simply take no notice of them now. But, of course, horses get used to anything. Why, I remember when bicycles became popular a lot of old women thought they'd lead to endless accidents with horses."

"So silly," said Mrs. Smith.

"Absolutely ridiculous. Why, these good, nervous people might have remembered how horses work at shunting on the railroads. If they can get used to that, I should hope they can get used to motors."

"Of course."

"And then undoubtedly motors have improved a good deal. I saw one going up the hill just now—easily as possible. Mind, I should be very sorry to ride in one myself. That is, as a rule. (Robinson asked me to come for a spin on his car, and I may perhaps go once—just to say I've done it.) But the horse-drawn carriage is good enough for me."

"Unfortunately we can't use our horses to-night. I've ordered the local cab."

"It seems to me that those blessed horses of mine are always ill. I paid any amount for them. I've got the best possible stables, and a coachman who is supposed to be absolutely perfect. And yet I've got to be jolted about in a rotten cab. It's enough to make a man swear." It was. And he did. And some more time rolled away.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun was setting in its usual perfunctory manner as Smith and his friend Robinson strolled down Long Acre. Robinson spoke:

"I think you're quite right, of course. You've tried it and like it. You picked it up in no time. You're a born motor-driver. It would be sheer folly if you didn't get one."

"I didn't say I was going to get one. I only said that I was going to look over one or two of them."

"Of course," said Robinson.

"And if I did get one," Smith continued, "it would simply be to please my wife. Ever since you took her out she's been regularly bitten by the motor craze. I prefer the horse-drawn carriage myself. Still, if a woman wants a toy of this kind, and you can give it to her, why not?"

A week later Mr. John Smith was storming and raving in Long Acre about the delay in delivery of a new motor-car.

CHAPTER V.

"But mind this," said John Smith to Robinson, his friend. "It doesn't follow that, because I've bought a motor (mainly to please my wife), I am infected with the fever that

seems to have possessed some of you fellows. Twelve miles an hour is quite as fast as anybody need want to go, and I'll take good care that my own car never under any circumstances travels any faster."

Robinson said diplomatically that he certainly thought it was best to be on the safe side.

"But you don't always keep to it yourself," said John Smith, severely.

And then a little more time, but not very much, became lost in the dim past.

CHAPTER VI.

Police-constable Jorkins (who was used to it) said that he was on the Pippipley Road, and saw John Smith coming along on his car. He (the policeman) timed the car over a measured mile and found that it was going at the rate of seven hundred and forty-one miles an hour.

John Smith said that his car was incapable of going at that pace.

It was elicited that the time had been taken by a 3s. 6d. American alarm clock, and that the constable might possibly have made a mistake about the mile-posts.

The dispensers of the law said that they were determined to put an end to this kind of thing. And with that intent they fined John Smith twenty-five pounds and costs, the constable to have the custody of the alarum. And some more time passed out into the infinite.

CHAPTER VII.

This is the saddest chapter of all. It shows how John Smith had fallen.

Once more his car sped along the Pippipley Road, and was perhaps going rather fast.

"That man was a policeman," said Mrs. Smith, "and he was timing us."

"Was he?" said John Smith, grimly; "I rather thought so myself."

He stopped the car, and oiled something that did not want oiling.

"That's all right," he said; "spoilt the beggar's time for him, anyhow. Now we can go on again."

They went on. Far behind a baffled policeman used words of irritation. And then —but I think that is about the end of the story.

# The Child-Widows of India

## By Margaret B. Denning*

All Hindu girls at the age of fifteen are either wives or widows. This is, of course, owing to the system of child-marriage which was instituted to escape the disgrace of having an unmarried daughter on the parents' hands. In 1856 a law was passed by the English Government legalizing the remarriage of widows. Some few earnest reformers have been brave enough to marry educated widows from Pandita Ramabai's school, and, here and there, similar cases occur; but the iron law of custom is so strong that few are able to face the terrible ostracism and boycotting resulting from such a procedure. The widow, if she marries, loses all claim to her first husband's property, though if she remains unmarried and lives a sinful life she can still hold her inheritance.

It is hard to realize the utter helplessness of the Hindu widow. Many stories could be written by those who go about in high-caste homes and see the poor shaven heads and the little figures hiding in corners or behind doors. I always single them out for kind words and notice, but they are almost too timid to respond. They think it a favor if someone is kind enough to motion them to leave their drudgery and listen to the hymns we sing, and which the women love so much to hear. Before I knew much about the widows' lot, I used ignorantly to ask in regard to one of these crouching, timid figures: "Who is that?" No one ever told me her name or relationship. Simply pointing the thumb over the shoulder (she was sure to be in the background) and giving a contemptuous jerk of the chin, the answer was: "Only a widow."

Now here is Tara. Her name means a "star," but her life is not a bright one. She is a Brahmin child and as yet is allowed to run about and play. But her mind is going to waste. When we asked her father if we might teach her something, he said:

"Why teach her to read? She must cook all her life. Besides, Tara is engaged to be

*From Mosaics From India. Margaret B. Denning. N. Y. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25, net. Copyright, 1902, by Fleming H. Revell Company, March.

married. She is ten years old and the order has been given for her wedding-jewels to be made. Soon we shall take her to her mother-in-law's house and she will be trained there. If the child knew how to read her mother-in-law would think we were making a bad woman of her. Cows don't read and women are not as good as cows."

Soon little Tara will go to Lucknow to be married. She will never see any happy school days, never be that bright and lovely being, a fair young girl in her parents' home. In India there is an absence of young girls with their charming ways. Only children and married women.

Now I will tell you of a young bride that my husband saw. She was a girl of about fourteen. Probably she had been given in marriage long before and was now going to her husband's home.

The wedding procession looked very gay. The horses were decked with bells, silver and gold tinsel, embroidery and bright red and purple cloths over the saddle. My husband stopped to look at the bridal party passing. The groom, alas! was forty or forty-five years old, and was dressed very gayly. Behind him came the little bride on a pony. She wore beautiful clothes and a profusion of gold and silver jewelry. But the pretty face was bowed on the pony's neck, and, above the noise of the clashing cymbals and the various other musical instruments, rose the heart-rending wail of this poor, unwilling little bride, going to the house of the stern, silent man riding in front. What happiness can be in store for such a home?

### RUNABAI

Like all girls of the better classes or higher castes in India, little Runabai was married when but a child. In these marriages the parents make all the arrangements, and very often the little girl or boy does not even know what is being done. There are great ceremonies which mean that the children are promised to each other in marriage when they are grown up. One little girl, who was a relative of Runabai's, was married when she was in her cradle. The costly *saris*, or wedding-clothes, were hung around the sides of the cradle where the little baby was sleeping, and jewels were placed around her tiny unconscious face. After the ceremonies were over these gifts were laid aside for the little bride when she should be old enough to go to the new home.

Runabai's marriage was similar to this. Little did she realize as she was toddling about the beautiful rooms of her father's bungalow that her whole life was determined for her. The bungalow, as fine houses are called in India, was a very nice one, and lovely plants adorned the verandas and compound. All about were signs of comfort and luxury. Her parents loved her, although they were very sorry that she was not a boy. People in India are always sorry to have little girls and often they will try to hide the fact.

One day a missionary was sitting and talking in the home of a Hindu gentleman. During the conversation the missionary asked, "How many children have you?" "Three," the gentleman replied, and he called in and showed his visitor the three fine little boys of whom he was so proud. A short time after this a pretty, bright-eyed little girl came into the room and climbed upon the knee of the gentleman. "And who is this?" asked the missionary. "My daughter," replied the Hindu, in evident vexation, and he would say no more.

But our little Runabai was an affectionate child, and, while in her own home, she did not realize that she was not welcome. A few years of happiness were soon over; for when she was only eleven years of age the parents of her boy-husband, whom she had never seen and of whom she knew nothing, sent for her. They wished to train her up properly for their son. This is the usual fate of Hindu girls—to be torn from their mothers and given over to the care of strangers. Little appreciated in her own family, you can imagine the very sad lot a child must have among those who care very much less for her than her parents do. The least fault is severely corrected for fear her sins may cause the death of the precious and idolized son of the family.

When Runabai was sent for, her father bought her many rich *saris* or garments, and fine jewels, and sent her away with twelve hand-maidens, who were to wait upon her in the wealthy home of her husband. But, alas! for some reason the little wife failed to please her new relatives. Her maids were taken from her almost immediately, and she herself was compelled to work much too hard for her years. They put away the nice silk and muslin *saris* and most of her pretty bracelets and other jewelry. Nothing the child did seemed to please anyone in the family, and her life grew harder and harder. It appeared as though they wished to get rid of her and so be able to procure another wife for the son.

Before a year had gone by her food was limited to one meal a day and that only of rice and

chillies (red peppers). She became very thin and looked like a shadow of the bright little girl who came so gayly to this home so short a time before.

One sad day, as she was cleaning the house, she saw some bread on a table. Her hunger was even greater than her fear, and, snatching up a piece, she ran off to eat it. Her cruel mother-in-law saw her, and, picking up a stick, ran after the poor girl. She took the bread from the trembling fingers and pushed it down poor Runabai's throat with the stick. The suffering of the child was terrible. When she next visited her own father's house, she begged not to be sent back any more to be so cruelly treated. "But, oh! the disgrace to our family!" the father said.

"No, go back, dear Runabai, we weep for you and our hearts are pained over your sad lot. When we sit down to our good food, we shed tears as we think of our poor, starving Runabai. But what can we do? If we keep you here our caste will be broken and the gods will be displeased. Go back, and if you die, it will be honorable." So the little martyr to caste and false religion went back and in two months more was dead.

### ONE LITTLE WIDOW

Seven years a widow and then only eleven years old! Widowed at four years of age! How incredible such a thing sounds, and yet we know there is a land where little children are made widows before they even know the right hand from the left. In Christian lands a widow's sad lot is softened by sympathy of friends, the sparkle and joy of existence may be gone, but there is much to live for and a useful life is still before even a young woman. But the shadow—nay, the curse—of widowhood has hung over little Sita ever since she remembered anything. When suffering neglect and cruelty, the little brown girl often wondered why other little girls living near her had such happy, merry times, while she knew only drudgery and ill-treatment from morning until night.

One day, when six of these weary years had passed and Sita was then ten years of age, she found out what widow meant. Then, added to the cruelties she already endured, was added the terror of woes to come. The day on which this knowledge came to her she had gone, as usual, in her tattered garments and with three large, brass water-pots on her head, to the great open well from which she drew the daily supply of water for a family of nine people. She was so tired and her frail little back ached so that she sat down on a huge stone to rest a minute before letting down one of the many buckets, which all day long were going up and down in obedience to the many demands for water. As she sat there with her bare, olive-skinned arms and feet shining in the warm sun and resting her weary head on one thin little hand, she was a picture of childish woe. Her faded old *sari* had fallen back from her head, disclosing the bare little scalp, for in token of the deep disgrace of widowhood, the soft, dark tresses of hair had been shaved off and the hot sun beat down on the small, naked head. Many sorrows had fallen on the childish heart, but Sita was still a child. Her heart yearned for companionship and love. Many Brahmin servants were drawing water near her, singing little *bhajans*, or songs, and looking quite bright and happy in their gay-colored cotton *saris*. A woman, poor, so that she must draw her own drinking water, but a Brahmin, came near to Sita and the child looked up and appealed to her for help.

"Will you not draw a little water for me? I feel tired and ill, and the well is very deep."

The woman turned angrily and uttered, in a scathing tone, the word "Widow!" Then she burst out: "Curse you, how dare you come between me and the glorious sun? Your shadow has fallen upon me and I'll have to take the bath of purification before I can eat food! Curse you, stand aside!"

Poor Sita stands bewildered. She has never asked help before of anyone. Too crushed and stupefied to realize her forlorn condition, she has only existed and gone through the drudgery with scarce a gentle word from anyone. This abuse seems to arouse a little curiosity in the child, but she does not answer the woman. Tears course down her cheeks. Something akin to pity makes the woman pause, and, halting a a safe distance from Sita's shadow, she continues to talk to her in a milder tone. She is thinking, perhaps, of two soft-eyed little daughters, who are very dear to this proud woman's heart, though she mourned bitterly at the time of their birth, because the gods denied her sons.

Looking again at Sita, she says: "Why should I help you, when the gods have cursed you? See, you are a widow."

Then, in answer to Sita's vacant gaze, she continues: "Don't you understand? Didn't you have a husband once?"

"Yes, I think so," Sita answered; "that old bad man, who used to shake me and tell me to grow up quickly and work for him. Perhaps he was my husband. When he died they said

I killed him, but I did not. I was glad he was dead, though," said the sad little thing.

"So you call him bad?" the woman said. "Ah! no wonder the gods hate you. No doubt, you were very wicked ages ago, and so now you are made a widow. By and by you will be a snake or a toad," and, gathering up her water-pots, the woman went away.

The slender, ill-fed little frame gathered itself up, and the child hurriedly filled the brass vessels, knowing that abuse awaited her late return. Putting a small bundle of cloth on her head, she raised the huge jars to their place and hastened to her house, since a *home* she never knew. The sister-in-law met the little thing with violent abuse and bade her prepare the morning meal quickly. The child was ill and nearly fell with fatigue.

"I'll show you how to wake up," the woman cried, and seizing a hot poker she laid it on the arms and hands of the child. Screaming with pain, the poor creature worked on, trembling if the sister-in-law even looked at her.

This was one day. Each of the seven lengthened years contained three hundred and sixty-five similar days, save that now they were growing worse. The last year the child's head had been shaved. When that has been done, but one meal a day is permitted the widow, no matter how hard she may work. Most of the little girls who saw Sita would run from her, fearing pollution. But there was one little girl, who, like a gleam of sunshine, shone on Sita whenever she saw her. One day, after the woman at the well had abused the young widow, Sita found a chance to tell Tungi about it. Tungi's answer comforted the forlorn child somewhat.

"No," Tungi said, "there is a better God than that. Our people do not know about Him, and that is why I am not allowed to talk with you. I am married and my husband lives in a distant city. If I speak to you, they believe he will die. But in the school where I go, many do not believe these things."

"How can you go to school? My sister-in-law says that only bad women learn to read," Sita answered.

"So my mother used to think," said Tungi; "but my husband is in school and he has sent word that I shall go also until he calls for me to come to his home. Then he will have a wife who can understand when he talks about his books. He says the English have happy families and it is this which makes them so. The wives know books and how to sing and how to make the home pleasant."

So the little bright-eyed Brahmin wife chatted away as gay as a bird. The fount of knowledge was opened to her—the beaming eye, the elastic figure, and the individuality of her Western sisters were becoming hers.

None of these things seemed for Sita. After Tungi went to school, the little shaven-headed child, subsisting on one poor meal a day, went about sad and lonely for another weary nine months. When she again saw the bright face of her little friend, her condition had grown worse. Her neck and arms were full of scars where bits of flesh had been pinched out in the vindictive rage of her relatives, who believed the child guilty of her husband's death. Brutality growing with use had made them callous to the sufferings of the little being in their power. No one who cared knew of the pangs of hunger, the unkind and violent words and the threats of future punishments. Once or twice she had looked down into the cool depths of the well and wondered how quickly she could die. Only the terror of punishment after death kept this baby-widow from suicide. She had heard many things lately, and she knew of a young and lovely wife near by who had become a widow, lost her little son, and unable to endure the cruelties and her wounded pride, had stilled them all beneath the quiet waters of the well. Another widow, too, Sita had grown to know—an old woman, bent and wrinkled, neglected, careworn and toiling, who was a terror to Sita because of what she foreshadowed to the child.

One day, as Sita was weeping by the gateway of Tungi's home, the little child-wife told the child-widow of a safe refuge for such as she where neither ignorance nor poverty could exclude her—a home under the loving care of one who knew the widow's curse. After many difficulties Sita found this shelter. Here she forgot her widowhood and found her childhood and girlhood. Here, in the beautiful garden, or at lessons, helping with cooking, or leaning lovingly on the arm of "Bai's" chair, the blessed genius of the home, she passed away many sweet and useful years. By and by Sita found the greatest joy in love—higher and better than human love can ever be. Later, when a beautiful young womanhood had crowned her, she was sought by an earnest, enlightened young Christian as his wife.

Many of the millions of child-widows never find release from the bonds of cruel custom and false religion. In Hinduism there is no hope for the accursed widow.

# Society Verse

**HE WON** ..... **ATLANTA CONSTITUTION**

A kiss she did deny him
Of all her worshipers,
So that he taught a rose to dream
Of those red lips of hers.

And the rose—it leaned and kissed her,
And from her finger tips
Falling in crimson at her feet,
Was lifted to his lips!

**THE STRONG, ETERNAL SOUND** ..**JOHN VANCE CHENEY**..**SUNSET**

Once more, once more, heart, tune the strings
True to the music of the ground;
Sing but the humble, happy things,
Join in the strong, eternal sound.

Still would I trust the day, the night.
Nor clamor at the gate of fame;
Among the names the wild flowers write
Be mine, or let me have no name.

**TOO LATE** ..... **BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT**

Penelope is passing fair,
Heigho! heigho!
With glad blue eyes and golden hair,
And all the soft, bewitching charm
Of rosy lip and rounded arm,
And dimpled cheek aglow,
Heigho!

Who deftly drew her winsome face?
Heigho! heigho!
The silent canvas gives no trace;
But faith! whatever painter's brush
Conceived and caught that tender blush—
He loved the maid, I trow,
Heigho!

For him the smile, for him the praise,
Heigho! heigho!
While I can only sit and gaze.
Ah! pitiless, malign decree!
Penelope is not for me,
Though I'm for her—and so
Heigho!

Her picture hangs upon my wall,
Heigho! heigho!
My heart were hers beyond recall,
Had she been born in '68,
Or I, by some auspicious fate,
Two hundred years ago,
Heigho!

**TO A PRETTY GIRL** ..... **JUDGE**

Ah, pretty one, you know you're fair,
And though you won't confess
It openly, a hint shows through
Your sweet unconsciousness.

You say that none has called you fair,
And that you could not know
That you were beautiful unless
Somebody told you so.

I cannot doubt a lady's word—
I would not be so bold;
But yet, if human tongues are still,
Your mirror must have told.

And if by some malicious grudge,
Which envy might inspire,
It may have told you otherwise,
That mirror is a liar!

**AN OMAR FOR LADIES**...**JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM**...**HARPER'S**

I sometimes think that never lasts so long
The Style as when it starts a bit too strong;
That all the Pompadours the parterre boasts
Some Chorus-girl began, with Dance and Song.

And this Revival of the Chignon low
That fills the most of us with helpless Woe,
Ah, criticise it softly! for who knows
What long-necked Peeress had to wear it so!

Ah, my beloved, try each Style you meet;
To-day brooks no loose ends; you must be neat.
To-morrow! why, to-morrow you may be
Wearing it down your back like Marguerite!

For some we once admired, the Very Best
That ever a French hand-boned Corset prest,
Wore what they used to call Prunella Boots
And put on Nightcaps ere they went to rest.

And we that now make fun of Waterfalls
They wore, and whom their Crinoline appalls,
Ourselves shall from old dusty Fashion plates
Assist our Children in their Costume balls.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may wear.
Before we grow so old that we don't care!
Before we have our Hats made all alike,
Sans Plumes, sans Wings, sans Chiffon, and—
sans Hair!

**SOCIAL PROBLEMS** ..... **THE TATLER**

Has conversation grown less refined?
Are we too wedded to cards and sport?
Are all our morals the slipshod kind
Lately described in a certain court?

Do we behave like a rowdy crowd
When we are met at a social crush?
Is too much freedom to girls allowed?
Have we forgotten the way to blush?

These are the things that our critics claim,
Still, though we might be improved, I know,
Doubtless our grandmothers said the same
Sixty or seventy years ago!

# Child Verse

**WILLIE'S SHORT RUN** ..... **BALTIMORE NEWS**

He bought a nice new camera to snap, snap, snap—
He didn't care how much it cost a rap,
Rap,
Rap!
He took pictures of the scenery,
The foundry and the beanery,
And sent the bill for breakages to pap,
Pap,
Pap!

It chanced one day he wandered to the wood, wood,
wood,
And while he focussed up behind him stood,
Stood,
Stood,
A large cattle lowing lauhgingly,
That lifted him quite chaffingly,
And bawled as he went up: "Now, you be good
Good,
Good!"

He landed in a distant vacant lot, lot, lot,
And there prepared to take another shot,
Shot,
Shot;
But a farmer came excitedly
And drew on him, benightedly,
And filled him full of trouble on the spot,
Spot,
Spot!

Oh, Willie never took another snap, snap, snap!
He didn't like photography a rap,
Rap,
Rap!
And the doctors who attended him,
When they had patched and mended him,
Sent in their bills for breakages to pap,
Pap,
Pap!

**WHEN YOU'RE A GIRL** .. **EVELYN SHARP** .. **WESTMINSTER GAZETTE**

When you're a girl, and cannot change
(Which always seems to me so strange),
You do not lead a peaceful life,
But pass the days in storm and strife.

You never for a moment get
Your own way in the nursery—yet
Whatever you may have to bear,
You must pretend you do not care.

Sometimes they take your doll away,
In spite of all the things you say;
They put it on the nursery shelf,
Too high for you to reach yourself.

Or else they hang it by a string,
And let it swing and swing and swing,
But though you love each flaxen hair,
You must pretend you do not care.

Sometimes, they will not let you read,
And tease you very much indeed
Because you can't help feeling bad
When stories end all wrong and sad.

They make remarks if you are tall,
They call you dumpy if you're small;
Yet, though you feel it's most unfair,
You still pretend you do not care.

Then comes one black and dreary day
That takes your tyrants right away;
Before you, for a week, it looms,
Then empties all the top-floor rooms.

So you are left quite by yourself,
To put their toys upon the shelf;
And then—because there's no one there,
You don't pretend you do not care.

**THE CITY ACROBAT** ..... **LOUISE MORGAN SILL** ..... **HARPER'S**

I am the janitor's little boy.
I 'ain't got even a single toy,
But every day I play and play,
I live 'way up in the top of the house;
I'm jest as spry as a little mouse,—
And I can climb like a monkey, for I'm
The janitor's little boy.

My pa 'ain't got no regular home;
He lives 'way up in a big round dome.
He says to me, "You play, you see!
Jest any old way you *see* to play,
You play," says he to me one day;
And so I climb and I climb, for I'm
The janitor's little boy.

I walk wherever there's room to stand;
I hang on the edge by jest one hand.
I love to see folks look at me
Like I was really a circus clown,
"Oh my!" they cry, "he'll tumble down!"
But I don't fall when I climb, for I'm
The janitor's little boy.

**THE LIGHT-LADY** .... **EUGENIA O. CLARK** .... **COLLIER'S WEEKLY**

The Light-Lady comes from her home in the skies—
The Light-Lady comes, and it's such a surprise!—
Trailing garments of white
Through the halls of the Night
To bid us "awake and arise."

The Light-Lady blows out the stars as she flies,
She tells the bold Sun to get up in the skies;
And she bids the Moon-fire
In its embers expire,
As hither so gently she hies!

The Light-Lady slowly the curtain unties
Wherever a tiny young child she espies,
Looking out from the snare
Of her dusky-dark hair
To say, "Little children, arise!"

# Wit and Humor of the Press

The Suitor: What do you consider the essential difference between friendship and love?

"From five to ten thousand a year."

——Too Bad: "I think it was a shame for the Indians to bury their hatchets!" "Why?" "Just think how lovely they would be for decorative purposes."

——Benedict: Do you think automobiles are dangerous?

Bachelor: Yes, I know a fellow who took?

——The Tables Turned: Auntie dislikes toads, and seeing that some of the children had brought one into the house, called to her little niece:

"Ella, take this frog out of my room at once!"

Ella dreaded to touch the toad, but she was afraid to disobey her aunt. After a moment's hesitation she held out the skirt of her little apron and replied, with seeming eagerness:

"Yes, Auntie, you just pick up the frog and put it in my apron, and I'll carry it off for you."

——The Vicar: Now, boys, what animal supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?

First Boy (promptly): Father.

Mother: Johnny, I am ashamed of you! What did you mean by laughing and giggling at your dear uncle's funeral?

Johnny: Gee! I was so glad it wasn't my own.

——Little Mary wanted to give her aged grandmother a Christmas present, and her mother had suggested that she take some perforated cardboard and some bright yarn and embroider a motto. Taking the idea from the pictured lesson cards she had received at Sunday-school, she laboriously worked this motto and presented it to the old lady, "Go and sin no more."

——Teacher: Now, I want all the children to look at Tommy's hands and observe how clean they are, and see if all of you cannot come to school with cleaner hands. Tommy, perhaps, will tell us how he keeps them so nice.

Tommy: Yes'm; ma makes me wash the breakfast things every morning.

——Mamma (to Johnny, who had been given a pear with pills artfully concealed in it): Well, dear, have you finished your pear?

Johnny: Yes, mamma, all but the seeds.

A CONGO LOVE AFFAIR—FROM FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER

BOY (LOOKING FORWARD TO A PARTY IN THE EVENING)—O MUMMY, BABY IS NAUGHTY! HE HAS TAKEN TWO THINGS OFF THE CALENDAR, AND MADE IT TO-MORROW —FROM LONDON PUNCH.

### PAT'S MISTAKE

Paddy's distress on waking was very natural but amusing. He was observed in the morning to be looking unusually blank and perplexed, and his friend inquired what ailed him.

"Ah! but I have had a drame."

"Was it a good dream or a bad dream?"

"Faith," said Pat, "and it was a little of both, and I'll be after telling it t' ye. I dramed I was with the Prisidint. He is as great a gintleman as is in the district, he is, and he asked me wud I have a drink. I said to him 'Wud a duck swim?' He smiled like, and taking the lemons and sugar and making ready for a dhrop o' punch, he asked me wud I have it hot or cold. 'I'll have it hot,' I replied, and wid that he wint down into the kitchen for the biling water, but before he got back I woke up, and now it's distressing me I didn't take it cowld."

### WHAT THE CHOIR SANG

The minister was young. It was with mingled pride and trepidation that he accepted an invitation to preach in a large city church. When the eventful morning came he walked up the aisle with his best sermon in his hand and his best patent leathers on his feet—they were new and shiny, and though he anticipated some pain from standing in unbroken shoes, he wished to do honor to the fashionable audience assembled.

To his discomfort he found, instead of a large old-fashioned pupit like the one to which he was accustomed, only a small reading stand. At its side was a chair which he must occupy in full view of the audience. He felt as he sat there that his shoes were extremely conspicuous and obviously new. His embarrassment was not lessened when the choir, directly behind him, arose and began the opening anthem:

"How beautiful are the feet—how beautiful are the feet—" they sang. And then to prevent the possibility of any mistake they continued:

"Of them that preach—of them that preach!"

### THE OCTOGENARIAN

They were neither of them brilliant scholars, but they liked to move with the times as regards their knowledge of current events, so the daily newspaper was regularly delivered at their humble domicile, and it was Jennie's duty to read out during breakfast time all the most interesting items of the day. One morning, after wading. through the latest intelligence from the front, she turned to another page of the paper and said:

"Herbie, it says here that another octogenarian's dead."

"What's an octogenarian?"

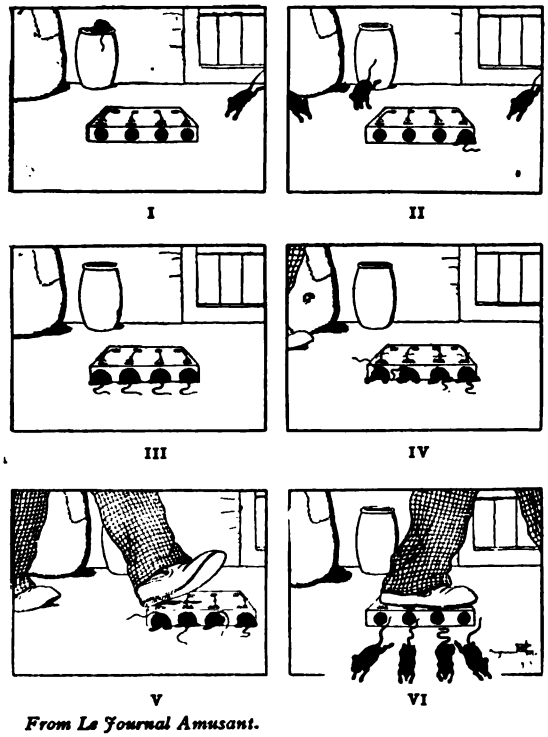
"Well, I don't quite know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they're dying."

A NEW OCEAN TERROR

"GOODNESS, BERTIE, WHATEVER'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? BEEN PLUCKED FOR YOUR EXAM.?"

"NO. JUST FLEW INTO ONE OF THOSE NEW-FANGLED MARCONIGRAMS, THAT'S WHAT!"—FROM LONDON PUNCH.

'SORCERY




*From Le Journal Amusant.*

Mother—Have you any waterproof boots for a boy? Salesman—We have waterproof boots, ma'am; but they are not for boys. Mother—Why don't you have some for boys? Salesman—When somebody has invented a boot that has no opening for the foot to get into it, we may hope for boys' waterproof boots, not before.

——"I wouldn't give two cents for a cigar like that!" he exclaimed, as he tried for the fourth time to light one. "But I didn't, George," protested his tearful little wife. "I only gave ninety-nine cents for fifty of them."

——A Frenchman was paying his first visit to London, and was walking through Hyde Park on one of the many foggy metropolitan mornings with an English friend. "Fog! Ha, ha, mon fren," ejaculated the Frenchman; "now I understand vot you mean ven you say ze sun nevaire set on your dominion. Ma foi, it does not rise."

——"I'm so glad the boys of your company gave you that handsome revolver," said the wife of the militia captain; "we need have no fear of the burglars who infest the neighborhood now." "That's so," replied the captain; "I've got it locked up in the safe at the office, where they can't get at it."

Church—Do you believe that misery loves company? Gotham—Well, I believe it loves the New York Elevated Railroad Company.

——First Rider (in six-day race)—They've nicknamed Bill "the Human Automobile." Second Rider—How's that? First Rider—Why, because this is only the third day of the race, and he's been laid up five times for repairs already.

——"You think I make some pretty bad breaks, don't you, Fred?" asked the young wife. "Yes, dear," replied the husband kindly; "but they're not like the breaks mother used to make."

——A change: "Well," said Noah, as he hunted for a dry spot on the top of Ararat, "a lot of people came down to the pier to josh us when we started, but I don't see any of them around to poke fun at our home-coming."

——"Why do you call them 'French duel' pills?" asked the customer in the drug store. "Because they cool hot blood and are harmless," replied the bright clerk.

——She—It was fortunate that you were such a fine French scholar. I suppose when you were in Paris you had no difficulty in making yourself understood? He—Not when I talked English.

——"Methinks, Doctor," quoth Boswell, at the end of a merry drinking bout, "that it's up to you to settle the score." "I wot not; this time the beer is on you," retorted Johnson, as he playfully emptied his tankard over the head of his faithful follower. Boswell laughed heartily at this witty sally, and made a note of it for his Life of Johnson.

——Teacher—William, find the square root of any number. William—I thought they found them all last term.

——Hamley—You seem interested in the horse show; have you any entries there? Phamley—Well-er-yes. Hamley—Prize winners? Phamley—I hope so. They're my three eldest daughters, and all marriageable.

——Rodrick—You say he has faced bursting shells. What battle was he in? Van Albert—None! He is a chestnut roaster.

——"This," said the guide, "is the grave of Adam!" Historic spot! With reverential awe, nay, with a feeling of deep thankfulness, the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the Orient drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. "Erring ancestor," he murmured, "I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory! To your sin I owe my prosperity!"

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he tackled her first pot-pie, "where did you get this?" "I made that out of Mrs. Shouter's cook-book," replied the young wife; "it's a——" "Ah!" he broke in, "this leathery part is the binding, I suppose."

——He—I don't see how you can say such terrible things about another woman. She—You don't understand, you, silly. Why, Carrie is my dearest friend.

——Friend—I haven't seen you for some time. Poet—No. Fact is, I have become a good deal of a recluse lately. Friend—I feared as much. How much do you owe?

——"George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "it's too bad about that lot of mechanical toys you gave Willie for a Christmas gift. Every one of them went to pieces in less than twenty-four hours." "Yes," replied Mr. Ferguson; "the chap I bought them of promised they would."

——City Nephew—Have very many of the farmers around here bought gold bricks, Uncle? Uncle Gamalial—Wa-al, I cackerlate there's a sufficiency of 'em to warrant their organizin' an association, buyin' uniforms and givin' a yell.

——"Here," said the playwright, "is the dramatization of the Book of Genesis, which you wished me to make." "H'm!" replied the manager, after glancing hastily through the play; "you don't seem to have made any provision for the introduction of 'Mr. Dooley' or a good, rousing stein song. Take it back and see if you can't do better."

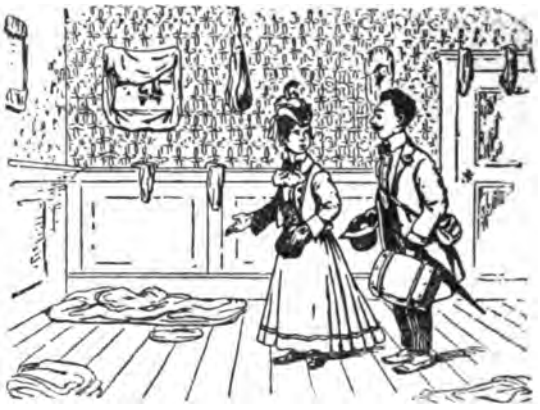
——"I'm afraid brother didn't enjoy his Christmas dinner," said the little girl. "He seemed to eat heartily." "Yes. But he wasn't as sick as usual next day."

——Son of the house—Won't you sing something, Miss Muriel? Miss M.—Oh, I daren't after such good music as we have been listening to. Son of the house—But I'd rather listen to your singing than to any amount of good music!

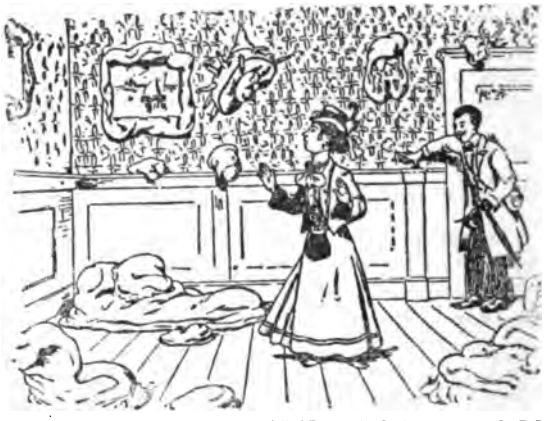
——Mrs. Fortey—He was pleased to say I held my age very well. Mrs. Snappe—Why shouldn't you? Think of the years of practice you've had."

——"It's a fact, Aunt Kate," said the young man. "Father says he will pay my way through college, but after that I'll have to stand on my own merits." "Let us hope it will not be so bad as that, Rodney," soothingly replied his elderly relative.

## THE LATEST IN MODERN IMPROVEMENTS



YOUNG WIFE—WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT! YOU SAID THE FLAT WAS FURNISHED!



YOUNG HUSBAND—SO IT IS. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THIS BUTTON, AND THERE YOU ARE—

—PNEUMATIC FURNITURE; FILLED WITH HOT AIR IN WINTER AND COLD AIR IN SUMMER.—FROM FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER

# Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

All queries for this department must be short, to the point, and of such a nature that :hey can be reasonably answered. Queries ıot conforming to the above rules will be gnored. Correspondence concerning queries nanswered by the department will be gladly :ceived.

952. (1) Will you please inform me whether ere has been an article recently on the subject odern German Art, and, if so, in what maga- ıe? If no such magazine article has appeared, ı you refer me to a book that will give me some ormation on the subject?

(2) Also, has any magazine recently had an icle on the Khedive of Egypt, or on Present-Day ypt?—Ralph W. Norris, North Vernon, Ind.

(1) See German Art of To-Day, by Ferd. :narius, in the Forum of January, 1900. ı may also find of use the following book: ools of Modern Art in Germany, by J. B. inson, New York, 1881. (2) Yes. Modern pt, by W. H. Grimley, in the Westminster ew of January, 1901. F. A. Talbot has an le on the same subject in the Cosmopolitan, XXXI, p. 339; and D. Storey has like- one in Munsey's, Vol. XXV, p. 769.]

Can you tell me in Open Questions where find the poem or, rather, song story, Rock Me :p, arranged by Parker?—Mrs. R. P. Ray, N. C.

ı may find it in Benjamin Stratton 's Poets and Poetry of Indiana, New 1900.]

Here follows a question for your Open ı column, and if the answer comes as a f this little effort, I shall be truly grateful. ion: Can the editor, or any reader, tell me ickens's book, Doctor Marigold's Prescrip- ıy be had, or the number and titles of the ein?—J. M. D., Indianapolis.

or Marigold's Prescriptions appeared Christmas number of All the Year or 1865. The nine Christmas numbers e Year Round, conducted by Charles nine parts, 1859–1867, and published one volume, are to be had of Messrs. & Hall, 193 Piccadilly, West, London.]

ın you give me, from the meager infor- m able to furnish, some lines published en years ago in a magazine in which the thought appear, "Rogues hang and ."?—P. M. Smith, Wellsville, Ohio.

[We cannot place the quotation in question. It is reminiscent, however, of Pope's line, "And wretches hang that jurymen may dine," which is to be found in the Rape of the Lock, Canto III.]

956. In your December issue I noticed an article on ostriches that interested me. Could you give me the address of anyone that could give me reliable information in regard to the culture of the bird from start to finish?—H. M. Webbs, Amery, Ohio.

[As none of our friends are actively interested at present in the "culture of the bird," we regret that we cannot furnish you with any direct information. We suggest, however, that you consult Good Words, Vol. XLI, p. 232, for an article on Ostrich Farming in California, by A. Inkersley. For further information concerning the *Struthio camelus*, you might consult the Encyclopædia Britannica.]

957. Can you tell me where I may find a poem entitled The World Before the Flood, by Montgomery?—Mrs. M. E. Puppine, New Wilmington, Pa.

[We only know of The Earth Before the Flood, by E. H. Bickersteth, published in Foster's New Cyclopædia of Poetical Illustrations, First Series, Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.]

958. The following verses appear in print in a library bulletin credited to Ralph Waldo Emerson. I am positive that Emerson never could have written the verses. I have the impression that they are the verses of a kindergarten hymn. Can anyone tell me the real author?

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

—S. C. F., Albany, N. Y.

[Perhaps some of our readers may assist you in this matter.]

959. I'd rather, like old Cain, be driven
Where I could never hear of heaven;
Or, slain, and to the wild beasts given,
Than stay in this wretched place.

readers are able to give any information on the subject, I shall feel under many obligations to you and to them.—Harvey C. Pendery, No. 205 La Salle Street, Chicago.

960. There is a poem I desire very much. It runs thus, I think: "Down to Aunt Jemima's." It appeared in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch some years ago. If some reader of CURRENT LITERATURE could help me secure it I should be very grateful. The author is Miss Inez C. Parker of Rolla, Mo.—Chas. B. Johnson, Iberia, Mo.

961. Can you, or any of your readers, tell me in Open Questions where I may procure the fourth volume of Victor's History of the Southern Rebellion? It was published in the years 1861 to 1866 by James D. Torrey, 13 Spruce Street, New York. The author was Orville J. Victor.—W. G. Tritt, Meadville, Pa.

962. Can you, or any of your readers, inform me from what essay the following words of Emerson are taken:

"Every man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God and cannot be spared, defends him."

Also, from what poem are the following lines of Lowell's:

For the cause that lacks assistance,
'Gainst the wrongs that need resistance,
For the good that we can do.

—W. A. Hunter, 915 Fifth Ave., Oakland, Cal.

## ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

897. Referring to Open Questions in your January issue, I wish to correct the statement of Julia A. Pond, Hillsdale, Mich., regarding the authorship of Rock Me to Sleep, Mother. Alexander M. W. Ball of Elizabeth, N. J., has established his claim as the author, he having written it as early as 1856, as verified by letters from gentlemen in several parts of this State, whose veracity cannot be questioned, to whom he read the poem in 1856 and 1857. I have Mr. Ball's version of fifteen eight-line verses and copy of original draft showing interpolations and corrections prior to complete arrangement. "Honor to whom honor is due" is all I ask.—Charles H. Crabbe, Troy, N. Y.

919. Fanny Boutland wrote a poem, The Lost Cause, soon after the war.—Dr. W. M. Burton, Plum Bayou, Ark.

921. The quotation is from a little poem in the old Sander's Second Reader, which was in use in the schools of forty years ago. The first verse, correctly quoted, is:

Little Alfred found a shilling,
As he went from school one day;
"Now," said he, "I'll have a fortune,
For 'twill grow, I've heard them say."
Thus he thought, poor little dreamer,
When some money one had found,
That 'twould grow and raise more money,
If 'twere planted in the ground.

I have not seen it for forty years, but am confident of the correctness.—Daniel M. Hammack, Los Angeles, Cal.

An empty urn in her withered hands,"

are to be found in Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV, stanza 79.—A. H. Porter, 77 Bolton Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

927. The quotation,

"By showing conclusively and clearly,
That Death is a stupid blunder merely,
And not a necessity of our lives,"

is from Longfellow's Golden Legend, first chapter.—T. F. Dorroh, Madison, Miss.

928. The quotation,

"A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,"

is from Scott's Lady of the Lake, Canto II.—J. F. Dorroh.

929. The quotation referred to and quoted is to be found in Mrs. Browning's poem, The Drama of Exile.—J. F. Dorroh.

933. The New Thought Publishing Co., of Chicago, has published an illustrated article on Ella Wheeler Wilcox.—E. J. B., Elmira, N. Y.

937. In the February issue of your magazine there appears a very incomplete version of my poem Counsel. This poem was published originally in the Galaxy magazine over my maiden name. It was never claimed by Coventry Patmore, to whom the garbled version called Parting is attributed. Will you do me the kindness and the justice of correcting the mistake?—M. E. M. Davis, 406 Royal Street, New Orleans.

### COUNSEL

BY MOLLIE E. M. DAVIS

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell should be,
Press thou his hand in thine; how canst thou tell
How far from thee

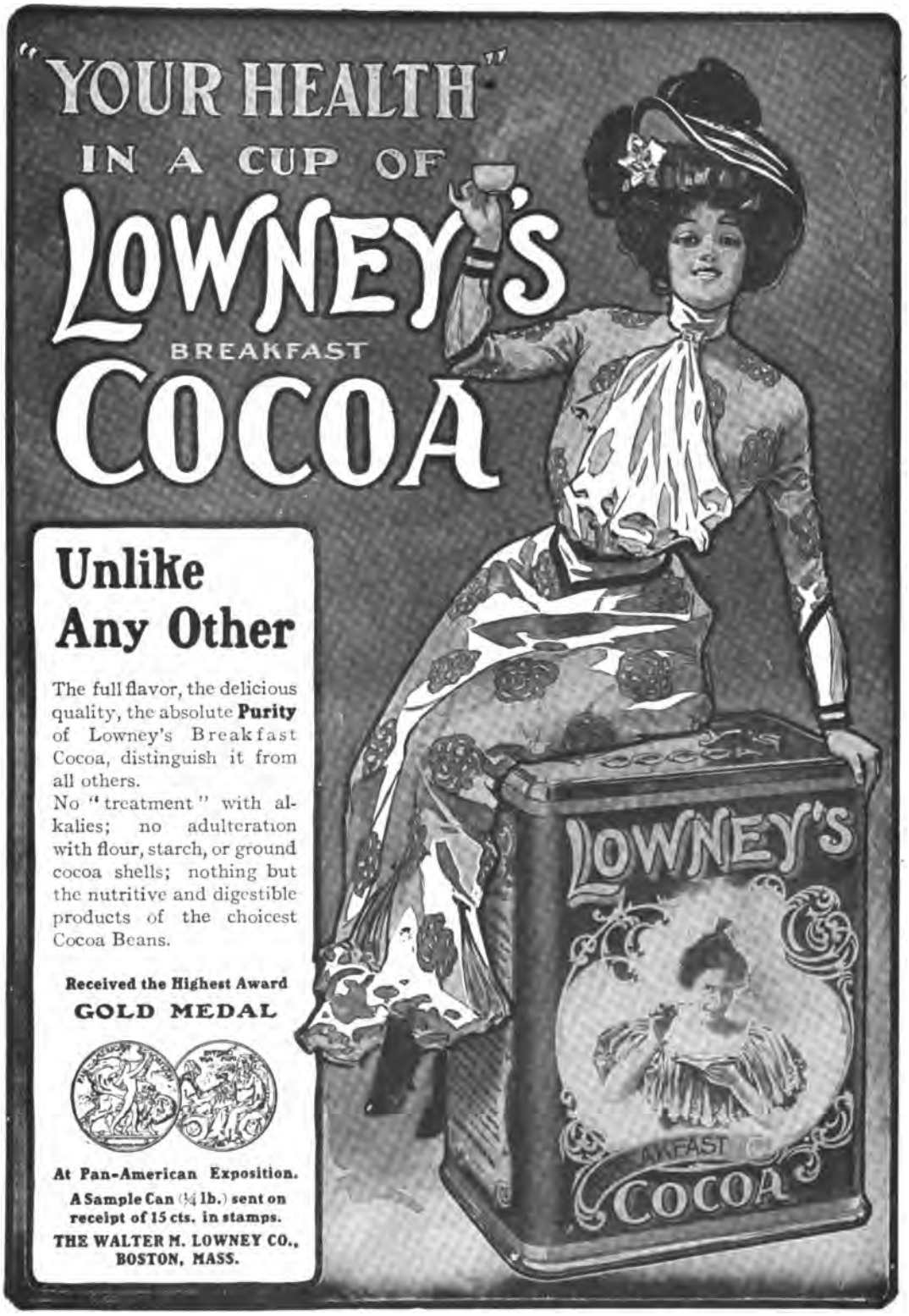
Fate, or caprice, may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The palm of him who goeth forth. Unseen,
Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

[The present editor of this department begs to thank the correspondent for this correction of a mistake made by a previous editor.]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# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

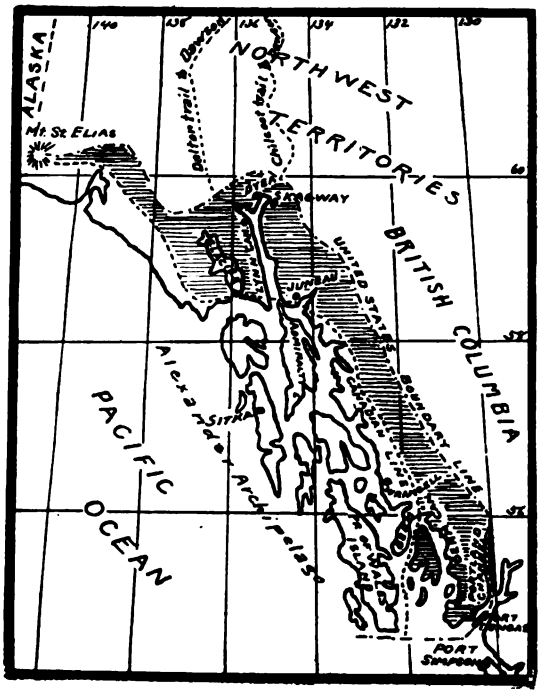
VOL. XXXIV., No. 5 — *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.* — MAY, 1903

## International Affairs

**THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY**

The first meeting of the Alaskan Boundary Commission is appointed for the third day of next September. The sketch map appearing on this page shows, in the shaded section, the general territory in dispute between the United States and Great Britain. The United States bought Alaska in 1867, and thus acquired Russia's complete title to the coast line. The American contention is simply that the Alaskan boundary line is fixed by the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, and that, according to the terms of the treaty, the line follows, at a distance of ten miles inland, all the windings and sinuosities of the coast, putting the Lynn Canal in American territory and giving to the United States the Klondike settlements of Dyea, Skagway, Porcupine Creek and the Chilkoot and White Passes (immediately north of Dyea and Skagway). At some points this line of boundary is thirty miles from the seacoast, yet only ten marine leagues from the shore behind the numerous islands along the coast. Canada's contention has been that the boundary followed the continental coast line ten marine leagues inland, jumping from headland to headland. This would give Canada control of all water access to the gold fields by the Dalton trail, White and Chilkoot Passes and the control of all the Lynn Canal and of Dyea and Skagway. It would also give Canada Glacier Bay (west of Lynn Canal), in which is situated the famous Muir glacier; Juneau, at which place the famous Treadwell mine is located, and other important points along the coast at present held by the United States.

Article III of the treaty of 1825, above referred to, in delineating the first section of the boundary, provides that "commencing from the southernmost point of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which lies in the parallel 54° 40′ North Latitude, . . the said (boundary) line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56° of North Latitude." It is a question raised by the British whether the channel now called Portland is the one referred to. The second portion of the line in dispute is described in the treaty as follows: 'From this last-mentioned point (the 56° above the head of Portland Channel) the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the intersection of the 141° of West Longitude. . . . Whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast . . . shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the strip of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the sinuosities of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom." The absence of a defined mountain chain, such as was then supposed to exist



has led the United States to claim that the boundary of the strip is placed ten marine leagues from the coast at all points except at White and Chilkoot Passes, and that the strip is an unbroken belt of territory on the mainland, following the windings of the coast around the inlets of the sea. The British claim is that the line from the 56° runs directly to the coast and follows the mountains nearest to the outer shore line and crosses not less than ten or twelve arms of the sea or inlets, thus breaking the strip of mainland into as many different sections, and transferring all the water of the bays and inlets to the British possessions. Article VII of the treaty provided for a ten years' privilege to British ships which, as Hon. John W. Foster says, is inconsistent with any other interpretation than the complete sovereignty of Russia over, not only a strip of territory on the mainland which follows around the sinuosities of the sea, but also of the waters of all bays or inlets extending from the ocean into the mainland.

Secretary Hay, for the United States, and Ambassador Herbert, for Great Britain, exchanged ratifications of the boundary treaty at Washington on March 3.

The remonstrance of Canada, based on dissatisfaction with the commissioners appointed by the United States, as recorded last month, had no effect in either this country or in England. The point was dropped, and on March 17 it was announced from Ottawa that the Dominion representatives on the Boundary Commission would be Mr. Justice Armour, of the Supreme Court of Canada, and Hon. Sir L. A. Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. They would be associated with Lord Alverston, Chief Justice of England Hon. Clifford Sifton, Canadian Minister of the Interior, will be the British agent to prepare the case on behalf of Canada for submission to the commission. For the United States, Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, of Chicago; David T. Watson, of Pittsburg, and Hannis Taylor will present the case now being prepared by Messrs. J. W. Foster and Lansing.

On September 3 each party has to deliver "a written or printed argument showing the points and referring to the evidence upon which his Government relies," and after that the tribunal may hear oral arguments, if it desires, prior to a decision on December 3, unless the life of the commission is extended by mutual consent of the two Governments.

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**THE CANAL TREATY**

The ratification of the Panama Canal Treaty with Colombia by the United States Senate on March 17 removed all doubt save what attaches to the coming action at Bogota. The significance of the fourth article of the treaty should make it acceptable to all Latin-American States.

In that article it is specifically asserted that "the United States freely acknowledges and recognizes this sovereignty (of Colombia over the canal territory) and disavows any intention to impair it in any way whatever, or to increase its territory at the expense of Colombia, or of any of the sister republics in Central or South America, but, on the contrary, it desires to strengthen the power of the republics on this continent and to promote, develop and maintain their prosperity and independence."

This is an official declaration to the world at large that the Monroe Doctrine is in no sense held to imply any designs by the United States upon South American territory.

The anti-American party in Colombia has been represented as strong and determined, but it is denied that ex-Minister Concha is "making a fight" against the ratification of the treaty. He has expressed opinions averse to the treaty, but beyond that he is living in a suburb at some distance from Bogota and since his return from Washington he has visited Bogota "only three or four times."

At the beginning of April, the date of the assembling of the Colombian Congress had not been decreed by the Government.

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**THE CUBAN TREATY**

The Cuban Reciprocity Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate on March 19. It had previously (March 11) been ratified by the Cuban Senate by a vote of 16 to 5 "amid loud and continuous cheering," but amendments made by the American Senate required a new ratification in Cuba, which it received on March 28 by a vote of 12 to 9. This approval is "absolute and not hampered by any conditions," but is made with the understanding that the United States Congress will be called in extra session next fall in season to put the treaty into effect (after having been adopted by the House of Representatives) by the last day of the present year. Of course, the treaty is not yet "out of the woods," but if Congress does not balk at measures necessary to the end, reciprocity with Cuba may become an accomplished fact by 1904.

The treaty gives the Cubans a reduction of only 20 per cent. of the Dingley tariff rates on their exports to the United States, while it exacts from them reductions on American imports to Cuba of from 25 to 40 per cent. of their rates.

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**THE VENEZUELAN MATTER**

The course of the German Government in the Venezuelan affair having occasioned much criticism, it is remarked that the German press has not by any means been unanimous in support of the policy. The Frankfurter Zeitung recently printed a scathing review of German foreign policy, saying: "No one is our sincere friend, we encounter distrust in all quarters, and thirty years after Sedan we are still looked upon as a 'parvenu,' with the characteristics of an intruder." The defensive attitude of the Government is shown by the

declaration of Chancellor von Bülow, in the Reichstag on March 19:

The Venezuelan matter was from the very beginning neither a question of territorial acquisition nor of glory for us, but of a settlement through extraordinary means of business which had been complicated by the debtor's untrustworthiness, whereby, of course, the maintenance of our honor played a part. We were able to establish our claim only through common action with England and Italy. It was not merely a question of arranging the matter in hand, but of giving a warning which would serve for the future.

Following the arrangement effected by Mr. Bowen between Venezuela and Germany, Great Britain and Italy, as recorded last month, the work of adjusting matters with the unallied powers proceeded, so that at the end of March it could be said that nothing of great importance remained to be done save the signing of the protocol with the three allied powers to take the question of preferential payments to The Hague for settlement.

Delay on the part of the allies in arranging this important matter has caused uneasiness and some embarrassment. Germany's indisposition to go to The Hague is, in particular, well known. It was, however, reported at Washington on March 29 that "work is expected to begin in the present week with the diplomatic representatives of the Venezuelan blockading powers on the protocol for sending to The Hague arbitration tribunal the question whether these nations shall have preferential treatment in the payment of claims to their citizens against Venezuela."

An international syndicate, headed by the Seligmans, has sought to get the Venezuelan Government's consent to let them advance the means to pay the country's indebtedness and recover the money from Venezuela alone when the loan becomes due.

The French Government has received a definite offer of $200,000 from Venezuela as a settlement of al the claims of France prior to 1902. The purpose of the offer is to avoid further arbitration of these claims.

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**THE ACRE DISPUTE**

Some time ago the trouble between Bolivia and Brazil over the Acre territory in Northern Bolivia was reported as again "growing acute." Actual warfare appeared to be in progress in the disputed territory. But a *modus vivendi* recently signed at La Paz, appears to give assurance that peace will once more fill the virgin breast of Acre.

The trouble began about a year ago in consequence of Bolivia's having leased a portion of the territory to an Anglo-American syndicate for exploitation, an act which Brazil considered as contravening her rights and interests. Amid the horrors of impending bloodshed, Brazilian wit not long ago devised the buying out of the Anglo-American syndicate. The Bolivian Minister at Washington protested, in the name of his Government, against such bargain by the syndicate, as being inconsistent with the trade

previously made with Bolivia. But the protest was unavailing. On March 12, Mr. F. W. Whitridge, of New York, counsel for the syndicate, said that the latter had renounced all claims to the disputed territory in Acre, in order to prevent war, and had accepted a cash indemnity of less than $575,000, which had been paid by the Rothschilds, representing Brazil. "This action," Mr. Whitridge continued, "means that the syndicate will get out of Acre. No agreement with Bolivia has been violated. The claim or lease has not been sold to Brazil, but the syndicate has simply agreed to leave the disputed territory just as it was before any contract was made. Now Brazil and Bolivia can settle their long-disputed boundary questions as they see fit, either by reference to The Hague or by war." The two countries, however, signed through their representatives at La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, on March 22, a *modus vivendi* proposed by Brazil, respecting the disputed territory.

It appears that Brazil is to occupy the territory south of parallel 10° 20′ and in the event of a failure to settle the contr versy within four months Bolivia will agree to the arbitration of the question.

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**GERMANY AND HOLLAND**

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the newest question in international politics relates to Holland, where the labor troubles recently assumed an almost revolutionary aspect. "There is one state which Germany dreads," says a writer in the Spectator—"Russia; two which she would like to see at odds—England and the United States, not to mention England and Russia; and yet another which she would like to absorb—Holland." Holland "sits astride" Germany's most famous river, and lies between the Empire and the North Sea. If there is anything that Germany wants, it is seacoast. Forty years ago Denmark was despoiled by

Germany of its most prosperous provinces, and "is gradually falling into decay." As to Holland—"What will happen when Wilhelmina dies?"

It is remarked that Germany is pursuing "something more than a commercial policy toward the Netherlands." In view of this, the proclamation of a general strike in Holland could not but be regarded as an event of European importance, the German Emperor having intimated that in any event the railways must be kept open and the transit trade remain uninterrupted. Germany is doubtless entitled to have regard to her commercial interests in Holland, and it is not difficult to see that Holland's folly might be Germany's opportunity.

Germany, however, is likely to meet with obstacles outside of Holland. The members of the Dual Alliance, Russia and France, would not willingly see Germany get Holland's coast line. Nor would England enjoy that sight. And America is not likely to forget that Holland, as well as Denmark, has possessions on this side of the Atlantic. Whether in obtaining colonies or coast line, Germany has "a hard road to travel."

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**GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY**

German Anglophobia, according to Max Nordau, is due to British sympathy with Denmark in 1848 and 1864, to British support of Free Trade as against the Protectionist views of the German Agrarians, and to the numerous discourteous allusions in the British press to the rising German navy. Declarations are frequent that Great Britain's "greed of territory" also lies back of Anglophobia.

One need not be surprised if the recent comments in England upon the Anglo-German alliance (an affair of the Governments) has keyed up to a yet higher pitch the anti-British feeling in Germany.

A somewhat morbid fear of what Germany (or the Kaiser) will do next appears to interere with the sleep of many Englishmen. Another writer in the Fortnightly Review deems it advisable to consider the British position in the North Sea "in view of the ever-increasing strength of the German navy and the late outburst of hostility against England, exhibited in both Germany and Holland." He shows that while the British shore defenses in the North Sea have remained much as they were twenty years ago, Germany has made immense advances.

There are signs of a creeping apprehension in England that Germany has instant and pressing intentions of flying the Imperial eagles over Holland and so getting control of the Dutch seaports. "If Germany should at any time seriously contemplate attacking this country (England)," remarks the writer just referred to, "a passage through Holland for her troops, and the use of the Dutch ports, would be of the greatest assistance to her at the commencement of the war."

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**MACEDONIAN SITUATION**

The prominent facts relating to Southeastern Europe at the beginning of April may be briefly stated. The key to the situation is the alleged determination of Macedonians the present month to strike for freedom from the Turkish yoke, which was bound upon them by the Congress of Berlin a quarter of a century ago. Conflicts have broken out in both Macedonia and Albania.

The name most conspicuously associated with the Macedonian revolt is that of Boris Sarafoff, a Macedonian by birth, who received his education in Bulgaria. He is an extremist, resolved to defeat the scheme of reforms set on foot by the powers, and apparently obtaining considerable support.

The movement in Albania is an uprising by Mohammedans against the reform scheme of the powers and against the Christians in that country. It is an uprising which the Porte is bound to suppress in the interests of peace and reform, but as the Sultan is surrounded by Albanian guards in the Yildiz Kiosk, any severe repression of his Albanian subjects may be perilous to himself.

The situation in Bulgaria is indicated by the fact that the Government has been in a serious tangle owing to inability to find a man who would accept the portfolio of War Minister without heavy army appropriations, which the government was indisposed to order. A new Cabinet, however, has been formed in which General Paprikoff has been succeeded by Colonel Savoff.

Turkey declares that she wants peace, but will defend the frontier at whatever cost. The Porte has signified assent to the scheme of reforms drawn up by Russia and Austria and indorsed by the other powers, but how little this may imply the world well knows.

Has Macedonia anything to hope for from the European powers? It has not been considered at all probable that Russia and Austria would come to blows over Balkan matters. Since, in the agreement of 1897, it was recognized that war must be avoided at all hazards

would be found under the same umbrella. England's Foreign Secretary, speaking in the House of Lords, lays the responsibility for the present troubles on the Bulgarian revolutionary committees and not on Turkey. The Chancellor of Germany says that his Government adheres to the fundamental principle not to pursue an active policy in the Balkans, and agrees with every measure leading to an actual improvement in the conditions without shaking Turkey's territorial integrity. Russia's and Austria's proposals met these requirements skillfully. It is to the credit of France that through her Foreign Minister she led in the exposure of Turkish misrule and in the demand for action by her ally, Russia, but—has not Russia acted?

The Sofia correspondent of the London Times says that the essential difference between present and the former situations lies in the unanimity now apparently existing among the great powers. Whether the prevailing harmony would stand the strain of coercive measures, should such become necessary, is very problematical, as in such a case Russia possesses a field for action from which other powers are excluded. The contingency of discord arising among the powers has doubtless been fully discounted at Yildiz.

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**THE FAR EAST**

It requires but little knowledge of human nature and of the condition of things in China to establish an expectation of further anti-foreign outbreaks. Before the deposition of the Emperor Kwangsu, the reform movement which he headed and for which he lost his throne, had become well organized in at least fifteen of the eighteen provinces of China. The course of events has been in favor of the reform elements, yet no one believes that the Empress has changed her mind (though she is very gracious to the foreign representatives and has lately made her court attendants don European clothes "by way of experiment") nor that Boxerism is dead because the Governor of Chihli cuts off a few heads of persons who were incorrigible reactionaries. The expectation of further troubles is strengthened by the stories of missionaries and others who have visited various parts of the Empire. Boxer agents are reported as everywhere at work. Canton appears to be one of the headquarters of the agitation, in the streets of which city an attack was made some time since on Dr. James Young, an American surgeon of the steamer China.

The North China Daily News, one of the best informed journals of the East, has published advices showing that the Empress Dowager and Yung Lu, the Grand Chancellor, are playing false with the powers. While the Empress is issuing edicts commanding reforms on Western lines, it is said that she is secretly sending instructions to viceroys and governors prohibiting the inauguration of foreign methods in their jurisdictions. To this it is added that she is instructing some viceroys to assist Tung Fu Hsiang in the movements of his army toward Peking (he is in Kansu, in the Northwest), and that when the right time comes Emperor Kwangsu will be made way with and a general slaughter of foreigners in the capital and throughout the provinces will ensue. This is sufficiently sensational, whether true or not.

Railways are "the supreme necessity" in China. The country can be opened only by the introduction of railways and the adoption of a system of passports. And these roads require to be managed, at least for a considerable time, by foreigners. Colonel Manifold, of the

British Indian Medical Service, predicts that the future problems of China will radiate from lines of railway, and that the powers will concentrate their efforts on the regions through which the railways in which they are interested shall pass. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun says that, except along the Yangtse, for a thousand odd miles now covered by steamers, there is no single trade route of importance in China where a railroad would not pay. Especially would a line from Peking through Central China to the extreme south, along the existing trade highways, be advantageous and remunerative. On the whole, the best railway in China would be one from Peking via Tientsin and Chinkiang to Hangchau (with a later extension to Canton). It would pass some forty towns with an average population of 25,000 each, and a larger number of villages. This is along the general direction of the Grand (or Imperial) Canal, the length of which is 650 miles.

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**MISCELLANEOUS**

For the Monetary Conference requested by Mexico and China, as recorded last month, the United States Congress appropriated $25,000 to enable the President "to co-operate." It was announced at the first of April that the commissioners would soon be named.—The activity of the Gloucester fishing interests, represented chiefly by Senator Lodge, against the proposed United States reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland continues unabated.—The Legislature of Massachusetts, on March 17, by a practically unanimous vote rejected resolutions favoring increased reciprocity with Canada.—The Newfoundland Legislature has renewed the French Shore *modus vivendi* with France for the current year.—On March 27, Governor Hemming announced to the Legislature of Jamaica that the proposed reciprocity convention with the United States had been abandoned, owing to representations from Washington that it was hopeless to expect its ratification by the United States Senate. This is said to be but a forerunner of what may be expected in the case of all agreements of a similar character which failed to secure action by the United States Senate.—The prospect of a Pan-American railroad with connections from New York to Buenos Ayres appears to be very good. Capitalists and diplomats are very much interested. It is said that, roughly estimated, five thousand miles would complete the connections.—According to the Cologne Gazette, the German promoters of colonizing enterprizes in Brazil have abandoned their schemes.—Passages between Argentina and the United States government indicate that they are in agreement regarding the Monroe Doctrine.—The London Spectator remarks that Denmark is apparently weary of its struggle with Germany and the Kaiser will soon pay a visit to Copenhagen, where he will be received with honor. "The gradual disappearance of the Scandinavian powers from European politics is one of the most interesting facts in European history."—The German press has treated President Roosevelt's speech at Chicago on the Monroe Doctrine in a kindly way, the irritation caused by a previously reported Dewey interview having become partly allayed. The Kaiser is said to be much disappointed because his invitation to the United States squadron to visit Kiel is not accepted. And France is "amused" over what it regards as an "American rebuff to Germany."—Turkey has granted concessions asked by the United States relating to the recognition of diplomas issued by American colleges in Turkey to native graduates and a general admission of Americans in Turkey to the privileges enjoyed by other nationalities.

## Affairs in America

**THE UNITED STATES SENATE.**

The United States Senate, in accordance with the call of President Roosevelt, met in special session at noon on March 2. It was the first Senatorial session of the Fifty-eighth Congress. The oath was administered to twenty-seven Senators (others later), among whom was Smoot of Utah, the objections to him on the charge of polygamy being deferred to another time. A message from the President was read, urging ratification of the Panama Canal and Cuban Reciprocity treaties. To Mr. Cannon's previous arraignment of the Senate rules and charge of "legislative blackmail" vigorous replies were made by Messrs. Tillman, Hale, Allison and Teller. The President submitted nominations, including that of Dr. William Crum for Collector of Customs at Charleston, N. C., the negro whose nomination was reported adversely by the Senate Committee on Commerce in the preceding Congress. Following is a digest of the doings of the Senate during subsequent days:

On March 9 the oath of office was administered to Clarke of Arkansas, Stone of Missouri, and Gallinger of New Hampshire. On the 10th, in executive session, Mr. Morgan spoke against ratification of the Panama Canal treaty, which had been favorably reported by the Foreign Relations Committee. At his request it was agreed to attach the Spooner Act to the treaty. The next day the extradition treaties recently negotiated with Mexico and Guatemala were ratified The Mexican treaty is an amendment to the existing treaty, adding bribery to the list of extraditable offences. The Guatemalan treaty is new, and covers all the crimes usually included in extradition treaties. On the 13th, the Cuban Reciprocity treaty was favorably reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations, with an amendment providing that it shall not take effect until approved by both houses of Congress, thus postponing all benefits from the convention for a year, and delaying actual Cuban reciprocity until next session. Mr. Morgan assailed the Panama Company's title and was subsequently replied to by Senator Spooner. Mr. Depew spoke in favor of ratification.

On the 16th the Senate in executive session rejected all amendments proposed to the Canal treaty, and on the 17th the treaty was ratified by a vote of 73 to 5, the opposition votes being cast by Messrs. Morgan and Pettus of Alabama, Daniel and Martin of Virginia, and Teller of Colorado. Previous to this action, speaking on proposed amendments, Senator Daniel arraigned the Republicans for pressing the treaty with "undue haste." Senator Platt of Connecticut was the only Senator to express entire satisfaction with the treaty. Mr. Morgan added another to his long series of speeches in opposition to the treaty. To this a reply was made by Mr. Cullom. On the 19th the Cuban treaty was ratified by a vote of 50 to 16, after the adoption of several amendments, and the special session of the Senate came to an end.

No action was taken on the Crum nomination. Attempts to get a quorum of the Committee on Commerce, near the close of the session, were unsuccessful.

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**LABOR INTERESTS.** The report of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission appointed by President Roosevelt last October, was handed to him on March 18. It was signed by all the members of the Commission, viz.: Judge George Gray, of Delaware, Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright and Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, both of Washington, D. C.; Bishop John L. Spalding, of Illinois; Thomas H. Watkins, of Pennsylvania; E. E. Clark, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Edward W. Parker, of Washington, D. C. The report was given to the public on the 21st. It was on May 12, 1902, that the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania, members of the United Mine Workers of America, went on a strike to secure from the mine operators an advance in wages, a reduction in the hours of labor, and recognition of their organization. The strike, after lasting five months, was at last ended by the intervention of President Roosevelt, who persuaded both parties to submit their differences to arbitration. The report of the Commission, a long document, filling eighty-seven pages of printed matter, has been summarized as to its main features, as follows:

The miners get: An increase of ten per cent. in wages to contract miners, from November 1, 1902, and during the life of the award. An increase of ten per cent. in wages to water hoisting engineers for the same period. An increase of ten per cent. in wages to other engineers, pumpmen and firemen, from November 1, 1902, to April 1, 1903, and five per cent. thereafter during the life of the award. An increase of ten per cent. in the wages of all company men and other employes. Company men and other employes not specifically provided for to be paid on the basis of a nine hour working day. Engineers, firemen and pumpmen to work in eight-hour shifts instead of twelve-hour shifts. Engineers and pumpmen to be relieved on Sundays without loss of pay. Local boards of arbitration for the settlement of disputes in individual collieries. A sliding scale, by which the miners' wages are increased one per cent. for every ten per cent. increase in price of coal. Check weighman to be employed at the collieries by the miners at their own expense. Uniform distribution of mine cars among the miners. Any increase in the size of mine car or topping to be accompanied by proportionate increase in rate paid per car.

The operators get: No specific recognition of the United Mine Workers. The present methods of payment for coal mined shall continue unless changed by mutual agreement. Concerted effort on the part of the mine workers to limit output except by agreement with operators forbidden. Work not to be suspended pending settlement of matters referred to arbitration boards. No discrimination against non-union men. Boycott and violence condemned. Demand that coal mined be paid for by weight refused. Interposition of the State militia in the coal regions to preserve peace justified.

The cost of the Commission appears to be small compared with the usual expenses of such bodies. The Commission was in existence exactly five months. The expenses present a total of $38,000. Congress had appropriated the sum of $50,000.

Numerous strikes are on (at the beginning of April) in various parts of the country. The differences between the trainmen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad and their employers were amicably settled on the afternoon of April 7, but strikes by various craftsmen were reported at Greenwich, Stamford, Wallingford and New Britain, in the State of Connecticut. Also at Providence, R. I., Springfield, Lynn and Lowell, Mass., and Shamokin, Pa. (a coal strike).

left Washington for a tour through the West and Northwest. The published itinerary shows that he is expected to be in Washington again on the evening of June 5.

The United States Senate having failed to confirm President Roosevelt's nomination of W. D. Crum (colored) as Collector of the Port at Charleston, S. C., the President has made the "recess" appointment, according to his previously declared intention, and Dr. Crum entered upon the duties of the office on the last day of March.

The United States Supreme Court, on March 9, rendered its first opinion in an interstate commerce case, in which the Elkins Act of Congress was dealt with. It was the case of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company *vs.* the United States, involving a question of discrimination on the part of the railroad company as between places. The Interstate Commerce Commission had proceeded against the railroad company; the latter had demurred; and the Circuit Courts had decided in favor of the Commission. The Supreme Court reverses this decision as not tenable under the Elkins law. The case, therefore, is to be retried.

Domestic trade movements, as reported in recent outputs by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, show a general improvement over conditions at corresponding dates last year. In live stock, in movements of wheat and flour and corn, and in traffic on the Great Lakes, the figures showing present conditions indicate a decided advance over those of last year. The Bureau also issues figures showing that the exportation of manufactures from the United States has grown from $1,243,547 in 1790, and from $151,102,376 in 1890, to $403,641,401 in 1902.

The Secretary of the Treasury makes an effort to relieve existing money market stringency by refunding Government bonds to an amount not exceeding $100,000,000. He proposes to convert, to this extent, the 4s of 1907 and the 3s of 1908 into new 2 per cent. bonds running thirty years.

Two interesting financial statements are that there was more gold in the custody of the United States at the close of business on March 9 than ever before in the history of the nation, and that the third quarter of the current fiscal year ended with a surplus of Government receipts over expenditures amounting to $33,831,811.

The War Department undertakes an inspection under the provisions of the Dick bill passed by the last Congress.

Congress provided that three thousand additional men "may be recruited" for the navy, and also for five new battleships.

Urgent appeals have been made to the War Department for the relief of the native Esquimau and Indian inhabitants of Northern Alaska, who are represented to be in an extremely destitute condition as a consequence of the strict enforcement of the laws prohibiting the taking or killing of fur-bearing animals in that Territory.

The greatest irrigation project in the United States and the third largest in the world contemplates an expenditure of almost $5,000,000 in the reclamation of 271,000 acres of the best agricultural lands in the Great Snake River Valley of Southern Idaho.

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**AMERICAN DEPENDENCIES**

Conditions and doings in the Philippines are still regarded in some quarters as veiled in a haze of uncertainty. A curtain seems to have been drawn over our new possessions, says the Forum for April; "the American public is learning nothing concerning the progress of events in the Philippines." And yet much gets published which seems to disprove this statement.

We have accounts of material improvements, as, for instance, the allotment to an American of a contract for the ownership and maintenance of thirty-five miles of electric road in Manila and its suburbs, and the operation and ownership of the electric light, heat and power works. This is said to be the largest single investment of American capital yet made in the Philippines. The Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department at Washington issues figures showing that the customs revenues in the Archipelago for 1902 are over nine million dollars, being larger than for any previous year. The work of taking a Philippine census has begun, eight thousand enumerators being employed. The work of supplying a new monetary system to the islands is being hastened by the authorities at Washington. On March 25, Secretary Root formally turned over to the Guarantee Trust Company of New York $3,000,000, being the amount of the relief fund voted by Congress for the citizens of the Philippine Islands. This money is now at the disposal of the Philippine Commission. The Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript says that "the real purpose of the assignment of General Leonard Wood to duty in the Philippines is to "wipe out" there those "twin relics of barbarism," slavery and polygamy. The Government is credibly reported as desirous of abrogating the Bates treaty with the Sultan of Sulu which permits slavery, polygamy and various tribal customs, and also to establish a new policy with the Moros—existing conditions are "unsatisfactory and reform is

imperative." Judge H. C. Ide, of the Philippines Commission, arrived in San Francisco from Manila near the end of March. He says that "conditions in the Philippines are constantly improving. . . The great mass of the people want peace, and are anxious to co-operate with the American Government. They see that the path of progress is by co-operation with the American authorities."

The Hawaiian natives mourn. Prince Albert Kakiliamoku Kunuiaklea died and was gathered to his fathers in March. He was the last descendant of Kamehameha the Great, and would some day have been King of Hawaii had the Kamehameha dynasty lived. Governor Dole's recent message to the Legislature refers to recent hard times, the decrease of leprosy, the need of an agricultural college, and advises local option in the matter of liquor laws, with women as voters. The Governor has signed a bill for a Hawaiian flag—the same as that used before annexation, to be "second to the United States flag." The redemption of Hawaiian silver through the First National Bank of Honolulu is making the old Kalau coins scarce. The suggestion has been made in Honolulu that the claims of British subjects against the Hawaiian Government, on account of the alleged illegal imprisonment of them during the Hawaiian revolution, be referred to the Hague Tribunal.

In Hawaii, sugar "pays" and it is "the one thing we can sell to advantage," says a correspondent there. The question of labor is pressing. Attempts have failed to secure Americans, negroes, Porto Ricans and Portuguese to work on the plantations. Many believe that Chinese immigration alone will solve the problem. Japanese are coming to the islands "in large numbers."

The Porto Rican Legislature (first session of the second assembly), which adjourned on March 20, is said to mark "a new era in the political history of the island."

The election of 1900 was considered so unjust that the Federals held aloof and the first legislative assembly was composed only of Republicans. But in the House recently adjourned the Federals were represented, with salutary effect. Fifty-two laws were enacted, perhaps the most important being an act defining natural marriages and providing a procedure of legalizing and registering such unions. The House memorial and resolution, praying the United States Congress to receive Porto Rico into territorial relations under the Constitution, failed of adoption through the opposition of the American members of the Executive Council, against whom much resentment developed in consequence.

The growth of commerce between Porto Rico and the United States, since the island was transferred to the control of the United States, is shown in the statement that the Porto Ricans now find a market in the United States for five times as much of their products as they did in 1897, the year preceding the transfer; and the people of the United States find a market in Porto Rico for more than five times as much of their products as in 1897.

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**CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND**

The persistent reports of Premier Laurier's breaking health have stimulated conjectures concerning the future of the Liberal party, which has seen such success under his leadership, and which, it is said, could not find another man in it so capable of controlling the leading politicians of both nationalities and influencing the relations between Can da and Great Britain. He is a man of singular popularity with both his supporters and his opponents, and has won two general elections in succession, a feat no Dominion Liberal ever before achieved. Despite all that has been said about his health, he has been leading the present house with great spirit. "Never was his alertness more notable nor the exquisite urbanity of his tone and manner more perfectly exhibited."

The third session of the ninth Parliament of Canada was opened in Ottawa, by Lord Minto, the Governor-General, on the afternoon of March 12. The delay of about a month beyond the usual time was largely due to the fact that the Alaskan Boundary question had taken up much of the time of the Ministers.

The speech from the throne stated that owing to the rapid increase of population in the Northwest Territories and the large areas brought under cultivation, the question of transportation of grain to the markets of the world through Canadian channels is occupying much attention, and a commission would be appointed to report upon the whole subject. Short reference was made to the treaty for the delimitation of the Alaskan boundary. Among important measures to be considered were the redistribution bill, that for the settlement of railway strikes by arbitration, and the bill for the appointment of a railway commission. There was listed for the consideration of both houses the heaviest docket of private legislation on record, about 170 bills—about forty more than were noticed before Parliament met last year. The principal one was the Grand Trunk Pacific project.

Within ten days of the opening of Parliament it could be said that two things had been decisively evinced, first that there would be no establishment of Canadian forces at the call of the British Government, and second that there would be no increase of the Canadian tariff this year. Even the conservative press of Canada is outspoken against projects for maintaining in and by Canada forces, military or naval, subject to England's disposal. As to the tariff, Canadian manufacturers, to a large extent, desire the abolition of the preferential of 33 per cent. on importations from Great Britain. It enables German goods, handled

and repacked in England, to enter Canada as British preferred goods. But the opposition hesitates to attack openly a preferential which pleases Imperialist sentiment and does not affect Free Traders.

The Newfoundland Legislature opened on March 5. Governor Boyle announced a surplus, intimated that measures would be introduced for the enlargement of the naval reserve movement, the extension of the telegraph system to Labrador on the expiration of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company's monopoly next year, the establishment of a cold storage plant, and the encouragement of local iron smelting industry.—The revenue of Canada for the eight months of the current fiscal year up to the end of February was $41,103,486, four and a half millions over the corresponding period of last year. The ordinary expenditure was $36,566,797. The estimates for the entire fiscal year beginning next July are on ordinary accounts $50,680,224, and on capital account $6,429,750.—The preliminary summary of the mineral production of Canada for 1902, as given by the authorities of the Geological Survey shows that there has been a falling off in the value of the total mineral production amounting to 2.61 per cent. This is mainly due to a decrease in the output of Yukon gold, while also all metals except nickel show a fall in values. This decrease, however, is somewhat offset by increase in the coal and coke industry. The amount of mineral products in Canada for a year foots up about seventy millions. Canada is not only an agricultural country, she is also a great mining country. She is fourth among the gold producing nations. She probably has lead enough to supply the world. She supplies most of the foreign trade with asbestos and mica.—The Ontario Legislature met on March 10. Charges of bribery made against the Government by R. R. Gamey, Conservative member from the New Ontario district, have created a great sensation. They are the first charges of the kind made in the Ontario Legislature in twenty years. Premier Ross promised full investigation. During the past year the population of New Ontario has increased by 25,000. It has been announced in the Nova Scotia Assembly that the province was able to close its last fiscal year with a surplus of over $52,000. The increase is due almost entirely to the coal industry, now the chief source of revenue.—The Manitoba Government has proclaimed a surplus for 1902 of $289,000. Lord Dundonald, Commander of the Canadian Militia, has sharply criticised the Dominion's military equipment, decided differences of opinion existing between him and Sir Frederick Borden, the Minister of Militia. There is a hitch in the arrangements for bringing army reserve men from England to Canada. The British government wants these reservists subject to its call for service abroad when required. To this the Canadian Government will not consent. A recent census shows that there are forty-two Eskimo families, a total of 174 souls, in the Ungava country. They are all members of the Church of England, and all the adults can read and write.

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**IN CENTRAL AMERICA.**

The revolution in Honduras, referred to in the department for International Affairs last month, is still in progress at the begnining of April. President-elect Bonilla having won a series of successes over the troops of President Sierra. Many departments of the Republic are in the possession of Bonilla. He controls nearly all the coast towns on both the Caribbean and Pacific seaboards. Puerto Cortez, on the northern coast, fell on the 22d. A steamer from that point to New Orleans brought many American refugees and reports of a thorough demoralization of business in Honduras and of much danger to all foreign residents. In the bombardment of Tela by a Government gunboat, the American flag, which had been raised by an agent of the United Fruit Company, was fired upon. Admiral Coghlan, with the American squadron, is now on the Caribbean coast. He has landed troops at Puerto Cortez and closed all the saloons. His presence has caused American interests to be respected. American warships are also on the Pacific coast. One feature of the entire situation is the presence of Guatemalan, Salvadorean and Nicaraguan troops on their respective frontiers. Guatemala is understood to favor the cause of Bonilla, while the other two countries favor that of Sierra.

Manuel Bonilla, the President-elect, is not to be confounded with Policarpo Bonilla, who gave Honduras its present constitution, and who has been styled by some "the Abraham Lincoln of Central America." The latter is still living a retired life at the capital. The present disturbances are said to be in consequence of the Constitution, which is regarded as too nearly ideal to be practicable in such a country as Honduras. The state of things is suggested by the fact that while at the last elections only about fifty-five thousand persons were eligible to vote under the Constitution, about eighty thousand votes were cast, of which Manuel Bonilla received a plurality. In these circumstances General Sierra holds that there is no President, and

that he is an ex-President in authority till a new election can be held. He has been appointed by the Cabinet to act as Commander-in-chief of the army during the crisis. While he is in the field General Sierra is represented at the capital, Tegucigalpa, by Acting-President Arias.

Another of those Central and South American broils called revolutions broke out in Nicaragua after the middle of March. The strict censorship maintained over all dispatches by the Nicaraguan government prevented the exact situation from being known. The trouble seemed located in the department of Chontales (east of Lake Nicaragua) and the advices from Managua contained assurances near the end of the month that the worst was over.

The transfer of the Presidency of San Salvador from General Regalado to General Pedro José Escalon is said to be the first peaceful transfer of the kind in that country for fifty years. The event caused "great rejoicing."

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**THE WEST INDIES.**

As evidence of the fitness of the Cubans to govern themselves is cited the fact that, whereas the $2,000,000 surplus turned over to General Wood by General Brooke, at the end of the latter's term as Military Governor for the United States, was by General Wood during his two years of administration reduced to about $540,000. The first eight months of President Palma's regime raised the surplus again to two millions. This has been done on the basis of practically the same revenue, and without curtailment of the public service. The Havana correspondent of the London Times dilates upon the patience of the Cubans in adversity, their remarkable recuperative power, and the extraordinary way in which they have fostered their chief industries amid the ravages of war and the following severe depression. The discovery of the boll weevil in Cuban cotton fields is said to be a heavy check to the investment of Canadian and American capitalists in the cotton industry upon a large scale in this island. Much interest attaches to the cooperation of J. Pierpont Morgan with Sir William Van Horne in bringing about the consolidation of the several railway interests of Cuba—British, Spanish, Canadian and American. The Cuban government has taken initial steps to remove the wrecks of the battleships Maine (in Havana harbor) and Alfonso XII. (at Mariel); and also those sunk off Santiago and Manzanillo.

Everything found in the wrecks will belong to the contractors. Explosives will not be used in removing the Maine. Permission to allow Spain to raise the Maine was refused. Says *La Discusion:* "The issuance of the permit coveted at Madrid, at this date could hardly fail to provoke protest from Washington, notwithstanding the announced abandonment of the remains of the vessel and crew to the jurisdiction of the Cuban harbor authorities by the United States."

Advices received at Washington respecting conditions in Haiti and Santo Domingo led the Navy Department recently to order the cruiser Atlanta to proceed thither from Pensacola and watch over American interests. The Haytian government, under President Nord, has been incensed of late against the Deputies for refusing to vote an issue of paper money.

The sound of rifle reports interrupted the sitting of the Chamber on March 30, but quiet was restored by a proclamation issued by President Nord. A few days later, however, a vote of censure in the Senate against the Government for not investigating the matter caused a resignation of the Cabinet. On April 5 a new Cabinet was reported as formed, with M. Celestin as Minister of War and M. Bonamy as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Haytian maritime town of Port de Paix was destroyed by fire not long since.

In Santo Domingo an insurrection against President Vasquez has had considerable success. During the President's absence in the interior, the capital was taken by the insurgents.

On April 3 a detachment of fifty "blue-jackets" was said to have been landed from the Atlanta to protect the United States Consulate. The President had with him a well-equipped army, it is said, and might be expected to retake San Domingo.

Six groups of islands compose the British West India possessions: Jamaica (with Turks and Caicos Islands, etc.), the Bahamas, the Barbadoes, the Leeward Islands, the Windward Islands and Trinidad (with Tobago). Two matters of special interest in recent months in Jamaica have been: (1) The increasing dissatisfaction with British rule in consequence of the decline of the sugar industry and the disinclination of Great Britain to give assurance of adequate assistance to the suffering planters—a dissatisfaction which has voiced itself in something of an agitation in favor of annexation to the United States or federation with Canada, and (2) the beginning of work on fortifications in the harbor of Kingston as a part of a general scheme to strengthen important British positions in Caribbean waters in view of the building of the Panama Canal by the United States.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun lately delivered in Boston an address on Jamaica, in which he showed that the sugar industry there is hopelessly gone, but that there is a bright future in the banana industry.

"The credit for the development of this belongs to the Americans, and it is American energy and capital which are at present transforming the north and east sides of the island. But British firms are joining in the combination, and the organization of direct steamer lines from Kingston to Bristol and Manchester makes it already possible to put the fruit on the market actually fifteen days after it leaves the tree, and this will ere long be reduced to eleven days."

The Leeward Islands comprise Antigua (with Barbuda and Redonda), St. Kitts-Nevis (St. Christopher and Nevis, with which is associated Anguilla), Dominica, Montserrat, the Virgin Islands (St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix belonging to Denmark, Crab Island belonging to Spain, the rest of the group belonging to Great Britain), and Sombrero (a small island not attached administratively to any other). They lie between Porto Rico and the Windward Islands farther south. The seat of government is at Antigua.

The dissatisfaction with the British Government which has found expression in Jamaica exists also in Trinidad. The people have been very uneasy over the bad condition of the sugar industry, and the question of severing relations with England has been much discussed.

A serious riot recently occurred in Port of Spain, the mob attempting to burn the Government building because the Government had refused to withdraw an ordinance concerning the new waterworks, to protest against which several public meetings had been held. A disease resembling small-pox has been epidemic on the island of late (as also to some extent on the islands of Jamaica and St. Vincent).

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**IN SOUTH AMERICA**

The Venezuelan civil war goes clattering on. According to the dispatches, engagements between the Revolutionists and the Government forces occur from time to time, the latter being usually victorious. A decisive battle seems to be impossible in a country where combatants act, with the success which comes from long experience, on the principle that "he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day."

A blockade of the Orinoco River, which might have led to new trouble with foreign powers, British interests, next to those of the United States, being predominant in the Orinoco section, was discontinued by the Government soon after it had been proclaimed. Next came a rather sensational resignation by President Castro which, by request of Congress, he withdrew, saying, "I resign myself to the new obligations imposed by my country, but only till the work of pacifying the nation shall be completed." His granting of the petition of General Andrade, the former President, for permission to return to Venezuela is regarded as an additional indication of the collapse of the Matos revolution.

The Colombian Congress will soon assemble and take action upon the Panama treaty. The elections early in March were followed later by a break in the Cabinet. General Fernandez, the War Minister, has become Premier and assumed control of the finance department. Permission has been given a British mining company to build a railroad from Cana (the Espiritu Santo mines) to the River Guira, traversing the richest auriferous lands of the isthmus.

Uruguay has had a revolution. It began on March 16; it ran its course in a week; peace was signed between the Government and the rebels on the 22d. The historian of that revolution will record that it was caused by the dissatisfaction of the white party with the new President (Ordonez) and his appointments; that the rebels (eight thousand or so) destroyed a railroad and threatened an attack upon Montevideo, the capital; and that the peace arrangements left the position of the Government and the whites virtually the same as before the outbreak. Uruguay is not so long about a "revolution" as are some others of the South American republics.

## Affairs in Europe

**GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**

Among the changes going on in Great Britain which excite the queries of the thoughtful is the growth of the Cabinet together with the decline of Parliament, especially of the House of Commons. The shrinkage of the power of the Crown, its transference to a cabinet which has reached the unwieldy maximum of twenty members, is apparent to common observation. Not so evident to all is t e gradual decline of the House of Commons. "To the outer eye," says a writer in the International Quarterly, "the House of Commons seems to be at the apex of its power," but the following facts are significant:

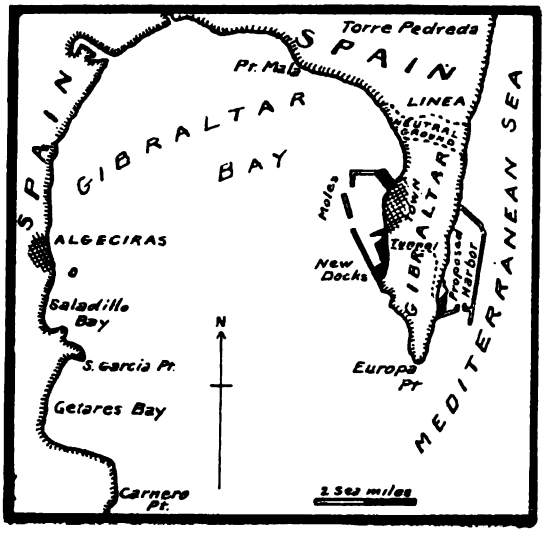
Foreign affairs are remote from parliamentary control; for many years the Foreign Secretary has not sat in the Commons. Moreover, an increasingly large proportion of the British Empire itself is quite outside the sphere of Parliament. Most of the vast machinery of government is in the hands of Orders in Council of which Parliament "rarely knows anything." During the South African war, Parliament was largely kept in ignorance of important facts. Even Cabinet members are often kept in the dark, for the development of the committee system has

led to a concentration of practical power in the hands of two or three ministers. Another development in English politics which gravely qualifies the power of the Commons as the effective organ of democracy is the decline of the party system and the fact that the House of Lords has come to represent not merely a revising and moderating influence in the state, but a permanent intrenchment of conservatism and of the almost identical landlord interest. "In this respect the constitution is practically at a deadlock, for it is impossible to see how in future any Liberal government can exist or flourish." Furthermore, the House of Commons has developed tendencies which reduce its seriousness and narrow its power. Its membership is largely composed of young and inexperienced men, chosen on the melodramatic issue of the late war, and belonging more to the world of fashion or speculative business than to political life. "They rarely attend the Chamber, except to vote or cheer their leader in a sensational debate. "The abler members are said to be depressed by the growing levity of the House and the indisposition to master the arts of parliamentary government." In the height of the London season the House of Commons is the gayest resort in town, and though serious members hold aloof from the junketings they sensibly affect its tone and its power of work." There are also other things which show the "slackening of the parliamentary fiber" which is attended by a dramatic change in the constitution of Parliament itself. Under the closure, the power of free, if sometimes random, speech is rapidly disappearing. Perhaps the most remarkable and sinister change now taking place is that which tends to make the Speaker the instrument of the dominant influence and more the master of the House than its servant. In moments of extreme disorder he may now suddenly terminate a session without question put. "It is remarkable that this power which, during the struggle with Charles I., was forcibly denied him, on the ground that to the House alone belonged the function of adjourning itself, was this year yielded without serious protest." A growing indifference to parliamentary proceedings is noticeable in the country, and the great papers are "ceasing to report Parliament with care." The conclusion appears inevitable that, whether or not counter influences may yet reverse the tendency, at present the House of Commons is declining as the central force in the British Constitution.

Gibraltar is a conundrum to the English. "We are spending five or six millions on Gibraltar," says a writer in the Fortnightly Review; "as to the advisability of which expenditure experts hold very divergent opinions."

In a report made to the Government in 1884 it was demonstrated that the fortress was seriously deficient in case of war. The great works initiated in 1895 on the west front of the Rock to remedy the defects, are now declared to be misplaced and "a sad and costly mistake." Some regard the Rock as to-day of little value save "as a means of barter" for some more effective point on the Moroccan coast (as Ceuta) or the island of Minorca in the Mediterranean. As a port of shelter and a base of supply Gibraltar is doubtless of value, in possible circumstances, but it can never command the Straits (the distance is thirteen miles from Europa Point to the nearest place on the African coast) by virtue of its strength as a fortress. "It has never been regarded by sensible people as capable of preventing the juncture of the French Northern and the Mediterranean squadrons." That would have to be done by fleets, without which Gibraltar is of little significance, its strategic value being small. It is merely a polite bow to the Rock to call it "the key to the Mediterranean." And as a mere naval base, it is affirmed to be of less value than Minorca. It does not furnish protection for ships at anchor. The present harbor on the west of the Rock could be reached by long-range guns from the Spanish mainland. The construction of a safe anchorage on the east side would involve the building of an immense breakwater in very deep soundings. But the Spanish island of Minorca offers in the magnificent harbor of Port Mahon great facilities for docks secure from attack.

We present a map reproduced from the London Graphic, which says: "It is just two years since Mr. Gibson Bowles, M.P., first drew attention to the dangers to which the works on the western side of the Rock would be exposed in time of war from long-range artillery fire from the Spanish shore, which describes a semicircle to the west of Gibraltar at a distance nowhere exceeding 9,500 yards. Mr. Bowles, at the same time, advocated the superiority of the eastern side for the construction of a harbor, and his contention is partly borne out by the report just issued, although the Commissioners are careful to state that even here part of the work could be enfiladed from the hills to the north of Linea, though the proposed dock could only be attacked from the



graving dock, 700 feet long, with an entrance 95 feet wide and a depth of 38 feet over the sill at low water. (4) Quays and quay walls to the southward of the proposed dock. (5) The enlargement of the existing tunnel, and its extension up to the proposed dock. The water area of the new harbor would be 466 acres, and with a very little dredging it would accommodate at least twenty-four battleships, twelve cruisers and a number of gunboats and destroyers. A double line of railway would be laid through the enlarged tunnel and extended along the entire length of the breakwaters, which would thus be placed in direct communication with the storehouses and workshops of both the eastern and western yards.

The unpopular alliance with Germany in the Venezuelan matter has operated much to the disadvantage of the Balfour government. Recent by-elections at Woolwich and Rye went against the Government. Mr. Balfour has been represented as gradually losing control of his supporters. The trenchant attacks by Liberal orators on the condition of the army and navy and the enormous estimates for the coming year, have kept the Government on an embarrassing defensive. The fourth party, under the lead of Winston Churchill, is adding to its members. The new Education Act is not working smoothly. And Mr. Chamberlain's return from South Africa, while regarded as a fortunate thing for the "rattled' Conservatives needing a masterful leadership, has prompted the prophecy that the present ministry will not long sustain itself. It is affirmed that the fortunes of Mr. Balfour are largely dependent on the present Irish Land Bill. The Irish Nationalists, in sympathy with the Education Act and pleased with the outlook for Ireland, refrain from voting against the Government. The Land Bill was introduced into the House of Commons on March 25 by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

It proposes a free grant of $60,000,000 and provides that tenants will pay three and one-quarter per cent. interest on loans from the Government; that untenanted farms will be sold to tenants under the supervision of a commission. The advances to tenants are limited to $2,500 in the congested districts and $5,000 elsewhere. Mr. Wyndham said $750,000,000 could safely be advanced on Irish land, but he thought the scheme would not involve $500,000,000. The bill becomes effective November 1, 1903. The feeling expressed by the London Times in the following quotation has been prominent in the comments of all the English papers: "If the Irish landlords and tenants consider that Mr. Wyndham's plan satisfies to a reasonable extent the expectations that were aroused a few months ago, we do not believe that the people of the United Kingdom will show a niggardly spirit in giving the financial lower than at any previous time for thirty years. This is not surprising in view of the facts that the Colonial Secretary proposes to lend $150,000,000 for the rehabilitation of the Boer states, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland proposes to give outright to that "most distressful country" the sum of $60,000,000 and to lend $500,000,000 more.—A sad event in March was the suicide in Paris of Major-General Sir Hector MacDonald, against whom charges based on immoral acts were filed some time ago.—Shamrock III., Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger for America's cup, was launched at Glasgow on March 17.—Dr. Bradley, former Dean of Westminster, died in London on March 12. Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, died on the 22d.—It is stated that Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who was convicted at Liverpool in 1889 on the charge of poisoning her husband, James Maybrick, at Aigburth, with arsenic, and whose sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life, will be released in 1904.—The British Admiralty has decided to establish a new naval station at St. Margaret's Hope, on the north side of the Firth of Forth.—On March 30, King Edward started for a trip on the Continent.—The population of Greater London is now 6,581,372.

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**GERMANY.** While the Catholic party is faring hard in France it seems to be gaining ground in Germany. And yet the Government proposal to repeal the law which excludes the Jesuits from Germany has met with a storm of disapproval. The contest is said to involve Chancellor von Bülow's promise to the Center party to do his best to readmit the Jesuits in return for the party's support of the Ministry's tariff measures. The Catholic authorities are making strenuous efforts to keep the children of Catholic parents out of the public schools.

The agitation against duelling still continues, the Socialist leaders being especially outspoken in the matter. Herr Bebel declares that all the military courts and even the Kaiser regard duelling as necessary in the army, despite public opinion and the action of the Reichstag against the practice.

Lotteries have a definite place in the finance systems of most of the German states, the total revenue therefrom amounting to more than twelve million dollars. In a recent debate in the Prussian Diet all the speakers opposed the lottery principle, but only one advocated the abolition of the state lottery. That yields Prussia something like $2,500,000 a year.

According to the census for 1900, issued not long

ago, it appears that the number of Catholics has increased in a greater proportion than the number of Protestants, while the increase in Judaism as compared to the Christian confessions has been very small. The Protestants numbered 35,231,104 in 1900, as against 31,026,810 in 1890, or an increase of of 13.6 per cent.; while the Catholics numbered 20,327,913 in 1900, as against 17,674,921 in 1890, or an increase of 15 per cent. The number of professing Jews has only increased from 567,884 to 586,948, which gives a percentage of 3.4. Of every 1,000 persons in the German Empire, 625 are Protestants, 361 Catholics, ten Jews, and four of different or undetermined religious creeds.

Since 1891 the mileage of German railways has increased nearly thirty per cent.

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**FRANCE.** The French Chamber continues to support the Combes government in the policy which looks to the termination of the existence of the religious teaching orders and the substitution of a system of Government schools. The Chamber has also passed a vote against the authorization of preaching orders. Among the orders thus expelled from France is that of the English Passionists, who have been maintaining in Paris a church for especially English and American Catholics. A motion introduced into the Senate by a Radical Socialist, ordering suppression of the credits of the Ministry of Public Worship, was defeated by a large majority, but its introduction is significant of the growth of the opinion once expressed by Archbishop Ireland that separation of Church and State in France would be good for the church in France, as it is in America.

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**RUSSIA.** Russia does not want war—at least not at present; her programme is political, industrial an social reform. The Czar's decree, issued in March in commemoration of the anniversary of the birthday of Alexander III, is characterized as the most significant act of state since the emancipation of the serfs. It declares for freedom of religion throughout the Czar's dominions, the establishing, to some degree, of local self-government, and the making of other concessions to the village communities. Whether it effectually provides for these things remains to be seen. It is conjectured that the decree is the outcome of the clash of two factions headed the one by M. Witte, the Minister of Finance, favoring liberal reforms, especially among the agricultural classes, and the other by M. de Plehve, Minister of the Interior, sharply opposing such reforms.

"On ascending the throne of our ancestors," runs the Imperial decree, "by the providence of God, we made a solemn vow before the Almighty and our conscience to guard sacredly the centuries-old pillars of Russian power and to dedicate our life to the service of our beloved fatherland in indefatigable solicitude for our subjects." Further along the gist of the matter thus comes out: "While remaining strongly opposed to any violation of the normal course of national life, and having confidence that all will loyally discharge their local duties, we are irrevocably decided to satisfy the needs for which the state has become ripe, and have deemed it expedient to strengthen and decree the undeviating observance of the principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which, recognizing the Orthodox Church as the ruling one, grant to all our subjects of other religions and to all foreign persuasions freedom of creed and worship in accordance with other rites, and we are further resolved to continue the active carrying out of measures for the improvement of the material position of the orthodox rural clergy, while enabling them to take a larger share in intellectual and public life. In accordance with impending measures for the consolidation of the national economy, the efforts of the state credit institutions and especially the nobles' and peasants' banks should be directed to strengthening and developing the welfare and fundamental pillars of Russian village life, and that of the local nobility and peasantry. These principles marked out by us for the revision of the laws of the rural population are, to be referred to the provincial government councils. In this work the fundamental principle of the inviolability of communal property is to be maintained, while at the same time means are to be found to render it easier for the individual to sever connections with the community to which he belongs, if he so desires. Without delay measures must be taken to release the peasants from the present burdensome liability of forced labor. Thorough reform is to be effected in the provincial governments and district administrations by the local representatives, while attention will be devoted to securing closer cooperation between the communal authorities and parochial trustees of the orthodox churches wherever possible."

Though the Jewish faith is not specifically mentioned in this document, it is generally believed that the liberty granted to "all creeds" is intended to include the Jews.

Rioting still continues in various parts of Russia. Is all that to be stopped by the execution of the Czar's decree? A denial of the truth of the extreme reports of the suffering from famine in Finland is credited to Dr. Reuter, a lecturer of the University of Helsingfors, who has been making a tour of the country under direction of the Finnish National Relief Committee. He says, however, that untold suffering would have occurred had it not been for the relief given.

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**MISCELLANEOUS** Considerable money is yet needed to relieve the famine sufferers in Northern Sweden, but members of the Riksdag have expressed disapproval of the sensational descriptions of the situation which have appeared in some American papers

railroad strikes have led the Government to increase the garrisons in the great cities and to introduce legislation of an exceedingly drastic nature. It is said that the present troubles are not so much produced by questions of shorter hours and more pay as they are "a direct du l between capital and labor; a test of labor's capacity for solidarity and powers of combination."—The Belgium King has lately been "under fire" in Parliament, from Socialist sources, for the use of Belgium capital in the furtherance of his foreign projects and in connection with the Congo Free State. His Chinese speculations are also said to have injured the prestige of this "most capitalistic of all capitalist kings," as the Socialists call him.—A grave situation has developed in the university towns of Spain, where (as is alleged) the brutal treatment of students has created much solemnity. Cries of "Down with the Bourbons!" are heard in the streets of Madrid. —In Switzerland, a national plebiscite has resulted in the adoption of the new protectionist customs tariff by a vote of 329,000 to 222,000. The new tariff will increase the cost of living and compel the hotels to raise their prices to tourists. It is chiefly directed against American meats, and will greatly reduce American imports.—The Roumanian Senate appears still strongly anti-Jewish. By a large majority it has refused to sanction a bill, recently voted by the Lower Chamber, in favor of the naturalization of two Jews born in the country.—Riots occurred in the Hungarian capital, Budapest, during March, in protest against the Government's military bills. Students were especially prominent in these demonstrations.

## Affairs in Asia and Oceanica

**CHINA**

The Chinese themselves and foreign visitors as well have remarked the great power of recuperation shown in China since the suppression of the Boxer insurrection. During 1901 the revenues were larger than in any previous year, excepting 1899. The value of both imports and exports has been but once exceeded. Railways have been making excellent progress. The steamboat business on the Yangtse is constantly increasing. At Hankow, the head of navigation for ocean vessels, the productiveness of the large iron works has increased under the direction of foreign superintendents. In the lower Yangtse Valley the flood of 1901 surpassed anything of the kind known for forty years, but the increased trade in other parts of the empire more than made up for the deficiency there. The amount of shipping at Shanghai, the greatest center of Chinese trade, during the same year, was nearly eleven million tons, three-fifths as large as that of London, the greatest port in the world.

The three great ports of Southeast China, Amoy, Swatow and Fuchow, have altogether only about one-half as much tonnage of shipping as that of Shanghai. Canton, the greatest port of South China, has only a little over one-third as much sea business as that of Shanghai; but the rivers that spread out from Canton are navigable, and a very large inland business is done on them.

It has been said that the three great enemies of the supreme government in China are famine, provincial autonomy, and rebellion. The rebellion now going on in the South is an uprising against the oppression of rulers. The Cantonese have always been hostile to the present dynasty. Recent reports have told of a vast plot to waylay and murder mandarins and high officials and sack portions of the city of Canton. The provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi were full of threatened perils. Piracy was on the increase on the West River, and launches with European officers were ordered to patrol the river. The Government is said to have thirty thousand men under arms, commanded by Tang, who saw active service in the war between China and Japan.

Dispatches early in March stated that the Southern tribes had thrown in their lot with the rebels in Kwangsi, that the first blow of the greater movement of the revolution would have been struck at Canton on the night preceding the Chinese New Year had it not been for a European detective at Hong Kong, whose timely tip prevented the outbreak.

Leung Kai Chow, the reformer, has come to America not, it is affirmed, to collect funds for the revolution in Southern China and to ship arms and ammunition thither, but in the interests of the Chinese Reform Association.

The object of this society is "to organize public schools and establish Chinese daily papers, to organize clubs to translate foreign books into our language for the enlightenment of the people,

to send students to colleges, to release the present Emperor to this throne again, and to have a congress in our country like this country and England, that the people might have some voice in the political affairs. Then the foreign missionaries and travelers will have more protection in traveling over the country, and there shall be no more Boxer movement."

According to recent despatches, China is about to restore the navy that was shattered at the time of the war with Japan.—It was reported from London March 19 that gloomy reports were reaching Peking from nearly every province in China in consequence of the hardships induced by the decline in the value of silver.—The people bitterly condemn the taxes levied to pay for the annual Imperial visit to the Western tombs in April; the Court on this occasion numbering some 9,000 persons.—A strong conspiracy is reported to prevent Chang Chih Tung, one of the progressive Yangtse Viceroys and head of the Ministry of Commerce, from coming to Peking and witnessing the condition of Government affairs at the capital.—The students at the Imperial University threaten to revolt because of the adoption of the Japanese language in that institution.—Labor is so scarce in Peking that difficulty is experienced in obtaining efficient workmen for the erection of new Legation buildings.

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**JAPAN**

The revised election returns do not materially change the situation in Japan, as heretofore stated. The Liberal Party, led by Marquis Ito, is in the ascendancy. The rumored forced resignation of the Ministry seems improbable, and the present indications are that the Cabinet intends to avoid any serious issue during the Parliamentary session which begins in May. The reduced support given to the Ministerialist Party indicates that a great majority of the electorate is not in sympathy with the economic policy of the Government.

The principal topic to engage the attention of the new Parliament is that of the finances of the Empire. For years Japan has been wanting in sufficient revenue. The indemnity which she has received in consequence of the war with China is now exhausted. A loan of $25,000,000 was obtained in London not long since. Between the indisposition to create a huge foreign debt and the restiveness of the Japanese people under heavy taxation, the problem before Parliament is a difficult one.

Reports from Tokio during March stated that 150,000 people were starving in the northwest provinces of the country. Europeans and Americans led the way in providing subscriptions for relief.—The Fifth Great National Industrial Exhibition of Japan is held in Osaka, the wealthiest city of the Empire, from March 1 till July 31.—The Government has appropriated $400,000 for an exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition.

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**INDIA.**

A writer in the National Review makes a survey of the record of the present Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon. He has had to deal with hard conditions, in view of the great famine which, beginning scarcely four months after his arrival in India, has directly afflicted a population of sixty millions and an area of four hundred thousand square miles.

It destroyed one-quarter, or perhaps one-third, of the total agricultural production of the Indian world, to the estimated value of fifty millions sterling. It killed at least four millions of cattle, the working capital of the agricultural classes. Cholera, dysentery and famine were the familar furies attendant upon it. During its course the deaths from all causes were one million and a quarter above the normal rate.

It is admitted that mistakes were made in dealing with the conditions created by the famine, yet it is claimed that, on the whole, it will be admitted that there has never been a famine "where the distress has been more amply or swiftly relieved, or where the Government and its officers have given themselves with a more whole-hearted devotion to the saving of life and the service of the people." The list of reforms upon which the Viceroy has worked during the past two years is given as follows:

Two reforms for the frontier; two for the civil service; a stable currency; more railways; more irrigation; a cure for agricultural indebtedness; a reduction of the telegraphic rate to Europe; the preservation of archæological remains; educational reform; and, twelfth, reform of the police. In addition to this leading list there is a secondary catalogue of six, viz.: Fiscal reform; the scientific propagation of agriculture; agricultural banks; better assessments; the fostering of native handicrafts; and industrial exploitation in general. Even this double range does not exhaust Lord Curzon's admirable intentions. "There are," he has said, "other subjects of which I prefer not to speak at present." Sir Robert Peel used to say that he could undertake only one reform at a time, yet Lord Curzon, with but two and a half years of office to run, was so bold as to place on his anvil every bolt and cog of the administration of an empire compared with which that of Rome itself might be termed provincial.

London despatches have stated that in view of the Russian commercial and political activity in Northern Persia, Lord Curzon and General Kitchener are both anxious that the defense of the Indian frontier be placed on a thoroughly effective footing. The Home Gov-

**AUSTRALIA**

The Commonwealth of Australia is a ship tossed in a troubled sea, and cries are heard which even suggest the danger of foundering. This is the sensational extreme. But must there be alteration of the Constitution, structural changes of government, in order to prevent disaster? The wrestling of virile forces that is inseparable from a new national organization, and the alarming expensiveness of the Commonwealth in view of economic conditions, have produced situations that weigh heavily upon Australian statesmen. Federation (consummated at the beginning of 1901) raised great expectations of vast and immediate material benefits which have not been realized. People generally do not agree with the poet that "disappointment is the hand of a friend." It has been unfortunate that a vast and prolonged drought has smitten wide areas of the country in the early days of its great venture, and that the necessary adjustments of finance should have to be made at such a time. One of the consequences is that the charge of extravagance in the Government has been loud in the land. In the conflict of parties cries for higher taxation and retrenchment have both been heard. Reduction of public expenditures has been accomplished to a considerable extent. Some reformers attribute to the Commonwealth all their woes, and advocate a dissolution of the Federal union. Others would abolish state government entirely and grant plenary powers to the Commonwealth Parliament. Neither of these courses, however, is represented by any effective body of public opinion.

In a luminous survey of the situation published in the Annals of the American Academy, W. Harrison Moore, of Melbourne, points out the special reasons which appear to make unification undesirable and impracticable. "The very divergent conditions in the several parts of Australia would make uniformity of law and administration impossible unless flexibility and adaptability were sacrificed. To provide for the divergent conditions would involve loss of popular control, and would substitute bureaucratic government. And it is in just this vast public service that Australia already finds one of its greatest political problems."

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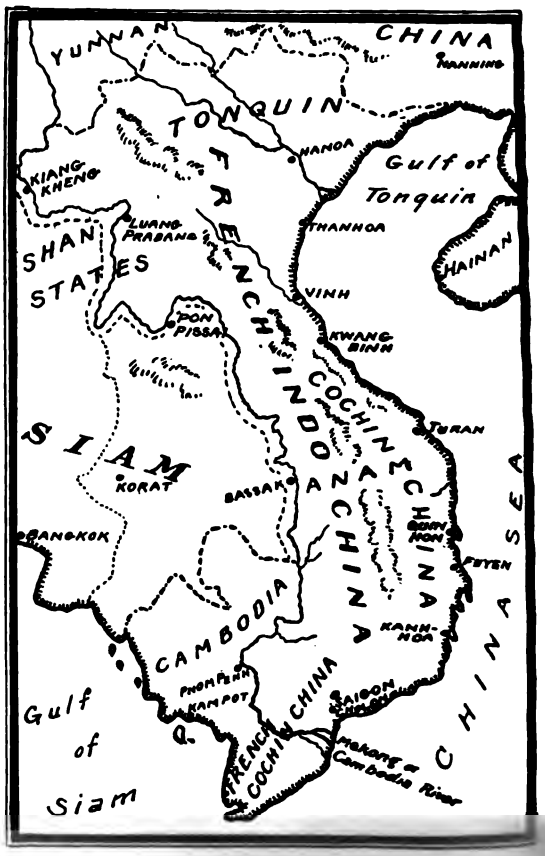
**FRENCH INDO-CHINA**

French Indo-China is to-day a federation, without uniformity, yet presenting a sort of political financial and administrative unification, made up of Anam, Cambodia, Cochin-China, Tongking, and that portion of the Laos territory equally, by Cochin-China, Tongking, and Anam. Tongking was annexed to France in 1884. Hanoi (an agglomeration of villages) is the chief town. In Cochin-China the towns of Saigon and Cholon have been formed into municipalities. The two chief towns of Cambodia are Pnom Penh and Kampot. The capital of Anam is Hué. The ports of Turane, Qui Nhon and Xuan Day are open to European commerce. An article in the Paris Illustration, translated for Public Opinion, states that the condition of the different countries may be summed up by saying that Cochin-China is at an age of full development, Tongking is in its second youth, Anam is in its first youth, Cambodia is in a state of adolescence, and Laos is still in its infancy, these comparisons being made with reference, naturally, to a colonial state of development. There is a general budget of the entire federation and a local budget for each country. The increase of commercial interests in Indo-China has been considerable in recent years and has to do with every sort of commodity. There are three cotton factories in the cities of Hanoi, Haiphong, and Nam-Dinh, which have a total of 50,000 spindles, and are supplied entirely from the cotton grown in the colony. At the present time Indo-China gives great promise as an agricultural country.



# Affairs in Africa

**MOROCCO**

The conditions which produced the rebellion of the Berber tribes are chronic. How far the movement headed by the Pretender may be an extreme Western outbreak of a vast Mohammedan organization against the foreign invasion of Africa, an organization said to extend all through Northern Africa, and to be not without support in Asia and even on the Bosphorus, it is not possible to say, but, happily, the movement seems to have spent the most of its force—unless the report which came in the dispatches at the end of March shall prove to be true, that the Pretender has "rolled back the tide of war," and captured Fez.

Only a few days before, it was "officially announced" that the rebellion had ended, and that the Sultan was disbanding the irregular troops. The Tangier correspondent of the London Times, however, represented the situation as far from satisfactory. The Pretender was still at large; the Government troops had failed to retake Teza (east of Fez, and the place where the Pretender issued his incendiary proclamation last fall); the Government had not attempted to punish the rebel tribes; and the Sultan was surrounded by intriguers.

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**BRITISH AFRICA**

The British Colonial Secretary having returned to England, declared on March 20 that he found no trace of vindictiveness among the Boers, and that the Boer leaders will be as loyal to the new government as they were to the old. Already a hundred thousand Boers have been repatriated, and the new colonies are receiving the remarkable aggregate of seventy-five million dollars toward the expenses of their resettlement. And Mr. Chamberlain, not without reason, largely gets the credit for all this. So also for the generous treatment to be accorded South Africa in coming days, he will receive "the lion's share" of the credit. For no man in England better knows than he, and no one is more skillful in acting upon the knowledge, that the vital connection of South Africa with the Empire must be kept up in the same way as it is kept up in the cases of Australia and Canada—by "minimizing dependence and enlarging the scope of local freedom."

Early in March the Cape Town correspondent of the London Times stated that Mr. Hoffmeyer, the Afrikander Bond leader, had published a circular in fulfillment of his promise to Mr. Chamberlain to appeal to the Cape Dutch. In this document he points out that the community is too small to be divided into two hostile camps on account of the war without grievous injury to the whole.

It is announced that the ten leading financial groups operating on the Rand estimate that they will incur an additional capital expenditure of $250,000,000 during the next decade. Upon the eventual solution of the labor question, however, depends the successful prosecution of mining. It is said that natives are coming in at an increased rate, and those already on the ground are becoming more industrious. "The problem will be gradually solved by patient, skillful management and not violent remedies—such as the disguised slavery of the Kaffir or the importation of droves of Asiatic coolies. So eventually the phrase—tantamount to a proverb—that 'whites will supply the brains and blacks the muscle' will be fulfilled, a peaceful revolution consummated and a great industry firmly established." The question of Chinese laborers for the Transvaal, however, is being investigated. At this writing, two commissioners are en route from Johannesburg to California to inquire into the conditions of Chinese labor in that State. Against "forced labor" (virtual slavery) in South Africa, articles by leaders of public opinion are being published in the London prints.

Operations have been resumed in Somaliland against the "Mad Mullah" who last year proclaimed a jehad, a holy war, for the expulsion of the white infidels.

The British military operations in Nigeria are said by London prints to be necessitated not only by the lawlessness of the Emir of Kano, but also by the operations of the French on the Northern frontier. It has been declared that the effective occupation of the entire Nigerian territory should be completed by England without further delay

The capture of Kano, the principal town of northern Nigeria, by the British soldiery under Colonel Morland, was regarded with much satisfaction in England. The Emir, who has never recognized British authority, fled with his followers toward the North. Says the London Public Opinion: "Sir Frederick Lugard (the British High Commissioner) will see that the new Emir whom he will place upon the throne does not follow in the footsteps of him who has just been driven out. The importance of the capture, apart from the humanitarian side, is twofold. It will give Kano an opportunity of reviving the native commerce and industry for which it was famous throughout the Sudan and it will rob France of further ground of complaint at the condition of things prevailing within the British border line." And now, according to the dispatches, Sokoto in the Northwest (see map last month, page 404) has also fallen into the hands of the British, and in the words of the London Graphic, "the whole country may be regarded as comprised in an administration closely resembling that of India, and not less fruitful of social happiness and prosperity."

The Uganda railway, which was opened near the close of last year, is said by the French explorer, Michel, to secure to Great Britain complete suzerainty over the regions traversed.

The line extends from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to Port Florence on Lake Victoria Nyanza, a distance of 580 miles.

**THE OFFICIAL PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. PAINTED BY JOHN SARGENT**

By Courtesy of Collier's Weekly, from a Special Photograph Authorized by the President and Mr. Sargent.
Copyright, 1903, by Collier's Weekly

# Contemporary Celebrities

**MILLER REESE HUTCHISON**

This is the age of scientific invention. The great natural forces of the earth, the sea, and air have been circumvented by man and have become his hirelings. But man has largely brought his inventive mind to nature in the interests of industrial progress. To conquer nature's powers for the sake of man himself and his infirmities is infinitely more human and of a deeper purport. The remarkable invention by Mr. Miller Reese Hutchison of an acousticon, which enables the deaf to hear, is a noble contribution to this worthy cause. Henceforth the deaf shall awaken from their night of stillness and listen to the great and ever-varying sounds of the world. The acousticon is a practical instrument. It consists of three pieces — a small storage battery, a transmitter which collects the sounds about the room and transmits them to the ear piece, and the ear-piece, which injects the sounds properly intensified into the ear. The sound is carried to the brain even if the drum be perforated or gone. The instrument is so delicate in its mechanism that even a whisper is perfectly recorded by it and articulated.

*Copyright 1901, Rockwood, N. Y.*
MILLER REESE HUTCHISON

Mr. Hutchison is a very young man to have made such a contribution to science. He is a Southerner by birth, and was educated in Alabama. He holds the degree of Electrical Mechanical Engineer from the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. But it was before he entered the Polytechnic Institute that his attention was called to the idea of enabling the deaf to hear artificially. It was to help a deaf friend that first instigated the researches that later bore such fruit. His college vacations were spent in the machine shops of Mobile. At the outbreak of the war with Spain Mr. Hutchison's researches were temporarily interfered with, as he was appointed a chief engineer in the United States Lighthouse Department. At the close of the war he returned to his studies and brought the instrument to its present state of perfection.

It is planned to create a very large endowment fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the free treatment of the deaf poor. A large institution is likewise contemplated for the treatment of deaf mutes who cannot be reached in their homes. Branch offices and agencies are to be opened in cities and towns throughout the country, and expert teachers of the deaf will be supplied with instruments. In this wise, one of the most deserved of charities will be put into practical execution.

In Mr. Hutchison's laboratory some very pathetic scenes have taken place when deaf persons were brought in to be tested. Those who for the first time are enabled to hear are variously affected. Some faint and some are excited almost to hysteria. The scenes are often dramatic in their intensity.

Because of his discovery Mr. Hutchison has been decorated and entertained abroad. He has been the recipient of especial honors from King Edward and his wife. These honors have been worthily bestowed, because it is not given to every man to be such a benefactor to the race.

*Courtesy of N. Y. Daily News*
JOHN EDWARD REDMOND

**IRELAND'S LEADER**

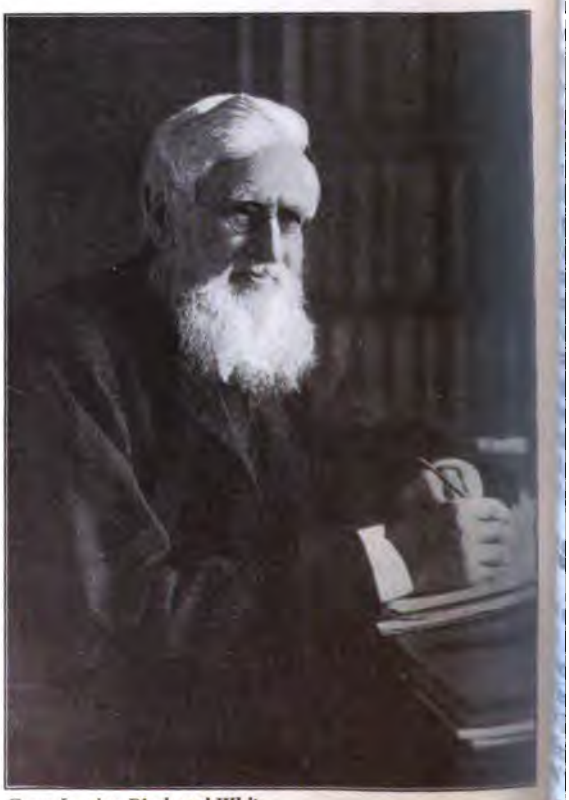
John Edward Redmond has been some twenty years in the House of Commons and his career there, both as leader of the Irish National party and as a prominent member of the opposition, has been full of interest. Mr. Stead thinks he is the only true leader of the opposition in Parliament, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has his hands full trying to prevent his own Liberals from splitting up into sections.

John Redmond comes of a family distinguished in the history of Parliament. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, studied law, was called to the bar, but did not practise in the profession. In 1881, he was elected to the House of Commons and became a member of the National party formed by Charles Stewart Parnell. His first position of note there was as one of the whips of the Irish National party, a position for which he was eminently qualified. His later experience as a clerk in the Vote Office made him a thorough master of parliamentary business. When the Parnell divorce case arose, and when Gladstone and the Liberal leaders declared it would be impossible to carry a measure of Home Rule if Parnell retained the leadership, a crisis arose in the Irish National Party. Parnell refused to resign, and of the small minority of his party that held with him, Redmond took the leading part and became Dillon from the leadership of the majority, the two factions of the Irish National party were reunited and Redmond was appointed leader. Under his guidance it became a powerful force in political life. The House of Commons has thoroughly recognized Redmond's position and capacity.

Added to his thorough insight and grasp of parliamentary business and procedure, John Redmond is one of the ablest orators and debaters in the House of Commons. Unlike the merely conversational order of address which characterizes most of the speeches in the House, Redmond's speeches are marked by eloquence and style. Mr. Redmond has no faith in any English political party, and he intends to make English government in Ireland difficult and dangerous.

**AN ENGLISH SCIENTIST**

The recent celebration of his eightieth birthday last January, and his more recent publication of Man's Place in the Universe, brings the name of Alfred Russell Wallace



*From London Black and White*
ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE

*Photo by Miss Frances B. Johnson, Wash., D. C.*
A CLASS IN DRESSMAKING AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

cordant element in our national development by locating him a short distance west of the Mississippi River, near the geographical center of the present area of the United States. The Indians moved, and settled down quietly on their new possessions, which they found a fair land. The discontent incidental to the abandonment of former homes soon passed away, and the nations set about organizing a better form of government.

One by one the five tribes adopted constitutions copied closely after those used by the States. It is somewhat difficult to-day for millions of Americans to realize that for over thirty years the Five Nations have been living under a form of government almost exactly like that enjoyed by the people of the States.

Scarcely, however, had the tribes set their new homes in order than their dream of a happy isolation was dispelled. The tide of emigration had set relentlessly westward, and would not be stayed. At first the United States

*Photo by Miss Frances B. Johnson, Wash., D. C.*
ART STUDENTS AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

*Photo by Miss Frances B. Johnson, Wash., D. C.*
ONE OF THE FIRST PARTIES TO ARRIVE AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

made a feeble attempt to expel invaders; and, had the tribal governments been urgent, this might have been accomplished. But the majority of the Indians were rather disposed to welcome the intruders. There was plenty of land, and there was no strenuous objection to the newcomers remaining if they behaved themselves. So the whites stayed, intermarried with the Indians, and became citizens of the various nations. All the tribes except the Creeks passed laws admitting the intermarried whites, or "squaw men," to full citizenship. So came about a state of things that has reduced the "full-blood" element to about fifteen per cent. of the total tribal citizenship.

This extraordinary, though, under the circumstances, not surprising, condition, has naturally wrought decided alterations in the physical and mental characteristics of the Indians. The racial situation has been further complicated by the injection of another element. At the time of the great removal, many of the Indians owned negro slaves, which they took with them on their journey westward. After the Civil War these slaves were freed, and all who returned to the Territory within a given period were entitled to tribal citizenship. In some of the tribes negroes have intermarried with the Indians, so that it is not uncommon to find persons who can boast a triple racial ancestry. In other tribes, notably the Cherokee, alliances with negroes are discountenanced, and, in social matters, the color line is rigidly drawn. It is not, therefore, surprising that the Indian is in a fair way to lose his racial identity. The situation is aptly illustrated by the comment of a recent settler in the Territory. "As near as I can make out," he said, "the Indians seem to be divided into two general classes—white men and negroes."

There are, however, the full-bloods, of whom some twelve or fifteen thousand remain. The full-blood displays the physical characteristics of his race; but he long since adopted the white man's dress, and, with his hair trimmed, he may easily pass at a glance for a negro. While many full-bloods are equal to the white Indians in intelligence and education, a majority have been backward in embracing the white man's civilization. His habits are probably best described by the word "shiftless."

It must not be assumed, because the full-blood is backward, that he is making no progress. On the whole, his industrial and social condition is better than that of hundreds of thousands of white Americans. He sends his children to school, and himself takes a keen and tolerably intelligent interest in the political affairs of his nation. He takes as naturally to

tie. But he wears them—to still if he can the sneers of the ignorant.

The new Indian reads and speaks English. He is a trifle slow about it; and in his speech there is a bewitching brogue with the burr of the bear and the purr of the catamount in it, and something, now and then, of the staccato "Ki yi" of the war-whoop. Yet Major Pratt and his helpers at Carlisle, Dr. Frissell and his coadjutors at Hampton, and the hundreds of faithful teachers on the reservations, have gained their point. Young Indians of nearly all the tribes know English. In their shyness and sensitiveness to ridicule they may keep this knowledge from you and laugh merrily behind your back. But it is there, and on occasion it will come to the surface.

The new Indian works. He comes to it grudgingly and keeps at it only from necessity, like most of us, but still he works. Look at him from this viewpoint for a moment, for this is the essential feature of his development. Once the Indian was a hunter. The older men can remember when buffalo, in herds of thousands roamed freely over the plains. In those days the man's duty was to ride forth and shoot as many animals as the family required. The squaw's duty was to bide in camp, to cook, cure skins, care for the children—do everything pertaining to camp. It was not an unjust division of labor. There were then no wagons to grease, no harness to put on ponies, no ploughing, harrowing, sowing, reaping. The buffalo furnished food, shelter, sinew. It is little wonder that the main conversation around the wind-reddened camp-fires to this day is a stubborn repetition of the wail: "The buffalo is gone!"

Take away from a race of people its all and the hurt rankles deep and long. The white men wantonly destroyed the herds. This is the Indians' just complaint. Old men recur to it in every speech. It is felt to be a cruel iniquity that they are paupers and need to toil in the fields when they should ride after game over the free, glorious divides.

The Indian is above work, not beneath it. In this he differs from the negro. As a rule the latter is lazy and must be pushed up to the point of working. The former feels himself to be the real nobleman of America. It is a descent to toil. His racial dignity suffers when his hands are put to the plough. In thing that are considered worthy of him he and instruction. When life changed, on the slaughter of the buffalo, wagons, hacks and buggies came to camp. As the squaws had always done the work of the camps these fell into their hands. No one complained—least of all the squaws. They are stronger than the men. They accepted the new order of things not only with willingness but with alacrity.

The new Indian is learning to care for his own health and that of his children. He is alert to the advantages of blood alliance with the whites.

Having always been intensely religious, the Indians, in encouraging numbers, are taking up a sensible and practical Christianity. In this as in everything, he needs but to be led on from his mistaken notions to true notions. He can never be made a white man any more than he can be transformed into a negro. "Improvement, not transformation," is the thing to be aimed at. One may admire the Indian for the distinctively Indian traits in him. His splendid physique, his love of freedom and fresh air, his contempt of hunger and cold and privation, his oratory, logic, fearlessness, artistic skill—all have a place in our civilization. Let us cultivate these and make a man, not a conglomerate, out of him.

There is a new Indian. He knows that he belongs to a race that once owned America—true Americans, that have been cheated and robbed and deceived until they have retired into their native pride, almost the last poor possession left them. He is trying to hate us no longer, to struggle out of vexing conditions into which we have plunged him, to emerge from an ignorance and poverty our greed has put upon him, and a pauperism into which our false kindness has thrust him and to come into the light and prosperity he sees we have long enjoyed. The least we can do is to stop chirping the complacent lie, "The only good Indian is the dead Indian."

Education is the chief factor in the transition of a race from a condition of barbarity to one of civilization. This has been duly appreciated and understood by those who have at heart the future of the Indian. The excellent work done by the Carlisle Indian School and similar institutions justifies the belief that the Indian has in him the making of a useful member of the community. The results so far obtained in this educational work are admirably outlined in Effects of Indian Education by C. J Crandall in The Frontier Monthly.

It may not be generally known that our Government, in addition to managing the

affairs of a nation, also conducts and maintains, outside of the national institutions, a system of schools, public in their nature, so far as those that are eligible go. I refer to our Indian schools, which are scattered throughout many of the Western States. These schools care for and instruct, in round numbers, 27,000 children. There are three classes of Indian schools, beginning with the day school, which corresponds to our rural or district school, and is always located on an Indian reservation or among the Indians. The children that attend the day school are under parental supervision, and attend from nine A.M. till four P.M. Usually a noonday lunch is served to the children, which perhaps is the only distinctive feature from the common district school.

The age limit in the day school is from six to twelve years. After the Indian youth has reached the age of twelve, has passed the second reader, and has some knowledge of simple numbers and the English language—for it must be remembered that Indian children must acquire our language—they are then eligible to enter the reservation boarding school. If there is none at his own agency, he may be sent to a neighboring reservation boarding school.

The boarding school, as its name would imply, is a school that provides for all the necessities of the pupils, including board, clothing, instruction, medical attendance, etc. Here the Indian is not only instructed in the elementary branches usually taught in the public schools, but he is further instructed in those arts which the white boy or girl has learned at home, at the fireside, and at the mother's knee.

The Indian boy must learn to wear shoes, since there are no factories in New England or St. Louis for manufacturing moccasins, even if moccasins were equally as useful as shoes; he must adapt himself to the comforts of pantaloons instead of leggins and the regulation "gee" string; he is taught to wear shorn locks and a hat, instead of a feather; he is inducted into a coat and told to discard the blanket, at night he sleeps in a bed between clean sheets and in a night shirt, instead of bundling up beside the camp fire; he is taught to sit at a table and to eat from a plate, and how to use a knife and fork, instead of dining off the ground and out of a common soup or stew kettle. These are only some of the many things that our Indian youth must be taught in the boarding school. The bathtub takes the place of the running brook, regular hours and promptness must be instilled into children whose parents for generations untold knew no hour, no time, no necessity—only the present.

The boarding school requires only half day's attendance at school; the other half day is devoted to some industrial work. The girls are taught to cook, wash, iron, sew, mend, and do general housework. The boys are instructed in gardening, farming, care of horses, cows, etc. It might be said that children who only attend school half-day session would not make the advancement that those do who attend the whole day. It is not claimed that Indian pupils, who first must acquire a new language and whose parents knew no school, make equal advancement with the white child.

In addition to the reservation boarding school, there is the Indian training school, which differs in only a few respects from the local reservation school. The training school is located away and off the reservation, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Haskell Institute, Kansas, and Santa Fé, New Mexico, being examples of the latter class of schools. Pupils enrolled in these schools do not return to their homes during vacation, but spend from three to five years at school. The literary and industrial instruction is more advanced, and students are fitted and qualified for life work. The Indian training schools, of which there are some twenty-five, do not attempt to do advanced classroom work. The Normal departments at Haskell Institute and Santa Fé have been abolished, and no further attempt is being made at government expense to fit Indian youth for teachers, but extra efforts are being put forth to qualify the Indian in mechanical professions, in scientific farming, etc. The trades usually taught to boys include carpentry, blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, shoe and harness making, plumbing, painting, plastering, bricklaying, etc.

The effect of education and schools upon the Indian race is to be seen on all Indian reservations. It was never contemplated that in educating and instructing the youth the conditions and tendencies of the older and adult population would be materially changed, but such is and has been the case. The returned students have done much to uplift the condition of their people, and to prepare their minds for the change that is being brought about.

The Indian school, which has been a means to elevate the race, will, in a short time, be superseded by the public school, and the Indian will take his place alongside of his white brother, share his burden, enjoy his blessing, and in all ways be the true American citizen.

# Cartoons upon Current Events

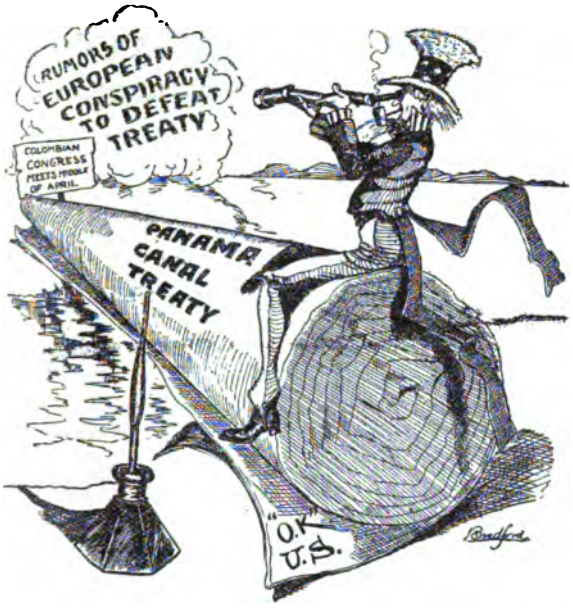
WANT TO BUY A NAG?—BOSTON HERALD

"YOU CAN'T KEEP IN OUR ORGANIZATION MEN WHO WANT TO CUT EACH OTHER'S THROATS," BRYAN.
—OHIO STATE JOURNAL

"DON'T SHOOT. HE'S A DEAD DUCK!"—N. Y. WORLD

TRAINING FOR THE POLITICAL CIRCUS—ATLANTA JOURNAL

"SHALL WE HAVE AN OLD-TIME RACE WITH A BUST-UP AT THE END?" (SUGGESTED BY MARK TWAIN'S PROPOSED STEAMBOAT RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI)—N. Y. TIMES




UNCLE SAM—"THIS END IS ALL RIGHT, BUT HOW ABOUT THE OTHER END?"—BALTIMORE HERALD

THE LATEST THING IN SHAMROCKS—BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

STARTING TO WORK—CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN

HE GOT WHAT HE WENT AFTER—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

### THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS WITH RADIUM

Radium, that wonderful, mysterious metal, each day grows more marvelous. So far from gaining closer knowledge of its intimate character each new manifestation discovered seems but to startle and puzzle more. M. Curie, who with his wife was the discoverer of this element, recently sent a communication to the French Academy of Sciences. If the information thus obtained were vouched for by any less authority, it would be dismissed as sensational fabrications. As it is, startling though it be, it must be accepted. We quote from a special dispatch to the New York Sun:

Assisted by his clever wife in isolating radium, M. Curie discovered that it possesses the extraordinary property of continuously emitting heat without combustion, without chemical change of any kind, and without any change in its molecular structure, which remains spectroscopically identical after many months of continuous emission of heat.

He found further that radium maintains its own temperature at a point 1.5 centigrade above its surroundings. This is equivalent to saying that the actual quantity of heat evolved is such that the pure radium salt would melt more than its own weight of ice every hour, or that half a pound of radium salt would evolve in one hour heat equal to that produced by burning one-third of a cubic foot of hydrogen gas, this evolution of heat going on constantly for indefinite periods, leaving the salt at the end of months of activity just as potent as it was at the beginning.

The world is thus made acquainted with a heat sufficient to raise mercury in a thermometer 2.7° F., the output of which is maintained indefinitely without any visible compensation to the heat-giving body. It is not to be supposed, however, that perpetual motion has been at last discovered. Physicists do not doubt that the effect brought to the knowledge of M. Curie has a cause, and investigation of that cause is regarded as being full of promise for the future.

Professor Crookes, writing on the subject of radium, adds that although the fact of the emission of heat by radium is in itself sufficiently remarkable, this heat is probably only a small portion of the energy radium is constantly sending into space. It is at the same time hurling off material particles, which reveal their impact on a screen by luminous scintillations.

If these are stopped by a glass or mica screen, torrents of Röntgen rays pour out from a few milligrammes of radium salt in a quantity to exhibit all the phenomena of the rays, and with energy enough to produce a nasty blister on the flesh if kept near it for an hour.

### A NEW STAR

A telegram announcing the discovery of a new star of the eighth magnitude by Professor Turner of Oxford was received at the Yerkes Observatory March 27.

A spectroscopic examination of the star, with the forty-inch Yerkes telescope, was made by Director Hale and Mr. Ellerman with a direct vision spectroscope. Several strong bright lines, of which the hydrogen line was most conspicuous, were seen on the rather faint continuous spectrum. From the character of the spectrum there can be little doubt that the object is a genuine "new star" and not a variable, as was suggested in the telegram announcing the discovery.

Professor Barnard's observation with the forty-inch telescope shows that the focus for the nova, which is very red in color, is the same as for an ordinary star. His microscopical measurements give the following position: Right ascension, 6 hours 37 minutes 48 97-100 seconds; declination, north 30 degrees 2 minutes 37 6-10 seconds, for 1900. This shows the star to lie a short distance from the Milky Way, almost on the boundary line between the constellations Giminii and Auriga. Mr. Parkhurst measured the brightness of the nova with the twelve-inch telescope, and found the magnitude to be eight and five-tenths. The new star, therefore, is much too faint to be seen with the naked eye.

### MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's remarkable article, Man's Place in the Universe, in the March Fortnightly Review, has attracted the attention of the scientific world. Dr. Wallace seeks to prove in this monograph that the earth or solar system is the physical center of the stellar universe. In discussing our position in space, he declares:

The result so far reached by astronomers as the direct, logical conclusion from the whole mass of facts accumulated by means of powerful instruments of research, which have given us the new astronomy, is that our sun is one of the central orbs of a globular star cluster, and that this star cluster occupies nearly the central position in the exact plane of the Milky Way; but I am not aware that any writer has taken the next step and, combining these two conclusions, has stated definitely that our sun is thus shown to occupy a position very near if not actually at the center of the whole visible universe, and therefore, in all probability, in the center of the whole material universe.

This conclusion, no doubt, is a startling one, and all kinds of objections will be made against it, yet I am not acquainted with any great inductive result of modern science that has been arrived at so gradually, so legitimately, by means of so vast a mass of precise measurements and observations, and by such wholly unprejudiced workers. It may not be proved with minute accuracy as regards the actual mathematical center. That is not of the least importance; but that it is substantially correct there seems to be no good reason to doubt, and I

therefore hold it right and proper to have it so stated and provisionally accepted until further accumulations of evidence may show to what extent it requires modification.

This completes the first part of our inquiry, but an equally important part remains to be considered—our position in the solar system itself as regards adaptability for organic life. Here, too, I am not aware that the whole facts have been sufficiently considered, yet there are facts that indicate our position in this respect to be as central and unique as that of the sun in the stellar universe.

Professor Pickering of the Harvard Observatory, does not agree with Dr. Wallace's theory in regard to the earth's position in the Milky Way, and he seeks in The Independent to refute Dr. Wallace's contention as follows:

With regard to our position in the exact center of the Milky Way, Mr. Wallace seems to have been led into error by the accuracy of the figures given by Sir John Herschel. Many astronomers, especially in former times, were in the habit of giving their numerical results in very small fractions of the second of arc, whereas, in point of fact, they could not measure the given distance perhaps within several minutes. This seems to be the case in the present instance. If the Milky Way were merely a hazy uniform band of light, we might locate its medial line with some approach to accuracy. A close examination, however, shows that it is on the contrary a branching structure of most irregular form and brilliancy, sometimes one side being the brighter and sometimes the other, and it would not be possible for any two observers, or indeed for any single observer working on different nights, to agree within as much as a degree as to where the medial line should properly be drawn. As to locating it accurately within one minute of arc (one-thirtieth of the moon's diameter), a mere glance at the object on any clear night will show the reader the absolute futility of such an undertaking.

Admitting for the sake of argument that we are located within one degree of the medial plane of the Milky Way, there is no evidence whatever that we are located within ten per cent. of the radius of the central position in that plane.

From Paris also, where the science of astronomy has been so well studied, come more attacks upon the theory advanced by the great English scientist. Flammarion, Berthelot and Loewy, scientists of distinction, disagree radically with the findings of Dr. Wallace. M. Berthelot says:

This theory is puerile and no man of science will take it seriously. It reminds me of an anecdote about Charles V, who, on being asked where the center of the earth was, planted his sword in the ground and said "The center is here; it is where I am."

The universe being infinite, composed of a multitude of stars, suns and planets, its center is nowhere. Our mind is so formed that we cannot conceive of the universe otherwise than as infinite. The theory in question is the reawakening of an old biblical theory, according to which God, having created man in His own image and likeness, manufactured a world to suit him. The Greeks had analogous ideas. They said that "man is the measure of things." The aphorism is pretty, but it is false if taken from an absolute point of view.

Besides making a strong plea for the earth as the center of the stellar universe, Dr. Wallace deduces a fascinating theory on the limitation of the universe of luminous stars:

But perhaps the most striking proof of the limited extent of the universe of luminous stars is that dependent on the laws of light. This has been long known to astronomers, and it has been very clearly and briefly stated by Professor Simon Newcomb, one of the profoundest of mathematical astronomers. He tells us to imagine a series of concentric spheres, each of the same distance apart from the first, which includes only the stars visible to the naked eye. The space between each pair of these spheres will be in extent proportional to the squares of the diameters of the sphere that limit it; and as the light we receive from each star is inversely proportional to its distance from us, it follows that if each region were equally strewn with stars of the same average brightness then we should receive the same amount of light from each region, the diminution of light from each star being exactly compensated by the vastly greater numbers in each successively larger sphere. Hence it follows that if these concentric spheres were infinite, we should receive an infinite amount of light from them, and even if we make an ample allowance for stoppage of light by intervening dark bodies, or by cosmic dust, or by imperfect transparency of the ether, we should at least receive quite as much light from them as the sun gives us at noonday. But the amount we actually receive is so immensely less than this as to prove that the concentric spheres of stars beyond those visible to the naked eye cannot be very numerous. For the total light of all the stars is estimated to be not more than about one-fortieth of moon-light, which is itself only about one five-hundred-thousandth of sunlight. This proof of the limited extent of the stellar universe is therefore a very forcible one, and taken in connection with that afforded by telescopic research, as already described, is altogether conclusive.

In opposition to this, M. Loewy gives his views, which are vastly different:

Dr. Wallace's assertion that the latest discoveries in astronomy and accepted theories regarding the proportion of light tend to prove that the stars are limited in number is doubly false. In certain parts of the heavens we do not see any stars, but it would be madness to conclude that the end of the universe had been reached. It would be as if a shortsighted man were to claim that there were no stars except those which he could see.

In regard to light, it is an admitted theory that luminous waves from a source of light are transmitted without losing anything of their intensity. Therefore, it is said, if the stars were infinite in number and equally distributed throughout the universe, it would be as light by night as by day. These arguments are not embarrassing. First of all, it appears certain that the stars are not regularly distributed, but are grouped in masses in vast agglomerations.

And as for the light theory, it has only been verified over relatively small distances, but light, which travels at the rate of 77,000 leagues a second,

The earth is by no means in a privileged situation, nor is the sun the center of the universe. There are so many stars bigger than the sun that not a single astronomer will dream for a moment of defending any such hypotheses which are in contradiction and are mere fruits of the imagination.

#### MORE TRIUMPHS FOR WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

The London Times began publishing, on May 30, transatlantic messages, thus really inaugurating the commercial adoption of wireless telegraphy. The dispatches were sent from America by the Marconi system, and gave items of American news. The Times announces that messages can be sent between England and America by the new system at a rate not much in excess of that for messages between England and France by the old system. This really marks an epoch in the development of wireless telegraphy.

At the same time several interesting experiments with wireless telegraphy are being tried here in America. A novel paper using entirely wireless telegraphy for its general news is reported as being started at Araton, Catalina Island, where the Pacific Wireless Telegraphy Company has been doing a successful commercial business for some weeks. The system of the above company is described as distinct and different from the Marconi system.

Still another company is about to put to actual test and practicality its system. The well-known De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company will equip the fast trains of the New York Central with wireless telegraph systems. The experiment will continue for two months. The successful accomplishment of this will prove a great benefit to railroad traffic. Several attempts at communicating from and to moving trains have already been tried with varied results. The most recent was the telephone, which proved unpracticable. Wireless telegraphy seems to be the solution of a problem which means greater safety and convenience.

#### LORD KELVIN'S NEW IDEA ABOUT ETHER ATOMS.

Dr. J. G. McPherson, F.R.S.E., in the April number of that excellent scientific magazine, Knowledge, gives a highly interesting account of Lord Kelvin's new idea about ether atoms:

Lord Kelvin, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, startled the Fellows, on the evening of the 19th January, with his new idea about ether atoms, in his exposition of the reflection and refraction of light. He has been for years met by serious difficulties in carrying

One investigator after another he found to make ingenious suggestions on the old lines. But Fresnel, Green, Voight and others, with all their ingenuity, could not account for certain discrepancies. But Lord Kelvin, with a master hand, has dispelled all these difficulties by a direct denial of a tenet of the Schoolmen that "two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time." Paradoxical as it appears, he assumes the opposite, that two bodies can occupy the same space. That is his main and fundamental tenet, and by it he is able to clear the air of what, for a quarter of a century, has interfered with his coming to satisfactory conclusions on light and electricity.

Leucretius was right in saying, two thousand years ago, that matter was not infinitely divisible, but that atoms and the void constituted matter. These atoms, he considered, were indivisible, originally moving in parallel lines. His fallacy was in assuming that an atom had the inherent *facul* of changing the direction of its motion, so that, by interrupting the parallel lines of motion of the atoms by the alteration of direction at some point, atoms were brought together out of the void to form matter. Yet Leucretius did not dream with his fallacy; for Lord Kelvin, though discarding any idea of the quasi-living power of the atom to change the direction of its motion, assumes that there is an *electrion*, or electric atom within the material atom.

Lord Kelvin assumes that, *prima facie*, according to the laws of dynamics, the material atom is of a spherical form. But this atom is permeated by the ether atom, both occupying the same space. Though the electrion is not material, the ether atom is material, of the fine jelly constituency, infinitely incompressible, though easily changeable in form.

He illustrated the combination of the ether and ordinary material atoms in one spherical form and place by simple experiments. If a piece of common shoemaker's rosin be hung in water, and an iron bullet be placed on the top surface of the hard rosin, the bullet will, through time, slip inside the rosin, If, again, a spherical piece of cork be placed under the rosin, it will work its way up into the rosin, just as the iron bullet wrought its way down.

The spherical atom of matter is not homogeneous, but it is heavier at the center than near the surface. Accordingly, when an ether current comes upon the spherical surface of the

material atom, it acts differently from the case of coming upon an ether atom. In the latter case, it would pass right through without change of direction. In the former case, the direction of motion would be attracted for a time nearer the center of the atom, on account of the greater density there, and again reach the opposite side of the sphere, finally issuing from the surface of the sphere in the original direction of motion.

The electrion is the marvelous worker in the atom of matter, permeated by the ether atom. It is not always a unit, it may be one, two, or more, but up to nine will account for all the variations of motion, in unstable circumstances; yet there may be hundreds all within the one material atom. Nine he considers the necessary maximum, though one may, in certain circumstances, suffice. This electrion, with the self-occupancy of the ether atom and material atom, is the new means which he has secured for explaining away the difficulties which he has for long experienced in accounting for certain details in polarized light.

This is a bold stroke, and we must wait with patience until his remarkable paper is published, in which he gives startling details to undermine much of what has been done by writers on Light. He holds to Newton's law of gravitation, that one body influences another body, though not in contact, but he requires his new idea of the combination or self occupancy in the same space of the jelly-like ether atom and the spherical material atom.

**TELEPHONING WITHOUT WIRES..... HARPER'S WEEKLY**

The principles of light telephony were discovered by Professor Alexander Graham Bell in 1880. To the apparatus used for this method of transmitting sound, Bell gave the name of "photophone." The sound waves are transformed into light waves by a transmitting device, and these are again converted into sound waves by the receiving instrument.

In the photophone invented by Bell a beam of light, from the sun or from an electric light, is brought to a pencil point by means of a lens, and centered on a little concave mirror fastened to the back of the diaphragm of an ordinary telephone transmitter. When spoken into, the circular iron plate, or diaphragm, of the transmitter vibrates in unison with the sound waves impinging on it, and the concave mirror reflects more or less of the light shining upon it. The amount of reflected light depends upon the intensity of the vibration of the diaphragm.

The reflected light passes through another lens for the purpose of sending out a concentrated beam to the receiving station, where the beam of light falls upon a selenium cell connected with a battery and a telephone receiver. Selenium is a metal which possesses the property of conducting a current of electricity with less resistance when exposed to the light than when in the dark, so that when the beam of light falls upon the selenium cell its resistance is instantly lowered, and the current from the battery will flow through it and so operate a telephone receiver.

Every modification of the beam of light will make a corresponding change in its inherent quality of conducting a current of electricity, and therefore a corresponding difference is made in the sounds in the telephone receiver. Until Herr Ruhmer of Berlin began experimenting with the nature of selenium, the photophone had been confined to the laboratory, as it was adapted to the transmission of speech over a distance of a few feet only, but by constantly improving the transmitter, the receiver, and making each conform to the requirements of the other, Herr Ruhmer has evolved an apparatus which promises well for military and naval service.

Herr Ruhmer has done away with the necessity for having the reflection of light at the transmitting end of the apparatus. He has found that, by connecting an arc-light in circuit with an ordinary telephone transmitter, the arc will reproduce every word spoken into it both audibly and luminously.

This is due to the fact that the resistance of the arc is varied by the changes in the current flowing through the telephone transmitter, and as the resistance is increased or decreased, however slight the change may be, the temperature of the arc-light and the intensity of the light emitted by it vary.

The arc-light, on which is superimposed the rapidly alternating current caused by the speaker's voice, is placed in the focus of a reflector like those used in searchlights. From here the small beam of light issues and is propagated in a straight line through space to the receiving instrument, where it is received by a similar curved mirror. This mirror converges the diffused beam into a pencil of light which falls upon the selenium cell.

The selenium cell is connected with a telephone receiver and a battery, and the current flows through both the cell and the receiver, and reproduces clearly the words spoken into the transmitter at the sending station.

# A Side Light on American Greatness: Some of Our "Infant Industries"

The purpose of this compiled department is to give some idea of all the American industries. These are interesting in themselves and, moreover, in light of the renewed agitation upon the tariff question, they have a present importance. We mean, therefore, to give, from time to time as shall seem expedient, a résumé of these so-called "infant industries."

**DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE . . FREDERIC EMORY . . WORLD'S WORK**

Few persons, probably, realize the magnitude of the machinery and *personnel* of the national Department of Commerce and Labor which is being organized under the recent act of Congress. It is estimated that, when it is in full working order, the new Department will have a staff of some fifteen hundred employees at its headquarters in Washington, and about ten thousand including both permanent and temporary appointees, chiefly in the Lighthouse Establishment, outside of the Federal capital.

It is hardly necessary to enumerate the functions of the Department of Commerce and Labor. They are indicated broadly by its name, and may be said to include almost every important agency of the Government which has to deal with industry and trade. The Department of Agriculture, which has some divisions more or less related to these subjects, is the only Department that will not transfer part of its work. The exception was made, no doubt, because many of its functions are more natural parts of the Department of Agriculture.

Owing to the recent agitation of the trust question, public interest has naturally centered in the new Bureau of Corporations, which is charged with the duty of investigating the organization and management of corporations, joint stock companies and corporate combinations, except common carriers, subject to existing law, that are engaged in commerce among the several states and with foreign nations, and of making public the results.

So far as the ordinary currents of our commerce and industry are concerned, the new Department will probably be most helpful in giving fresh impetus and, what is needed most of all, an intelligent and systematic direction to the expansion of foreign markets for our manufactured goods. Our exports of food supplies and raw materials need little aid or stimulus, since they are prime necessities which industrial nations must obtain from us, according to their requirements at any given time. Those requirements depend upon conditions beyond our control, such as the abundance or failure of crops or the extent of a nation's purchasing power determined by the degree of prosperity or of business depression it may be experiencing. The usefulness of government machinery, therefore, must be limited to removing purely artificial obstructions to the extension of our sales or to pointing out new channels of demand or the special needs of different fields of consumption. It is doubtful, too, whether the new Department can add much to the sum of knowledge of our domestic trade or industry which will be of practical benefit to the average business man, but it can, and doubtless will, collate this information in a more convenient form.

When we consider the capabilities of a well-organized Department of Commerce as an agency for increasing our exports of manufactures, however, its probable usefulness is at once seen to be broad and far-reaching. Our manufactured goods, it is true, like our foodstuffs, are selling themselves because of inherent qualities which commend them to foreign consumers, but they cannot be regarded as necessities to foreigners, and they are, moreover, subject to a competition on the part of other industrial nations which is likely to become much keener. The Department of Commerce will therefore have a double part to play. On the one hand, it will be its province to keep our manufacturers and exporters informed as to conditions abroad and the special requisites for obtaining the largest possible share of the world's trade; and on the other hand, it will be able to direct and give full effect to an intelligent propaganda in foreign countries for making known the distinctive merits of our wares. Its main reliance for some time to come will be our consular service, which, notwithstanding its alleged shortcomings, is now generally conceded to be doing valuable work in both directions.

The results already accomplished, with but little systematic effort, in extending the sales of our goods even in countries where, at one time, the prospect was least encouraging, would seem

to indicate that we have before us a vast field of development, if the proper means are taken thoroughly to cultivate it. To individual enterprise, of course, must be left the actual work of cultivation, but the Federal Government is now provided, for the first time, with efficient machinery for fully doing its part as an auxiliary. How great that part may be is appreciated only by those who have become familiar, through the consular reports, with the great waste of effort due to ignorance or misdirected energy on the part of our business men seeking foreign markets for their goods, and with the golden opportunities which are so often neglected because we have no one great central repository of the information required. There has been no lack of such information in the past. The great trouble is that it is distributed among so many bureaus that it is obtainable only by piecemeal.

With all work of this kind combined and properly classified in a single department, as will now be done, it should be possible to answer inquiries of the most comprehensive character promptly and with full details.

If to this faculty of judicious concentration the Department of Commerce and Labor adds, as it probably will, a diligent co-operation with organized bodies, such as boards of trade, commercial expositions and museums, manufacturers' and export associations, etc.—in other words, all the rapidly multiplying representatives of our industrial interests generally—it may easily become all that its projectors have hoped for it as an engine of commercial progress and expansion.

Prosperous as we now are, we may soon be face to face again with a heavy excess of production, and if we would not then see many of our factories idle and our labor only partly employed, we must in the meantime make wider and deeper the export channels which alone can relieve us of the surplusage. Our endeavors to do this so far, are almost wholly parochial and inconclusive, for the reason that we have had no common rallying point, no national pivot of action. With a department of the Federal Government specially equipped for guiding our export activities, and setting the example, in itself, of concentration and directness of effort, we ought now to be able to exert the full force of our undoubted capabilities in international competition.

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**WHAT OF THE FUTURE?.....MANUFACTURERS' RECORD**

In industry, in finance, in railroad operation, in agricultural advancement, our country is moving with such "seven-league boots" that we can scarcely follow its steps. In 1880 the total capital invested in manufactures was $2,790,000,000, and the value of the output of our factories was $5,369,000,000; now the capital invested in manufacturing is over $10,000,000,000, and the value of the product about $15,000,000,000. Then we made 3,000,000 tons of pig-iron and mined 42,000,000 tons of bituminous coal; now we are making 17,500,000 tons of pig-iron, and still have lately had to import iron at the rate of 1,000,000 tons a year to meet our consumptive demands. Then we had 87,800 miles of railroad, mostly laid with light rails and operated by light rolling stock; now we have 200,000 miles, or nearly one-half of the world's mileage, mostly laid with much heavier rails and operated with much heavier locomotives and cars that carry from 60,000 to 100,000 pounds each, and yet it is evident that within ten years our railroad facilities must be more than doubled in efficiency to meet the demands of the trade, which have far outstripped the means for handling traffic.

The momentum of development is such as the world never saw. The next ten years must easily show a greater growth than the last twenty, for we now have at home 30,000,000 more people to work and to consume than we had in 1880, and by 1912 we will have nearly 50,000,000 more—almost the same as our total population in 1880, and then our manufacturers had but a limited foreign market; now we are pushing out for the world's trade, and shall capture it just as rapidly as we can push our production beyond our own consumptive requirements. We have many times as much labor-saving machinery as we had then; we have accumulated experience and capital far greater than the enthusiast of that day could have seen in his most visionary forecast. Then the wealth of the country was given by the census as $43,640,000,000; now it is $100,000,000,000. Starting in 1880, when we had 50,000,000 population, with 42,000,000 tons of bituminous coal output and 3,000,000 tons of pig-iron, we now have 250,000,000 tons of bituminous coal and 17,500,000 tons of pig-iron. Now we have nearly 80,000,000 people, and the industrial expansion of the world is so great that by 1912, when we will have between 95,000,000 and 100,000,000, or, approximately, double the population of 1880, we must make at least as much actual increase in coal as we have done since 1880. Disregard all percentages, for in figures of such magnitude percentages of increase may not be attained, and

000 tons of bituminous coal we are now mining, we must, in 1912, have an output of 450,000,000 to 500,000,000 tons. These figures are too stupendous to be grasped, but they do not seem as stupendous as a prediction for 1902 of 250,000,000 tons would have looked to us in 1880.

Heretofore, by reason of conditions now largely changed, such as the paralyzing effect of the war upon the South and the great activity in opening up the West, the development was mainly in the North and West. In Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois centered the iron and steel and coal expansion; in New England the textile interests and kindred manufactures, and in New York financial operations of the whole country. Now the scene of activity has shifted; southward the star of industrial empire takes its way. West Virginia and Southwest Virginia are the centers of the greatest coal activity in America. Coal-mining is being pushed with almost feverish activity; railroad operators are in despair because they cannot handle the traffic. But West Virginia has only scratched a few hillsides in its coal territory. Great Britain has only 8,000 square miles of coal area, but mines nearly 300,000,000 tons a year; West Virginia has 16,000 square miles, twice as much, and mines 25,000,000 tons, or one-twelfth as much. The time will come when West Virginia will mine as much as Great Britain. Southwest Virginia adds to this an immense contiguous coal field of great richness. These States are bursting with coal, and railroad facilities cannot be increased rapidly enough to meet the demand. More business awaits them than they can all, new and old, handle. Then comes North Carolina, a State larger than Pennsylvania, probably all around the most wonderfully endowed State in the Union—a State whose mineral and industrial potentialities are simply without limit. And then South Carolina, next to Massachusetts the leading cotton-manufacturing State of the Union, and Georgia, the Empire State, and Alabama, prophesied of by Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, possibly the world's highest authority, as to be the basic steel center of the world. Like West Virginia, it has scarcely scratched the ground; it is just starting its real business career. And then Tennessee and Mississippi. But why enumerate? Here is the world's richest territory just at the threshold of its development—building a cotton mill here and to be doubled; finding every day new sources for increasing its oil supply and building new enterprises of all kinds, from furniture factories to steel mills. This section is now going to keep full step with the giant strides of America's industrial activity.

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**THE MAKING OF PINS .....AMERICAN EXPORTER**

The manufacture of pins has become such an industry in the United States that the mills of this country practically supply the world with this needed article, and yet the demand is by no means a small one. Pins cost only a trifle nowadays, where they were very expensive. In 1900 the 75,000,000 people in the United States used 60,000,000 gross of common pins, which is equal to 9,500,000,000 pins, or an average of about 126 pins for every man, woman and child in the country. This is the highest average reached anywhere in the use of pins. Ten years ago we used only about 72 pins each.

The total number of pins manufactured in the United States during 1900, the census year, was 68,889,260 gross. There are 43 factories in all, with 2,353 employees. The business has grown rapidly during the last 20 years, for although there were 40 factories in 1880, they produced only half as much, employed only about half the capital and only 1,077 hands. There has been a considerable increase in the number of women and children employed in pin factories of late years, which is an indication that the machinery is being improved and simplified and that its operation does not require so high an order of mechanical skill.

Hooks and eyes are a by-product of pin-making, and are produced at most of the factories from material that will not do for pins. The output of hooks and eyes in 1900 was 1,131,824 gross.

Pins and hooks and eyes are turned out by automatic machines in such quantities to-day that the cost of manufacture is practically limited to the value of the brass wire from which they are made. A single machine does the whole business. Coils of wire, hung upon reels, are passed into machines which cut them into proper lengths, and they drop off into a receptacle and arrange themselves in the line of a slot formed of two bars. When they reach the lower end of the bars they are seized and pressed between two dies which form the heads, and pass along into the grip

of another steel instrument which points them by pressure. They are then dropped into a solution of sour beer, whirling as they go, to be cleaned, and then into a hot solution of tin, which is also kept revolving. They here receive their bright coat of metal, and are pushed along, killing time until they have had an opportunity to harden, when they are dropped into a revolving barrel of bran and sawdust, which cools and polishes them at the same time. Because of the oscillation of the bran, they work gradually down to the bottom of the barrel, which is a metallic plate cut into slits just big enough for the body of the pins, but not big enough for the head to pass through. Thus they are straightened out into rows again, and, like well-drilled soldiers, pass along toward the edge of the bottom, and slide down an inclined plane, still hanging by their heads, until they reach strips of paper, to which they are introduced by a curious jerk of the machine. The first they know they are all placed in rows, wrapped up, and on their way to the big department stores, where they are sold at from 5 cents to 10 cents a gross. A machine is expected to throw out several thousand gross an hour.

Needles are made by a similar machine. In 1900 there were made 1,387,533 gross of machine needles, 212,689 gross of shoemaking, 324,476 gross for ordinary household sewing machines, 307,426 gross for knitting machines, and the rest for other kinds of sewing and knitting machinery, generally for factory use. We imported $418,004 worth of ordinary needles, most of them from England.

Hairpins and safety pins and other kinds of pins are manufactured in a similar manner. We made 1,189,104 gross of hairpins in 1890. Both needles and hairpins are manufactured to a greater extent in Europe than plain pins. Safety pins, however, are decidedly American, and of these we make on an average of 1,000,000 gross a year.

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**THE MANUFACTURE OF CARRIAGES.....NEW YORK EVENING POST**

It is questionable if in any line of manufacture there has been more skill, enterprise, and originality displayed than in the making of American carriages of all types. The process of manufacture, from the old-time single-handed method to what is termed the "factory method," has been little short of a revolution. Fifty years ago, or even less, the various parts were made by hand, excepting the use of a few saws and the omnipresent lathe, and the work was done in small shops employing less than twenty men as a rule, scattered here and there, all over the country, wherever any center might suggest itself as likely a spot for trade.

This great change has been due solely to the great, steady, and continuous growth of general prosperity in the United States. So long as we were slowly making our way to the proper niche in the family of nations in which Fate intended we should eventually rest, there was little demand for the luxurious belongings of the older world, but with prosperity came the advance of every type of luxury, until to-day what is luxury in many countries of Europe is but the regular requirements of life as the average moderately well-to-do American regards it. To-day it is no boast to say that the maker of American carriages stands at the head of the procession. This has been proved in many ways. We have had the best foreign vehicles the world has produced brought here to the Centennial and to the later World's Fair at Chicago, and at neither place did the foreign exhibit surpass the native American product, and, while to-day there are no such conglomerations of goods to compare, we now send our experts abroad to see what they can find worth copying, but with some trifling exceptions it is now found that the palm of originality rests with the United States rather than with the countries of the Old World.

The two great factors in this are the wonderful supply of suitable wood of superior quality which can be obtained here in almost unlimited quantities, and the other is the native ingenuity of the average American workman, who is imbued with what used to be looked upon as a ridiculous idea, that nothing had been done so well it could not be done better. The result is constant and valuable improvement.

As soon as this was demonstrated, certain great houses in this country began to build upon that fact and upon reputation. A trade maxim is that no one knows the value of a carriage except the man who built it. It is possible to vary the cost of a carriage 50 per cent., and yet have the two look so much alike that not one in a hundred of the purchasers could tell one from the other. This difference is obtained by using material of choice selection, of exceedingly close inspection, of wonderfully accurate fitting of all parts, and the bringing to the highest point the one thing that each man is able to do best. In the cheaper vehicle all of this is reversed, to a certain degree. To see a carriage without paint or varnish is a revelation to most laymen. One

what iron, what steel; how they were blended, triced, joined, and how the grain of each piece of wood had been laid to secure the greatest possible textile strength, as well as the maximum lightness. A good carriage will show no appreciable difference at its main joints after years of wear, and this is obtained by the expert maturing of the woods, mainly ash and whitewood, with hickory for the spokes and felloes (second growth) and elm for the hubs.

Each part of a carriage tallies with its counterpart, or it is unsatisfactory. The strain comes mainly on the body, rockers, springs, springbolts, kingbolt, and fifth wheel, and must be properly distributed. The joinings of metal and wood are a most important matter, not only for appearance, but for continued tightness of the joint and for wear. The comfort of the individual's riding depends upon the springs, selected steel, drawn, tempered, and graded according to the class or type of vehicle, calling for the most expensive and expert labor, the use of which, or the lack of it, being demonstrated by the way in which a carriage passes over rough ground, every jar and jolt telegraphing the indelible fact.

When all has been assembled, and it is nearly all handwork in the better grades of vehicle, there is still the painting, and it may be said that a well painted carriage is a good carriage. This, because there are eighteen coats to be applied, according to the fiber of the wood, commencing with oil and finishing with varnish.

The rubber tire is here to stay, never more popular and still advancing, due in a great measure to the increased area of asphalt streets in the cities, and to the universally better roads in all parts of the country where carriages are much used. This type of carriage tire was first practically and generally introduced by the Earl of Shaftesbury in London, in the early seventies, and has since spread all over the civilized world. In a general way all carriage shapes are now running to grace of outline as well as utility. The old-time victoria, that strange anomaly, drawn by two great carriage horses, has vanished, and in its place is the light, graceful carriage, the women's specialty, drawn by one horse, with man, horse, and harness all in harmony.

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**PIG IRON PRODUCTION.....BALTIMORE SUN**

The Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association has received from the manufac- 17,821,307 gross tons, against 15,878,354 tons in 1901 and 13,789,242 tons in 1900.

The increase in production in the second half of 1902 over the first half of 1902 was 204,159 tons. The total increase in 1902 over 1901 was 1,942,953 tons.

The Bulletin says: " It is remarkable that there should have been such a large increase in production in 1902, when there were serious adverse conditions to contend with, chiefly inadequate transportation facilities, resulting in a short supply of coke and iron ore and the banking for longer or shorter periods of many furnaces. The anthracite coal strike also seriously interfered with the activity of many Eastern furnaces.

The production of Bessemer and low phosphorus pig iron in 1902 was 10,393,168 tons, against 9,569,793 tons in 1901. The production of basic pig iron was 2,038,590 tons, against 1,448,850 tons in 1901. The production of charcoal pig iron was 378,504 tons, against 360,147 tons in 1901. The production of mixed charcoal and coke pig iron was 11,665 tons, against 23,294 tons in 1901.

The production of spiegeleisen and ferromanganese was 212,981 tons, against 291,461 tons in 1901. In 1901 this country made more pig iron than Great Britain and Germany combined, and in 1902 we made more than these two countries and Belgium combined.

The stocks of pig iron which were unsold in the hands of manufacturers, or which were under their control at the close of 1902, and were not intended for their own consumption, amounted to 49,951 tons, against 70,847 tons at the close of 1901, and 442,370 tons at the close of 1900.

The American Pig Iron Storage Warrant Company held no pig iron whatever in any of its yards on December 31, 1902. This is the first time since its organization in 1889 that the company has not held at least a small quantity of pig iron in its yards at the close of a calendar year. At the end of 1901 it had 3,000 tons.

The whole number of furnaces in blast on December 31, 1902, was 307, against 266 on December 31, 1901, and 232 on December 31, 1900.

Of the 17,821,307 tons of pig iron produced in 1902, the five largest producing States were: Pennsylvania, 8,117,800 tons; Ohio, 3,681,388; Illinois, 1,730,220; Alabama, 1,472,211; Virginia, 537,216.

# The Traitor

## By Stewart Edward White

The following incident is taken from Mr. White's recent book, Conjurer's House.* The time of the story is the days of the Hudson Bay Company. Galen Albret, Factor of the great trading company, has ordered a free trader, Ned Trent, to go on *La Longue Traverse*, the long perilous journey which, without rifle or provision, means certain death. Trent has made love to Virginia, Albret's daughter, and has persuaded her to loan him a rifle. The scene which follows takes place just after Virginia has given him the rifle and has, as she thinks, parted with him forever. Justice to the author demands that it be stated that only excerpts have been taken sufficient to make a recital.

Slower and slower her paddle dipped, lower and lower hung her head, faster and faster flowed her tears. In the bitterness of her spirit she knew not what she thought except that she would give her soul to see him again, to feel the touch of his lips once more. He had gone like a phantom, like a dream, and the mists of life had closed about him, showing no sign.

The canoe whispered against the soft clay bottom. The life of the forest went on as though she were not there. Virginia, drowned in grief, knew of none of these things. She was seeing again the clear brown face of the stranger, his curly brown hair, his steel eyes, and the swing of his graceful figure. But more fondly she saw him as he swept his hat to the ground on discovering her by the guns, as he bent his impassioned eyes on her in the dim lamplight of their first interview, as he tossed his hat aloft in the air when he had understood that she would be in Quebec. She hugged the visions to her, and wept over them softly, for she was now sure she would never see him again.

Then somehow, in a manner not to be comprehended, it was borne in on her consciousness that he was indeed near her, and that he was indeed calling her name. And at once she made him out, standing, dripping, on the beach. A moment later she was in his arms.

"Ah!" he cried, in gladness; "you are here."

He crushed her hungrily to him, unmindful of his wet clothes, kissing her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her chin, even the fragment corner of her throat exposed by the collar of her gown. She did not struggle.

"Oh!" she murmured, "my dear, my dear! Why did you come back? Why did you come?"

"Why did I come?" he repeated, passionately. "Why did I come? Can you ask that? How could I help but come? You must have known I would come. Surely you must have known!"

"Yes, I think I do," replied the girl softly.

"And I thought of course you knew. I should not have kissed you otherwise."

"How could I know?" she sighed. "You said nothing, and, oh! I *wanted* so to hear!"

"You must go," she whispered brokenly, at last. "I do not want you to, but you must."

She smiled up at him with trembling lips that whispered to her soul that she must be brave.

"Now go," she nerved herself to say, releasing her hands.

Her face was raised bravely and steadily to his. In the starlight it shone white and pathetic. And her eyes were two liquid wells of darkness in the shadow, and her half-parted lips were wistful and childlike.

The man caught both her hands, again looking down on her. Then he answered her, solemnly and humbly.

"Virginia," said he, "I am setting out on a perilous journey. As I deal with you, may God deal with me."

"Ah, that is as I like you," she breathed.

"Good-by," said he.

She raised her lips of her own accord, and he kissed them reverently.

"Good-by," she murmured.

He turned away with an effort and ran down the beach to the canoe.

"Good-by, good-by," she murmured, under her breath. "Ah, good-by! I love you! Oh, I do love you!"

Then suddenly from the bushes leaped dark figures. The still night was broken by the sound of a violent scuffle—blows—a fall. She heard Ned Trent's voice calling to her from the *mêlée*.

"Go back at once!" he commanded, clearly and steadily. "You can do no good. I

*Conjuror's House. Stewart Edward White. N. Y.: McClure, Phillips & Co. Copyright, 1903, by Stewart Edward White.

Galen Albret had chosen to interrogate his recaptured prisoner alone. He sat again in the arm-chair of the council room. The place was flooded with sun. It touched the high lights of the time-darkened, rough furniture, it picked out the brasses, it glorified the whitewashed walls. In its uncompromising illumination Me-en-gan, the bowsman, standing straight and tall and silent by the door, studied his master's face and knew him to be deeply angered. For Galen Albret was at this moment called upon to deal with a problem more subtle than which his policy had been puzzled in thirty years. It was bad enough that, in repeated defiance of his authority, this stranger should persist in his attempt to break the company's monopoly; it was bad enough that he had, when captured, borne himself with so impudent an air of assurance; it was bad enough that he should have made open love to the Factor's daughter, should have laughed scornfully in the Factor's very face. But now the case had become grave. In some mysterious manner he had succeeded in corrupting one of the company's servants. Treachery was therefore to be dealt with.

The rifle brought in by his Indians, to his bewilderment, he recognized not at all. His repeated cross-questionings, when they touched on the question of Ned Trent's companion, got no farther than the Cree wooden stolidity. No, they had seen no one, neither presence, sign, nor trail. But Galen Albret, versed in the psychology of his savage allies, knew they lied. Now, his heavy revolver at his right hand, he interviewed Ned Trent, alone, except for the Indian by the portal.

Swiftly, like the play of rapiers, the questions and answers broke across the still room.

"You had aid," the Factor asserted, positively.

"You think so?"

"My Indians say you were alone. But where did you get this rifle?"

"I stole it."

"You were alone?"

Ned Trent paused for a barely appreciable instant. It was not possible that the Indians had failed to establish the girl's presence, and he feared a trap. Then he caught the expressive eye of Me-en-gan at the door. Evidently Virginia had friends.

"I was alone," he repeated, confidently.

me!" burst out the Factor.

Ned Trent was silent.

"If you'll tell me the name of that man I'll let you go free. I'll give you a permit to trade in the country. It touches my authority—my discipline. The affair becomes a precedent. It is vital."

Ned Trent fixed his eyes on the bay and hummed a little air, half turning his shoulder to the older man.

The latter's face blazed with suppressed fury. Twice his hand rested almost convulsively on the butt of his heavy revolver.

"This is the last chance I shall give you. Speak at this instant, or accept the consequences!"

Ned Trent turned sharply, as though breaking a thread that bound him to the distant prospect beyond the window. For an instant he stared enigmatically at his opponent. Then in the sweetest tones, "Oh, go to the devil!" said he, and began to walk deliberately toward the older man.

Galen Albret again laid hand on his revolver. "Come no nearer," he commanded.

But ten feet separated the two men. Galen Albret leveled the revolver. Ned Trent, watchful, prepared to spring. Me-en-gan, near the foot of the table, gathered himself for attack.

Then suddenly the free trader relaxed his muscles, straightened his back, and returned deliberately to the window. Facing about in astonishment to discover the reason for this sudden change of decision, the other two men looked into the face of Virginia Albret, standing in the doorway of the other room.

"Father!" she cried.

"Virginia," he commanded, in deliberate, stern tones of authority, "leave the room. You have nothing to do with this case, and I do not desire your interference."

Virginia stepped bravely beyond the portals, and stopped. Her fingers were nervously interlocked, her lip trembled, in her cheeks the color came and went, but her eyes met her father's, unfaltering.

"I have more to do with it than you think," she replied.

Instantly Ned Trent was at the table. "I really think this has gone far enough," he interposed. "We have had our interview and come to a decision. Miss Albret must not be permitted to exaggerate a slight sentiment of pity into an interest in my affairs. If she knew

looked at her appealingly across the Factor's shoulder.

But the Factor s suspicions were aroused.

"There is something in this," he decided. "I think you may stay, Virginia."

"You are right," broke in the young man, desperately. "There is something in it. Miss Albret knows who gave me the rifle, and she was about to inform you of his identity. There is no need in subjecting her to that distasteful ordeal. I am now ready to confess to you. I beg you will ask her to leave the room."

"Virginia, this is true?" His heavy, dead voice rumbled through his beard. "You know who aided this man?"

Ned Trent mutely appealed to her; her glance answered his.

"Yes, father," she replied.

"Who?"

"I did."

A dead silence fell on the room. Galen Albret's expression and attitude did not change.

"You?" he muttered, questioningly.

"I," she repeated.

Another silence fell.

"Why?" he asked, at last.

"Because it was an unjust thing. Because we could not think of taking a life in that way, without some reason for it."

"Why?" he persisted, taking no account of her reply.

Virginia let her gaze slowly rest on the free trader, and her eyes filled with a world of tenderness and trust.

"Because I love him," said she, softly.

After an instant Galen Albret turned slowly his massive head and looked at her. He made no other movement, yet she staggered back as though she had received a violent blow on the chest.

"Father!" she gasped.

"You—you love him!" he cried. You—me! You have dared—dared—deny that which my whole life has affirmed! My own flesh and blood—when I thought the nearest *mètis* of them all more loyal! You love this man—this man who has insulted me, mocked me! You have taken his part against me! You have deliberately placed yourself in the class of those I would hang for such an offense! If you were not my daughter I would hang you. Hang my own child!" Suddenly his rage flared. "You little fool! Do you dare set your judgment against mine? Do you dare interfere where I think well? Do you dare deny my will? By the eternal, I'll show you, old as you are, that you have still a father! Get to your room! Out of my sight!" He took two steps forward, and so his eye fell on Ned Trent.

SHE SMILED UP AT HIM WITH TREMBLING LIPS.

"Very well, sir," said the Factor, curtly, at last. "Your time is over. I find it unnecessary to hang you. You will start on your *Longue Traverse* to-day."

"Oh!" cried Virginia, in a low voice of agony, and fluttered to her lover's side.

"Hush! hush!" he soothed her. "There is a chance."

"You think so?" broke in Galen Albret, harshly.

"You are going to do this thing, father," appealed Virginia, "after what I have told you?"

"My mind is made up."

"I shall not survive him, father!" she threatened, in a low voice. Then, as the Factor did not respond, "Do not misunderstand me. I do not intend to survive him."

"Silence! silence! silence!" cried Galen Albret, in a crescendo outburst. "Silence! I will not be gainsaid! You have made your choice! You are no longer a daughter of mine!"

"Father," she pleaded, "you are not yourself. This has been very trying to you. Tomorrow you will be sorry. But then it will be too late. Think, while there is yet time.

told me he was a man of intelligence and daring—a gentleman; and surely, though he has been hasty, he has acted with a brave spirit through it all. See, he will promise you to go away quietly, to say nothing of all this, never to come into this country again without your permission. He will do this if I ask him, for he loves me. Look at me, father. Are you going to treat your little girl so—your Virginia? You have never refused me anything before. And this is the greatest thing in all my life.

Galen Albret snarled like a wild beast, throwing aside the girl, as he did the chair in which he had been sitting. Ned Trent caught her, reeling, in his arms.

For, as is often the case with passionate but strong temperaments, though the Factor had attained a certain calm of control the turmoil of his deeper anger had not been in the least stilled. Over it a crust of determination had formed—the determination to make an end by the directest means in his autocratic power of this galling opposition.

The girl's pleading, instead of appealing to him, had in reality but stirred his fury the more profoundly. It had added a new fuel element to the fire. Heretofore his consciousness had felt merely the thwarting of his pride, his authority, his right to loyalty. Now his daughter's entreaty brought home to him the bitter realization that he had been attained on another side—that of his family affection.

This man had also killed for him his only child. For the child had renounced him, had thrust him outside herself into the lonely and ruined temple of his pride. At the first thought his face twisted with emotions, then hardened to cold malice.

"I HAVE MORE TO DO WITH IT THAN YOU THINK," SHE REPLIED

unnatural child! An ingrate! One who tur from me so lightly!' He laughed bitter eyeing her with chilling scrutiny.

"You dare recall my love for you!" Su denly he stood upright, leveling a heavy, tre bling arm at her. "You think an appeal my love will save him! Fool!"

Virginia's breath caught in her throat. S straightened, clutched the neckband of gown. Then her head fell slowly forwa She had fainted in her lover's arms.

They stood exact so for an appreciat interval, bewildered the suddenness of t outcome; Galen Albre hand outstretched in nunciation; the girl li a broken lily, support in the young man's arm he searching her face p sionately for a sign life; Me-en-gan, straig and sorrowful, again the door.

Then the old ma arm dropped slow His gaze wavered. T lines of his face relaxe Twice he made an fort to turn away. at once his stubbo spirit broke.

He uttered a cry a sprang forward to snat the unconscious for hungrily into his be clasp, searching the gir face, muttering inc herent things.

"Quick!" he crie aloud, the guttur sounds jostling one a other in his throa "Get Wishkobun, quick!

Ned Trent looked at him with steady scor his arms folded.

"Ah!" he dropped distinctly in delibera monosyllables across the surcharged atmo phere of the scene.

"So it seems you have found your bear my friend!"

Galen Albret glared wildly at him over th girl's fair head.

"She is my daughter," he mumbled.

The following excerpts are taken from Joseph Elkinton's sympathetic and trustworthy story * of the Doukhobors. Mr. Elkinton's book is written with the charm of intimacy and in the spirit of truth. In view of the many erroneous statements made about this sect, it might be considered in the light of a guide and a text.

Many dissenters from the Russian Orthodox Church have been exiled to the Caucasus and Siberia within the past century because of their religious views. Among these the Doukhobors, or Spirit-Wrestlers, claim the special interest and sympathy of all who believe in the principle of non-resistance. Primarily the history of the Doukhobors is an appeal for the Christian principle of peace, a principle universal in its application, and sorely needed by the world to-day. The Doukhobors at this moment stand forth to the public mind as representing this principle. Indeed, these patient sufferers have adopted for themselves the name of "The Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood," based upon Christ's command to love *all* men. The name Doukhobor (*k* almost silent, and accent on last syllable) has come to designate the distinguishing characteristic of the people to whom it was originally given in derision. This name has followed these dissenters from the Orthodox Russian Church since 1785. It was intended at first to distinguish them from those dissenters who especially objected to the use and worship of *icons*, or images, and who became known as Iconobors. A Doukhobor (Spirit Wrestler) was looked upon as one who wrestled against the Holy Spirit, whereas the Doukhobors themselves turned it into another meaning, and said it conveyed equally well the idea of wrestling by *aid* of the Holy Spirit and not with carnal weapons.

*Copyright, 1903, by Joseph Elkinton*

"GRANDMOTHER" VERIGIN AND PATRIARCH IVAN MAHORTOV
THE OLD LADY IS RECOGNIZED BY ALL THE DOUKHOBORS AS A QUEEN

A century ago many of them were settled in a province of the Crimea, separated from the rest of Russia by desert steppes But this settlement was ruthlessly broken up about 1842, and they were forcibly transported to the Caucasus, and eventually scattered among Georgians, Armenians, Circassians, Tartars etc., without, however, destroying their internal organization—an individual theocratic community, living its own life and paying tribute only to the Czar. Thus surrounded, they formed themselves into a kingdom of peasants, while the weaknesses, corruptions and negligence of the Caucasian administration only strengthened the Doukhobors in their own opinions. The loftiness of their moral opinions, the foundation of which is the negation of violence, their power to endure, their sober and laborious life, proved to them a veritable "shield of faith," and gave them the esteem of others.

At the close of the eighties two parties unhappily divided the ranks of their Brotherhood—one willing to compromise with the

* The Doukhobors. Their History in Russia. Their Migration to Canada. By Joseph Elkinton. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $2.00. Copyright, 1903, by Joseph Elkinton.

Photographed by William Bellows

DOUKHOBOR WOMEN DRAWING PLOW

government about military service, while the other grew still more severe in its regulations. The second was much in the majority (eight thousand out of a total of twelve thousand), and this larger party adopted three new principles, having, it is true, connection with their ancient doctrine, but which, until then, had not been completely formulated. These three principles are Internationalism, Communism and Vegetarianism.

The new movement had been conducted largely by Peter Verigin, their youthful leader, and some other men who enjoyed the unlimited confidence of their party. In 1886 the Russian Government snatched these chiefs from the midst of their brethren and deported them to a place of exile within the Arctic circle. But the seed which they had sown could not be so easily removed, and the movement continued to go forward. In the course of ten years the Russian Government made a yet more determined effort to get rid of these persistent dissenters. But to destroy thousands of such stalwart men and women was not easier than to hide "a city set upon the mountain top." However, their condition was pitiable in the extreme when Count Tolstoi and the Society of Friends in England came to their relief by raising funds for their emigration to Canada.

The untiring devotion of my father, Joseph S. Elkinton, to these Russian peasants, has stimulated my interest in them since their arrival in America. During the summer of 1902 I visited several of their villages in the Prince Albert and Yorkton colonies, and came to know the people and their surroundings quite intimately.

Much has been published of late that greatly misrepresents the majority of their communities. Several hundred of the Yorkton colonists, who number 5,500 in all, have been deluded by a religious fanatic—not originally of their communion—who has posed as a prophet, and has taught that the use of animals as beasts of burden is unscriptural, and that Jesus would soon come again in person.

As there were only 285 cows, 120 horses and 95 sheep liberated by the Doukhobors, and sold by government agents to prevent irresponsible persons from capturing them, it is evident that no considerable part of the forty-seven villages near Yorkton were involved in this craze. Each village has a hundred or more cattle; and the Doukhobors bought back all these liberated animals at the sale.

The pilgrimage was a more serious affair, and was happily brought to an end by the government officials before there were many fatalities from exposure. Several hundred men, women and children marched thirty or forty miles to Yorkton "in search of Jesus." The women and children were detained by the authorities at that place, being housed and fed by the English-speaking residents, while the men went on to Minnedosa, some 150 miles toward Winnipeg. Here they were put upon a special train by the Superintendent of Immigration, Frank Pedley, and Colonization Agent Charles Spiers, taken back to Yorkton, and so returned to their homes.

This excitement has brought the whole Brotherhood into discredit in the view of those who are not personally acquainted with their many sterling qualities, but the Canadian Government has shown its liberal policy, and the humane action of its officials throughout these disturbing outbreaks has been most commendable.

Upon our arrival at Rosthern we were met by Michael Sherbinin, and Nurse Boyle. The former is a Russian nobleman, who has cast in his lot among the Doukhobors, and is

*Photographed by T. V. Simpson, V. S.*
MEN SERVING AS HORSES

At another time five young mothers were grouped in front of one of these ovens. The bonnets of these babies were quite elaborate, and their eyes very bright.

When we reached the village of Gorelofka, Savili Feodorevitch Choodyakov and his brothers, with their kind mother, were ready to give us a warm welcome, and we cannot omit to mention how all the good people of this village entertained us with royal hospitality. They also bestowed presents of clothes upon me.

A widow of seventy years came to me with her marriage scarf, saying that she would presently die, and as her children were either dead or too far away to give them this sacred emblem of her marriage, she wished to bestow it upon me, as otherwise it would go into her coffin. The scarf is made of Russian crash, about two yards long, and has several bands of silk of various colors below a section of conventional design. Each woman is presented with one of these when she marries. They had shortly before given me a new coat and sacred sash, such as is worn during their sunrise service. The cap (fedora) is made of a short, curly lambskin, and came from the Caucasus.

When about to leave this colony, I found that one or more of the Doukhobor girls could talk English quite well, and so we had some conversation about their coming home with me as domestic helpers. some time, the younger of the two thought she was willing to come, while the elder hesitated for fear she "would not get back in time to get married." I asked her how old she was, and she replied that she was sixteen. The younger was thirteen. The men and women generally marry when about seventeen years of age.

After a week spent most pleasantly, barring the mosquitoes, in this colony on the Saskatchewan River, we returned to Winnipeg via Regina, in order to visit the Yorkton settlement, which consists of forty-seven villages, situated from thirty to ninety miles distant from that town.

About this time we saw several men and boys drawing a loaded wagon, and as they drew near I asked one of them, through the interpreter, why they did not use horses. His reply was very candid, and, in the words of Scripture (Rom. 8: 19, 22): "The whole creation waiteth and groaneth even until now for the manifestation of (mercy on the part of) the sons of God." I remonstrated that the Apostle was not writing about horses, but of a spiritual bondage which our unregenerate wills inflicted upon "the better part" in our own souls. He wished to include the animal creation as "sons of God."

*Photographed by Joseph Elkinton*
A TYPICAL HOUSE WITH SOD ROOF

When the vanguard of the Doukhobor emigration reached this side of the Atlantic, there were not wanting critics who could see in the movement only an influx of paupers. In truth, the Doukhobors arrived in Canada almost utterly destitute of material wealth. Their transportation from Russia had absorbed whatever slight resources they had previously possessed, and even then had only been made possible by the help they had received from the Society of Friends. The Canadian Government was forced to help them in securing transportation to their new prairie homes, and in providing the necessaries of life after they got there; and many times since its watchful officials have stood between their wards and absolute starvation.

The men of each community were called upon to hire themselves out as farm laborers and railway navvies. The distances in the West are enormous, and it meant simply the exodus of the men from the villages, and an absence that was to be counted by weeks or months. Then, too, in a village of perhaps a hundred and twenty souls they might have a yoke of oxen or one pair of horses, and these were to plow, and carry lumber for the frames of houses, and, more than all, transport flour from a great distance to feed the community. The question was a grave one, winter comes quickly in these latitudes. But the question was answered by the women, who turned to, helped the few men left in the village to build the houses, and not only trod the mortar and used their hands as trowels, but carted the logs, drawing them for miles with the aid of two simple little wooden wheels, which were no bigger than those of a child's go-cart. The earth for the mortar was carried on their backs in baskets woven of willow or in huge platters hewn out of logs; the water was carried at times for half a mile in two buckets hewn, like platters, out of trunks of trees, and hung at the end of a long sapling. A deep trench was dug, and by the edge sat a score of women less strong than their Spartan sisters, chopping with a rude hatchet hay or grass to mix with the water in the trench or pit. Bucket after bucket of water was poured in from the primitive wooden pails, while six women with skirts kilted up nearly to their waists trod the mortar until it was as smooth as paste. Another gang of women carried it in the wooden troughs to the houses, where six or eight others plastered the logs both inside and out with the cold clay paste.

*Photographed by Nellie Baker*

SOME YOUNG DOUKHOBOR STUDENTS

The Dominion Government set aside some 270,480 acres of prairie land for the 7,361 Doukhobors (1,500 of these were men) who had taken refuge within its jurisdiction. The larger part of this tract was located near the junction of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories of Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, some seventy-five miles north of Yorkton. The most western settlement, on Duck Lake, is separated by 300 miles from the former, and has about one-fifth of the entire number of villages.

The Doukhobors are a gentle, kind people, grateful for any little kindnesses shown them, and they appreciate what has been done for them here. These people have been tried in the fire and not found wanting. These simple, unlettered peasants can teach us lessons of heroic sacrifice for the sake of the Truth.

across the yellow stream and into the forest beyond. "Allah! Allah!" mutter the mahouts, invoking luck, but cautiously, for the order is silence. Even the garrulous coolie ranks are still. The rear guard of Mohammedan riflemen tramps like a sullen clump of warriors to a surprise.

They have not traveled far into the forest when the van elephant stops with raised trunk. The long line shuffles to a halt. There is a little, naked creature gliding from between the trees ahead, grinning and ducking servilely before Petersen's howdah. Dennis, Nur Ali, the master-tracker, hurry up, as the little man points with extravagant simian gesture. The wild herd is not a mile ahead.

Petersen swings to the ground. The watchful mahouts make their mounts kneel, and the always-weary coolie column sinks into the grass. Men and beasts form a sun-splashed picture like a bit out of the Arabian Nights or the Bible: a caravan resting in the forest; a treasure train: anything of the past sufficiently bizarre and wonderful. They rest for a moment only, while the leaders talk, and the Bengalese, trotting back, prod the beaters to their feet and number them off into twin dingy herds, one under Dennis and Nur Ali and one under Petersen and his head tracker. The war against the wild herd begins in earnest now.

*From Stereoscopic Photograph, Copyright, 1903, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.*

JUST AFTER THE DRIVE-IN

Baldly, this is the way these men will work: The Chittagong beaters must surround the herd stealthily, each of the two parties making a wide, semi-circular detour, dropping two men every fifty feet. When the divisions meet beyond the game, there will be a ring, round about, of coolies posted within shouting distance of each other. It is the duty of this ring to hem the herd in for days by gunfire, and gong-beating and flames at night. Meanwhile, a great log stockade is to be built. Then the wild herd is to be driven into it, with how much craft and chance of failure only an elephant catcher knows. Once in, the game is won.

But now the game is only begun. Petersen has swung his detour party westward into the jungle, the trackers crawling along in the lead, himself following the coolie column. Behind him the tall turban of Nur Ali and Dennis' sun hat are flitting out of sight in the opposite direction.

The kneeling elephants are hardly beyond eyeshot when Petersen taps the two last coolies with his bamboo stick. At once they drop back and sink into the jungle grass. Fifty yards farther on two more fall out, the march never slackening. They are the first posts of the circle that is to be made about the herd.

Such isolated clumps of men in the dense forest would seem alarmingly futile to the outsider. As they are left behind the beaters are lost to sight almost at once. But as they drop back these men run up a thin fence of wattled bamboo all along their line. By the time the two parties have met, there will be a flimsy in-curving barrier all about the circle. To be sure, a half-grown elephant could drive through this as a man could break through a paper screen, yet just now the wattle is as effective as a log stockade. For this reason:

If the herd wanders toward this barrier at any point it will be met by the startling din of gongs and firearms and howlings, rising from behind the unnatural, traplike wattle. Because elephants are the most suspicious, nearly

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MOTHER AND CHILD PASSING ROUND THE STOCKADE

superstitious, of animals, they will draw back. They will not understand the strange things that have come into their jungle, and will be afraid—a ring of fear holding them safely when a realization of their strength might free them at one wild rush.

Hot and tired the column pushes under low branches and looped creepers, leaping boulders and rotting tree-trunks, passing round tall cane thickets, gorgeous with waxen berries. Everywhere the heavy jungle presses in, opening reluctantly ahead for the slim column—closing quickly behind it. Birds flap up from thorn bush. Unseen animals make little, stealthy noises of retreat. Somewhere on Petersen's right hand the game should be, but there is no sound or sight of it. The sun does not cast shadows in these dark forests; only by his compass can he tell that the depleted column has twined from west to northeast. The trackers slipping along ahead, never err.

Suddenly the handful of beaters still in line chatter with satisfaction. Ahead, under trees to the right, squat a little clump of Bengalese. Nur Ali and Dennis are there, and the circle is complete.

Together they turn back now, as noisily as they like, smoking happily. Skirting the beaters' posts, with their little fence of green bamboo and twigs running from tree to tree, and their guards on watch, puffing at their odorous chillums, they come at length to the elephants again. Dennis and Nur Ali have caught a glimpse of the wild herd—a bare glimpse, beyond many trees, of a moving mass in a far-off clearing.

which the herd is finally to be driven. The Dacca men bring out many ropes and axes and saws and sledges from the packs. The Sahibs look to proper trees, and the master-tracker looks to his undermen. Petersen sends word to the coolie overseers about the circle to draw one man from each post of two, at daybreak, and to send them in for tree-hewing and rope-making. The tents go up, packed forward from the river, for Petersen Sahib sleeps by his work. And in spite of the fever of the game, there is little insomnia in the jungle.

In the growing darkness through the jungles, fires ring the wild herd—flames fed with bamboo that explodes with the racket and sparks of fireworks. For the beaters know the price they pay if they sleep and the herd slips through. The smoke, rising from wet leaves, drifts among the trees as though the hill folk had started their fall grass-burning. And the wild herd moving anxiously here and there, shrinks back from a lurid, noisy barrier whose like has never troubled its jungle before.

For two days they have slaved from sunrise to sunset building the keddah, and at noon on the third day it is done. It stands just inside the southern edge of the beaters' great circle, ready for the herd. It is a ten-foot high stockade of massive, closely planted logs lashed with jungle rope—a ditch within and a bristle of braces without; perhaps there is an acre and a half of roughly cleared

*From Stereoscopic Photograph. Copyright, 1903, by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

AN ELEPHANT SIESTA

*From Stereoscopic Photograph, Copyright, 1903, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.*

NOOSED AND TETHERED

he is disturbed. But the rest come pushing after him, for the beaters are at their very heels. With a shake of his head the leader moves—how slowly!—under the hidden gate and into the keddah.

The wild herd rumbles through after him, a crowding avalanche of great dusty backs and swinging trunks. Behind them are the smoke of the riflemen and the jumping figures of the beaters. The last beast is through.

Petersen swings the ax high. A snap; a rush overhead; a reverberating crash. The great gate falls and the herd is safe and fast.

At once the jungle resounds with a roar of triumph that shakes the air. Here come the beaters, leaping from the brush by scores, howling, capering and clambering up the supports of the palisade, lining the rim with a half-crazy, clamoring mob. The riflemen are whirling their guns and shooting salvos recklessly. The mahouts are driving their trumpeting beasts forward from hiding. The Bengalese are hugging the sahibs' knees, and Nur Ali, from the top of the gate, shouts down his salaams with extravagant grins. It is a tremendous, riotous success.

The trapped herd realizes its defeat now and huddles tremblingly to the middle of the keddah. It is badly frightened by the riot and gunpowder smoke about it; before its leader finds his head the elephant catchers must act, and Petersen has already called for the tame elephants. The gate creaks up again and there they come, shuffling into this jungle amphitheater, itching for combat. Their mahouts yell happily behind their ears; the Bengalese noosers, with great loops of cable, cling to their girths, aback. Now the tying up begins.

The attack by the tame beasts is sudden, rough and disconcerting. They have been frenzy with system. Working in pairs, they dive at the huddled herd to break it up, to single out solitary victims and hold them while they are being tied.

Here are two tame elephants that have got one big, terrified beast between them. They shunt him dexterously from his fellows and wedge him against a tree, one on each side of him. The noosers slip down their tails, and while the beasts with blunted tusks jolt the breath out of their captive, the men with trailing ropes dodge bravely among the massive, scuffling feet. While one may write it, loops are about the wild one's hind legs and fast to the tree trunk. At once the trained beasts draw apart, their mahouts dashing dust derisively into the amazed, enraged prisoner's weeping eyes. Leaving him to strain and bellow futilely, the noosers mount; the mahouts drive back into the melée for another.

Petersen has ridden into the ruck on his riding elephant. Nur Ali, afoot, is dodging about with the Bengalese, roaring orders or skipping the shelter coolly at the charge of a wild elephant whose calf he has lassoed. Here and there short-lived duels are fought between the wild and the tame, to the clash of tusks and roars of applause from the palisade. The keddah is full of floating dust, and in the brown mist the great bodies strain and tug dimly. The clamorous work goes on and the herd is fettered, beast by beast, in the heart of its jungle.

When the sun has set, and the last great knot is tied, order comes from chaos with the clearing of the battle-ground. They are all safe in the keddah fettered and shamed—jungle kings naked and in bonds before these little folk with the master minds.

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CONQUERED

SPRING, SCULPTOR, M. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

PORTRAIT OF MME. DE A—— G——
SCULPTOR, M. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

D——. The pose is easy and graceful, and the technical difficulties of the very complicated costume and the sofa have been most skillfully overcome, not only by the artist but by the founder. The statuette in white metal is less ambitious and less effective. It is a portrait of Mme. J—— S——, the wife of a well-known lawyer.

Four statuettes not yet cast in metal are portraits of four ladies who are great friends, and four casts of each figure will be taken, in order that each lady may possess a complete set. They are all of them customers of Paquin, the celebrated Paris dressmaker, and knowing that M. Moreau-Vauthier excelled in reproducing costumes, one of them suggested that they should be represented as Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

"Spring," Mlle. J—— S——, is a particularly graceful little figure, and all the others are easy and natural. The figures do not exceed ten inches in height; some of the fine work—the necklace, jewelry, and embroidery—is almost microscopical.

Though for several years past there have been a few of these portrait-statuettes exhibited at the Salon and other exhibitions, they never appeared to be popular either with artists or public, and it is only within the last few

AUTUMN. SCULPTOR, M. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

months that there seems to be a great demand for them.

Rumor says that several well-known American ladies have expressed their intention of having their statuettes executed in gilt-bronze as soon as they return to Paris for the season, and it is probable that next year's Salon will contain many charming specimens of this style of art. It is not often that fashion hits upon such a good idea, and can go hand-in-hand with art.

A statuette executed by a skillful sculptor conveys an idea of life and movement which is never found in the old-fashioned academical bust, and very rarely even in a photograph.

* * *

The subject of the above interesting article is illustrative of a certain tendency toward which modern art is slowly leaning. While the conservatives may regard with scepticism a movement so radically in advance of the warm colors of the brush marble, the ultra-moderns hail with delight such examples of advanced art. But lovers of the palette and the chisel need have no fear that their art will wane, because they will always find those who prefer pigment or marble to this new fad of the statuette, which may, after all, be only ephemeral. Ephemeral or not, the statuette at least fulfills those conditions which its admirers claim for it, namely, an idea of life and movement. Then, too, it very adequately portrays the works of art and grace with which the modern woman so loves to adorn herself. While the statuette has been long known in Paris, it is by no means unknown in this country, as may be witnessed by the very admirable work in the same field by Bessie Potter Vonnoh, whose statuettes have elicited so much admiration on the part of both friends and critics.

PORTRAIT OF MME. J—— S——. SCULPTOR, M. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

# Mental Gymnastics: Educating the Will

## By Dr. Felix Regnault*

Suggestion is actually regarded, not without some reason, as a dangerous practice. Has not one seen certain hypnotizers impose their will and make people perform grotesque acts of which they had no desire? Also some fear to employ this wonderful psychical force.

It may be said of it, as of all other natural forces, when one does not know how to utilize them, that they are dangerous; but if one understands them, they become powerful auxiliaries. Man has been able to domesticate the thunderbolt. Heat has furnished him the steam engine. Suggestion, taken from strange hands and utilized by the subject himself, will permit him to govern himself and to augment his freedom. From the fact that we have no consciousness of it, we are exposed to all auto-suggestions, good or bad, and are unable to avoid those which are injurious. Thus the liar ignores that he will be the first to be seized by his falsehoods. Tartarins are numerous, and the creation of Alphonse Daudet is not an imaginary person. Whosoever is not sincere in his acts or in his words, and desires, in spite of his real self, to play a rôle, whether it makes a skeptic or a believer, an enthusiast or a misanthrope, will always enter more or less into the personality of his personage. And if appearances are deceitful to him he tends, nevertheless, to this condition. This universal suggestion, which comes from all that which surrounds us, satisfies the need of belief so imperious for the happiness of beings. We will find this need in our proverbs, our superstitions and all our beliefs.

"Aid thyself, and Heaven will aid thee," murmurs the discouraged one, and he regains confidence. In order to preserve himself from wounds, the savage covers himself with amulets and he faces without fear the wild beast and the enemy. By prayer, the believer obtains the strength which he demands of Heaven to accord him, and he thus fortifies his faith. Those who retire at night with the firm design to awaken two or three hours earlier than usual realize an unconscious suggestion. They think of it during sleep and awaken at different times before the hour. This explains the belief of young boarders in a convent. Before retiring they demand of the souls in purgatory to awake them at the certain hour, promising them prayers if they grant their request.

Many customs still employed in our provinces are based upon auto-suggestion. Thus, in Alsace, and in almost all Germany, the 29th of November, the day of Saint-André, the young girl will see in a dream the man she ought to wed if, before retiring, she recites with conviction:

> To-day Saint-André
> All men sleep,
> All living men
> With the exception of the man
> Who ought to espouse me.

In several provinces, in order to augment the auto-suggestion, the young girl kneads a cake of flour, gives it a human form and eats it. Her prayer is urged in the verse which follows:

> I am about to retire,
> Saint-André, I pray thee,
> Let me see my beloved.
> Whether he be young or old,
> Let me see him.

The young girl thus does see the one whom she loves and, thus encouraged, she helps to the realization of her dream. It occurs sometimes, however, that one of these girls perceives, instead of a beautiful young man, a phantom enveloped in white robes. This apparition destroys her last hope, and she becomes an old maid and marries Death.

With a like design, the young country women of the Loire-Inférieure practise on the night of Candlemas, an hypnotic experience of which the realization is less easy. Before retiring, they place a mirror between two lighted candles. At the stroke of twelve, they arise from bed, right foot forward, and hasten to see in the glass the image of their betrothed, which at that precise moment is mirrored on the glass. I leave it to the imagination if a suggestion so powerful is efficacious.

But unconscious auto-suggestion is far from always giving favorable results. As an example, I will cite the belief in fatalism. One hears on every side the words, "I am unlucky, it is fatalism." Our superstitious peasants have given to misfortune the form of a malicious

*From La Revue

assiduous labor, never accomplish anything, declare "*la bosj* is fallen upon me." *La bosj* may be hereditary or acquired. Certain men preordained to misfortune, are sickly, pale and thin. They are robbed of their possessions. They are deprived of all which is dear to them —their wives, their children. But *la bosj* may be acquired. She attacks those who commit a bad deed, who cheat the widow, etc. *La bosj* may smite an entire population. She brings famine, war, want and contagious disease. She prefers the poor and respects the rich.

Good luck is explained in the same manner. It is personified by rose spirits who are ever welcome. Luck really exists. Upon the character of the individual depends whether it is good or bad.

One may multiply the examples of auto-suggestion, but those which precede suffice to make known the mechanism and to appreciate the importance of it. It is necessary now to study its employment. In order to employ auto-suggestion, all hours of the day are not equally favorable. One must meditate by detaching the mind from the exterior world. One should avoid noise, conversation, the come-and-go of people who surround one. All disagreeable sensations, as cold feet or headache, are unfavorable. Precautions are difficult to take during the day. They are spontaneously realized at night when one commences to sleep. Reflection then becomes inactive and the imagination which forges dreams is not still all-powerful. The moment chosen, let us see how to employ auto-suggestion. The first plan will be to think of it strongly in repeating it mentally. With some, given to a strong will, this meditation is singularly efficacious, and it permits the acquisition of extraordinary results such as to command the muscles which, in general, are independent of the will. They are able to move the ears, to precipitate or to arrest the action of the heart.

These facts are currently cited in the treatises on psychology. I have observed some of the same order but which are less known. During a voyage which I made twelve years ago to India I saw a European accomplish the exercises of the Mohammedan friars. He told me that, having admired them, he sought to imitate them. He perceived that it only sufficed to think strongly of the act in without suffering, to thrust long needles in the cheeks and in the hands, the wounds remaining painless. When, on the contrary, he neglected to will, he suffered and the wounds bled. These people would have merited in antiquity the title of Stoics, those who supported without a murmur the gravest operations in declaring, "Pain, thou art only a word." Many savages, moreover, possess this extraordinary insensibility. Dr. Damoglou tells us that at Omdourman, Nubia, at the time of the Dervishes, thieves submitted to the amputation of the forearm in the public square in the midst of a great number of people. After the blow of the Turkish sword, the mutilated member was plunged into boiling oil in order to stop the hemorrhage. All underwent the operation without giving forth the least cry, without making the least movement, without having any contraction of the face. They made it a point of honor not to show their suffering, and by their will brought it about that they could thus undergo this intense pain.

But such practices will only remain the privilege of some. Moreover, they have only a scientific interest. If they show the great power of auto-suggestion, they indicate also with what niceness it is proper to handle a force which may produce such important modifications in the organism.

Among ordinary people mental suggestion, even if it arises from very simple results, such as a melancholy person becoming gay, an idler a worker, will be more difficult to realize. It demands will power; but, if they have it, they need not employ auto-suggestion. The greater tension of mind that it requires is always painful and fatiguing. It brings about physical disorders if one abuses it.

One may, however, prefer a method more simple, which consists in repeating mechanically in a loud voice the suggestion one wishes to obtain, and with no need of effort or of mental tension. Prayers are equally efficacious, even to him who pronounces them without fervor, for they penetrate by the ears and impress themselves on the brain. If visual images are better retained than auditory ones one may attain the idea through the medium of the eyes. Such auto-suggestion I have realized with success upon an hypochondriac, advising him to write each night upon the wall with a phosphorous powder the

understand well the character in order to adopt the formula. The one who has a spirit of obedience will give orders to himself by repeating "Do this." The credulous will find better the simple affirmation instead of saying, by an example, "I wish to be a worker, I wish to be reasonable, I wish to be gay," that which supposed a participation of the will—if they will simply declare "I will be a worker, I will be reasonable, I will be gay."

A last remark. Auto-suggestion has not always an immediate effect. One declares to himself that he will suffer no more, and if the pain persists he believes he has not been cured, but a little after he perceives with surprise that the pain has disappeared.

If one rebels against ordinary auto-suggestion there remains the resource of indirect procedure. Let us apply ourselves to modify our physiognomy and our language and to adapt them to sentiments which we wish to procure for ourselves. Do we wish to chase away sadness? Let us laugh and hum a gay song. At first we will do it unwillingly, but soon gayety will come. For it only suffices to feign a passion in order to have it become part of ourselves. In other cases an act will be easily accomplished by reason of it being related to

to arise at an early hour, but on sleep which prolongs itself du and when the imagination wan and one has not sufficient will from the bed. It suffices to pl ing book near the pillow. The incite you to take it, and you to read it. It will awaken you are then in full possession of yo arise becomes easy. Subterfu employed in seeking the assista in order to strengthen the wi musician of genius who was ord in the sea, but he feared to en He always stopped at the bea employed a friend to push him this simple act decided him. I friend, he gave several sous t should render him the same servi

The sciences, in appearanc speculative, include a great nun tical applications which only reve to us when they are sufficiently worked out. Psychology is no this. It will disclose to us some d to govern ourselves well. In this suggestion is a precious conques order.

# Cross-Fertilization in Socio

## By J. Collier*

The assertion was perhaps first made by Niebuhr, repeated by Whately, and supposed to be very damaging to the alleged evolution of the higher races of man from the lower, that there is no instance on record of a savage people raising itself unaided from barbarism to civilization. Might not the criticism be generalized? Can it not be affirmed that there is *no* recorded example of any people rising considerably in the scale of culture otherwise than by receiving stimulation, amicable or hostile. from other peoples? A man is made "by his enemies," like Mr. Chamberlain, and nations have been brought to the point of self-conscious ndividuality, as happened to England and France, to France and Germany, by mutual animosity. French and English historians agree that the latter stages of the French Revolution were initiated by the hostilit Europe. But wrath and hatred ar base of collective any more than o life; the chief social regenerator is its primary form. The floral worl finely shown to owe its beauty a cence to cross-fertilization; the an might likewise be shown to be inde vigor and variety to intercrossing. it be proved that most great a civilization have been originated by ing of two stocks, the immigratic viduals from one society to anothe porary migration of individuals societies, the transmission of germs society to another by various agen the reaction of one portion of a c on another, or of one form of soc another.

*Knowledge.

These are, all of them, robust or "degraded" modes of intercrossing or cross-fertilization.

### CROSS-BREEDING IN PHILOSOPHY

A rapid sketch of a single line of development will reveal something of the part that this great natural agency has played in history. All the leading philosophies have been born of the contact of alien ideas with native systems. Platonism was begotten by the soaring speculations of the Italian Eleates on the stubborn realism of Socrates. Aristotle was formed by opposition to his master and by a species of intercrossing; in him metaphysic was, as it has all along been, fertilized by contemporary science. Pantheistic Stoicism was the offspring of Asiatic thought on Greek thought; Deistic Epicureanism of atomistic science on the same basis. Greek Eclecticism consisted of a medley of systems intermingled by Syrian, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman thinkers. Neo-Platonism blended Aristotelianism and Platonism with an Oriental admixture. Mediæval Scholasticism was the outcome of Aristotelianism applied to Christian theology. The scientific discoveries of the seventeenth century bred an original philosophy equally on the sympathetic Scholasticism of Descartes and on Hobbes's antagonism to Scholasticism. Cartesianism generated Spinozism on the traditions of the Cabbala. Spinozism introduced the new element of immanence into the philosophy of Europe. Kantism was begotten by the scepticism of Hume on the metaphysic of Wolf and Tetens. The cloudy transcendentalism of Schelling was the phantom produced by the union of Oken's pseudo-science with Kantism. The old French philosophy took on a new character in Royer-Collard under the influence of Reid. Victor Cousin owed his originality to an early infusion of German doctrines. Hamilton repaid Kant's debt to Hume by affiliating himself on Kant, with Reid for matrix. Ferrier reared a bright castle in the air under the inspiration of Berkeley. And Mr. Spencer acknowledges that a formula of von Baer was the starting-point of his evolutionary (and revolutionary) career.

### MASS-FERTILIZATION

All through Nature the male seeks the female. The masculine peoples—the Greeks for a time, the Romans pre-eminently, the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, the English of the last three centuries, and now the Russians—have spread themselves over the world in search of feminine peoples to be conquered or civilized. The effect they produce is proportionate (1) to the prepotency of the aggressive element, and (2) to the amount of it. The Macedonian highlanders, reinforced by Greeks from the islands and the two mainlands, who Hellenized Asia and Egypt under Alexander and his successors, cannot have been very numerous, but their propagandist energy and intellectual superiority raised their prepotency to the highest point ever attained. Accordingly, they diffused Greek culture over a large part of the East, developed Greek philosophy and science, and prepared a theater for the reception of Christianity. Cosmopolitan Alexandria, in particular, was at once a menstruum of nationalities, and the scene of the fusion of Oriental and Occidental thought.

It is estimated by M. Jullien that the colonists settled in Gaul by Julius Cæsar and Augustus did not exceed thirty thousand. Add merchants, artisans, functionaries and slaves, and the total may still be inconsiderable. Yet with this limited material, the world-molding people modeled Provence in its own image, and from this base it Romanized Northern Gaul, Western Germany, and Southern Britain. The Roman talent for government made the Romans as prepotent morally as the Greeks were intellectually.

In northern Gaul the Franks were more prepotent than their Visigothic kin in the south, and probably more numerous than the Romans there. They yet created no new ethnical type, but only reinforced the fair dolichocephalic element. They strengthened the characters of energy, firmness, and seriousness in the Gaulish temperament. They did not produce the feudal *régime*, but they contributed the fructifying pollen which developed it out of existing usages, thus made it inevitable, and added to it certain features that were peculiar to themselves. Mediæval chivalry was the offspring of the marriage of the German with the Gaulish minds. The key to French history lies in the perception of this periodic cross-fertilization. We observe it again in the abortive Reformation of the sixteenth century, in the critical movement of the eighteenth century, in French philosophy under Louis Philippe, the French literature of the sixties, and French science of the nineties.

The numbers of the Saracen invaders of Spain are stated at twenty-two thousand; these were doubtless largely increased by later immigration, but seven centuries afterward they did not exceed two hundred thousand. Yet their influence on Visigothic Spain was

of the Spanish character, as plainly shown in its saints as in its hidalgos, in its religion as in its conquests and its sports, derived from the foundation of savagery in the Semitic nature? They modified the physical environment by erecting public buildings and constructing a system of irrigation that are still in use. They established the culture of silk and sugar. They transmitted the manufacture of paper and of gunpowder, and the binding of books. They changed the face of pharmacy and medicine. They diffused over Europe the Arabic numerals, algebra and the higher mathematics. Heeren asserts that they made no important discovery, but others allege that they originated the germs of many later discoveries. They deeply affected the vocabulary, the literary forms, and the spirit of Castilian literature. Their influence on philosophy can be definitely stated. They translated the works of Aristotle from the Syriac versions, not from the Greek. The Arabic versions were translated into Hebrew by the Jews, whose translations were translated into Latin. Aristotle four times decanted was the only Aristotle the early Schoolmen knew, Aristotle was commented on by Arabian Averroes; Averroes was commented on by Jewish Maimonides; and from these blended sources Greek-Arabic-Jewish speculations flowed into mediæval Europe by influencing Alexander of Hales, Bonaventura, and Albertus Magnus, the earliest Schoolmen. In all these ways the Arabians communicated fresh vigor to the European intellect.

The little band of Normans who conquered Calabra and Apulia consisted of no more than twelve hundred horse and foot, though in twenty years it swelled to the legendary total of sixty thousand. We should expect their prepotency to have been more military than intellectual or commercial; yet they set up the earliest medical school in Europe, and founded the city that first distributed the products and manufactures of the East. To Sicily the same conquering race transported, from Athens, Corinth and Thebes, a captive multitude of silk weavers and artisans, who planted new industries in Italy. To England it brought the seeds of new institutions, new arts, new philosophies and theologies. The history of our own country strikingly illustrates the Darwinian principle that a social organism crossed. though at distant intervals, with kindred varieties, gains vigor and fecundity. received the first seeds of Christianity at the hands of Roman refugees from persecution; and at the same time a multitude of Roman provincials, captives of the Goths, diffused the same religion in Dacia among their masters, whose apostle, Ulphilos, invented the Gothic alphabet. In the sixth century the bigotry of Justinian drove thousands of his industrious Nestorian subjects from all provinces of the Eastern Empire, whence they carried into Persia the arts alike of peace and war. About the middle of the eighth century Constantine Copronymus transplanted the sect of Paulicians from the banks of the Euphrates to Constantinople and Thrace, where they introduced and diffused the germs of Protestantism. They were strengthened by a second and larger contingent, transported two hundred years later from the Chalybian hills to the valleys of Mount Hæmus. They spread from Bulgaria, Croatia and Dalmatia, into the Greek provinces of Italy and Sicily, whence they silently propagated their opinions as far as Rome and Milan. In the south of France they were known as the Albigeois, whose bleeding remnants bore their faith into Northern France, England, Bohemia, and Germany. An unbroken chain thus links the second founder of Christianity to Wickliffe and Jerome, Calvin and Luther. The exiled French Huguenots conveyed to Prussia the secrets of several lucrative industries. They brought to England sugar refining, and introduced improvements in the paper manufacture. But the best gifts are men. The Huguenots took to Germany the ancestors of Savigny, who founded a new school of law and the historical method, and Beausobre, who initiated a new species of history—the history of doctrines. To England they brought the "dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion" in an ancestor of Edward Miall; in an ancestor of James Martineau, that "purer and more perfect theism" to which Gladstone believed that religion would one day be reduced; while his sister, Harriet, was the masculine expositor of an enlightened secularism. In John Henry Newman the sturdy Huguenot stock may not seem to have been prepotent; but the priest who denounced the "insolent and aggressive faction" that forced on an Ecumenical Council the definition of the dogma of Papal infallibility, must have remained a Protestant at heart.

# Matters Musical and Dramatic

### THE CLOSE OF THE OPERA SEASON

The opera season in New York is over. It has been one of the longest and in some ways, the best in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House. A hundred operas were produced, showing a wide range of character and school. These were divided as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wagner | 27 | Mozart | 4 |
| Verdi | 21 | Bizet | 3 |
| Gounod | 9 | Rossini | 3 |
| Meyerbeer | 8 | Mancinelli | 2 |
| Puccini | 7 | Miss Smyth | 2 |
| Donizetti | 7 | Mascagni | 1 |
| Leoncavallo | 6 | | |

The season proved very successful from a social, financial and musical standpoint. In the main the performances were of high merit, some standing out in exceptional light. A noteworthy feature was the production of the Nibelungen Lied at popular prices.

### MISS SMYTH'S OPERA, DER WALD

The greatest fault of the season was an old one, lack of new productions. The production of Miss Smyth's one-act opera, Der Wald, only partly remedied this sterility. This ambitious effort was first given last May in Berlin, and was later heard twice in London. Its success abroad was far from certain, while in this country it has scarcely been received with unconfined praise. The story of this opera is given as follows in Harper's Weekly:

Dramatically, Der Wald is a brief and passionate illustration of that wonderful thought of Plotinus, that "in the particular acts of human life it is not the interior soul and the true man, but the exterior shadow of the man alone, which laments and weeps, performing his part on the earth, as in a more ample and extended scene, in which many shadows of souls and phantom forms appear." Miss Smyth has intended, in her own phrase, to show "the quiet workings of the eternal forces of nature as contrasted with the storm and stress of mortal life"—which is merely a British and modern variant of the meditation of Plotinus. She has chosen (being her own librettist) to set against the background of a primeval and spirit-haunted forest, a tragic human action, contrastingly swift, brief and calamitous; and at the end, as at the beginning, a mystic chorus—the elemental spirits of the wood—chant, in the words of the argument, "their own eternity and the brevity of things human." With all possible sympathy for its essential, if unrealized, poetry, it must be said that this conception, as Miss Smyth has actualized it dramatically, seems at times a little too obvious, a little too crassly romanticistic (as Mr. Howells would say). We wish that, in developing her theme, she had handled it more subtly, more aërially, with somewhat less bald an insistence upon the point of her allegory.

In regard to the music, Miss Smyth seems to be but moderately successful, though at certain moments she attains unquestionable excellence. Lack of temperament appears to be her main failing. W. J. Henderson, one of the foremost musical critics in America, writes in the New York Sun:

It was said in the cursory review of the morning following the production that Miss Smyth's music was notable rather for its masculinity of style than for sensuous charm. Perhaps the most direct and unaffected musical thought in the score is that found at the opening of the tragedy proper. It is the scene of the peasant merrymaking, where the musical investiture of the thought is obvious, and therefore natural. The dance is excellently conceived and charmingly written, and the chorus, accentuated with shouts, has the real rustic ring.

Where she seems to have missed her opportunities most widely is in the scenes of the prologue and epilogue. The stage invites to musical wonders. The setting is admirably devised, and the aspect of the virgin forest is before us, heightened by the mystery of pallid moonlight and deadly stillness. Yet for the choral expression of her nymphs and other forest spirits Miss Smyth has composed features of acrid harmonic basis and creakingly unmelodic phrases. Her poetic fauns and satyrs sing like "acidulous vestals." They are neither immortally young, nor naively tuneful. They are prematurely aged in chromatic polyphony. They have eaten of the fruit of the tree of Brahms, but their digestion was imperfect They are a set of sophisticated spirits, and, oh! so worldly-wise. Der Wald is an academic grove.

### THE WORK OF MAURICE GRAU

The close of the opera season marks also the close of another epoch of American opera production—the régime of Maurice Grau. It is fitting at this time to give a brief summary at least of what Mr. Grau has accomplished. This will but suggest, for extended treatment would be necessary to show in what state he found metropolitan opera and what difficulties he had to surmount.

In the five years during which he has been the sole manager of the Metropolitan, he has not been idle in bringing forward works not hitherto included in the repertoire of the house, nor in introducing new singers to the public. The new operas performed for the first time in America under his direction were Mancinelli's Ero e Leandro, Puccini's Tosca, Reyer's Salammbo, De Lara's Messaline,

Un Ballo in Maschera, La Bohème, which was new to the Metropolitan, though it had been heard previously in New York, and Mozart's Il Flauto Magico.

Under Mr. Grau's sole management the following singers have come to the Metropolitan Opera House: Mmes. Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Homer, Kirby-Lunn, Scheff, Bréval and Saville; Messrs. Alvarez, Van Dyck, Saléza, Van Rooy, Albers, Dippel, Scotti, Gilibert, Journet, Reiss, Pini-Corsi, Bertram, Blass, De Marchi, Anthes and Burgstaller. With the exception of Mme. Sembrich, Mr. Dippel and Mr. de Marchi, these artists were all new to the American public.

At the best, Mr. Grau's record is not extraordinary, yet it is far ahead of that of any other impresario who has undertaken to supply the American public with operatic entertainment in recent times.

#### MR. CONRIED'S PLANS

Already the personality of the new impresario has begun to assert itself. The vague rumors of dark foreboding which attended the first announcement that he had been chosen to the post previously occupied by Mr. Grau have given way to more optimistic promises. A majority of the favorite singers are to return and the present "all star" system is to be maintained. A large amount of money is to be expended upon the Metropolitan Opera House, to remedy what has ever been its greatest blemish—poor stage facilities and properties. In addition, many novelties are promised.

#### THE PROPOSED PRODUCTION OF PARSIFAL

The greatest of these is Mr. Conried's avowed intention of producing Wagner's Parsifal. This opera has never been produced outside of Baireuth. The announcement of Mr. Conried's intention has called forth a storm of articles from Germany and elsewhere. Frau Wagner has cabled that she will take the necessary steps to have the performance prohibited by the courts, and that "it would be not only irreverent but illegal." Frau Wagner's claim of illegality seems somewhat tenuous and complicated. Mr. Grau has repeatedly produced Wagnerian operas without paying a cent royalty. Moreover, the international copyright law was only passed in 1891 and does not retroact, and consequently does not apply. The only question is that of proprietary rights. And it is this question alone which Mr. Conried has to consider.

Meanwhile all Europe seems to be awaiting the outcome with great interest. If Mr. Con- on the matter when, the other day, in Paris, there was produced, under the direction of the *Sociétés des Grandes Auditions Musicales de France*, important portions of the three acts of the opera. This was the first time that the French capital has heard more than the barest fragments.

The impression made upon every one was that Parsifal is the most complete and perfect work of Richard Wagner, not only by the sublimity of its conception, but also by the purity of its poetry and of its musical realization. It will remain unique, and will be for the lyric drama what The Passion Selon Saint Mathieu and the Ninth Symphony are for the oratorio and the symphony.

#### ELGAR'S CANTATA, THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

The production of Edward Elgar's "sacred cantata," The Dream of Gerontius, proved a musical sensation. This was first heard at a Birmingham Festival in 1900 and attracted at once wide notice and great praise. Edward Elgar was at that time an obscure provincial musician. Now the stability of his position in the world of music is a high one and one of stability. As might be guessed, the cantata is a musical setting to portions of Cardinal Newman's poem. This poem "represents the death of a man, the passage of his soul in the company of his guardian angel up into the piercing presence of God, and finally down to languish and to be cleansed in purgatory." Something of the deep impression made by this work can be seen in this paragraph from the Commercial Advertiser:

The resources of the man are enormous. To complete mastery of the art of modern orchestration he unites the most profound learning in the art of choral writing. Yet, in writing for his orchestra or for his choruses he is never dry, never scholastic, never academic. The most complicated polyphony he transforms into a plastic and flexible instrument for the attainment of his ends. His weakest point is writing for the solo voice. Here he often fails to sustain the interest. At times he is greatly hampered by the text, but this is not always true. Yet, even admitting this unevenness, The Dream of Gerontius is a mighty work, and sincerest thanks are due the Oratorio Society and Mr. Damrosch for presenting it.

Richard Aldrich in the Times, while not so enthusiastic, is none the less lavish of praise:

It is not perhaps yet time to say that Dr. Elgar possesses that which shall raise him permanently above his fellows and shall bring about the real "renaissance" of English music. The Dream of Gerontius does indeed show a vital power, a soaring imagination, a fervor of religious exaltation, a dramatic impulse, a command of the resources of

Elgar has put into it precisely the qualities that have been lacking in the modern oratorios, to make it a genuine and vital work, an intense religious exaltation and sincerity, expressed in the musical language of to-day and utilizing all the modern sources of musical effect, which he commands with such unerring skill. He has shown that when it is endowed with such qualities, and is no longer a machine-made product of the schools, the oratorio is still potent to command the attention of the musical public.

#### THE RISE OF THE "INDEPENDENT" MANAGER

The so-called "Independent Manager" has apparently come to stay. But a few years ago Mr. Fiske was practically alone. Later Mr. Maurice Campbell joined hands with him. Then came Mr. James K. Hackett, who produced "The Bishop's Move." The most recent to come within the ranks are Messrs. Weber and Fields.

#### THE CASE OF WEBER AND FIELDS

Messrs. Weber and Fields are a most interesting phenomenon in the dramatic firmament. Many can remember when they were a "vaudeville team doing a German act." Some years ago, and not very many at that, they took a theater on Broadway, and here brought together the most unique stock company in America, and created an absolutely new class of plays—a combination of vaudeville, comic opera and travesty. Now comes a third phase of their career. From being simply managers of a music hall on Broadway, they have become managers in a broader sense. Already they own a second theater in New York, are building another in Boston, a third in Chicago, and have others in contemplation. Instead of producing merely musical comedies and travesties they are entering into more serious work. Here is a process of transformation worth studying, for it seems but at its inception.

#### THE TRUST AND ITS VIRTUES

The "independent" managers are thus in a flourishing condition, which seems each day to grow stronger. Everywhere praise is given them, and perhaps rightly; but they have a great deal of work before them if they wish to make good. A mass of vituperation has been cast upon the "theatrical trust." But let it not be forgotten that to this "trust" America owes some of its best and greatest productions. Great artists have been brought over here. The new managers have a task before them if they are to prove their work. Of course there is another side to the question—the standpoint of the manager, and on this view more might be said. But the fact remains that much that has been said against the trust has been meaningless and unjust.

#### THE CRITIC AND HIS PUBLIC

A new light upon the province of the dramatic critic was seen the other day when it was cabled from London that at the request of Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. A. B. Walkley, critic of the London Times, had been barred from the first production of Mr. Jones's play, The Whitewashing of Julia. Mr. Jones claimed that Mr. Walkley's criticisms of his plays had overstepped the limits of pure criticism and had developed much into personal attacks in which his private life was not spared. This Mr. Walkley denies. But whether true or not, Mr. Jones did a questionable thing in refusing the critic admission. If Mr. Walkley had written libel, the courts are the proper place to call him to account Moreover, he would have been far more hurt by absolute silence and contempt than by such an outbreak.

#### THE PROVINCE OF THE CRITIC

This incident brings up the whole question of the province of the critic. Criticism has a tendency, in several American papers at least, to be one of three things: An attempt at conscious clever writing irrespective of justice. The criticism of acting instead of plays as a whole. A biased opinion due to a strictly personal feeling—an antipathy toward or favoritism for a certain actor or manager. Few, indeed, are the critics who go to the theater with a plastic mind and an educated sense of analysis. Few, indeed, are they who hold ideals. Some attempt to be fearless by being simply scurrilous. Others assume the supercritical pose, while they are only vainglorious. But the clear, cool, just critics willing to throw aside their prejudices and live up to well thought out and long studied ideals are few. We are to be thankful that some exist, and should glory in them. The province of the critic is not so much to criticise in the narrower sense as to interpret. And interpreters of the highest sort are born, not made by any process of latter-day journalism.

**TREASURE ..... ..JOAQUIN MILLER..... .....AINSLEE'S**

Yea, the earth is generous. The trees
Strip nude as birth-time without fear,
And their reward is year by year
To feel their fullness but increase.

The law of nature is to give,
To give! to give! and to rejoice,
In giving with a generous voice,
And so, trust God, and truly live.

**A FALLING STAR.....E. SCOTT O'CONNOR.....BOOKMAN**

Through Heaven leaving not dim it grows,
But light across the darkness throws;
In beauty falling, like a soul
That, soaring high, has missed its goal,
But through its loss in its own night
Of sacrifice has given light.

**TELL ME NOT NOW.....WILLIAM WATSON ***

Tell me not now, if love for love
Thou canst return
Now while around us and above
Day's flambeaux burn.
Not in clear noon, with speech as clear,
Thy heart avow,
For every gossip wind to hear;
Tell me not now!

Tell me not now the tidings sweet,
The news divine;
A little longer at thy feet
Leave me to pine.
I would not have the gadding bird
Hear from his bough;
Nay, though I famish for a word,
Tell me not now!

But when deep trances of delight
All Nature seal,
When round the world the arms of Night
Caressing steal,
When rose to dreaming rose says, "Dear,
Dearest," ——and when
Heaven sighs her secret in earth's ear,
Ah, tell me then!

**A LITTLE MINISTER.....FLORENCE EARLE COATES.....OUTLOOK**

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
Leave giant boulders swept and bare;
Where jagged lightnings fitful flare,
And petrels sound their stormy cry—

A dainty bluebell, sweet and shy,
Lifted its head complacently,
As guarded by the tenderest care,
Far up the crag.

And now, whenever fear draws nigh,
In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,
And, as of old, in my despair,
I bless the Power that set it there—
That tiny thing with courage high,
Far up the crag!

* From Selected Poems. John Lane.

**THE MASTERS .... FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES..**

Incomparable white galaxy of suns!
O stars of song whose luster blinds the
Æschylus, Homer, Shakespeare,—deathles
Holding on high your proud and lonely

Rulers of Night's domain of domeless spac
Transcendent thrones, victorious over Ti
Slaying with splendor from your distant pl
A thousand flickering satellites of rhyme

God! what are we, that underneath such sl
We dare to light our tapers! From afa
The constellations watch this mad emprise
A puny candle challenging a star!

**EARLY SPRING GLADNESS.....JOHN BURROUGHS.....**

Now clap your hands together,
For this is April weather,
And love again is born;
The west wind is caressing,
The turf your feet are pressing
Is thrilling to the morn.

To see the grass a-greening,
To find each day new meaning
In sky and tree and ground;
To see the waters glisten,
To linger long, and listen
To every wakening sound!

To feel your nerves a-tingle
By grackle's reedy jingle
Or starling's brooky call,
Or phœbe's salutation,
Or sparrow's proclamation
Atop the garden wall!

The maple-trees are thrilling,
Their eager juices spilling
In many a sugar-camp.
I see the buckets gleaming,
I see the smoke and steaming,
I smell the fragrant damp.

The mourning-dove is cooing,
The meadow-lark is wooing—
I see his flashing quills;
Cock-robin's breast is glowing;
The wistful cattle lowing,
And turning to the hills.

I love each April token
And every word that's spoken
In field, or grove, or vale;
The hyla's twilight chorus,
The clanging geese that o'er us
Keep well the northern trail.

Oh, soon with heaping measures
The spring will bring her treasures
To gladden every breast;
The sky with warmth a-beaming,
The earth with love a-teeming—
In life itself new zest!

# Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

### THAT THE DEAF MAY HEAR

Mr. Miller Reese Hutchison, an electrical engineer, has invented an "Acousticon" which, it is claimed, will enable the deaf to hear. The device involves all the important principles of the telephone, plus Mr. Hutchison's inventions, the effect of which is to give such intensity to sound waves that they will penetrate ears that have never before heard a sound.

The "Acousticon," as described in the New York Sun, is in three pieces, which may be carried in the pocket. That called the receiver—which in the telephone would be called the transmitter—is a vulcanized rubber disc about three inches in diameter. To its back is attached a hook by which it may be suspended from a waistcoat pocket. The reverse face of the disc is hollowed and in the hollow certain gases, the composition being known only to Mr. Hutchison, are hermetically sealed.

The other two pieces are the earpiece, which corresponds to the receiver of a telephone, and the battery. The latter is about three inches long, two inches wide and half an inch thick. It contains several cells, which supply the electric current. Wires connect the three pieces of the machine.

When Mr. Hutchison is operating his invention he stows the battery away in his waistcoat pocket. The sound that is to be transferred, whether it be the voice or some other sound, is caught by the receiver and intensified before it passes to the ears of the subject.

Mr. Hutchison recently gave a successful test of his instrument in New York. Dr. Van Tassel of the deaf-mute institute said that the invention would reduce to a minimum most of the difficulties that have to be met in teaching a mute to talk. With the "Acousticon" the mute can hear himself or herself talk, and thus hear what speech sounds like.

Last year Mr. Hutchison went to England and gave several tests of his instrument. One test was given at Buckingham Palace and Queen Alexandra bestowed a gold medal upon the inventor.

### AND THE BLIND SHALL SEE

The most sensational of the many recent so-called discoveries is that reported in the French Revue des Revues, under the title And the Blind Shall See. The article is by Dr. Caze, who reports the invention of Professor Stiens, which it is claimed will not only restore sight to the blind, but give sight to those born blind.

Professor Stiens says that a man sees not with the eye, but with the brain. The eye only serves to receive the image on the optic nerve and transmit it to the seat of perception. Blind people form through the sense of touch a very exact idea of the external conformation of objects. If a man were deprived of his eyes, any one of his organs could make up for the deficiency. Certain of the lower animals have no organ of vision. In their case it is the whole of the body which perceives light. If therefore, an image can be transmitted to the brain without the help of eyes, a blind man could have a sense of perception as clearly as a seeing man.

With Professor Stiens' invention the image is received on a screen, instead of on the retina of the eye. Then it is transmitted to the brain by means of an electric current. The apparatus, it will be seen, has the same basis as the telephone. It does not limit the sphere of utility to making the blind see. It is claimed for the apparatus that it will convey an image a considerable distance, and will, in fact, do for the transmission of light what the telephone does for the transmission of sound.

### HYDROPHOBIA IN NEW YORK

New York has recently been subjected to a hydrophobia scare. Within a single month of the winter the Board of Health has treated as many as ten people for rabies and the Pasteur Institute twelve or fifteen. Twelve deaths have occurred from hydrophobia. Dogs, according to the New York Evening Post, have gone on the ramp on lower Broadway, on the East Side, and on the West Side.

The situation is precisely the same as if a center of smallpox were allowed to exist. Who should be held responsible—the poor victim who contracts the disease, or the community that permits the disease to run its course unquarantined? That it is possible to stamp out the disease as completely as the Black Death has been stamped out, is amply proved by statistics. There are certain parts of the country—Maine and the New England States, Minnesota and all the Northwestern States, Quebec, and indeed all of Canada—where hydrophobia is unknown; or, if known, rare, at once stamped out, and directly traced to importation from the careless States. Of the careless States there are New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and all the Southern States; but pre-eminent as sinners of omission are the Carolinas, Georgia and Virginia. For instance, a very bad case of rabies was brought to this city a few months ago from one of the Western States bordering on Canada. It was at once traced to contact, three

treatment at the Pasteur Institute and by the Board of Health, the trouble being caused by a dog going to the Ontario towns on a visit with its master. In Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, and especially Denmark, hydrophia has been stamped out, and is now relegated to the barbarisms of the black death and other medieval plagues. In Great Britain rabies almost disappeared, because all dogs entering the country were quarantined for six weeks and kept under observation for six months. With these regulations hydrophobia dropped from 123 fatal cases in 1889 to 32 in 1890, to 13 in 1891, to 3 in 1892. But in 1892 the good results caused carelessness. The regulations were ignored. In 1893 there were 8 cases; in 1894, 12 cases; in 1895, 46 cases; in 1896, 67 cases, in less than six months.

There are two kinds of hydrophobia, the dumb and the violent. The great danger from dumb hydrophobia, is that people may never know the risk to which they have been exposed till it is too late to help them.

Within ten days from the first symptoms of peevishness the animal exhibits alternately ravenous hunger and loss of appetite. It may be so parched with thirst that it will throw itself into a river to try and get water which the swollen throat has no power to swallow. On the other hand, it may have suffered such excruciating pain from trying to swallow, that the very sound of water throws it into paroxysms of agony. Finally, usually within two weeks or less, violent paroxysms come, ending in death. The dog, cat, or horse may never have shown the slightest disposition to bite, but dies with kind-hearted people—often children—working over it at the risk of their own lives.

The first manifestation of the violent or rabid hydrophobia, which people are quick to protect themselves against because they recognize it at once, is the animal going on the ramp. The other classic symptoms have preceded this, but pass unnoticed till the beast tears blindly in every direction, biting at everything, not because he is vicious, but because cat, dog, or horse—he is as madly off his head as a man in violent delirium tremens. To be specific, the lining of his brain is on fire. He sees imaginary enemies. He is suffering the most excruciating pain in all the range of what is known to science, and like the man fleeing from "blue snakes," he attacks everything in his path. Every doctor, from New York to Paris and Vienna, will tell you the same thing—hydrophobia is such a terrible death that no one who has witnessed one such will, if he can help it, ever witness another.

In this connection it is interesting to turn to a short account of seventeenth century remedies for hydrophobia as given in the London Lancet. Dr. Stephen Bradwell in the earliest known English book on first aid to the injured, called by him "Helps for Suddain Accidents" (1633) endeavors to shuffle out of the serious discussion of mad dog-bite by pooh-poohing it. His method is familiar even now. "Although," biting as in other regions: yet I have seen dogs mad." Cure, according to him, is easy and frequent. His own method of procedure partly follows Celsus. "Labor to draw the contagion out of the wound by cupping-glasses." He also advocates the use of the cautery and of sublimate, but departs from the commonsense of antiquity when he suggests an "application of pullets or pigeons that lay eggs," scarifications, leeches, and drawing medicines. From the days of Galen to those of Rhazes and onwards powdered crayfish was recommended as an antidote. The crayfish were to be gathered when the sun was in a certain house and were to be cooked alive. There are five general remedies for the bite of a mad dog in Thomas Sendall's "Manuscript" (1659). Two recommend strong ale as a chief ingredient in the medicines to be administered. One mixture includes ale, garlic, sage, treacle, and two ounces of scraped pewter, and is to be administered thrice daily "by nine spoonfulls" at a time. Another consists of powdered claws of crayfish and a sufficiency of treacle, milk, pine-roots, dragon-roots, "vile" primrose-roots, and the like, and is to be given to man or dog—for the dog was then also treated—"four days before the change." This change in the case of man seems to be the actual onset of hydrophobia when Bradwell admits that the sufferer will be in hopeless case unless he can be induced to swallow quantities of water. "The main general remedy is by Celsus and others held to be casting of the patient into the water before he be aware of it, and this to be done every day for many days; for that which he feareth is the only medicine to cure him." Should the patient swim well "hold him under water a little while till he have taken in some pretty quantity." Madness in dogs, the same author opines, "proceedeth from black cholerick juices wherewith a dogge more than other beasts aboundeth," but of the actual fear of water he can give no better account than that drinking may produce convulsions in the bitten and may so come to be regarded with horror.

### SALICYLIC ACID IN FOOD

Dr. J. C. Macalister and Dr. T. R. Bradeham, well known English physicians, have investigated the use of salicylic acid as a food preservative. They presented their conclusions in a paper read before the Liverpool Medical Insti-

tution, and printed in the London Lancet, March 14, 1903.

To refute a popular error is often a thankless task; to refute an error sanctioned by tradition and authority will generally excite obloquy and opposition. When, however, an error is maintained as if it were the result of the deductions of the most enlightened scientific investigations and is supported by names eminent in science and medicine, the task of opposing it is not alone thankless and unpopular, but is likely to be stigmatized as retrograde and reactionary. Nevertheless, we have felt it to be our duty to place on record our conviction that the allegations which have been made against the employment of salicylic acid as a preservative in moderate quantities cannot be maintained. We challenge the opponents of its use to bring forward a single instance in which it can be shown that bodily injury has resulted from its employment in such a manner, and we deny that in the proportion in which we have met with it in articles submitted to us for examination it could be taken by any rational beings to such an extent as to do them any harm whatever. We further maintain that the use of this substance enables manufacturers to place on the market wholesome, agreeable and inexpensive articles of food, which form an exceptional and beneficial variety in the diet of persons who cannot afford more costly luxuries, and which, above all, supply the place of intoxicating drinks. This is the position which we maintain, and we state it after mature consideration and with, we trust, an adequate sense of responsibility.

It is contended that salicylic acid is injurious to health for three principal reasons: (1) That it is an antiseptic and antifermentative, and is therefore liable to interfere with the digestive process by destroying the digestive ferments; (2) that after absorption it is apt to injure the general health and to interfere with nutrition; and (3) that it is an irritant and is therefore apt to injure the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestinal canal. In this inquiry we have nothing to do with the organized living ferments; these are certainly killed by salicylic acid and its efficacy as a food preservative depends upon that very fact; but we have found that the digestive processes will proceed in the presence of the acid, even in a solution of 1 in 500, which is practically saturated. It is generally admitted by physiologists that the digestive enzymes such as pepsin and the ferments of the pancreatic juice act most energetically in distilled water to which the appropriate acid or alkali alone has been added and that the addition of other substances of almost any kind has a more or less retarding influence on their activity. It is obvious, however, that the former condition can never obtain in natural digestion; the diet of civilized man contains a multitude of ingredients, most, if not all, of which would probably be found to delay artificial digestion. The question, therefore, is not whether salicylic acid delays digestion at all, but whether it does so to a greater extent than other bodies, such as kitchen salt, which form part of an ordinary diet.

We must point out that in making our experiments on digestion we have always given the benefit of the doubt to our opponents and have employed the strongest solution of salicylic acid which can be made in the cold, a condition which never could be present in the stomach. It is obvious that even if the individual drank only beverages saturated with salicylic acid they would soon be diluted by the gastric juice; but, as a matter of fact, any beverages which we have encountered containing any such proportion of the acid were meant to be freely diluted with water before they were consumed. We further submit that the taste of salicylic acid is so pungent that no article which contained it in a proportion approaching one grain per ounce would command a sale, unless it was intended that it should be freely diluted with water before consumption.

The second problem which we have to consider —viz., the effect produced by salicylic acid upon nutrition—is one that cannot very well be elucidated by laboratory experiments, and we have felt that the only practical method of investigation was to take it ourselves and to give it to others. One of us took a dose of five grains of the pure acid every day for a month without any ill-health ensuing, and a smaller quantity given to children every day with their dinners (in a food-stuff known to contain it) certainly did them no harm. They remained as bright and active as ever, and underwent no wasting. This we regard as a more convincing test than observing the result of administering to young animals milk saturated with salicylic acid. In the first place salicylic acid has a strong taste, and cats are notoriously sensitive to an unaccustomed flavor in their food, and we doubt whether the animals which have been the subjects of these experiments really took the milk provided for them at all. If this were so they lost weight from starvation, and not from the salicylic acid which they did not take. In the second place salycilic acid was mixed with all the food which was given to the animals, so that the proportion of salicylic acid to their total ingestion was enormous. No one has proposed that preserved foods should constitute the sole or even a large portion of a dietary.

It is a curious circumstance that insects do not appear to be harmed by taking salicylic acid dissolved to saturation in syrup. Binz refers to beneficial action in the case of bees when affected by "foul brood," a highly contagious disease caused by a microscopic schizophyte which apparently attacks the insects both internally and externally. Whole hives become infected by this fungus and become putrid. It has been found that if the bees are fed with syrup containing about 0.16 per cent. of salicylic acid the disease completely disappears and the insects recover their normal activity and vigor.

Lastly, we have to consider whether salicylic acid causes any injury to the gastro-intestinal mucosa, and a very few words will serve to dispose of this question. In the first place, it is well known that in the early days of the treatment of acute rheumatism with the salicylic preparations, large doses of the acid were employed, but no indications of irritant poisoning are recorded. Kolbe, for instance (quoted by Binz), while directing attention to its strongly antiseptic qualities, states that it is not poisonous to human beings, and in proof of this he took himself and gave to other persons from 1.0 gramme to 1.5 gramme—i.e., from 15 to 23 grains—a day, in some cases for nine months together, without apparent injury, and we have already mentioned that we have observed no ill effects from taking it ourselves or from administering it to other healthy individuals.

structures when applied to them in concentrated form. We must direct attention to the fact that hydrochloric acid, acetic acid, etc., in their pure forms are not only irritant but intensely corro- destroy it, and yet this acid diluted to 0.2 per cent., which is the same concentration as that of the salicylic acid found in some food-stuffs, is essential to digestion, which cannot go on without it.

# Sociologic Questions of the Times

### DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND

Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing in the New York Commercial Advertiser of temperance legislation in England, says: "No one needs to be told that the great curse of England is drunkenness. But only those who have seen with their own eyes can realize how appalling is the national affliction, how much of the bestiality, crime and hopelessness of the English poor flows from it; how terrible and unceasing is its drain on the physical and mental vigor of the masses. However little one may sympathize with extremists as a rule, there are moments when one can forgive an English temperance reformer anything and everything. He may exaggerate, he may be impractical, he may be defeating his own end by his unmeasured violence, but the provocation he meets with whenever he sets foot out of doors is something of which Americans have, happily, no conception. There seems to be hardly a hundred yards in any part of London without its saloon, and its crowd of shuffling, sodden, inhuman-looking men and women."

Following is a brief account of legislation which went into effect the first of January:

Henceforward a man—and, of course, a woman, too—who has been judged by a magistrate to be an "habitual drunkard" will be liable to a fine if within three years after the date of his offense he even attempts to obtain liquor on any licensed premises. Any license holder who supplies him with drink, or allows any other person to do so, will be liable to a fine of $50 for the first offense and $100 for later ones. The provision applies not only to saloon-keepers but to grocers and clubs. How, it may be asked, is a publican or a club manager or a grocer to know an habitual drunkard when he sees him? The answer—whether partial or complete, has yet to be proved—is found in the provision that directs the police to forward the particulars of each case, the name and address and personal description of the offender, to all license holders. The police too, are specially enjoined to assist license holders in identifying confirmed inebriates. It is almost impossible at present to say whether these provisions will prove workable and efficacious. The difficulties of enforcing them are palpable on the surface. Magistrates, however, have already begun to apply the new act with vigor, and two men who were brought up yesterday before the West London Police Court charged with drunkenness and proved to have been convicted three times within the last twelve months, were at once placed on the "black list" and for the next three years will be fined $5 on their first attempt to get a drink and $10 for all subsequent attempts.

So much for habitual drunkards. The law with regard to ordinary and isolated drunkenness is also made much more stringent. Before New Year's Day a man found drunk and incapable in a public place was usually locked up till he was sober, and then either released or served with a summons. By the new act he may be apprehended and charged forthwith. Should the person at the time of the offense be in charge of an infant apparently under the age of seven, a fine may be imposed up to $10. Again, before New Year's Day it was an offense to permit drunkenness on licensed premises, but to bring home the offense was exceedingly difficult, as the prosecution had to prove affirmatively that the publican did "permit." Under the new act the burden of proof is thrown on the publican. If a license holder is charged with permitting drunkenness, and drunkenness is proved to have taken place on his premises, it is now up to him to show that he and his employees "took all reasonable steps" to prevent it.

But the provision which has attracted the most general notice and is now glutting the magistrates with work is that which allows a husband to seek separation from his wife, or a wife from her husband when either is a habitual drunkard. The privilege is being availed of on an enormous scale and by every class of people. Yesterday at one court a baronet, two knights, two solicitors and over a dozen small tradesmen asked for summonses against their wives on this ground. They were all granted, and if a good case is made out orders for separation will assuredly be issued. So far the number of husbands seeking relief has been greatly in excess of the number of wives. The balance may be adjusted as time goes on, though the increase of drunkenness among women is one of the most notorious and appalling facts of present-day English life.

Henceforward all clubs, of whatever kind, that own premises where intoxicating liquor is supplied to members or their guests are to be registered, and a statement of the club's objects, the number of its members, its rules and regulations, must be furnished to the police. No member henceforward will be allowed to send an agent or servant who is not a member to fetch liquor for him from the club.

Clubs that fail to register and yet keep on selling intoxicating drinks will be liable, in the persons of the secretary and management committee, to a fine of $250. It will be in the power of the police or of anybody else to represent to a court of summary jurisdiction that the club is a bogus affair, or that there is frequent drunkenness in it. If the court finds the representation proved, the club will be struck off the register and will incur heavy penalties if still continued. Facilities are also given for search warrants in case of good reason being shown for the belief that a club is not being properly conducted. There are several other minor reforms in the two acts. They do not, of course, go to the root of the evil, and they will not stop drunkenness. But if stringently enforced they may make the drunkard's life so thoroughly irksome that he will consider the question of turning over a new leaf from a fresh point of view.

### ALCOHOLISM IN FRANCE.

In France it is not a question of drunkenness, but of continuous alcoholism—the screwing up of nerves and heating of blood day after day, year after year. A writer in the New York Evening Post says that foreigners accustomed to the ignoble spree remain in admiration of a people that can moderate its thirst so regularly and carry off its liquor with such decorum; but too often there is regularity only in a decorous excess. It is not drunkenness, once more, but alcoholism in the form most difficult to handle from the side of health. The drunkard is a nuisance, an intermittent lunatic, a cause of senseless tragedies; but the French "alcoolique" is an anti-hygienic phenomenon, breeding tuberculosis, epilepsy and general insanity in himself and his descendants.

Since 1874 no special license has been required for the selling of liquor in France, and the number of citizens engaged in the trade has far more than doubled since that time. What stands still more in the way of legislation is the fact—not peculiar to France—that the elections depend largely on the liquor dealers.

In all this it is clear that a little fact is worth a great deal of theory. The facts seem to be very bad, especially for certain regions of the country. In Normandy the race itself seems to be attacked vitally. Dr. Leroy, physician for the insane at Evreux, has made a careful investigation from the pathological point of view; he supplements the brilliant work of M. Brunon, a young physician of Rouen.

Alcohol welcomes the Norman country child from its birth; after the christening a spoonful of cider—and what Norman cider can be is well known—is administered as a beginning. Thenceforward the *eau de vie* (cider brandy) is given liberally "to kill worms." When he is old enough to totter to school his wits are sharpened by alcohol in his morning coffee; two years will not always teach him his letters. His mother has not confidence, if he is delicate, in cod liver oil or such nostrums—alcohol is the universal remedy. A schoolmaster noted that, at a single family feast where eleven persons were present, 104 litres of cider, plus five litres of brandy had been drunk; the litre is a little more than an American quart. In one year the single department of the Eure expects each of its inhabitants of adult age to drink ninety-six litres of brandy (at fifty degrees alcohol), which gives more than ten little glasses a day.

There is one liquor shop for every seventy inhabitants; taking account of children and abstinent women and men, it may be said that every liquor dealer is supported by twenty-three people. Here is the daily bill of food and drink of a well-paid workingman, on the seventeenth of January: Three little glasses, 6 cents; coffee with brandy, 11 cents; two absinthes, 10 cents; two bitters, 10 cents; Madeira, 8 cents; food (eggs, bread, cheese) 22 cents; coffee with brandy, 15 cents; two absinthes and two little glasses, 24 cents—in all 84 cents for drink to 22 for food. That the workman continues the struggle for existence successfully should be an additional experiment confirmatory of those of Professor Atwater.

The other side of the statistics is not so favorable. In the last century the average mortality of France fell from twenty-five to twenty-three per 1,000 inhabitants; in the Eure it has risen from twenty-two to twenty-six. Fifty years ago there were twelve suicides to the 100,000 inhabitants in that country province; now there are forty-six, as against twenty-two for the rest of France. In other ways the progress—downward—is still more headlong. In 1890 there were forty lunatics in the asylum of Evreux; in 1898, without any change of system, there were 200.

Now all this may be put beside the statistics of the development of alcohol selling since the Republic abolished all licensing. with the result that the liquor seller has become the greater elector. Before 1870, an equal population in the Eure only got away with 20,000 hectolitres in the shape of drinkable alcohol; in 1880 the inhabitants augmented their capacity to 30,000, in 1890 to 56,000. The average consumption has mounted from 7 to 16 litres (alcohol 100 degrees) per head of the population.

### THE CHILDREN'S COURT.

The children's court now held in New York is a very interesting institution. Boys brought before it are, whenever possible, paroled instead of being sent to a reformatory to be graduated in the art of crime. The men and women who have been working with these boys have met many discouragements, but at the last "parole day" they took heart. Of forty-five boys who were to have reported, but four were missing. Of the forty-one reporting the New York Times says:

They were in strange contrast to their appearance when they were found guilty of various crimes in the same court and given another chance to start out right. Their hair had been combed and brushed and so very clean were their faces that they shone as though burnished. Their clothes had been brushed so that there was not a spot anywhere on the usually ragged garments. Most of them wore collars, and even those who did not, had clean shirts. They were a very nice-looking lot of boys. They held their heads high and the hangdog expression was gone.

The reports were so good that sentence was suspended in twenty-five cases. Thirteen boys had their paroles continued and were encouraged with the promise that sentence would be suspended the next time, if they could show as good records at school or at work as those of the boys who had had their sentences suspended. Three low-browed youngsters, whose records on parole were not what they should have been, were committed, having previously been convicted, two for burglary and the other for grand larceny.

One of the boys whose record was particularly good while under the parole of the court, had been convicted of stealing $103 from his employer. When he was arrested in a Bowery theater he had $80 with him. This was returned to its owner, leaving his debt $23. He had been paroled on his promise to pay back this sum to his former employer at the rate of 50 cents a week. The employer was in court yesterday to testify that the boy had come to his place of business regularly each week with the stipulated half dollar. The youngster had obtained other employment through the aid of one of the ladies interested in the work of the Children's Court. The employer said he would be glad to take the boy back. It was deemed best to leave him in his present place, as the boys with whom he formerly worked knew his story and might shame him with it. Before leaving the court the employer told Justice Mayer that he would take the boy back if he had to get rid of the three other boys in the establishment.

"I would like the public to know what this means," said the Justice. "The very great majority of these youthful sinners really did not know clearly the distinction between right and wrong, and were under grave temptation. They have had a chance, and most of them have improved it. They will, I am sure, make good citizens. Under the old system they would have gone to the various reformatories and institutions where they would look upon themselves as martyrs and would have learned from boys more advanced in crime lessons that would sooner or later have brought them into the higher branches of the criminal courts for conviction and sentence."

### MORE ABOUT CHILD LABOR

Those who oppose further restriction of child labor ground their opposition on the statement that it will increase the number of the dependent poor. To these the Commissioner of Charities replies that the demoralizing effect of child labor on child and parent is much greater than that of charity. "Let us," says the Commissioner, "cheerfully, frankly, gladly add that there would be many cases in which the proposed legislation for the restriction of child labor would deprive many families of earnings from their children, and that we propose ourselves to step into the breach and provide that relief in good hard cash that passes in the market. If larger means are necessary to support these children, so that they need not depend on their own labor, by all means let us put up the money, and not push the children for a part of their support before the time when they should naturally furnish a part of their support."

The New York Evening Post gives the following stories relative to child labor:

"What is your father doing now, Tommy?" asked a lady of the nine-year-old child who delivers papers at her house.

"Oh, he ain't workin' this week," was the reply. "It's such bad weather, an'" he's got a sore throat."

The boy himself was coughing.

Rocco and Tony are brothers, ten and thirteen. They get up at five o'clock every morning, and go to the city dumps to pick up the day's supply of coal. "It's a dandy place to get coal," Rocco tells you. "Lots o' boys and ladies is there every morning." The boys stagger home under their sacks of coal, snatch a breakfast of strong tea and bread, and go to school. The midday meal is taken at a grocery store or wherever convenient. It is too much trouble for the mother to get it. The boys go home after school and the mother "stakes" them ten cents apiece for papers. They sell until nine o'clock, often later. They must take home twenty cents. If the sum is larger, no questions are asked.

Rocco is happy, and quarrels with his destiny only fitfully, but Tony is bitter against fate. He says some unfilial things of his father at times. It is only a question of time when he will leave home. That is the one thing which this type of parent dreads—the revolt.

"My mudder don't beat me no more like she used to," one boy boasted, "Fer why? She's wise dat I'm puttin' up fer the rent."

Cases of rare devotion to widowed mothers come to light, stories that read like Sunday-school tales. One boy of eleven rises at daylight—earlier than daylight in winter—and goes to his work at a neighboring grocery. He gets his breakfast there and delivers groceries until school time. After school he goes back to the store and works until late in the evening, receiving his dinner there. His wages are $1.75 a week, and he and a sick mother and a younger child live on this sum. This is clearly a case for charity, and has already been reported. The boy is devoted to his mother and thinks it no hardship to toil for her.

Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, has followed the history of numbers of boys who, as children, were the main support of their families, and finds that as they grew older they suddenly stopped work, became idle and worthless. One had worked himself to death to support his mother and his family. He was taken ill and sent to a hospital. When he left the hospital he could not be induced to make any exertion and eventually became a tramp.

Many cases like this are daily reported, and it is clearly the duty of the authorities, through legislation and charity, adequately to train the children of the poor so that in time they may become useful members of the community. As a rule child labor tends to shiftlessness in later life and often to criminality. Sociologic statistics are replete with such examples.

# Revelation in the Light of Assyriology

The New York Sun recently printed a translation of the lecture given by Professor Delitzsch, the German Assyriologist, before the Kaiser, which created so much excitement that the Emperor wrote a long letter, in which he put the orthodox conscience at rest.

"Professor Delitzsch," wrote the Emperor, "on this occasion abandoned the rôle of a mere historian and Assyriologist and trenched upon the sphere of theological and religious conclusions and hypotheses which were very nebulous or daring. As might have been expected, the excavations have brought to light information which bears upon the religious domain of the Old Testament. The fact that it was so ought to have been duly chronicled by him, and he might have called attention to coincidences where they occurred, and have explained them, while leaving his audience to draw all the purely religious conclusions for themselves. In that case his lecture would have commanded the entire interest and sympathies of the lay public. Unfortunately, he did not do this. He dealt with the question of Revelation in a very polemical manner and he more or less denied Revelation—in fact, thought that he could trace Revelation to purely human elements. That was a grave mistake; for, in adopting this course he touched, in the case of many of his audience, their profoundest and most sacred (convictions). I have to say that there is to my mind not the slightest doubt that God constantly and continually reveals Himself in the human race, which is His own, and which He has created."

Professor Delitzsch's lecture, whether we believe with him or not, is interesting from beginning to end, while the great attention that it has evoked demands that notice be taken of it. Unfortunately, we are able to reprint here only a few of the most suggestive paragraphs:

Whole Old Testament stories obtain their explanation in Babylon. From youth up we have been burdened with the inherited tale of the madness of Nebuchadnezzar turned to a beast, for the Book of Daniel tells us (iv, 26-34) how the King of Babylon walked on the roof of his palace, and, after he had rejoiced in the magnificence of the city built by him, received from heaven the prophecy that he, driven away from men, should live with the beasts of the field and after the fashion of the beasts. Thereupon, Nebuchadnezzar did eat grass in the desert as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws. And yet never should an instructor of youth be permitted to teach such things, especially after the appearance of Eberhardt Schrader's essay On the Madness of Nebuchadnezzar, without pointing out that the pure and earlier form of this narrative was known to us long ago in the Chaldean saga transmitted in Abydenus. This tells us that Nebuchadnezzar, when he had reached the height of this power, mounted up into the royal castle and, inspired by a god, called out and said: "I here, Nebuchadnezzar announce to you the approach of misfortune, which neither Bel nor Queen Beltis have the power to ward off by persuading the goddesses of fate. Perses (that is to say, Cyrus) will come and bring you into slavery. O, might he, before my fellow countrymen are ruined, be driven through the deserts where neither cities nor the footprint of man can be found, but where wild beasts dwell and birds fly about, while he slinks alone in caverns and ravines. But may a better end be my share."

Who cannot perceive that the Hebrew writer has handled the Babylonian saga freely, especially as he lets us see clearly in verse 16 that the original wording was well known to him. What Nebuchadnezzar wishes should happen to the enemies of the Chaldean, the compiler of the pamphlets full of errors and carelessness that are gathered together in the Book of Daniel makes Nebuchadnezzar himself undergo in order to exemplify as drastically as possible to his countryman, persecuted by Antiochus Epiphanes, the truth that the Lord God is able to humble deeply even the most powerful king who sets himself up against Jehovah. When shall we finally learn how to distinguish even within the Old Testament the form from the contents? There are two great lessons which the composer of the little Book of Jonah teaches us: That no one can escape from God, and that no mortal should undertake to regulate or even set bounds to God's mercy and patience; but the form in which these truths is clad is human, and extremely full of the fancy of the Orient. If we wished even to-day to believe that Jonah in the belly of the fish recited a patchwork of extracts from the Psalms, part of which were first written several centuries after the fall of Nineveh, or that the King of Nineveh paid so great penance that he gave orders for even oxen and sheep to be covered with sackcloth, we should sin against the reason which God has given us.

According to the Babylonian point of view, the spittle of man possesses an extraordinary magical power. Spittle and magic are closely connected ideas, and the spittle possesses deadly as well as life-giving power. "O, Marduk," says a prayer to the city god of Babylon, "O, Marduk, thine is the spittle of life." Who can help thinking here of the New Testament stories, like that where Jesus took the deaf and dumb man aside, put his fingers in his ears, and he spit, and with the spittle touched his tongue and said: "Hephata," that is "Be opened" (Mark vii, 33). Jehovah accompanied his people

with a column of smoke by day and a column of fire by night on their journey through the wilderness, but the prophecy is made also to Asarhaddon, king of Assur, before he sets out for war: "I, I star of Arbela, shall let smoke rise on thy right hand and fire on thy left." "Set thine house in order," says the prophet Isaiah to King Hezekiah, sick unto death, "for thou art dead and shalt not live" (Isaiah xxxviii, 1). And the Assyrian general Kudurru, to whom the king had sent his body physician, thanks his king with the words: "I was dead, but the king, my Lord, has brought me to life." The soul of the sick unto death dwells already in the underworld, has gone down into the pit (Psalms, xxx, 3). Therefore, the goddess Gula, patroness of physicians, has the by-name "the awaker of the dead"; an Oriental physician who did not bring the dead to life again would be no physician. How perfectly similar is everything in Babylon and in the Bible. In both the inclination to represent speeches and thoughts by symbolical actions (I remind you of the scapegoat driven into the desert), in both a like world of continuous miracles and tokens, a continuous revelation of the divinity, particularly in dreams; the same, naïve ideas of the divinity. Just as in Babylon the gods eat, drink and likewise go to rest, so Jehovah in the cool of the evening goes walking in Paradise and enjoys the delightful perfume of Noah's sacrifice; and just as in the Old Testament Jehovah speaks to Moses and Aaron and to all the prophets, so in Babylon the gods speak to men, either directly or through the mouths of their priests and inspired prophets and prophetesses.

Revelation! Hardly can a greater error of the human mind be imagined than to have looked for centuries upon the priceless remnants of old Hebrew writings collected in the Old Testament, as a religious canon, a revealed book of religion, although among them are writings like the Book of Job, which, in words that in some places come close to blasphemy, doubts the existence of a just God, and also lay writings, for example wedding songs (the so-called Song of Solomon). In the pretty love song, Psalm 45, we read (verses 10-11): "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him."

It may be imagined what must happen when books and passages like these are explained from a theological and even a Messianic standpoint; it can bring about only the condition of the medieval monk who, when he read in his Latin psalm book "maria," the seas, crossed himself for the Virgin Mary. But even as regards all the other parts of the Old Testament literature, all scientifically educated theologians now, Evangelical and Catholic, have given up the idea of verbal inspiration. The Old Testament itself compels them to do this, with its great mass of contradictory, double narratives and with the inextricable tangle of the five Mosaic books that has arisen from continuous re-editing and rearrangement

Frankly, beyond the revelation of God which everyone of us has in his own conscience, we have not deserved any further personal revelation of God; for mankind, to this very day, has treated in an absolutely trivial manner the most authentic revelation of the Lord God, the ten phrases on the Tables of the Law of Sinai. . . . And if we place ourselves for a moment in the point of view of the wording of the Thora. that reproach falls upon Moses himself. Just think: The Almighty God, the "All-embracing, All-sustaining," the Inscrutable, the Unapproachable, announces with thunder and lightning, out of cloud and fire, his holiest will; Jehovah, "the Rock, His work is perfect," hews with His own hand two stone tables, and carves on them the Ten Commandments, with his own finger that holds the world in balance—and Moses in his wrath hurls away from him the eternal Tables of the eternal God and breaks them into a thousand pieces.

And this God writes for the second time other tables, which contain His first and last revelation from His own hand to mankind, God's only perceptible revelation, and Moses does not think it worth while to inform his people and through them mankind, word for word, what God has engraved on those tables. We learned men make it a severe reproach for anyone of us, if he copies indistinctly or even falsely the inscription of any man, perhaps a shepherd, who has preserved his name on a rock of the Sinai peninsula, and yet Moses, when he again inculcates the ten commandments on his people before the crossing of Jordan, not only changes single words, alters words and sentences and makes many other changes of the kind, but substitutes one long sentence for another, although he expressly emphasizes the latter as expressing the words of God. And thus we do not know to the present day whether God has given the order to keep the Sabbath day holy as a remembrance of his own rest after the sixth day of the creation, or as a remembrance of the never-resting compulsory work of the people during its stay in Egypt.

And there are other grounds for complaining of this carelessness with regard to God's holiest gift to mankind. We are still seeking for the peak in the mountains of the Sinai peninsula, that fits in with all that has been narrated, and while we are most fully informed about any number of immaterial things, for instance, the rings and bolts of the chest that was used to hold the two Tables, we learn beyond the fact that they were written on both sides absolutely nothing about the external appearance of the tables themselves. When the Philistines plunder the Ark of the Covenant and carry it into the temple of Dagon at Asdod, on the following morning the image of the god Dagon lies in fragments before the Ark of Jehovah. It is then taken to the little Jewish frontier hamlet Beth-Schemesch, and when the inhabitants look upon it, 70 of them, or according to another narrative, 50,000, are punished with death. Whosoever touches the Ark even by accident is slain by the wrath of the Lord. But so soon as we reach historical times the story is silent. We learn in detail that the Chaldeans carried away the Temple treasures of Jerusalem, and the golden, silver, and brazen Temple utensils, the basins and bowls and shovels, but nobody asks about the Ark with the two Tables of God; the Temple crumbles in flames, but not the least syllable is devoted to the fate of the two miracle-working Tables of Almighty God, the most sacred possession of the Old Covenant.

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Personally, my belief is that the ancient Hebrew writings, even if they lose their character of "revealed" writings, or of writings permeated by the "revealed" spirit, will always preserve their great importance, particularly as being the sole monument of its kind of a religious-historical process that has been efficacious even into our own time.

### INSTITUTIONAL CHURCHES

At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Union in New York the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the League for Social Service, made an address on the value of institutional churches.

Many thinking men, said Dr. Strong, fail to perceive the profound importance of the religious changes which are taking place or to suspect that they are destined to produce a new type of civilization. For many years the Church laid emphasis on men's relation to God and forgot to emphasize man's relation to his fellow-man. It was not so long ago that a prominent representative of the older methods was heard to say: "The Church has no business with a man's dirty face; the Church has no business with a man's naked back; the Church has no business with a man's empty stomach." The Church has just one business with a man, and that is to save his soul. But Christ evidently thought He had some business with man's physical needs, for He went about doing good and while thirty years of His life were spent in this way only three were spent in preaching. When Christ returned to His disciples after His resurrection and found them after a long night's fishing in the sea, his first question was "Children have you any meat?" And there is many a hard-working man who has an idea that if Christ should return to this world He would be again heard to say: "Children have you any meat?" A new emphasis laid on the social teachings of Jesus is bringing in a new civilization. The Church must obey the vital law which requires harmony between life and environment if the Church is to fulfill her social mission. When a man loves God with all his heart he is saved. When he loves his neighbor as himself society is saved. The Church must understand that it is her mission to realize her Master's ideal on earth. When she recognizes this she will see that she must not live for herself alone.

Dr. Strong gave statistics to confirm his assertion that churches which were engaged in institutional work were gaining far more rapidly than those which clung to old methods. Of thirty-one Baptist churches in Cincinnati, the two that are institutional have two-thirds of the city's total growth in Baptist membership. Institutional Congregational churches have gained six times the membership of the non-institutional. The Protestant Episcopal Church in New York has introduced institutional methods more largely than any other denomination, and has grown more rapidly. According to statistics gathered three years ago, there were in Manhattan and the Bronx 112 Protestant Episcopal Churches employing 397 agencies for social settlement; five churches engaged in settlement work; thirty-two in fresh air work; eight had dispensaries; seven, baths; twenty-one had employment societies; seventeen, day nurseries; four, flower missions; ten, cooking schools; forty-four had sewing schools; forty-eight had industrial schools; twenty, libraries; twenty-five, reading rooms; two, loan associations; two, wood yards; two, coal clubs; four, lodging houses; two, swimming baths; one, a bowling alley; one, a billiard room; one, an ice-water fountain; three, coffee booths; one, a legal aid society; one, a laundry school; one, a trade school; two, night schools; eighteen, gymnasia; seven, gymnastic classes, and twenty-seven, penny provident societies.

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### THE CHINESE JEWS

It is not generally known that for over two thousand years a colony of Jews has dwelt at Kaifengfu, China. From inscriptions on a tablet found in the synagogue at that place it is supposed that they first entered China about B.C. 200, though it may have been as late as 58 A.D. They are not mentioned in Chinese annals until the third or fourth century, when a Chinese writer refers to their synagogue as a "heaven spirit monastery." They are said to have come from the "Western Regions," by which is probably meant Persia, because of the number of Persian words used by the Chinese Jews. Mr. Edward Isaac Ezra, writing in the East of Asia Magazine says there is no evidence to warrant the belief that these Jews descended from the ten lost tribes.

From 878 on we have many references to these Chinese Jews. An Arabian writer mentions them as one of the sects that perished in a general massacre at Khanfu; but in 956 and 958 there are records of the Chinese district officials conferring honors on Jews, and in 1163 the erection of a synagogue was begun in Kaifengfu. Jews were invited to Pekin to join the imperial army. In the fifteenth century there were many Jewish communities in China. The best information we have about these communities comes through the Jesuits who entered Pekin at the end of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Ezra tells of the discovery of the Chinese Jews by Father Ricci, one of the first Jesuits to go to China:

Early in the seventeenth century, one summer's day in Pekin, a visitor, prompted by rumors of the arrival of certain foreigners who worshipped a single God, and yet were not Mohammedans, called on Father Ricci. The missionary, noticing the difference of features from the ordinary Chinese, led him to the oratory and knelt on his knees before a picture of the Virgin with the infant Jesus and St. John the Baptist. Near by was another picture representing four of the apostles.

The visitor knelt also, remarking, "We in China do reverence our ancestors. This is Rebecca with her sons Jacob and Esau; but as to the other picture, why make obeisance to only four sons of Jacob; were there not twelve?"

Returning to the former apartment, mutual explanations followed, and an unforeseen solution ensued. The stranger was a Hebrew, Ngai by name, who had come to Pekin from Kaifengfu to procure literary honors. He stated that in his city there were some twelve families of Israelites with a fair synagogue, in which they preserved a roll of the law over 400 years old, and in Hangchow, the capital of Chekiang, there were many more families, also with a synagogue.

Scattered over the length and breadth of China there were others of his sect, but these were gradually being lost from having no meeting-place. When shown a Bible in Hebrew he confessed his inability to read it, though he recognized the characters. He said that his preference for Gentile literature subjected him to many reproaches from the chief of the synagogue. Father Ricci was able to test the truth of these statements and dispatched some Chinese Christian messengers to Kaifengfu for purposes of investigation, and soon received visits from other native Jews.

Since then the Chinese Jews have been rapidly declining. In 1866 Dr. Martin visited the colony and found it in a wretched and impoverished condition. Poverty had obliged them to tear down and sell part of the synagogue. In 1899 Dr. Timothy Richard formed an organization for the rescue of Chinese Jews.

In response to an invitation sent by messenger, eight Chinese Jews undertook the journey from their ancient home at Kaifengfu to Shanghai, arriving in the latter city in March, 1902, where they were cordially received by the Jewish colony. Questioned as to their observance of their ancient religion, these Jews admitted that their faith was rapidly declining. At present they do not observe any of the ordinances of the Jewish religion, nor do they observe the idolatrous practices of the heathen. Many of them have been scattered, but there still remain to the seven clans about 140 adults. Their condition is so deplorable that they have no leader, no synagogue and no school for their children.

### THE POWER OF LITURGY

Writing in The Outlook on the Coming Religious Problem, Theodore D. Bacon states that the liturgical churches are gaining on the non-liturgical. Liturgy and authority attract. The constantly increasing growth of the Episcopal church proves this assertion:

We have in Unitarianism a form of religious belief which ought, apparently, to appeal to every one by its simplicity, its reasonableness and its liberty. It has had for its leaders men of high intellectual, moral and spiritual character. It has counted in its ranks many of the noblest names in our history; and yet as a popular movement it is a failure. There is a constant inflow from other denominations, but this is offset by a constant reaction, largely toward Episcopalianism, with occasional accessions to Roman Catholicism. The recruits are largely ministers, so that it is said that more than half the Unitarian ministers have come from other denominations. Naturally, those who fall away are mostly from the laity, so that the Unitarian body is to a great degree composed of leaders without followers. Its leaders, moreover, have ceased to expect a great following. They count rather on the influence of Unitarianism on other bodies. This is tantamount to a confession that there is something essential left out of their form of religion. It needs something more than they have to satisfy the human soul.

Religion is not merely a matter of the intellect, but of the whole soul. Most people do not go to church to think, but to feel, and whatever stirs their religious emotions, and at the same time gives expression to them, gives them deep satisfaction. This may not be highly intellectual, but it is not irrational, as we would sometimes like to imagine. Evidently, then, one problem of no little importance for non-liturgical churches is to recognize more fully the sensuous element in religion and to provide for its legitimate satisfaction. Many attempts have been made in this direction, but it must be acknowledged that, so far as liturgy is concerned, a great deal is so lacking in beauty or logical arrangement that it might almost as well not have been done at all.

But liturgy is by no means the only attraction for those who pass from Unitarianism to the Episcopal church. Another element of greater importance though perhaps less distinctly realized, is authority —and coupled with it the element of mystery.

Unitarianism eliminates these two as completely as possible. Good advice is offered in profusion, but there is no compelling authority and no great stir of the emotions to urge men to follow the advice. For a certain class of minds, especially those given to theological speculation, this may be satisfactory, but the class is a small one. The desire for some authority on which to depend is almost universal. It is also entirely legitimate within certain bounds. We recognize the need of it in children, and we are coming to recognize that men do not cease to be children because they have lived twenty-one years. Even we ourselves must, most of us, acknowledge that we do not always feel competent to settle every one of the great problems of life, and long in our weaker moments for someone to lean on. In the Episcopal Church, and of course still more in the Roman Catholic Church, the suggestion of authority is everywhere present. It is not generally obtrusive, but is everywhere implied. A mind with its spiritual longings unsatisfied, perplexed with the great problems of life and death, wearied with ineffectual efforts at a satisfactory explanation, is glad to commit their solution to a church that will assume the responsibility, without inquiring too closely into its title-deeds.

**FARTHEST SOUTH.....NEW YORK SUN**

The British wooden steamer Morning, which sailed from England last July to relieve the Antarctic exploring steamer Discovery, which left England in 1901, reports that she found the Discovery further south than she expected, and that members of the expedition had reached the furthest south recorded.

The report of Captain Scott, R. N., commander of the Discovery, up to the time of meeting with the Morning, states that the Discovery entered the ice-pack on December 23, 1901, in latitude 67°. She reached Cape Dare on January 9, 1902. She was delayed there by a gale and ice, but a party landed on January 20 in an excellent harbor, Wood Bay, in latitude 76° 30′, and deposited a record of the voyage.

Cape Crozier was reached on January 22, after which the Discovery sailed along the barrier within a few cable lengths, examining the edge, from which rose high snow slopes to extensive, heavily glaciated land, with occasional bare, precipitous peaks. On February 3, the Discovery entered an inlet in the barrier in longitude 174°. A balloon ascent was made, and sledges examined the land to latitude 78° 50′.

Excellent winter quarters were found near Mounts Erebus and Terror, where huts were erected and other preparations made. The ship was frozen in on March 24. The expedition wintered comfortably in its sheltered quarters. The lowest temperature recorded was 62° below zero.

Exploration by means of sledges began on September 2. Parties were sent out in all directions. One party under Royds and Skelton made a record expedition to Mount Terror, traveling over the barrier under severe conditions, with the mercury at 58° below zero. Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson and Lieutenant Shackleton traveled ninety-four miles southward reaching land in latitude 82° 17′, longitude 163°, thus penetrating to the farthest south recorded. The journey was most trying. All the dogs died, and three men dragged the sledges back. Lieutenant Shackleton almost died from exposure, but has since recovered.

The party found that ranges of high mountains continue through Victoria Land. Foothills, resembling the Admiralty range, were discovered in longitude 160°. The ice barrier presumably floats. It remains horizontal, and is fed slowly from the land ice. Mountains from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high were seen in latitude 82°, the coast line continuing at least as far as latitude 83° 20′ nearly due south. Ascending a glacier on the mainland, the party found a new range of mountains. At the height of 9,000 feet they reached a level plain, which was unbroken to the westward to the horizon.

The scientific work of the expedition includes a rich collection of marine fauna, a large proportion being new species. Sea and magnetic observations were taken, as well as seismographic records and pendulum observations. A large collection of skins and skeletons of southern seals and sea birds was made. A number of excellent photographs were secured and meteorological observations made. Extensive quartz and grit accumulations were found horizontally imbedded in volcanic rocks. Lava flows were found in frequently recurring plutonic rock, which forms the base of the mountains.

Sir James Ross's furthest south was 78° 4′. Borchgrevinck's record was 78° 50′, made in February, 1900.

The Discovery is commanded by Capt. R. F. Scott, R. N., and left England in August, 1901. She left New Zealand in December of the same year, and is expected back before 1904. She is one of the strongest wooden boats ever constructed and cost over $250,000.

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**THE WAGES OF KINGS.....GLASGOW (SCOTLAND) HERALD**

Six hours' work a day, at the rate of four hundred and five francs, or, in British currency, of sixteen pounds four shillings per minute Those are the terms on which, according to the calculations of an ingenious and statistically minded Frenchman, the most highly paid official in the civilized world—and it is fairly safe to throw in the uncivilized world as well—holds his position. As all socialist reformers will have guessed long before we inform them of the fact, the "job" is unfortunately not one of those that are open to competition among deserving candidates, such as they themselves would be. It is hereditary, and happens to be

think—of a six hours' day, yields the very handsome amount indicated. His imperial colleague of Austria, who figures next on the list, is but a very poor second, for he has to do his day's drag for no more than seven pounds a minute. Yet, trifling as that may seem, it is exactly double what the third of the European emperors gets as his "screw." Three pounds ten for supervising the art, literature and music of the German empire, to say nothing of "mail-fisting" in East and West, or of yachting and partridge slaughtering in Britain, is assuredly not exorbitant. And yet, every time the second hand of his watch makes a complete revolution the Kaiser can congratulate himself on having earned ten shillings more than his uncle of Great Britain. But, from pounds we come down to shillings and pence in the case of presidents of republics. Poor M. Loubet must contrive to make both ends meet with five francs a minute. And even that is almost wealth when compared with the one and eight pence which Mr. Roosevelt draws. It is more profitable to be "*roi de l'acier*," as our Gallic friends style the distributor of libraries and organs, than President of the United States.

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**THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD....S. G. KOON....LESLIE'S WEEKLY**

The recent naval demonstrations in the Caribbean Sea have brought up anew the question of the relative naval strengths of the powers involved.

For the purposes of comparison, a list has been prepared giving the ships of each of the powers built and building, separately. From this list it appears that England has a total of 158 effective fighting ships in service, with a total displacement of 1,249,000 tons; and twenty-five more in process of construction or re-construction, with an aggregate of 290,000 tons. Germany has forty-two in service, of 280,000 tons; and seventeen building, of 150,000 tons. The United States has a service thirty-nine ships, of 262,000 tons; and twenty-two building, of 237,000 tons.

In many ways these figures mean very little, for the ships are of diverse classes and dates, designed for services of many different kinds, and cannot be compared thus *en masse* with results at all satisfactory. To obviate this difficulty, and enable a comprehensive comparison to be made of entire fleets, a prominent English expert* has adopted a method of this process, it is found that England's fleet has a value of 68+17.6 building; Germany, 15.5+11.2 building; the United States, 15.3+17.8 building. This, as is readily seen, places the powers on about the same basis as did the previous comparison, except that England has lost somewhat in the later figures; which would seem to indicate that her ships, ton for ton, are inferior in military value to those of Germany and the United States. It will be noticed, in particular, that our tonnage under construction is 20 per cent. less than England's, while our rating is a trifle higher. It may be assumed that the sums of the figures given will represent the relative standing in 1905; thus, England, 85.6; Germany, 26.7; the United States, 33.1 units.

While it is apparent that we could assemble a larger proportion of our available force in Caribbean waters than could England, and about as large as could Germany, the possibility, remote though it be, that they might join forces against us would result in our being placed in a very decided minority.

In order to extend the comparison to the other naval powers, their ships have been classified in a similar manner, and the result is shown in the following table. By "Scandinavia" is meant Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. By "South America" is meant Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. The powers not mentioned have no ships of sufficient value to affect the result one way or the other. The ranks given Argentina and Chile for 1905 are based upon the assumption that the ambitious building programmes inagurated by these two powers last year, and suspended as a result of their recent treaty, will not be carried into effect.

| | Relative Rank. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1902 | 1905 | Built. | Building. | Total. |
| England | 1 | 1 | 68.0 | 17.6 | 85.6 |
| France | 2 | 2 | 31.3 | 7.6 | 38.9 |
| Russia | 3 | 4 | 20.1 | 8.0 | 28.1 |
| United States | 5 | 3 | 15.3 | 17.8 | 33.1 |
| Japan | 6 | 7 | 13.1 | 0.4 | 13.5 |
| Germany | 4 | 5 | 15.5 | 11.2 | 26.7 |
| Italy | 7 | 6 | 8.7 | 6.0 | 14.7 |
| Austria | 8 | 8 | 3.2 | 3.0 | 6.2 |
| Holland | 12 | 11 | 2.4 | 0.6 | 3.0 |
| Spain | 13 | 13 | 2.2 | 0.2 | 2.4 |
| Scandinavia | * | † | 3.6 | 1.0 | 4.6 |
| South America | ** | †† | 7.2 | 1.2 | 8.4 |
| Triple Alliance | | | 27.4 | 20.2 | 47.6 |
| Franco-Russian | | | 51.4 | 15.6 | 67.0 |
| Both together | | | 78.8 | 35.8 | 114.6 |
| Anglo-Saxon | | | 83.3 | 35.4 | 118.7 |
| Anglo-Saxon-Japanese | | | 96.4 | 35.8 | 132.2 |
| Rest of World | | | 94.2 | 38.8 | 133.0 |

* Sweden-Norway, 10th. ** Argentina, 9th; Chile, 11th
† Sweden-Norway, 10th. †† Argentina, 9th; Chile, 12th.

*Mr. Fred T. Jane.

A study of the table furnishes us with some surprises. What is perhaps the most noteworthy is the fact, as here shown, that the United States has under construction a greater force of ships than has any of the other powers. Scarcely a ship is less than a year behind contract time, and some are two or three years behind. But for this, several of the ships included in our present "building" column would be transferred to the "built" column, leaving the two at 19.7 and 13.4, instead of 15.3 and 17.8, as at present. This would not alter our ultimate rank, but would put us ahead of Germany at the present time, and almost even with Russia.

Another feature shown up by the table is the fact that each of the three nations in the Triple Alliance is building almost as powerful a fleet as it now has in service, while no other power, save the United States, is adding even approximately one-half to its present force. This is significant, inasmuch as it is the leading nation of the Triple Alliance which has been taking so decided a stand in its relations with the Latin-American peoples, and which is strongly suspected of having designs upon southern Brazil. France would show a much larger force building were it not for the fact that the present Minister of Marine stopped work upon several large ships, because of alleged defects in design, as well as on account of a deficiency in the budget. Japan is about to launch a new programme, which would increase her force building from 0.4 to perhaps 6.0, and would again place her far ahead of Italy. The latter power stood third about ten years ago. Financial difficulties have caused a rapid decline in her relative position, until to-day she occupies seventh place. Spain always was unlucky, when it came to sea-power, and her present and future rank seems to be a reminder of her misfortunes.

Turning now to a consideration of the several actual and probable political combinations, we find that the Franco-Russian alliance is far ahead of the Dreibund, though the latter has more ships under construction. Both of these combinations, taken together, form a force of somewhat less strength than the Anglo-Saxon. If to the latter we add Japan, which has already a formal alliance with England, and has always exhibited the greatest friendship for the United States, a combination is formed which is fully the equal of all the rest of the world, though the latter is slowly gaining on us, by virtue of having larger building programmes.

**EXTRAORDINARY IMMIGRATION FIGURES... SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**

If one were asked to name the strongest proof of the virility of the American race, he would not be far wrong if he pointed to the fact that we are able to receive and assimilate the enormous immigration which pours like a flood year by year, upon our shores, without losing our strongly marked characteristics either in the nation or in the individual. How vast is this immigration is shown by the statistics of the number of cabin and steerage passengers landed at the port of New York during last year, in which all previous records were surpassed. Of cabin passengers there were 139,848, while the enormous total of 574,276 steerage passengers was landed at this port. The previous year the figures were 128,143 cabin and 438,868 steerage passengers; while in 1900, 137,852 cabin and 403,491 steerage passengers were landed in New York city.

Evidently the tide of immigration is rising steadily. But just to think of it! Over half a million of foreigners of all nationalities, composed chiefly of the very poorest and most ignorant peoples of Europe, are absorbed by this country, so easily and naturally, that beyond the mere registration of numbers, this multitude makes, for all evidence to the contrary, no visible impression upon the routine of our daily life. The explanation of our easy assimilation of these heterogeneous millions is to be found in our magnificent public school system, which is undoubtedly the chief agency in making the immigrants' children who are native by birth, native also in sympathy and training.

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**AMERICA, THE CRADLE OF ASIA...STEWART CULIN...HARPER'S**

Preoccupied with the notion that America is the new world, writers have seemingly lost sight of the fact that resemblances offer quite as good proof of American intercourse with Asia as they do of an Asiatic invasion of our continent. At the same time there remain to be explained the curious and bewildering similarities between the culture of the two continents.

If we reject the theory of Asiatic origin there are two explanations open to us: First, that at one period of man's history he had certain ideas in common on both continents; that his customs were fundamentally the same and knew no geographical boundaries. Second, that these identical customs originated in America, and were disseminated thence over the world.

Let us turn to what is reputed to be the oldest surviving book in Chinese literature, the Yi King, or "Book of Changes," a work which the Chinese revere as dating from the twelfth century B. C. This curious volume is a treatise on fortune-telling or divination, and consists of sixty-four magical diagrams, under each of which are oracular explanations. The appendices to the work are attributed to Confucius. In the practical employment of the Yi in fortune-telling, fifty slender polished wood or ivory rods are manipulated between the fingers and divided at random into two bundles, one of which is then counted off in twos around an eight-figured diagram.

Now the splints used in Asia find their exact counterpart in America in the gambling-sticks used by many tribes. Thus in Hupa Valley, California, we find the same bundle of fine rods, manipulated in the same way by rolling in the hands, divided at random into two bundles, and counted off as in Asia, the only difference being that in America, instead of divination, we have a game in which another player guesses which of the two bundles contains either the odd or a specially marked stick.

In Asia we have the custom with its literary traditions, but with no suggestions or explanation as to the origin of the bundle of splints. In China, we read, the stalks of a plant—the *Ptarmica siberica*—were anciently used, those which grew on the grave of Confucius being most highly esteemed.

In America the arrow seems to have been the chosen symbol of the warrior, of the man. Among the Dakota we have a description of the making of painted sticks, each marked for a warrior, and their subsequent use in gambling. The Korean cards are nothing more than long slips of oiled paper, each bearing on its back the picture of a feather, and designated by a name meaning "arrow," the play being called "Fighting Arrows." On their faces are rude scrawls, numerals from one to nine, and suit-marks, totemic animals, which, according to their traditions, were actually figured upon their original bamboo cards. In America the arrow-derived ribboned gambling-sticks of the Pacific coast are divided into similar animal suits, and some of the sets are actually engraved with animals figures. It is clear that the American sticks serve to explain the derivation of the Korean cards. But that is not all. The narrow playing-cards (money cards) of China, with their suits of nine cards each, frequently bear the old notches as numeral and suit-marks at the ends, and are clearly the legitimate descendants of the arrow-derived gambling sticks.

Leaving the subject of games for a moment, let us contemplate this use of the arrow as the symbol and emblem of man. It is one of those universal things in America from which we cannot escape. The baho, or prayer-sticks, of Indian ceremonial appear, from archaic forms, to have been originally arrows. A conventionalized arrow is used to-day in China as the man-representing counter in the game of "Chief of the Literati," and as the notice-tablet of the merchant's guild hall. The paper visiting-card of eastern Asia appears to have had the same line of descent.

One of the universal games among the Indians of North America is played with four or more two-faced sticks which are used as dice, the counts being kept upon a circuit, which varies from a simple circle of stones to a cross-shaped diagram, as in old Mexico. Comparison of the sticks, and of the many other objects substituted for them, shows that they were originally split cane arrows. The game, played with actual split arrows, survives among the Indians of Zuñi. We find this game in Korea, played in the same manner, with the same kind of sticks, and counted around a circuit, like that used by the Indians.

Let us glance at another of the Indian games, played, like the stick-dice, by all our tribes—not, like it, a game of chance, but of dexterity. It consists in throwing darts at a rolling hoop or wheel, the counts depending upon the position in which the missiles fall with reference to the hoop. It is commonly known as Hoop and Pole. It occurs among the Ainu in Japan' where John Batchelor describes it, in a simple form, as an amusement of boys, and says it appears to have been invented to teach children to spear salmon in the river.

The games of the Eastern continent are not only similar to, but practically identical with those of America, and are not only alike in externals, but, if we may so apply the word, in their morphology as well. And, it may be added, they extend over into Asia from America as expressions of the same underlying culture. They belong to the *same* culture.

Man evidently wandered far and wide over the world before history began. Shall we, with our American explanations in mind—and they hold good not alone for games, which are but the "stalking-horse" of the student—not assent to the claim that ancient America may have contributed, to an extent unimagined, her share of the world's civilization?

# In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

**THE CHILD WITH EARNEST EYES..KATHARINE PELTON..CENTURY**

Ere the dawn grew red, beside my bed
  Came a child with earnest eyes.
"What light have you shed through the world," she said,
  "Now you are old and wise?"

"'Tis a weary while," quoth I, with a smile,
  "Since I dreamed it had need of me.
I found but guile in its fairest wile."
  "Then its need was greater," said she.

"So the hungry you fed, and wanderers led,
  And smiled on the weary and sad?"
"Scarce I earn," I said, "my own bitter bread,
  And I have no time to be glad."

She spoke not to blame, nor again of fame:
  "But the love that I dreamed about?"
"Bright burned that flame till gaunt Care came
  And blew the rushlight out."

"But still true friends kind Heaven sends
  To cheer and comfort you?"
"Nay; friendship bends to selfish ends,
  And loyal hearts are few."

She raised her head. "Woman," she said,
  And her voice came sobbingly,
"If joy is dead, and high hopes fled,
  You have broken faith with me."

In the dawn, still gray, she stole away,
  With a grieving look at me.
"I cannot stay," I heard her say.
  "I'm the Child You Used to Be!"

**THE TWO MAIDENS ....DORA SIGERSON SHORTER...GENTLEMAN'S**

Stood the young maid behind her lady's chair,
  And with light skill the golden comb she drew
Through all the splendor of that shining hair,
  And with pale pearls she bound the locks anew.

She hath upon her cheek the rosy shame
  Of some too ardent kiss but half repelled.
On her brown hand there glows in ruby flame
  The one poor jewel that her finger held.

She binds on the proud throat with clasps of gold
  A priceless necklet, with a touch that fain
Did covet still of those rich gems the hold,
  And longed to have them in its care again.

Upon the hair of her fair mistress now
  She lays a veil of rare and ancient lace,
And wreathes the orange flowers upon her brow,
  And with soft sighing gazes in her face.

And with a hand that lingers does she press
  The bridal gown each graceful curve to care,
Then takes a sudden, swift, and last caress
  Of those white pearls hid in her lady's hair.

She hears the chafing horses at the gate,
  The murmur of glad voices, and the call
Of some gay guest, who wearying to wait
  Doth make him merry in the banquet-hall.

Now fall her eyes in jealous gaze to see
  The lady's hand, where soon the ring shall lie
That makes her queen, and "Would that I were she,"
  The handmaid murmurs with a heavy sigh.

Now comes a step upon the winding stair,
  The lady's cheek grows paler than the snow,
And round the chamber like a frightened hare
  Dart her swift eyes, no refuge there to know.

They rest upon the maid who by her side
  Hath still upon her cheek the rosy sting
Of some too sudden kiss but half denied,
  And on her hand she saw the ruby ring.

The pledge of some true love that gave its all
  For this poor bauble, bartered for a kiss,
Then through her lids she let a tear down fall,
  And "Oh," she sighed, "For such a love as this."

And "Oh," she sighed, "I would that I were she."
  Pale grew her cheek that was so lily fair,
She raised her hand where soon the ring must be,
  With laggard feet went down the winding stair.

**ABSENCE .....MILDRED I. McNEAL.....HARPER'S**

  When yesterday
Was young, I was not here—
  But at your side
  I sat like one who opens wide
    A dear familiar book;
And being wise
And long in love, I found my story clear
  And sweet as is the May,
    And took
My morning and my message from your eyes.

  "To-day," we said—
A word too sweet to lose—
  And lifted up
  Its beauty like a costly cup
    To hold our wine of joy.
Oh time of pure
And unreserved delight! Who would not choose
  To cage you ere you fled?
    Happy as girl and boy
Were we, to think our treasury secure.

  But now—to-day—
The widening miles between
  Do dumbly lie.
  I search my erring thoughts to try
    If once I touched your hand

And had your smile;
And did I really learn what your eyes mean?
  Man must be bold to say
    He understands—
And, love, it was a very little while.

**"A DREAM SONG" ..... H. R. LINSLEY ..... METROPOLITAN**

I've folded them close and tight, dear,
The Hopes of long ago,
And put them away with a sigh for the day,
The day of love, you know.

Of course it was only a fancy
From the clear blue sky above
When we heard the air of a song so fair
And thought it the song of Love.

But now in the long days since, dear,
There are times when I hear it yet—
The song that was only a fancy,
The song that I can't forget.

**PIXY-TRYSTED ..... NORA CHESSON ..... WESTMINSTER GAZETTE**

Did e'er you meet a Pixy when night and day were one
And a pale moon high in heaven watched the setting of the sun?
Your lips have lost the red they had that shamed the damask rose,
Your voice has got the far-off sound of seas when wind is none,
The sound of dropping water that down in darkness flows.

Did e'er you meet a Pixy, or see their dancing ring
By standing-stone or Wistmen's Wood or quiet sacred spring?
For your foot is always treading to the time of some still tune,
Such as the Pixies trip it to at darkling of the moon,
And your eyes look forward gazing out like some enchanted thing.

I do not see the daily sights my nearest neighbors see;
The rose is not a flower to me, the oak is not a tree;
The well-drip has a voice for me, the curlew is a friend;
And the bird that's in my bosom is as wild as wild can be,
And beats against his cage-bars and will beat there to the end.

But I do not miss the friendships that clay builds out of clay,
I hope not for to-morrow, and I grieve no yesterday.
I shall not die like my people, but change instead, and be
A green leaf in the forest or a wreath of flying spray
For once I met a Pixy, and the Pixy trysted me.

**LOVE ..... EDMOND HOLMES ..... N. Y. TRIBUNE**

I love thee, Dearest, for thine own dear sake,
Not for the sake of love; for love to me
Came in thy guise, and bade my heart awake
From dreams of love's delight to love of thee.
Not for love's sake, but for thy very own—
Yet Love, immortal Love is well content
That I should love thee for thyself alone,
Since thy sweet self is love's embodiment.
Not for love's sake I love thee, but for thine
I love my dream of love—the vision fair
That lured my footsteps to Love's altar shrine,
And taught my heart to kneel in hope and prayer;
Till Love at last unveiled his hidden grace,
And gazing upward I beheld—thy face.

**ALL SOULS' .... ETHEL M. M. McKENNA .... WESTMINSTER GAZETTE**

Only the dead can never be our own,
The helpless human cry for sympathy
Leaves them untouched. What do they care for thee?
Their kinship with humanity is gone,
And friends must walk each side the stream alone.
There is no gate to which we hold the key;
No vision blesses us; we may not see
The place wherein they reap what they have sown.
We know not what their destiny may be;
The warm relationship of life which gave
E'en to unequal souls equality
Is chilled forever, buried in the grave.
It may be they have changed, developed, grown.
We know they nevermore can be our own.

The dead alone are ours; the Infinite
Within its icy veil holds them enshrined,
Their constancy is fixed; no passing wind
Of Fate or Chance can blow to quench the light
Their love still radiates. In life we fight
Against the mutable; we still shall find
Child, lover, friend forgetful, heedless, blind.
Too quickly does our sunshine fade to night.
Yet even as we lift our hands and cry
In anguish for the love that knows no end,
We seem to feel its blank futility.
We plant the seedling craving it may live,
But while its flowers the living lightly lend,
Its perfect fruit only the dead can give.

**A VISITOR ..... MARGUERITE MERINGTON ..... CRITERION**

Your step was the step of a lover,
Light, free on the stair,
With eyes laughterful brimming over
And poppy-crowned hair.

Hailed, cherished, and held till the morrow,
Love's hostage and guest,
You stole in your mantle of sorrow
The life we loved best!

**THE LOST LAND ..... C. FOX SMITH ..... LONDON OUTLOOK**

Widershins and round about
Among the gorse and whin!
Open, gates o' Fairyland,
Ope and let me in!
Cold and cold the world's way,
And the road's hard and weary,
Back I come to the lonely hill
And the old land o' Faerie!

Cold wind on the heather,
Gold light in the sky!
Open, gates o' Fairyland,
Ope and let me by!
Where's the trick I used to know?
Elfin-bells a-ringing,—
Where's the way to the elfinland,
And the wide gate swinging?

Widershins and round about
Among the gorse and whin!
Open, gates o' Fairyland,
Ope and let me in!
Gold fetters on my feet
And gold chains bind me!
Lone I stand on the cold hillside,
And the gates barred behind me!

# Among the Plants

## The Making of Gardens

**Edited by Robert Blight**

One of the most remarkable changes, of late years, in the sentiment of the American nation, is the wonderful development of the taste for the study of nature. It is true that some of the "nature-study," as it is the fashion to call it, is very superficial; but much of it is sincere and thorough. In botany, for instance, with which this department of CURRENT LITERATURE deals, many are not satisfied with mere collection and classification, after the manner of the makers of herbaria, valuable as that is in its place, but they delight in the study of structures, with their development and uses, and in the observation of habits and localities. The wonderful interest possessed by growing plants when studied thus has been reflected upon gardening, and thousands are now discovering that in a garden, cared for by their own intelligence, love and skill, lies one of the richest courses of mental refreshment and happiness. Hundreds of journals are voicing this, scores of magazines are devoting themselves to the art and science of gardening, and manuals are appearing in their tens. This is as it should be, for the following is perfectly true:

THE HOME GARDEN .....COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

Simple desires, with every desire well planned and well carried out, result in the best gardens.

The garden must be yours; if it is another's it is not worth the while to you.

A good garden is the one that gives its owner the most pleasure; he may grow orchids or thistles.

The measure of success in the garden is the sensitive mind rather than the plants.

The home garden is for the affections. It is for quality. Its size is wholly immaterial, if only it have the best. I do not mean the rarest or the costliest, but the best—the best geranium or the best lilac. Even the fruit-garden and the vegetable garden are also for the affections. One can buy ordinary fruits and vegetables—it never pays to grow them in the home garden. When you want something superior, you must grow it or else buy it, at an advanced price, directly from some one who grows for quality and not for quantity. If you want the very choicest and the most personal products, almost necessarily you must grow them. The value of these things cannot be measured in money. The commercial gardener may grow what the market wants, and the market wants chiefly what is cheap and good-looking. The home gardener should grow what the market cannot supply, else the home garden is not worth the while.

### WHAT A GARDEN IS

A garden is a place in which plants are grown, and "plants" are herbs and vines and bushes and trees and grass. Too often do persons think that only formal and pretentious places are gardens. But an open lawn about a house may be a garden, so may a holly hocks along the wall, or an arrangement of plants in the greenhouse. Usually there is some central feature to a garden, a theme to which all other parts relate. This may be a walk or a summer-house or a sun dial or a garden bed or the residence itself, or a brook falling down the sward between trees and bushes and clumpy growths. There are as many forms and kinds of gardens as there are persons who have gardens; and this is one reason why the garden appeals to every one, and why it may become an expression of one's personality. You need follow no man's plan. The simplest garden is likely to be the best, merely because it is the expression of a simple and teachable life.

### WHAT PLANTS TO GROW

Grow the ones you want. But do not want too many. Most persons, when they make a garden, order a quantity of labels—fatal mistake! Labels are for collections of plants—collections so big that you cannot remember, and when you cannot remember you lose the intimacy, and when you lose the intimacy you lose the essence of the garden. Choose a few plants for the main plantings. These must be hardy, vigorous, sure to thrive, whether it rains or shines. These plants you can buy in quantity and in large, strong specimens. Each clump or group or border may be dominated by one kind of plant—fox-gloves, holly-hocks, spireas, asters. The odd and unusual things you may grow as incidents, as jewelry is the incident to good dress. Miscellaneous mixtures are rarely satisfactory. The point is that the character of the home garden should be given by the plants that are most sure to thrive. The novelties

### BOYS' AND GIRLS' GARDENS

Give the children an opportunity to make gardens. Let them grow what they will. Let them experiment. It matters less that they produce good plants than that they try for themselves. A place should be reserved. Let it be well out of sight, for the results may not be ornamental. However, take care that the conditions are good for the growing of plants—good soil, plenty of sun, freedom from the encroachment of tree roots and from molestation of carriage drive or chickens. It may be well to set the area off by a high fence of chicken wire screen; then cover the screen with vines, put a seat in the enclosure. This will constitute an outdoor nursery-room, and while the child is being entertained and is gaining health he may gain experience and nature-sympathy at the same time.

Cultivate an appreciation of plants. You can do it. You need only to examine a plant carefully and to watch its growth to become interested in it. I sometimes think that not one person in a thousand ever saw a plant. Look for the artistic merits in plants, or, if this sounds too ambitious, look for some thing or some trait in each plant that pleases you.

Of all forms of garden which give the greatest amount of pleasure to those who do their gardening themselves, the Hardy Garden stands pre-eminent. We need not inveigh against the bedding system. It has its utilty, especially in setting off grand piles of buildings and in lighting up vast expanses of verdure, but, for the Home Garden, there is no question as to value of borders and beds of hardy plants that afford bloom and interest almost the whole year round. The following excerpt, therefore, taken from a beautifully illustrated article, is well worth consideration:

**HARDY GARDENS....J. HORACE McFARLAND.....THE HOUSEHOLD**

For many years we Americans have kept our eyes closed to the beauty of our native plants while we have cultivated assiduously a few foreign introductions. Call to mind the average garden of a dozen years ago, with its recurrence of coleus, geraniums, cannas, verbenas, and the like—all of them tender, ready to blacken with the first breath of frost, except the verbena. Then think of the abomination of decoration that seemed the highest art in its awkward simulation of textiles—the carpet beds that flaunted their stiffness and sameness in our parks and public gardens, to be copied in our home ground as having merit, as we then thought it, of constant bloom or uniform foliage condition, and the ideal garden was that which was practically the same in appearance from the end of the first fortnight after it had left the florist's hands until Jack Frost nipped its ears in merciful remembrance that the eyes of the flower lover must have a change, even if a destructive change. This old-time planting was expensive, too. A few canny souls would "keep over" the geraniums in chance pots of surviving tomato cans, and possibly hold life in some of the coleuses by careful petting in the window garden; but usually the "bedding" was all new from the florist's greenhouse each season, and it required constant attention the season through.

### THE TRIUMPH OF THE HARDY GARDEN

Now all this is changed in the really enlightened parts of the country. The bed of geraniums and coleus have their places, and do us good service; the conventional carpet beds persist only in a few locations where they are held to please an unfortunate taste—as in parks in Pittsburg and Chicago, for instance. The main plantings, in large and small places, in parks and on great estates, are of hardy plants, which in their infinite variety and beauty give each day in the growing season a fresh charm. The garden of hardy plants is always surprising us with some unsuspected beauty and delighting us as it brings each year anew our old friends among the flowers. I have seen, in the spring, a total change even from early morning to late afternoon, in a fine garden including only American plants, so rapidly did the varied blooms come into view. The hardy garden, too, while showing quickly the results of care and attention, stands neglect wonderfully well, and is beautiful, in a way, even when untouched for years. There is on the Hudson a wonderful old garden in which the quaint roses of generations ago are neighbors to exquisite peonies and iris. The grass goes to seed freely, unchecked by the lawn mower; the honeysuckle and matrimony vine clamber over the portico, and a black locust with a history of more than three centuries of bloom is flanked by mock orange and lilacs. This garden, always lovely, almost cares for itself; there is no annual florist's bill to pay.

One feature of the new impetus observable in gardening is remarkable. * It is the part taken by women in it. Not that it is a new thing for women to take an interest in gardens. Far from that. In fact, in the days of our great-grandmothers, it was the lady of the house who managed this part of the family domain. She it was who arranged everything about the flowers, the "simples," and, we fear, about the cabbage and onions. Now, however, woman has taken up the science and art of gardening with results which are becoming more marked with the years. It is a well known fact that we owe several of our most striking varieties of flowers to the skill of women in hybridizing; but the following passage tells how she is taking up the very teaching in the gardening art:

**GOVERNMENT ENCOURAGEMENT.....N. Y. DAILY NEWS**

Studies in horticulture for women have lately been brought into prominence in certain educational centers of the United States. The introduction of women into this line of work has been brought about by the demand for teachers possessing knowledge of horticulture. It has received encouragement and cordial support of the leading educators who see the advantage of such courses of study in addition to the regular school curriculum. The modern tendency of the American people to get away from the engrossing cares of a purely industrial life has been manifest for some time, but it has only been within the last two or three years that actual steps have been taken in opening up a new field of pleasant and profitable recreative study. Country residences are growing more popular than ever before, and the American people are just waking up to the beauty and enchantment which country life affords. The garden in England is the pride of the people from the richest landlord to the humblest cottager. Every Englishman has his garden. There is no keener delight to them whose daily life is spent in the confinement of office rooms than that of spending a few leisure moments in the morning or evening among the plants of the garden, planted and cared for by their own hands. There is an absorbing interest in watching the seeds germinating in the soil,and the new growths appearing, and each plant has an idividual interest of its own.

THE RISE OF HORTICULTURAL TEACHERS

To meet this appeal for a larger and broader living the public school should take up the matter as the best medium by which such information can be diffused. Miss Sipe, the science teacher of the Normal School of Washington, alive to the needs of teachers possessing a knowledge of horticulture, seized upon the advantages offered at the Department of Agriculture and through their co-operation a course of training is being given to the prospective teachers of the Washington Normal School.

Though new to the Department of Agriculture, the idea of instructing teachers in the elementary branches of horticulture has received considerable attention among the greatest educators of the country. The principal drawback to such instruction is the lack of facilities for getting such information. There are no courses of study in the Normal Schools at the present time where instruction is given along these lines, and even if there were it must needs be very theoretical and superficial. Scientific information based upon experience is essential to one who would instruct others. It is one thing to tell how a thing is done and another to do it.

It has only been during the present generation that popular interest in nature study, so called, has been evinced by the patrons of the public school. The growth has been rapid and is growing in popularity every day. The demand for teachers possessing a knowledge of elementary natural history has increased to such an extent that "summer schools of nature study for teachers" have come to be a regular feature of the summer vacation period. These are good as far as they go, but their results are temporary and limited in their application.

LINES OF STUDY

During the winter, the young ladies of the Normal School at Washington are to be instructed in the common operations of plant propagation, such as making cuttings and placing them in sand to root; then potting them and taking general care of the young plants in the way of watering, ventilating and regulating the temperature. Very little time is necessary, and one of the students is delegated each day to give the little attention they require. This is done before the morning session and after its close, so that the regular school work is in no way interfered with. On Wednesday afternoon of each week the students assemble in a room especially fitted up for them in the plant breeding laboratory, to perform such operations as the teacher may prescribe or to listen to a lecture given by one of the scientific men of the department. In the spring the work will be outside and one

of the first lessons will be in practical garden making. To see a young lady gathering a bouquet of roses in the rose garden is an ordinary occurrence—roses were made for them —but to see blushing young maidens just bursting out into the sunshine of sweet womanhood, patiently bending over a bed of onions, thinning out a row of carrots or carrying an apronful of cucumbers, would be a blow indeed to the romantic sentiments of the courtier of knighthood days. Be that as it may, the viewpoint of womankind has changed, and whatever she makes up her mind to do she is going to do it. Among other things which are outlined is to give practical instruction in the planning and the planting of school grounds. Abundant facilities for edu-educational work at the Department of-Agriculture are open on every hand. Special inducements for the study of botany are afforded by the rich and varied collection of growing plants. The grass gardens, the economic plants, the medicinal plants, and the collection of native and exotic shrubs and trees give ample means for the study of that most attractive branch of the natural sciences. In conjunction with this, there is a magnificent collection of herbarium specimens at hand to facilitate and verify the work done.

It is clear that gardening, scientific and artistic gardening, is passing into the hands of the gentler sex. Will this new phase cause a revolution in social relations and change the character of our housekeeping dames? An old adage says: "Every rose has its thorn." There is, however, another: "Forewarned is forearmed." We therefore call attention to the sad plight of our transatlantic cousins, in the hope of warding off an evil.

THE GARDEN WIFE .. THE HON. MRS. ANSTRUTHER...CORNHILL

She who would now a days be modish must cease to be a house-wife and become a garden-wife Socially speaking, there is a world of difference between the two. The house-wife is a social incubus, the garden-wife a social success. For generations the house-wife was a power in the land. People respected her, tolerated her, bore with her and were bored by her. Then suddenly she found herself deposed, treated with yawns and contumely, she and her conversation relegated to the background, and her throne usurped and occupied by the garden-wife, to whose flowery words every one now listened with flattering smiles and keenest and most courteous interest. Another case of *la reine est morte, vive la reine*, and the only point to be arrived at is to discover wherein the social ruler of to-day differs from her predecessor of yesterday. A certain cynic was heard to assert that there was no difference; that the only change was one of topic, the same woman migrating from the inside of her house to the outside, as did Mrs. Primrose from the blue bed to the brown; and the same cynic ventured to assert that herein lies a little social gain to the listener, who is just as likely to be bored in the long run by one subject as by the other. But then, as every one knows, a cynic is literally a dog, and oftentimes a dull one at that. Where lives the man who would seriously maintain that it is not more interesting to listen for a whole dinner to a fair neighbor speaking her views on the value of various kinds of artificial manures rather than to listen, as he would have had to do in the old days, to a homily on the rival claims to economical consideration of the brisket and the sliverside?

THE GARDEN-WIFE

The garden-wife scorns domesticity in its ordinary aspects, but she adores her garden. Where her predecessor spoke of the butcher's price list and the cost of joints, she will talk of the rose-grower's catalogue and the price of bulbs, and scorning the scullery, she will linger tenderly over the amenities of the potting-shed. Never will she dream of talking of the delinquencies and vagaries of her handmaids—albeit the mere bond of a common humanity gives them a certain claim upon the interest of their fellow-creatures—but for long hours, with a show of deepest interest, will she prate of the lovely fancies and features of her flowers, till almost she begins to think that there may be a certain truth in the cynic's contention that it may be just as possible to be a bore when talking about gardeners as when talking about cooks.

Indeed, so secure in her social position is the garden-wife at this moment, that it were positively socially unsafe even to hazard the suggestion that the house-wife of the last generation and the garden-wife of to-day are in reality mother and daughter, bores. To be chained to a stake set in the midst of a heap of burning weeds, and prodded to death by an infuriated crowd of garden-wives armed with expensive spuds and fancy garden tools, would assuredly be the fate of such a rash social iconoclast.

# Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

THE AMERICAN AIM....AUSTIN DIERBOWER....WORLD'S WORK

The first characteristic of American citizenship is a confident pride of country that goes parallel with love of country, a pride that is well founded and honest; so that an American feels a satisfactory self-respect as an American, and seldom gets anything but respect from others. He cannot be easily ridiculed, and he need not be sensitive about foreign opinions. A scoffer who would laugh at the United States is like the simpleton who would ridicule the sun. Owing to our size, we are not often challenged to fight for our country, even in words, for most antagonists seem unworthy of us.

A second feature of American citizenship springs from the fact that we are a growing country. Great as we are, we expect to be greater. Our eyes are turned to the future, and our pride is founded in hope. It matters much whether one is on the rising or declining side in his feelings, whether his enthusiasm is a swelling or a receding tide. Americans are in the line of the world's movements, going in the direction in which things are enlarging. Our country is to take part in nearly all events that are to come, and to act with the whole world as an arena.

A third feature of American citizenship results from the fact that our country represents liberty and equality, so that in being proud of our country we are proud of something good. In taking up the cause of the United States one takes up the cause of right. Most countries represent tyranny or some form of inequality, so that their citizens, to be patriotic, must be unjust. In Europe they are committed to the interests of the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs, and stand for the aggrandizement of privileged classes. We stand for the equal rights of all the people; and nothing can be better. Feeling that ours is the cause of humanity, we can enter as heartily into the American spirit as into a religious or philanthropic movement. Americanism is a sum of virtues, standing for a principle.

Another circumstance affecting American citizenship is the fact that our country represents progress. The traditions of our fathers have little weight when pitted against our common sense. The world's best ideas have a chance to be put into practice. Thought and activity are alike free. Old machinery, old opinions, old institutions, are constantly passing away, and we are in a country of revision. Americans are accordingly independent and aggressive.

The first duty of American citizenship is a liberal patriotism. Nor is this feeling of magnanimity for land and numbers alone. American patriotism must be a love not of race but of many kinds of people—of English, Germans, Italians, Irish, Scandinavians, Africans, Chinese, Indians and Tagals. It must be cosmopolitan. American patriotism comes near being humanitarianism.

Another duty of American citizenship is to apply our principles of liberality and equality to our new domain and keep our republicanism intact through our varied expansion. While we can afford to grow beyond our limits, and even beyond our continent, we cannot afford to grow beyond our principles.

A more immediate duty of American citizenship, and one appealing directly to the individual, is to apply our principle of equality to our business and social relations. We cannot have the people politically equal if they are unequal in other respects. While all cannot have the same wealth, rich and poor classes being unavoidable, as also intelligent and ignorant, we should, by giving all an equal chance, reduce these conditions, and especially avoid great extremes. It is not safe, either for our republic or for the wealthy, that there should be many fortunes which exhaust the materials which make competencies for thousands. The very rich menace the moderately wealthy, and the very poor menace in turn the rich. All must have a competency or hope of it.

Another duty of American citizenship is to adjust, with like liberality, our political idea of equality to our social relations. With a better acquaintance with men we find them more alike. The workingman's intelligence rivals that of the professional man, and the qualifications of the artisan are everywhere recognized as a culture. There are virtues in the poor which the ancient world did not know.

lose his respectability in this country by allowing others to be respectable, or degrade himself by mixing with many people.

Nearly every social problem that now confronts us might be solved by simply a return of the people to a manly and generous common sense, which would enable them to enjoy their possessions without a sacrifice of taste or happiness, and at the same time make such enjoyments more common. The American aim is simply the welfare of the race, in which we have enlisted a part of the race and are trying to stand as an example for all others.

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**THE JOY OF PERIL.....LONDON SPECTATOR**

Men may pass the whole of their lives without either being themselves, or seeing a fellow man in danger. Yet who in his dreams has not sported with jeopardy, making a mock of it, and awakening with the same strange exaltation as fills the encounterer of a living peril, perhaps with the same fire in the eyes? And what phantoms of danger hang over the pillow, what stormings of imminent deadly breaches, what wrecks and conflagrations, what racings through the black night on horseback in pursuit of robbers, or being a robber, away from certain visionary horsemen, soldiers, or constables, who thunder after! What fun they all are! But there are hazards which, real or spectral, are no fun at all, even to heroes, which glaze the eye instead of firing it, and "turn the bold bombardier to a little whipp'd dog." These are the lonely, helpless perils, the falling from dizzy cliffs, the being swept away on irresistible torrents, and one horror that once overtook a man doomed to torture before death, that of having a foot jammed in the points, with an express train due, and no one nigh to help. I once saw a brave man frightened by something such as these; he was snipe shooting, and had walked into one of those bottomless bogs which quiver all over their acres at the mere tap of the foot like the breasts of a laughing girl. We got him out when he had sunk to his chest, but the morass did not shudder more than he. But when he died on Spion Kop, he died like the fearless soldier he was; the great rock on which he fell was as likely to fly from its firm base.

There is not pleasure in all peril, then, and the exceptions give a clue to the rule. There is delight only in the danger wherein something or some one is overcome, wherein there is an torrent, has nothing in view but his solitary death—there is nothing in the bitterness of death so agonizing as its uselessness. Only give me a prize, says the human soul, and I condemn my habitation to any end; I will make it climb the swimming cliff, or plunge into the racing waters, or rush through the flames; it shall take the same risks calmly as the creature it would rescue did with a yell of terror; only give me a prize, honor, or a life, or the chance of honor of a life, in exchange for death or the chance of death.

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**LABELS..... C.R. WHEELER.....NINETEENTH CENTURY**

Mankind has a great love for labels; a person, quality, or action without a ticket is as unsatisfactory as a store-cupboard where the different pots and tins display no outward evidence of their contents. We feel vaguely irritated at any specimen which is fluttering loosely about instead of reposing in an orderly manner impaled on a pin in its appropriate compartment. Besides, the label is usually supposed to give some indication of the nature of the article; we are saved the trouble of investigating a man's character, for instance, when we learn that he is a "hero" or a "felon" or a "saint"; we need not waste time trying to discriminate between A's attitude and B's when we are told that the former is remarkable for his "firmness" and the latter for his "obstinacy"; C we might deem bad-tempered had we not been forewarned that he "possessed a great deal of character."

Of course it sometimes happens that the labels get a little mixed: the good dog gets a bad name and a consequent short shrift, while the bad dog gets a good one and so carries on a long and unchecked career of that barking and biting which we are told on high authority is natural to him. In fact, we are sometimes tempted to believe that some freakish sprite has been taking a hint from The Wrong Box, and "playing billy with the labels" in transit. Even in the nursery we begin to discover that the sinner is not quite so sinful or the saint so sanctified as their respective labels would indicate—especially if the saint or sinner is a member of one's own household.

This has been, quite inappropriately, called a whitewashing age; presumably because certain writers, in analyzing the characters of Judas Iscariot, Cæsar Borgia, Judge Jeffreys, and others whom our forefathers deemed infa-

wash; so far from being anxious to cover over any defects, the modern spirit makes an almost frenzied use of the scraper and the burning lamp; it has but one aim, to remove all the incrustations of time or prejudice, and get at the real facts, at the real man behind the facts; and to do this it must disregard the label attached to the man.

If we push this to extremes we shall end by discarding labels altogether, in which case we shall be reduced, like the sages of Laputa, to carrying things about with us to save the trouble of using words; and this would obviously be inconvenient. But, without adopting such an extreme course, we may yet advance one step in the direction of clear thinking by investigating a few of these labels and seeing how far they are in themselves responsible for the attitude we take toward the world at large. We are all in a greater or less degree the slaves of words, judging of an action by the name we give it or hear given it by others. This tyranny of words was well illustrated by a remark made by a woman of at least average intellect: "That sounds very reasonable. But are you not now preaching Protection? Because if you are, I entirely disagree with what you say." She had been willing to swallow the doctrine, but the label stuck in her throat.

It was only in the frankness of her avowal that this elementary politician differed from a great number of ordinary people who have made up their minds—or what does duty for their minds—on most questions which they have heard discussed, Imperialism, Nihilism, Free Trade, Free Love, Atheism, Militarism, and half a score of other isms; so that, on supplying them with the title, they will talk both loud and long for or against the topic in accordance with their convictions; whereas, if you introduce the subject-matter, carefully keeping the label out of sight, they will generally be found to admit that there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question; and this is tantamount to admitting that the picture called up by the label is not a true representation of the object.

The use of labels, then, is subject to two drawbacks: the label may be misapplied, or, though rightly applied, it may be misleading, owing to the false ideas inherent in the name. Owing to long misuse and a number of sentimental influences, many qualities which come outside the sphere of morality—i. e. in them-

easily got rid of; for, though we all—except Nietzsche and his disciples—love the virtues and abhor the vices, we very rarely venture to dissect any of the qualities which we learned in the schoolroom to classify under these two heads; such an examination being generally termed "tampering with one's conscience," and productive of a very advanced state of immorality. To which it can only be answered that the conscience which cannot endure the investigation of any of the facts of life must be based on rather a rotten foundation.

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**TACT.....GEORGE HORACE LORIMER***

Some men deal in facts, and call Bill Jones a liar. They get knocked down. Some men deal in subterfuges, and say that Bill Jones's father was a kettle-rendered liar, and that his mother's maiden name was Sapphira, and that any one who believes in the Darwinian theory should pity rather than blame their son. They get disliked. But your tactful man says that since Baron Munchausen no one has been so chuck full of bully reminiscences as Bill Jones, and when that comes back to Bill he is half tickled to death, because he doesn't know that the higher criticism has hurt the Baron's reputation. That man gets the trade.

There are two kinds of information: one to which everybody's entitled, and that is taught at school; and one which nobody ought to know except yourself, and that is what you think of Bill Jones. Of course, where you feel a man is not square you will be armed to meet him, but never on his own ground. Make him be honest with you if you can, but don't let him make you dishonest with him.

When you make a mistake, don't make the second one—keeping it to yourself. Own up. The time to sort out rotten eggs is at the nest. The deeper you hide them in the case the longer they stay in circulation, and the worse impression they make when they finally come to the breakfast table. A mistake sprouts a lie when you cover it up. And one lie breeds enough distrust to choke out the prettiest crop of confidence that a fellow ever cultivated.

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**HONORABLE POINTS OF IGNORANCE..S. M. CROTHERS..ATLANTIC**

I am no undiscriminating lover of Ignorance. I do not like the pitch-black kind which is the negation of all thought. What I prefer is a

*From Letters of a Self-Made Merchant To his Son. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co

In visiting a fine old Elizabethan mansion in the south of England our host took us to a room where he had discovered the evidences of a secret panel. What is behind it? we asked. "I do not know," he answered; "while I live it shall never be opened, for then I should have no secret chamber."

There was a philosopher after my own heart. He was wise enough to resist the temptation to sell his birthright of mystery for a mess of knowledge. The rural New Englander expresses his interest by saying, "I want to know!" But may one not have a real interest in persons and things which is free from inquisitiveness? For myself, I frequently prefer not to know. Were Bluebeard to do me the honor of intrusting me with his keys, I should spend a pleasant half hour speculating on his family affairs. I might even put the key in the lock, but I do not think I should turn it. Why should I destroy twenty exciting possibilities for the sake of a single discovery?

But, as I said, I am not an enthusiast for Ignorance. Mine is not the zeal of a new convert, but the sober preference of one to the manner born. I do not look upon it as a panacea, nor, after the habit of reformers, would I insist that it should be taught in the public schools. There are important spheres wherein exact information is much to be preferred.

Because Ignorance has its own humble measure of bliss I would not jump at the conclusion that it is folly to be wise. That is an extravagant statement. If real wisdom was offered me I should accept it gratefully. Wisdom is an honorable estate, and, doubtless, it has pleasures of its own. I only have in mind the alternative that is usually presented to us, conscious ignorance or a kind of knowingness.

It is only natural ignorance which I praise; not that which is acquired. It was a saying of Landor that if a man had a large mind he could afford to let the greater part of it lie fallow. Of course we small proprietors cannot do things on such a generous scale; but it seems to me that if one has only a little mind it is a mistake to keep it all under cultivation.

Let me then without suspicion of treasonable intent be allowed to point out what we call in Shakespearean phrase "the honorable points of ignorance."

The social law against "talking shop" is an indication of the very widespread opinion that be on the humanizing ground of not knowing. Nothing is so fatal to conversation as an authoritative utterance. When a man who is capable of giving it enters

> "All talk dies, as in a grove all song
> Beneath the shadow of a bird of prey."

Conversation about the weather would lose all its easy charm in the presence of the Chief of the Weather Bureau.

It is possible that the fear of exhibiting unusual information in a mixed company may be a survival of primitive conditions. Just as the domesticated dog will turn around on the rug before lying down, for hereditary reasons which I do not remember, so it is with civilized man. Once ignorance was universal and enforced by penalties. In the progress of the race the environment has been modified, but so strong is the influence of heredity that The Man who Knows no sooner enters the drawing-room than he is seized with guilty fears. His ancestors for having exhibited a moiety of his intelligence were executed as wizards. But perhaps the ordinary working of natural selection may accord for the facts. The law of the survival of the fittest admits of no exceptions, and the fittest to give us pleasure in conversation is the sympathetic person who appears to know very little more than we do.

In the commerce of ideas there must be reciprocity. We shall not deal with one who insists that the balance of trade shall always be in his favor. Moreover, there must be a spice of incertitude about the transaction. The real joy of the intellectual traffic comes when we sail away like the old merchant adventurers in search of a market. There must be no prosaic bills of exchange; it must be primitive barter. If on some strange coast we should meet simple-minded people who have only wampum, perhaps even then we might make a trade.

One very serious drawback to our pleasure in conversation with a too well informed person is the nervous strain that is involved. We are always wondering what will happen when he comes to the end of his resources. With one who is interested in a great many things he knows little about there is no such difficulty.

The pleasure of conversation is enhanced if one feels assured not only of wide margins of ignorance, but also of the absence of any uncanny quickness of mind.

# Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious

LAWSUITS AGAINST ANIMALS.....THE GREEN BAG

In the midst of the enlightenment which we are inclined to associate with the latter half of the nineteenth century, it is almost difficult to imagine that there can have been any time when lawsuits were formally carried on against dumb animals with all the solemnity of prosecution and defense, and all the subtleties of the strictest legal procedure. The prerogative of trying domestic animals was supposed to be founded on the ancient Mosaic law, and it is to be remarked, both in this class of cases and in those tried by the canon law, advocates were assigned to defend the animals, and trial, sentence, and execution were alike conducted with the utmost formalities known to the law.

The proceedings against wild animals and insects in the ecclesiastical courts were exceedingly complicated, and their legality was always disputed by a certain section of canonists. It was held, on the one hand, that the church had an inherent authority to exorcise, anathematize, and excommunicate all animate and inanimate beings, even whilst the lower animals having been created before man, and being thus first heirs of the earth, and having also been provided for in the ark, were entitled to be treated with the greatest clemency consistent with justice. On the other hand, it was contended that, as the lower animals were devoid of intelligence, no such social pact as would confer authority to punish could ever have been made with them; that no penalty attached to injuries committed unintentionally and in ignorance; and that, as the church did not undertake to baptize animals, she could have no authority to anathematize them.

At Lavezurg, in 1457, a sow and her six young ones were indicted for having killed and partly eaten a child. After a trial, conducted with all due solemnity, the sow was found guilty and condemned to death, but the pigs were acquitted on account of their youth, the evil example of their mother, and the absence of direct proof that they had actually been concerned in the eating of the child. In 1403, a sow killed and devoured a child at Meulan. The sow was condemned to be hanged, and the following is the bill of costs for the sow's subsistence and execution—"Expenses of the sow within gaol, six sols; *do.* the executioner who came from Paris by order of our master the Bailli and the *procureur du roi*, fifty sols; *do.* for carriage of sow to execution, six sols, *do.* for cord to bind and drag her, two sols eight deniers; *do.* for *gans* (*sic*), two deniers." The object of providing gloves for the executioner was, no doubt, that his hands should not be sullied by the destruction of a brute beast.

The ordinary method of procedure against animals in an ecclesiastical court was a settled and well-recognized form. It was initiated by the inhabitants of a district who had been annoyed by certain animals. The court then appointed experts to survey and report upon the damage committed. The next step was the appointment of an advocate to defend the animals and to show cause why they should not be summoned. This was followed by their citation three several times, and as they, of course, did not appear, judgment was given against them by default. Then succeeded a *monitoire*, warning the animals to leave the district within a certain time, and it was held to be necessary that certain representatives of the incriminated species should be present in court to hear the *monitoire* pronounced. Thus, in a trial against leeches at Lausanne, in 1451, a number of leeches were brought into court to receive their warning, which admonished them to leave the district within three days. The leeches did not leave, and the exorcism was consequently pronounced. In this case it is said to have been so successful that the leeches began to die off immediately.

One of the most celebrated lawsuits against animals was that in which Chasseneuz, the Coke of France, was the counsel for the "dirty animals in the form of rats, of a greyish color, living in holes," of the diocese of Autun, about the year 1510. He pleaded in the first instance for delay on the ground that the rats had not been duly summoned. The priest of every parish in the diocese was then ordered to summon them for a future day. This was met by a demand for a further extension of time on the ground that the rats had so many preparations to make. Again the delay was granted; and when the date then fixed arrived, Chasseneuz pleaded that his clients were entitled to a safe conduct to the court and back to their homes, and that consequently the owners of the cats

the case was adjourned *sine die*. Turtle-doves were excommunicated in Canada in the seventeenth century, and termites in Brazil and Peru in the eighteenth. Enough, however, has probably been said. The eccentricities of medieval judicial procedure are numerous, but this is, perhaps, one of the greatest, and one can only conclude that our ancestors must have had an abundance of time to waste, if they were willing to spend it on such absurdities.

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**A VISION OF A MURDER.** ..... **CHICAGO TRIBUNE**

We have all heard so many stories of premonitions—warnings which have been conveyed to certain people by sight or sound—of events to come, and I am telling these as they were told to me.

It was from the dean of a certain cathedral in the east of England that I learned the following tale:

His niece, ordinarily a strong and active young lady, was slowly recovering from an unusually severe attack of scarlet fever, and was in a nervous and weak condition, when one night her sleep was disturbed by a strange and terrible dream.

It seemed to her that she stood before a house she had never in her life seen before, and that her sight could penetrate the walls as though they had been of glass. The whole interior lay open to her view; the staircase with curiously carved banisters, the lower and the upper rooms with all they contained, and, finally, her attention focused itself on one room in particular—a bedroom, the walls of which were covered with wall paper of a peculiar pattern.

In one corner of the room was a bed and on it lay a sick man. He was asleep, to judge from his appearance. Suddenly and silently another man entered the room crept toward the sleeper, and with a quick movement removed the pillow from under his head.

The sick man awoke and stared at the intruder with horror stricken eyes. The next moment the pillow was brought down on his face and held there with all the murderer's strength. The sheets moved convulsively; the sick man was being smothered.

What followed the sleeper never saw, for at that juncture she awoke with a cry and in a fever of horror.

For change of air she was afterward taken to the cathedral town and stayed for a while to see a house which he thought might suit her, for her people intended to take a place in the neighborhood. But on arriving at the palings before the path that led to the door, the girl showed the greatest reluctance to get out of the chaise.

"No! no!" she said, "not that place! I will not be taken there! It is the place I dreamt of!"

The dean told her she was talking nonsense.

"No, no! I know the place! I will prove it to you. You will find that the stair is one with curious banisters, the pattern of the wall paper is as I will describe to you also the peculiar pattern on the walls of that bedroom to the right of the stairs landing. The bed is placed in the corner, and in that bed the man was murdered. I will not go in!"

The dean discovered that all was exactly as she had said; he knew also that a strange death had taken place lately in that house. He pressed her no further, agreeing with her that "the place would not do."

There is no doubt that the girl, through some strange bond of sympathy between her soul and that of the murdered man's, had witnessed a crime which to this day remains a mystery.

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**QUEER SHROUDS**..... **CHATTANOOGA TIMES**

"I have always maintained that every man ought to go to his own funeral dressed like a gentleman," said the undertaker with artistic tastes. "No matter how many hard knocks he has had to stand all through life; no matter if he has had to shift along with only one suit to his back, and that a hand-me down; when the struggle is all over and done with, he ought, I say, to make his last appearance dressed in the fashion. The world owes every man at least one good suit of clothes, and if it doesn't pay its debt before his death it ought to see to it that the account is squared afterward.

"Women are more given to freak burial clothes than are men. Sentiment is largely responsible for their fantastic ideas. They have a special predilection for wedding gowns. I have known women who have been married thirty or forty years to cherish that one precious dress through all the ups and downs of life that they might wear it again on the last great occasion. These gowns look awfully old-fashioned and have a musty odor appropriately suggestive of the grave, after having been done up in lavender and tissue paper for so many

years, but vanity no longer plays a part in the scheme of the old ladies' existence, and style to them is a small matter compared with the gratification of sentiment.

"'It brings good luck to be buried in wedding clothes,' one woman told me shortly before she died.

"'Good luck to whom?' I asked. 'How can that possibly benefit anybody? It certainly cannot be much of a mascot for the mourners, and the deceased is done with luck, both good and bad.'

"My answer puzzled her a good deal. 'I don't know for whom,' she said, but I do know that it brings good luck.'

"She evidently believed it, too, for when her time came she was laid away in a wedding outfit that was complete even to the slippers and bonnet. The incongruity of the headgear as an accessory to a burial toilet was enough to make an angel weep. It was an enormous, high crowned, white silk affair, fully fifty years old, and was fearfully unbecoming to her emaciated face, but her relatives had promised that she should wear it, and they were courageous enough to keep their word.

"I buried another woman not long ago dressed in a complete set of furs. Spite, not sentiment, was at the bottom of that exhibition of bad taste. The furs were very costly, and there had long been a bitter dispute among the female members of the old lady's family as to who should wear them after she was done with them. As the time of her departure drew near the quarrel over the prospective ownership waxed hotter. The old lady herself was sorely perplexed over the merits of the various claimants Now she inclined toward this one, now toward that. Finally she concluded that since the coveted furs were bound to create discord so long as they were above ground, nobody should have them, but that she should settle the rivalry and spite the whole brood of scheming nieces and cousins by wearing the furs herself to the end of the chapter.

"One of the oddest whims I have ever been called upon to humor was that of the man who insisted on going to his grave wrapped in the traditional winding sheet. He sent for me several days before he died and explained his fancy. I misunderstood him at first. I thought he meant an ordinary white shroud. I could remember the time, away back in my childhood days, when it was the custom to clothe both men and women in those flowing white robes, and I took it that he was simply a little old-fashioned and wished a reversal to primitive customs. But he quickly corrected that impression.

"'I don't mean anything of the kind," he said. 'I want to be buried in a sheet—a plain, everyday white sheet.'

"For once my curiosity got the better of my good manners.

"I'll do as you ask, of course,' I said; 'but will you kindly tell me why you want to be dressed in that peculiar style?'

"The old fellow's answer fairly staggered me.

"'Because I'm going to do a good deal of haunting when I'm through with the flesh,' he said, 'and I'm going to take the sheet along with me, so there will be no delay about getting down to business. I'm going to leave lots of people behind who have been playing me mean tricks all their lives. I've never been able to get back at them in my present state, but just you wait till I get clear of these fetters, and if I don't haunt them good and hard and make them wish they'd done the square thing by me when they had a chance it won't be my fault.

"I couldn't make out then, and I haven't been able to make out since, whether the old chap was downright crazy or just eccentric." concluded the undertaker. "Anyway, it was not my business to investigate his mental condition. My business was to bury him in a sheet so long as he asked me to and was willing to pay for it, and I performed my part of the transaction to the letter."

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**THE WIND IN FOLKLORE.....LONDON STANDARD**

Listeners in lonely places sometimes hear strange voices in the air, which they do not explain by normal causes, and for which they seek to account supernaturally. It is surprising how large a part of mythology, folklore, and popular superstition has thus taken its origin. Sometimes the sounds are simply isolated cries of a weird shrillness, and the fancy imagines the souls of the dead passing on the wind; Celtic poetry is full of such references. Teutonic mythology has its demon huntsman, racing through the defiles and glades of the Hartz; but in the same lands we hear of phantom pipers, who carry away living souls with their music. German legend tells us of the Pied Piper of Hameln; it also tells of the Erlking, whose voice draws the spirit of the child even from his father's arms.

Most often it is the wind that gives birth to these strange voices; in a wooded country. or

it is the cry of prowling beasts. It takes little imagination to convert the sound into human or superhuman cries. But sounds are sometimes heard when winds are sleeping, and when it seems that no birds or beasts are abroad. Persons of romantic fancy do not always wish to account for these sounds naturally; they do not wish everything in nature to be as demonstrable as a problem of geometry. In Cornwall the fisherfolk say that where there have been wrecks the dead sailors may be heard "hailing their own names"; sometimes when a fisherwife thinks that her man may be drowned, she goes down to the shore and calls his name. If dead she hears an answer. One would not like to discredit these superstitions. The shriek of the Gælic banshee is of the same nature, but it foretells that which is to be rather than that which has already happened.

Even extreme forms of orthodox religion have adopted the same popular fancies, converting the sounds into the voices of angels. Tennyson's May Queen hears the music come "up the valley on the wind"; and Mr. Baring-Gould tells of a Yorkshire farmer who spoke of hearing angel voices calling a dying girl. "When t'aingels gang that road," he said, "they're bound to tak bairns' souls wi' 'em." But German peasants caution their children not to listen to these sweet cries, or they will be carried off by the forest spirits. The listener interprets the sound as he pleases; it speaks to him in the language of his own country, in the language of Christian devotion or of pagan fear. To the Jews it is the voice of Bathkol; to the Greeks the harp of Orpheus or the song of the Sirens. On Dartmoor it is the cry of the Wish Hounds, driving over morass and lonely tor; woe be to the traveler who hails these phantom dogs, or asks their huntsman "What sport?"

Some hearing the mysterious voices by the side of narrow seas or rivers, have interpreted them as the voice of Death's ferryman and his shadowy passengers. Or earthly ferrymen themselves have been roused at night by strange voices, and summoned to row an invisible crew across from one side of a river to another; seeing no man, but feeling the boat laden and slow to move. Sometimes the cry is of witches, flying to keep their Sabbath. The strange cries that sometimes come before a storm sound to the ears of the fisherman like cries of spirits.

the sounds of night are often mysterious; in quiet hamlets, open stretches of moorland, solitary farmsteads, they are doubly so. Every woodland is like a magic harp, responsive to the least touch of the wind. Sounds heard on the seashore or near are sometimes explainable in other ways. The sea is combating the pent-up air of caves, or perhaps some fragment of beach is falling with strangled cry into the water. So, it is said, the pent waters of freezing lakes will give forth an unearthly crying. Little wonder that superstitious fancy has given to all these things a definite interpretation, and that from the times of primitive myth and saga to our own, the voices of night time have perplexed and troubled listening human souls. Oriental mythologies have personified the winds and breezes, and Western folklore does much the same. The bushmen say, "The wind was formerly a person; he became a bird." As we have seen, he may become a piper with variegated garments, and pipe away the souls of little children; or he may become a phantom, doomed to hunt till the Judgment Day as a punishment for some untold sin.

On Cornish coasts listeners still hear the cries of the tortured Tregeagle, laboring at his endless task; in Devon the same cries are those of De Tracey, the murderer of Becket, whose curse the Church has not yet seen fit to raise. In the Highlands of Scotland the cries are those of kelpies or water fiends; in Finland there is the strange harp of Wainamoinen. This harp, like that of Orpheus, can charm things animate and inanimate. In our own land strains of fairy music used to be heard on summer nights; perhaps our peasants, taught by advanced educationalists, no longer hear these things.

The world is no less romantic, no less mysterious, than it was formerly, but we do not see that in it which was seen, or hear that which was heard. The change is in ourselves. Yet the old ideas of primitive superstition cling to us, disown them as we will. We cannot quite shake off the ghost of savage man. There are still depths in us not amenable to modern credulities or incredulities; and it is at night time, in lonely and desolate spots, that such depths find voice. The strange cry of a night bird, the weird sough of the wind, are still almost as personal to us as they were to our forefathers.

**A GOOD SUGGESTION.....TIT-BITS**

A well-known lecturer was once invited to tea at a certain house. Immediately on being seated at the table a little daughter of the house said to the guest, abruptly:

"Where is your wife?"

The lecturer, who had recently separated from his better half, was surprised and annoyed at the question, and stammered forth:

"I don't know."

"Don't know?" repeated the child. Why don't you know?'

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogation, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he decided to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once; so he said with calmness:

"Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

"Can't agree? Then why don't you fight it out the same as father and mother do?"

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**THE MEANING.....LONDON ACADEMY**

Through the open window came the lash of the waves on the beach, and the rush of wind, but those in the room were hardly conscious of nature's noises. Without, the elements raged; within, the few, come together for a little while, were united in spirit, removed from external things. It was Schubert this time, and he who played, when he had finished one composition, waited a minute in the silence, of which the sea and the wind were part, then touched the notes inquiringly again.

The faint green walls of the room, over which the eye could roam and rest, were in keeping with the art which cannot be explained in words, which calls emotions from the deeps of being that march and soar with the music, and stop when it ceases with the suddenness of a parting.

The owner of the room who played Schubert that afternoon had broken the simplicity of the walls at two points—no more.

Here stood a dull green cast, like old bronze, of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, that was pieced together to make one of the treasures of the Louvre. Headless, maimed, yet still instinct with the joy of life, you see her just alighting on the prow of the vessel, swiftly bringing the news of victory to the shores of Greece. The wind blows back her garments, the salt sea air flies past her, victory in her eyes, triumph in every line of her on-rushing figure. So she stands, the embodiment of young joy, fixed in that supreme moment, silent, but eternally eloquent, unassailable by time or her ancient companions, the sea and the wind still raging outside.

On the other wall was a photograph of a picture of music, the art hardly known to the sculptor of the Victory. In the recess of a dimly lighted studio, their faces hidden, two men are playing—the elder the violin, the younger the piano. You can feel the music; you can feel the silence of the five listeners, and the emotions that move them. One buries his face in his hands; another stares like a somnambulist, his fingers clasped about his knees, his eyes peering into veiled adventures of the soul; a third gazes helplessly at the violinist—hypnotized; the eyes of the fourth are on the ground; the fifth is a woman. And above their heads—white, calm, content—is the death mask of Beethoven.

Such was the room by the sea where Schubert was being played—the faint green walls, the Winged Victory, held but not stilled, and that wordless picture of music brooding on immortal things. He who was playing Schubert stopped. One of the company broke the silence, and bending toward him whispered: "What does it mean?"

He played the piece over again, then turned and said, "That is what it means."

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**BAGGED.....BARRY PAIN.....LONDON BLACK AND WHITE**

It was a small bag that could be carried easily in the hand. A superficial fool might have mistaken it for an ordinary dress-suit case. As a matter of fact, it was the net result of many years of traveled experience. It was a collection of miracles, and the owner was proud of it. He would open it and exhibit its numberless compact aluminum fittings. He had had the first fifty or so of these fittings made in silver. It then struck him that aluminum would be much lighter; he had a severely

thing that a traveler could possibly want, in the neatest form and the smallest compass. It also contained everything that no traveler could possibly want; this section also was particularly well arranged. It is difficult to give any idea of its perfection. Some travelers do not carry sticking-plaster, but trust that they will be able to buy or borrow it if an occasion arises. Others put a pennyworth in their pockets. The owner of this bag had three separate and distinct breeds of sticking-plaster in a damp-proof aluminum case, and a stamp-moistener to put the plaster on with, and an aluminum corkscrew to take it off again. His motto was "Thorough."

Let us take the question of soup. Statistics show that for every once that you want soup and can't get it, there are five million and six occasions when you can get it, but don't want it. The only place in the world where you can't get soup is the Congo Basin, which shows how misleading names may be. But compressed soups in great variety and aluminum cases formed a section of this miraculous bag; and the only place where the owner had never been was the Congo Basin. Yet there were articles intentionally omitted from this bag which might more easily have been expected. There was sewing apparatus, but there was no thimble. "If," said my friend, "it had been any part of the great design that a man should use thimbles, he would not have been given waistcoat buttons."

There was a time when this bag was its owner's useful servant. I have traveled with him, and have happened to express a wish for a paper-knife (one of those things that one wants but never expects to get), and have seen it produced by him with legitimate pride to my own satisfaction. When my collar-stud turned up its job and passed out into the dark, the magical bag gave me another from its stores—it was an aluminum collar-stud, of course, because any other metal would have been too heavy. On these occasions I was grateful, and showed my gratitude. I allowed the proprietor of the bag to make tea for us—it gives him acute pleasure to spill methylated spirits out of an aluminum receptacle on the clothes of his fellow passengers.

In those days he was the proprietor of the bag, and it was sometimes useful. Now the bag is the proprietor of the man; he adores it, lectures on it, and defends it from alien hands of matches. I know that the bag contains six boxes of matches, a wise provision and not excessive. Matches fade soon, and some blackguard is always trying to borrow them. I expected that his face would light up with joy and that he would welcome an opportunity of exhibiting to an admiring audience the usefulness of his bag. On the contrary, he said: "Why can't you get a match from the conductor?"

"Because I do not want a match, but a box of matches. Also, we stop here two minutes, and the conductor has just hopped off to buy stamps for me."

He recommended me to try the waiter in the dining car. I stuck to my point, and discovered that the six match-boxes exactly fitted a corner of the bag, and he would not part with one of them because it would temporarily make that bag less complete. He has ceased to wish to use that bag at all; he only wants to gloat over it. If he were smitten with fever he would far, far sooner die than deplete the medicine chest in that bag of its quinine tabloids.

And with the best will in the world, I doubt if he or any other man could use that bag conveniently. Its fittings have increased in number and complication till only with the patience of Job and a good map can one hope to find one's way about it. I can understand a man being slow to consult his aneroid barometer when he has to fight his way to it through a tangle of desiccated soups and over a palisade of patent razors. It is better to put on one's shoes with the aid of the humble envelope than to dig for the fold-up aluminum shoehorn (with wire nippers in the handle) under heavy gravestones of the post-cards and telegraph forms of all nations.

The sad case has its moral. It brings home to us, in a very comforting way, the dangers of perfection. Few things are more consolatory than a needless warning. And it brings back to my mind two sentences from a book that, all unwillingly, I studied in my childhood.

They are:

*Magnas inter opes inops.*
*Corruptio optimi pessima.*

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**CONGRATULATIONS.....LAUDIS AYE.....TOWN AND COUNTRY**

Ormsby had long experienced a humiliating sense of inferiority in being the youngest and

betrothal to Miss Beatrice Wise. Inflated by a realization of his new importance, and that of his communication, he glanced with smiling expectancy around the room. But his triumphant declaration met no response, while he noticed that the eyes of every man were consciously averted. Ormsby was mystified.

"Don't all speak at once!" he cried, indignantly. The president aroused himself with an apparent effort.

"Pardon my apathy," he said, icily courteous, "but I cannot honestly congratulate a man on such a step."

Ormsby's spirits fell several degrees. This opinion from the president was extremely discouraging.

"I tender my sincere condolence," said the secretary, kindly. Ormsby stared hard at him. He had always supposed these gentlemen to be pleasantly circumstanced matrimonially. Then he turned hopefully to Pfeffer, who had wedded a beautiful heiress.

"Let's hear your verdict, old man."

"You are taking a leap in the dark," said Pfeffer, gloomily.

One after another contributed similar observations.

"You will bewail starting in so blooming early in life."

"What drove you to it? There are other lotteries more fascinating and less final."

"Your guardian angel must be loafing."

"Who enters matrimony leaves hope behind!"

"For the yoke is uneasy and the burden not light."

"Oh, well, let him alone. He's no better to suffer than other men."

"But it seems inhuman not to warn him while he is yet outside the net."

Ormsby's eyes rolled from one to another in bewilderment. "Why, all you fellows are married."

"That's the deuce of it," replied the secretary, sadly. "We know what is in store for you."

The youthful candidate for matrimony felt his heart sink within him. Suddenly he espied George Withers—Beatrice's cousin.

Withers sat at his desk writing; his back was toward the others and he had not participated in the conversation. Although Ormsby's enthusiasm had quite vanished, a faint hope of encouragement from a prospective relative moved him to an appeal in that quarter.

"Are you writing your will?" inquired Ormsby, forlornly jocose.

"Not precisely."

"Well, turn 'round and congratulate a fellow."

"Time was," said Withers, over his shoulder, "when I envied you as the only free man in this organization. In fact we all did. But now, of course, you must resign yourself to a level commonplace." He resumed his writing.

Wrath superseded Ormsby's disappointment.

"You are not very complimentary to your cousin," he blustered.

"Oh, Bea's all right, in the abstract," said Withers, easily. "A trifle extravagant, perhaps, but quite good enough for you—if you must get married."

"Well, *you're* married!" roared Ormsby, resentfully.

"Alas—yes," groaned Withers, as if to himself.

Ormsby swept one glance over the melancholy company, then seized his hat and fled. As he stood disconsolately awaiting the downward flight of the elevator, a storm of mirth from the club smote his ear. In a partial ebb the president's voice floated to him, remote, but clear.

"Withers, you've settled *your* status. They will never keep a seat in the ingleside for you."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Withers, buoyantly, "Bea knew I was going to do it."

Ormsby's drooping figure straightened up, alert and joyful.

"That devil of a George!" he grinned.

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**THE HONEY OF ROMANCE...JULIET W. TOMPKINS...EVERYBODY'S**

Stephen Millbank's last morning was exactly what every other week-day morning had been for the twenty-five years of his married life, except for half-a-dozen brief business absences. The excellent breakfast was put on the table at eight o'clock to the moment by the exemplary maid-servant, just as Mr. Millbank came down the wide front stairs—a handsome but not ostentatious flight—suggesting dignified and self-respecting prosperity. Mrs. Millbank complete in costume and composed in countenance, was already in the breakfast-room, a careful eye on the details. Not a tremor of premonition came to either of them, nor to

talked cheerfully during the meal—both considering cheerful talk valuable to the digestion—of business matters and charitable projects, and decided what he should give toward the new church—a decision she afterward faithfully fulfilled. Then they took their places at the library desk to go over the household accounts of the day before. This was perhaps the most intimate and companionable moment of their daily life together—certainly the most keenly interesting. The expenses were within their margin, as usual, the balance unimpeachable. Mr. Millbank patted his wife's hand with an approving smile.

"My dear, you are a perfect helpmate," he said. He kissed her cheek, and as nine was striking he closed his generous front door behind him for the last time. Dignified, commanding, carrying the stoutness of prosperity but not the fat of self-indulgence, he turned toward the bank which thirty-five years before had admitted him as a serious and hard-working clerk and now opened respectfully to him as president. He had been a conscientious little boy, a model student, a vigorous worker, and then, when he had turned his unremitting wisdom to the choice of a wife, an irreproachable husband. The city was proud of him and his flawless career, and the lapses of weaker brothers were seldom discussed in his presence. A man of his unswerving rectitude, could not be expected to make allowances. He was admittedly the leading citizen.

An hour later half the city knew that its leading citizen had been struck and instantly killed by an electric car. That the accident was entirely the motorman's fault was little good to Stephen Millbank now; but it brought a certain dim comfort to his widow, as maintaining to the end the fact that never could a foolish or ill-considered act be laid to his account. Unexpected as his death had been, Mr. Millbank's affairs were in perfect order, and the two executors had fulfilled their tasks within a very few weeks. It was a surprise to them, therefore, six months later, to receive a notice from a safe deposit company stating that the rent on a box held by Mr. Millbank was now due. Among all his neatly catalogued papers there had been no record of any such box. Moreover there had been plenty of boxes at his disposal in the safe deposit of his own bank, so why should Mr. Millbank maintaining cheerfully, and made their way downtown, two keen, sober, grizzled men, not so far above the world's weaknesses as Mr. Millbank had been, yet excellent citizens. The manager of the safe deposit met them with conviction, and showed them the entry made fifteen years before, when Stephen Millbank had rented the box. He himself had gone down to the vaults with Mr. Millbank on that occasion and, after opening the box, had turned away while something was put in. Mr. Millbank had never returned, but his check had come with perfect regularity ever since. A key was identified as that belonging to the box.

"Strange that there should have been no memorandum, with Mr. Millbank's habits," said Mr. Jerome, as they followed the manager to the vaults.

"And $22 a year—very extraordinary, very," nodded Mr. Thompson.

The box was opened and the manager discreetly turned his back while Mr. Thompson took out a package clumsily wrapped in white tissue. As the shape made itself felt through the wrapping, he turned a little pale and drew nearer to Mr. Jerome, with a glance toward the waiting manager. They took off the papers in silence, then stood staring in helpless, dismayed wonder. On Mr. Thompson's unsteady hand was poised a white satin slipper.

It was soiled and frayed with use as well as yellow with time, but it was slim and delicately shaped, curving up from a tiny, pointed toe, to an extravagantly high heel. A little ghost of a past perfume seemed to rise with the unfolding of the paper, and to hover between the two grizzled, speechless men. Suddenly Mr. Thompson, with a deep breath, gave a warning nod toward the manager's back and thrust the slipper into his pocket.

"Doubtless nothing of importance, nothing at all," he said. "Nevertheless, we will take them home and examine them."

"Yes, certainly," stammered Mr. Jerome.

Five minutes later they were seated side by side in an uptown car in profound silence. Not till they were half-way home did Mr. Thompson speak, and then his head was turned away from his companion.

"If I recollect correctly," he said slowly, "ah—Mrs. Millbank has not a small foot."

"Yes—that is my impression," murmured Mr. Jerome, his eyes looking vacantly in the opposite direction.

# Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

**PATRIOTISM** ..... **SIR WALTER SCOTT**

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung.

**SONG** ..... **WILLIAM BLAKE**

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed the lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow:
He led me through my gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then sketches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

**APRIL AT THE DOOR** ..... **HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW**

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming in of storms.

From the earth's loose red mold
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Are glancing in the golden sun, along
The forest openings.

And when bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the day is gone,
In the blue lake the sky, o'erreaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April, many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

**I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER** ..... **THOMAS HOOD**

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came creeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where by brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

**COMPANIONSHIP** ..... **JOHN MILTON**

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horns
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.

And cradled in the winds;

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

**"GOOD NIGHT" ..... LORD BYRON**

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land, good night!

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall.
Its hearth is desolate,
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the flaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native land—good night!

**CONTENTMENT ..... OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES**

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A very plain brown stone will do),
That I may call my own;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice—
My choice would be vanilla ice.

I only ask that fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honors are but silly toys, I know.
And titles are but empty names;
I would, perhaps, be Plentipo—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I would not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, not so large, in rings,
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me—I laugh at show

My dame should dress in cheap attire,
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);
I own perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true cashmere,
Some narrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four—
I love so much their style and tone—
One Turner—and no more,
(A landscape—foreground golden dirt—
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor—
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems—such things as these
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double care—
I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much—
Too grateful for the blessings lent
Of simple tastes and mind content.

**ON VA VENDRE MEDAN.....ALFRED BRUNEAU.....LA REVUE**

In view of the forthcoming sale of Zola's house at Médan, his friend and collaborator, Alfred Bruneau, has written this short appreciation of a house, which both the admirers and enemies of the illustrious writer cannot help reading without a certain emotion.

Médan is to be sold! These words ring like a funeral knell in the ears of all those who have entered, be it only once, in the dwelling of kindness and of glory where the great departed lived. Like blows of a knife, they lacerate the hearts of the friends who, each summer, the Thursdays ended, went to find there, in that faithful and simple tenderness which they so well knew, comfort, faith, courage, and the forgetfulness of their troubles.

When, having followed, under the gay sun making the Seine scintillate and palpitate, the narrow road so charming and so solitary, which leads from the station of Villennes to Médan, I perceived from afar the dear house, I quickened my pace, full of respectful and affectionate emotion, eager to arrive—to throw myself into the arms of two beings so much beloved.

In the vast salon, rich in furniture, with walls curiously adorned with objects of art, with musical instruments, with its immense open windows, we amused ourselves, while talking and discussing our projects, in contemplating the hillocks of Triel—the delicate horizon where the smoke of trains constantly made beautiful white plumes in the sky. On the second floor, from the large study where is inscribed the proud device which was so rigorously and so magnificently observed, *nulla dies sine linea*, and where we often ascended, this horizon, enlarged, seemed to us still more admirable. We remained long regarding it. Then we walked in the young and untroubled garden which Zola had himself designed and planted, with his passion for nature and also for the animals which people it.

The last souvenir which I preserve of Médan is linked to the island, the shady little isle, fresh and exquisite, situated in front of the house and where my master conducted me in order to launch upon the water a new bark which he surprised me by calling *l'Enfant Roi* from the name of our work to which I had ntrated myself with so much zeal.

I have not returned to Médan, and I shall never return there. It is in sorrow that I think of the days passed there—the best of my existence now desolate. Who will buy this illustrious residence, whose history began with the publication of *Soirées de Médan*, and which ends in the tears of those who have never ceased to find there the most splendid examples, the highest and most noble joys? Who will comprehend that it is, in a way, the temple of human sobriety, of beauty universal and eternal? To whom will destiny reserve the supreme honor to leave to the house of Émile Zola its sacred character, only to enter it with a devotion which its memory demands?

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**BAD LANGUAGE AND PURISM.....LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW**

What offends in indelicate language is the use of words expressive of various bodily functions not usually referred to in ordinary conversation. They are dragged in unnecessarily, they have no appropriateness, and they betray the fact that the classes who use them have not learned that art of civilization—the suppression of certain physical facts which remind the intellectual and spiritual man unpleasantly of his relations to merely animal life. However objectionable these unintelligent references may be, it must still be remembered that we can have too much purism, and that language might be reduced to a finical instrument for nothing but the expression of the most "lady-like" thoughts and feelings. Every one knows that there are certain circumlocutions to express what there is no reason, but excess of sensibility, for not expressing directly: hence, some words which were used simply and naturally once upon a time are now amongst those words which the lady looked for in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. We cannot quote instances, for reasons which will be understood; but many of these evasions are stupid and vulgar and as really indelicate as the Americanism of speaking of limbs when legs are meant. It is easy to object to the taste of the rougher classes who use forms of expression not approved by the fastidious of other classes. But we must not forget that we have to do in this matter with what is to a great extent only a question of taste; and we naturally prefer the taste of our own class for the most part only

a seriously wicked state of mind as the basis of it. It is not profanity. Profane swearing is a misnomer in most cases. The two common expletives, "damned" and "bloody," have no more intrinsically moral meaning, and they are not more offensively inæsthetic, than the slang word "ripping." In fact most bad language is really a species of slang.

Like slang, bad language is the resource of people who use words without understanding, or caring to understand, them; who do not trouble to distinguish in objects between one kind of quality and another; who have not the capacity to do so; and who therefore find any kind of word that is popular good enough to express their no-shades of thought.

We may wonder that education does not do more both to provide ideas and suitable language to express them. It does not do so; for amongst people of all classes there is to be found that intellectual crudity which in various degrees has recourse to idle swearing and inappropriate epithetical adjectives, or equally foolish and sometimes not less offensive slang. But still there is this to be said in excuse of both: we cannot always be expressing ourselves with "prudish and prismatic" precision. Our emotions will not let us: and they demand a certain explosive form of words to suit their own nature. Strong language and slang have been invented largely to meet our natural wants in this respect; and we cannot wholly do without either of them. It is part of the unnatural system of repression to which women have been subjected, that they have had much less freedom than men in expressing their feelings in vigorous language which does not mean very much. It has not done them much good; it has only accentuated the natural secretiveness of their sex; and has imposed upon them one more small hypocrisy. Swearing beneath your breath does not conduce to morality, and perhaps it is not so good for the health as a frank ebullition of feeling. Ladies of fashion, great ladies, but not middle-class ladies, used to swear freely. Lord Mansfield's clerk "spotted," if we may use so much slang, the Duchess of Marlborough by her tongue; and there was Queen Elizabeth who swore as much as her father. Probably more, for when ladies have freedom, as they have to use slang, they become slangy to an unnecessary extent. All which shows that bad language is mode and not morality. It should really be treated of it as are the middle classes. Consequently their swearing is absolutely offensive. Soldiers have always been full of "strange oaths." Unfortunately, strange does not mean rare; and our soldiers do lamentably prejudice themselves by a profuse vocabulary which exhibits bad language in its most offensively ugly aspects.

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**HEROES IN WOMEN'S NOVELS.....ELLEN DUVAL.....ATLANTIC**

Women have been accused of writing with one eye on the paper and the other on some individual. But if this be true, that individual is seldom flesh and blood reality, and still seldomer some Frankenstein of experimental horror. It is rather a lovely evocation of the fancy, a being enskyed and sainted. For it is a psychological truth that while personal preference and experience widely differ, yet there is among women's heroes a curious typical likeness. So that whether women be married or single, bond or free; whether their experience of life be large or limited; whether they be of great talents or none; whether they aim to depict men as they are or men as they would like men to be—this same general resemblance among women's heroes holds good.

The plentiful lack of wit and humor in the heroes of our present women writers is a marked characteristic—to be conveniently Irish—of these sober-minded gentlemen. Is it because, as a rule, women are essentially non-humorous? Or, seeing that wit and humor are the eyes of wisdom, and that to be witty of love is well-nigh impossible, do women, by an unerring instinct, refrain from giving to their heroes what would add to their charm as men, but would detract from their power as lovers?

This brings us to another trait common to these worthies. Who knows not that man's best loving falls far short of woman's dream of love? Yet there are no women writers, from least to greatest, whose heroes in respect to love and constancy are not unconquerable. So, whatever else women's heroes may have, or may lack, they are all determined lovers. They are all of an adamantine constancy which will outlast the fellest combinations of circumstance, the longest flight of years, the worst of smallpox.

How constitutionally superior this is to nature and to every-day reality we all know; yet we all insist on having it so set down. Women are born idealists and theorists, and with this regard, and in respect to love and

upon one quality only, make their heroes typical lovers rather than complex, actual men.

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**THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK....BLISS CARMAN..LITERARY WORLD**

The man behind the book is not easy to discover. To meet the author, to dine with him, to receive his autograph, to photograph him carefully posed in his workshop, to note the style of his collar, the set of his coat—this is not to know the man behind the book. These things only give us a glimpse of a human being embarrassed by publicity and shrinking from unwarranted scrutiny. Any real knowledge of the man behind the book is much more difficult, and requires a procedure much more subtle, and is apt to come casually at unexpected moments. For it is not merely the man apart from his work we wish to know; that would not be interesting at all. Having created anything in art, the creator is no longer the same; some part of him has gone underlying personality which is so interesting and so profitable an object of study. How the world impressed him, with what fortitude or timorousness he fronted life, what mark sorrow left upon him, how grateful he was for joy, where he failed and where he was strong, and whether his ideals, if made practical and put into effect, would help or hinder us in the difficult business of living. In short, the object of criticism is to know the man, just as his object as an artist was to make himself known. Not the mere making of himself known to fame, but the making of himself known in his work, in the adequate expression of himself—this is the ambition of the artist. If the passion for creation is in him, it will not concern him much whether men recognize him widely or not; his chief anxiety will be to reveal his finer inner self in his art, whatever that may be; and none will be so conscious as himself of any shortcoming or failure in that delicate, almost impossible, achievement.

# Brief Comment and Gossip of Authors

There are many specialists in neurology and there are many distinguished novelists, but to be eminent both in physiology and fiction is rare. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author and physician, has won distinction in both fields.

Born and educated in Philadelphia, graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in 1850, Dr. Mitchell soon achieved distinction by his scientific studies and publications, especially in the province of neurology. But the man of science was at heart a man of letters. So, in 1883, he practically forsook the lancet for the pen. While medicine lost a distinguished practitioner, literature gained a zealous and successful devotee.

Dr. Mitchell's experience in hospitals and as a general practitioner had afforded him admirable opportunities for the study of human nature. This experience has served him well in the variety of his plots and their treatment, such as the vivid scenes and thrilling episodes in the life of François, and the exposition of mental processes in The Autobiography of a Quack. Other of Dr. Mitchell's books are Characteristics, A Madeira Party, Hugh Wynne, In War Time, Dr. North and His Friends, Circumstance, and his recently published book, A Comedy of Conscience. Dr. Mitchell's poetry is choice and highly estimated by lovers of good literature. He brings to all his literary wares, both prose and poetry, a freshness and a virility that is wanting in many authors who work in the same field of romantic and historical fiction.

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The sixty-six volumes of The Dictionary of National Biography are to be epitomized in one single volume giving the essential facts of the original volumes. This is of course in deference to the ever-increasing demand for the popularization of literature. In these modern days most people are satisfied with bare facts and have no patience with criticism.

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In the recent deaths of Gaston Paris and Ernest Legouvé, Paris has lost two of her most distinguished men of letters. Gaston Paris was an eminent authority on the language and literature of mediæval France. He took all mediæval knowledge to his province. His

member of the French Academy, writer of numerous works in his own especial field, and a contributor of note to the more serious reviews, his loss to the world of scholarship and letters in irreparable.

Ernest Legouvé was one of the most conspicuous figures in French literature for nearly half a century. His name is most closely linked with the drama, although he wrote a considerable number of poems and was also an authority on the rôle of women in society and in the home. With Scribe he was the joint author of *La Bataille des Dames*, *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. Of his own dramatic works, the following are the best known: *Medée*, *Doigts de Fée*, *Béatrix* and *La Cigale*, which Gounod afterward set to music. It was his success with the drama which opened the doors of the Academy to him, and at the time of his death he was the dean of that distinguished body.

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The presence of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins in this country recalls to mind the great vogue his Prisoner of Zenda enjoyed here several years ago. Since writing of Streslau, that charming country of the imagination, of Rassendyl and of Flavia, two of its delightful and romantic inhabitants, Mr. Hope has written many things. But in none of his later works has he quite approached the flavor and witchery of his earlier success. The Prisoner of Zenda is a worthy exemplar of that Gerolstein school of Romance brought into fashion by Stevenson's exquisite Prince Otto. There have been many imitators, but none have had the success of The Prisoner of Zenda. With that novel, as far as present times are concerned, the Gerolstein school has ceased to exist.

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The ranks of literature are constantly being recruited from the field of statesmanship and diplomacy. M. Gabriel Hanotaux, one of the most conspicuous politicians and men of letters in France at the present day, is illustrative of this. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1894 to 1898. His important work on Cardinal Richelieu was largely instrumental in securing his election to the French Academy. In his *L'Énergie Française*, he brilliantly answered many of the arguments set forth by M. Desmoulins's book, Anglo-Saxon Superiority. The first volume of M of an Academician rests as gracefully and notably upon his shoulders as did the *fardeau* of political life.

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A Daughter of Thespis, by John D. Barry, is a story of the American stage. There is a certain glamour to theatrical life in the eyes of those who view it from the stalls. Behind the scenes the picture is decidedly different. However, there are some actors so enamoured of their art as to consider the world a stage. In *Brichanteau*, Jules Claretie has drawn a fascinating picture of this type. Daudet, too, in the character of *Delobelle*, has portrayed a delightful picture of the actor who brings to the actualities of life the mask of the theater.

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The library of Trinity College, Cambridge, now possesses a complete set, amounting to sixty-seven volumes, of the books printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press. Kelmscott books are noble contributions to the cause of beauty and reverence.

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The title of Frank Danby's forthcoming novel of society life, Pigs in Clover, is provocative of thought.

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Of recent years no country, perhaps, has responded so strongly to the influence of the great masters of realism as has Poland. A Polish writer, Wilhelm Feldman, has recently written a work upon Polish literature of the last twenty years. In it he traces the evolution in Polish letters due to the influence of Ibsen, Zola and Hauptmann.

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Following The Real Latin Quarter, Mr. F. Berkeley Smith has written How Paris Amuses Itself. His choice of title is not particularly happy. *Comment Paris s'amuse* would be more effective. Mr. Smith's descriptions are always good. If his Paris stories lack a certain seriousness of purpose it is due largely to the demand for those aspects of the beautiful city which deal with its frivolous side.

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Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl, whose Fables for the Frivolous and Grimm Tales Made Gay won for him a reputation as a delightful humorist, has recently written a book in more serious vein. In The Lieutenant Governor, he has written a novel which deals with present day labor troubles. Mr. Carryl is an example

literature is replete with such examples.

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Russia and things Russian are always of interest. Readers of the West always regard the East in the light of some undiscovered country ready to be explored by the pens of facile writers. Two recent books concerning Russia have lately appeared. The first is Mr. Wirt Gerrare's Greater Russia. His investigations of political and social conditions in Siberia will be of value to students of sociology. The second book is an Anthology of Russian Literature by Leo Wiener and is the first adequate anthology of the subject to appear in English.

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A good title is largely instrumental in the sale of a book. Often writers seek to name their works from well-known or suggestive quotations. From the Unvarying Star, Elsworth Lawson's new book, has been named from Maeterlinck's beautiful lines: "And though we choose to right or to left of us, on the heights or in the shallows—yet shall the woman we elect always have come to us straight from the unvarying star." Apropos of good titles, one of the best of recent years has been Mrs. Edith Wharton's The Valley of Decision.

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The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft is the latest book from the pen of Mr. George Gissing, that stern realist. Mr. Gissing has found modern life cruel and sordid. New Grub Street compelled the attention, however, of many who look upon life from a more cheerful attitude, by the sheer strength of the book. Of late years the romantic novel has superseded the realistic in popular favor, but indications seem to point to the early demise of the novel founded largely upon a pseudo-historical basis.

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The Transcendental period in American literature was a movement of revolt and inquiry. It included figures like Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Channing and Higginson. In his The Poets of Transcendentalism, Mr. George Willis Cooke has collected for the first time the best verse produced during that extraordinary period. If Brook Farm was a failure, its verse, or the verse occasioned by it, is at least worthy of suitable preservation.

the well-known journal *L'Italie* contrasts him as follows with other authors who have taken Rome as the scene of their novels:

> Nearly all foreign writers content themselves with giving their heroes and heroines Italian names, and stringing together fantastic stories which might equally well take place in any other country. Mr. Bagot, however, is one of the few Anglo-Saxon novelists who possess a profound knowledge of Roman life and society. In Donna Diana the scene is laid among the "Black" Society: prelates, monsignori, cardinals, princes and young men of fashion are painted with extraordinary fidelity and cleverness.

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In the March number of The Bibliographer, George C. D. Odell has an extremely interesting and sympathetic essay on George Peele, that English poet so underestimated and almost forgotten. As Dr. Odell declares, Peele's gift was essentially lyrical and not dramatic. Peele is not read to-day except by serious students of literature. That he should have a wider reading is shown by the exquisite lyrical verses which Dr. Odell quotes at the end of his very admirable study of this Elizabethan:

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing;
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.
His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.
And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song—
"Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think her any wrong!"
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

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The publication of Mr. Henry James's latest collection of short stories, The Better Sort, bring to mind the unique position held in the world of English letters by this talented novelist. This position has been gained by certain literary gifts denied many of his brother writers, namely, a mastership of subtle and delicate analysis of character, of the psychology of the emotions, and of certain deceptive qualities of style. But these gifts do not save Mr. James from his greatest fault—lack of physical action. But one can forgive that to the man who wrote The Portrait of A Lady and The Bostonians.

**The Better Sort.** Henry James. N. Y. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. James's latest collection of short stories, entitled The Better Sort, shows that distinguished author at his best. The stories are all characteristic of that world the author so loves to portray—a world in which nothing ever happens and in which the characters are not distinguished by any action save a subtle psychological mentality so beloved by Mr. James and so detested by the average reader who cannot follow the deceptive quality of the author's style. Delicate and refined analysis of character marks this book, but it is analysis raised to the Nth root. The majority of readers are unacquainted with the binomial theorem as employed by Mr. James.

**Under the Rose.** Frederic S. Isham. Indianapolis. The Bowen-Merrill Co.

Under the Rose is another contribution to the long list of romantic historical fiction. The scene is laid in France in the times of Francis and the Emperor Charles. There is the usual love story, the usual clash of swords, the usual French words and the usual happy ending. In fine, the book is typical of the usual historical novel of these latter days.

**Before the Dawn.** Joseph A. Altsheler. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

This is a story of the investment and capture of Richmond during the Civil War. The tale is well told, and there are many thrilling incidents. The chief interest lies in the rivalry of Captain Prescott of the Confederate Army and Mr. Sefton, secretary to the Confederate President, for the hand of Lucie Catherwood, a sympathizer with the Union. The book compares favorably with the previous works of Mr. Altsheler, but the story is too long and sometimes moves heavily. It is, however, above the average of the semi-historical fiction of the day.

**The Spoilsmen.** Elliott Flower. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

This is a political novel, with its scene laid in Chicago. It is an able description of the power of the corrupt "machine," and records how a business man is squeezed to the wall and a wealthy lawyer filled with disgust for politics, when they pose as reformers. The electioneering maneuvers afford some really humorous and lively scenes, in which honesty does sometimes rise above the mire of political corruption. The delicate love story which runs through the tale, however, compensates for all that is morally revolting.

**The Socialist and the Prince.** Mrs. Fremont Older. N. Y. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.

A socialist, eccentric and impressionable; an Italian prince of royal blood, manly, sincere and desperately in love; a wealthy flirt, wayward and imperious; the time, San Francisco in the days of the Chinese troubles in the "seventies"—the combination is one of unlimited possibilities. Mrs. Fremont Older has dealt with it in a remarkably clever way and has produced a novel of great interest. The plot is well worked out, no probability is unduly strained, the characters fit their setting and the movement is well sustained, swift and full of vigor. The book is well worth reading.

**The Light Behind.** Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. N. Y. John Lane. $1.50.

This is a novel of more than ordinary interest. The work is characterized by delicate treatment, subtle delineation of character and literary skill of no mean order. A story of life in the upper circles of English society, it well portrays the walk of a sensitive woman, not over-wise in her ambition to be a political force, along a path beset with trials, temptations and difficulties. The pathos of the climax is very touching, and, although not in accord with the usual ending of novels, is very human.

**Putnam Place.** Grace Lathrop Collin. N. Y. Harper Bros. $1.50.

Those who enjoy sketches of life in the exclusive circle of the aristocracy of a small country town should read Grace Lathrop Collins's book. The author has caught the spirit of the coterie in a very remarkable way, and her pictures are most enjoyable. The characters are excellently drawn, their foibles and virtues are intensely human, and the humor and pathos of the circumscribed life of Putnam Place leave behind a pleasant sense of the best side of human nature. The volume may be without the sensationalism which rouses a fleeting thrill, but it has the far more valuable quality of enduring interest.

**Love with Honour.** Charles Marriott. N. Y. John Lane. $1.50.

Love with Honour, by Charles Marriott, the author of The Column, is a novel well worth reading, and that is saying a great deal in these days. The story is well conceived, well developed, well told and full of incident. Its characters, embracing a range from pauper children to honorable and dishonorable army officers, show rare observation and masterly touches, and, although the scene is laid mainly in rural England, the tale will appeal strongly to American readers. The volume is one which richly deserves more than a transient vogue.

**The Star Dreamer.** Agnes and Egerton Castle. N. Y. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

The Star Dreamer, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, is worthy of the reputation of its authors. The plot is simple, but there is not a dull page from the first to the last, while some of the characters are strokes of genius. Although it is an anachronism to put the appearance of the Nova in the Northern

center of interest to the tale. Elinor, her father, the Vicar and the Vicar's wife are welcome additions to the population of the land of fiction.

**Marty.** John Strange Winter. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

To praise a volume by John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard), is certainly a work of supererogation, but it must be done in the case of Marty. The story of the early life of this young woman is admirably told; her marriage with a man of better position than her own, her disappearance and concealment because she imagines she is "beneath" him, and the meanness of her sister-in-law, combine to make up a very pleasing melodramatic plot, and Mrs. Stannard knows how to deal with it successfully.

**A Daughter of the Pit.** Margaret Doyle Jackson. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

A Daughter of the Pit, by Margaret Doyle Jackson, is a novel dealing with life in the coal-mining regions of Lancashire, England. Mrs. Jackson is evidently thoroughly at home among the people and understands not only their external life, but also their modes of thought and dispositions. The book strongly reminds us of Mrs. Gaskell's Mary Barton in this respect, although the industry is different. The author may certainly be congratulated on producing a work far removed from the usual dead level.

**On Satan's Mount.** Dwight Tilton. Boston. C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.50.

The period embraced in this story is somewhere in the twentieth century, we suppose, as the social environment is not very different from that of today. The book tells of the rise of a young clerk to be the confidential manager of his millionaire employer and the accepted lover of his daughter. Then comes dismissal for conscientious scruples about the tyranny of capital, a period of industrial agitation, appointment to the Secretaryship of Industry in the national Government, and, finally, the Presidency. Here he stands on Satan's Mount, face to face with all the temptation of Power. Mr. Tilton has given us a good story, ably told, instructive in its tone, full of movement and human interest.

**The Vale of Cedars.** Grace Aguilar. Philadelphia. The Jewish Publication Society of America.

Few persons, we fear, are acquainted with the writings of that remarkable Jewess, Grace Aguilar. But fifty years ago her novels and short stories were favorites in most households in England, the land of her birth. It is refreshing to see that she is not forgotten, and that under the title of The Vale of Cedars we have an edition of some of her stories and a novel which was generally known as The Martyrs. Her work was characterized by vast enthusiasm for her own race, strong powers of plot and description, and the present volume will be read with as deep an interest, at

**The Egregious Englishman.** Angus McNeill. N. Y. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The author of The Egregious Englishman has taken upon himself to answer Mr. T. W. Crosland, the author of The Unspeakable Scot. In fairness it must be confessed that the Englishman has the better of the argument. Mr. Angus McNeill seems hardly at times to make his point. The book is enjoyable as an answer to a previous work.

**Veronica.** Martha W. Austin. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Neither adventure nor intense passion are to be found in Martha W. Austin's story, a simple, delicate love story containing passages of exquisite description and some introspection of woman's mind. The book is somewhat weak in plot, but is worthy of praise for the charm of its style and freedom from the beaten tracks of platitude.

**For a Maiden Brave.** Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. Illustrated in Colors by Frank T. Merrill. N. Y. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The new offering by Mr. Hotchkiss is distinctly in the line of this author's previous writings. The plot centers about the adventures of a spy during the Revolutionary War. An element of novelty is found in the characters of two women, also in secret service work. The scene of the action is mainly Long Island. Those who have read the author's previous stories will not be disappointed in this.

**A Whaleman's Wife.** Frank T. Bullen. N. Y. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Bullen is probably one of the foremost narrators of sea stories and adventure of the day. In his new work he goes vaguely back to his cruise of the Cachelot and tells the vicissitudes of whaling. The book has a distinct religious tone to it which, from an artisic standpoint, jars at times. It is especially adaptable for the uses of the young reader, though the adult will find it readable, as all of Mr. Bullen's work is.

**The Filigree Ball.** Anne Katherine Green. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merill Co.

Mrs. Green has quite eclipsed her former efforts in her new detective story. The recital is absorbing and the solution, until the author pleases, absolutely baffling. The plot is original and worked out with skill. For what it aims to be—a detective story—this book stands high, and it is highly recommended to the followers of Sherlock Holmes and Dupen.

**My Life in Many States and in Foreign Lands. Dictated in my Seventy-Fourth Year.** George Francis Train. N. Y. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Train has been a figure almost unique in his generation and time. So varied a career, punctuated by great undertakings, by great successes and failures, by startling experiences and peculiar vicissitudes, has fallen to few men. His recita-

**The Woman Who Toils.** Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

This book is an earnest endeavor on the part of two ladies to discover by actual experience the conditions of American work-girls. For this purpose they doffed their expensive garments, donned the habiliments of factory girls and obtained employment in several factories of diverse character. The book is a very human document and possesses that moving sympathy which comes only from the relation of facts. It is serious in its endeavor and is to be commended for its freedom from theatricality and cheap sensationalism.

**Letters from Egypt.** Lady Duff Gordon. With an Introduction by George Meredith. N. Y. McClure, Phillips & Co.

This is a revised editon of letters, most of which first appeared in England in 1865, and of which there have been several English editions. Lady Duff Gordon possessed a strong personality, inherited from a mother of considerable literary powers and a father whose name is well known as the author of Austin's Jurisprudence. These letters, written mainly to her husband and her mother, give a picture of life among the lower classes of Egypt, during the days of Ismail Pasha, which is unique in its close observation, strong sympathy and liberality of thought. An invalid, compelled to live in Egypt in order to prolong her life, Lady Duff Gordon places herself in the closest possible touch with the Fellaheen around her, gained their affection in a remarkable degree and described their life and character with loving hand. The letters have long held a high place in public estimation in England, and the present edition, with an introduction by George Meredith, and a memoir by Lady Duff Gordon's daughter, will assuredly be very acceptable to American readers.

**A Woman's Hardy Garden.** Helena Rutherfurd Ely. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Mrs. Ely has done good service to the cause of amateur gardening by writing this admirable book. It is full of advice, suggestion and instruction for all who are interested in that most enjoyable of all the surroundings of a country home, the Hardy Garden. The illustrations are peculiarly pleasing.

**The Blood of the Nation.** David Starr Jordan. Boston. American Unitarian Association. $0.40.

The Blood of the Nation, by David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Jr. University, must not be judged by the size of the volume. Small though it is, it is a valuable contribution to the study of heredity and race degeneration by one who is thoroughly competent to deal with this important subject. Students of history may well afford the time necessary for reading the book, for it will open lines of view not often remembered; while the general reader will gather noteworthy ideas about some conditions which are vital in building up nations.

Mr. Butler, who is Lecturer on Architecture at Princeton, has taken Athenian antiquities, sculpture, painting and literature, and has woven them into a story of remarkable interest and clearness. He tells the story of Athens, from legendary times to the present day, in a way which carries the reader along smoothly and entertainingly, while he grasps a vivid picture of the growth of that marvelous city, the grandeur of her golden age, and her greatness even in her ruin. The book is a valuable one for both the student and the general reader.

**Leavening the Nation.** Joseph B. Clark, D.D. N. Y. Baker-Taylor Co. $1.25.

This is the story of the home missions of the Protestant denominations in the United States of America. The author is the Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society and, therefore, conversant with his subject. In his review of the religious work of a missionary nature done in this country since 1740, he has impartially covered the ground occupied by the various important Protestant bodies. The book is well written, well arranged and is a very useful summary of home missionary work.

**Man Visible and Invisible.** C. W. Leadbeater. N. Y. John Lane. $1.50.

Although it is the practice of the average person to regard theosophy as a vagary of visionary minds, no one will doubt the sincerity and earnestness of purpose of C. W. Leadbeater. His ideal of the nobility of human nature is a very high one, and much may be learned from his analysis of that nature, although it is based on theosophical clairvoyance. This is a very different thing from the usually accepted clairvoyance, for, according to the theosophist, the power, possessed by few, enables the clairvoyant to see the actual character of the subject in what are known as the astral, mental and causal bodies. The volume certainly exhibits theosophy in a very different light to that in which it is commonly regarded, and it brings out strongly its principles of religious belief and feeling. It is a curious and striking work.

**The American Republic and Its Government.** James Albert Woodburn. N. Y. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

Mr. Woodburn, Professor of American History and Politics in Indiana University, has here provided for advanced students in universities an excellent textbook which admirably fills a place between elementary manuals and Mr. Bryce's monumental work. He treats tersely and lucidly of the principles of the Constitution, their bearing on the Federation, on the powers and duties of the President, the Senate and the House of Representatives, on the Judiciary, and on the goverment of States and territories. Statements are supported by abundant precedents and authorities, and the reasoning is clear and cogent. It is difficult to conceive a book better adapted for its purpose: but the volume is also one which will be valued by any intelligent citizen who wishes to have a reason for his faith in the Constitution.

# Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

**AD INFINITUM** ..... **LIFE**

[Dr. Dempwolff of Berlin announces that he has found an aquatic insect which preys upon the anopheles mosquito. He is cultivating the creature artificially, with the expectation of destroying the mosquito and the host of germs which inhabit its body.]

They've found the bug
That eats the bug
That fights the bug
  That bites us;
They've traced the germ
That kills the germ
That chews the germ
  That smites us.

They know the bug
That knifes the bug
That stabs the bug
  That jabs us;
They've seen the germ
That hates the germ
That biffs the germ
  That nabs us.

They've chained the bug
That bolts the bug
That jolts the bug
  That bings us;
They've got the germ
That gulps the germ
That nips the germ
  That stings us.

They hold the bug
That scolds the bug
That told the bug
  To pinch us;
They chase the germ
That helps the germ
That cheers the germ
  To clinch us.

They've struck the bug
That slays the bug
That flays the bug
  That sticks us;
They've jailed the germ
That guides the germ
That taught the germ
  To fix us.

But still these bugs—
Microbic thugs—
In spite of drugs
  Combat us;
And still these germs—
Described in terms
Inspiring squirms—
  Get at us!

**THE AGE OF DISPLAY** ..... **HARPER'S WEEKLY**

["We are a nation of shopkeepers, but so are the other nations, and we have to put everything into the shop windows like our Western cousins or we shall lose our trade."]—The Tatler.

This is the age of display,
  Every one turns advertiser;
Posters are needed to-day
  Even by King and by Kaiser.
Do not be frigid and proud,
  Act as your cousins and kin do;
Capture the eye of the crowd—
  Everything into the window.

Have a procession a week
  Stopping the workaday traffic;
Victories, won by a squeak,
  Give you excuse to maffick.
Get up a gorgeous durbar,
  Greatly impressing the Hindu,
Showing how splendid you are—
  Everything into the window.

Live in the front of your shop,
  That is the aim to arrive at;
Traders will come to the top
  When they have nothing that's private.
Write to the papers, of course,
  Put all your history in, do—
Marriage and death and divorce—
  Everything into the window.

**THE HAPPY DINOSAURUS** ..... **W. D. N.** ..... **CHICAGO TRIBUNE**

The dinosaur was a brainy beast;
  He lived in the times archaic;
He never cared for the arguments
  That cling round the laws Mosaic.

He never got into fierce disputes
  On changing the world's finances;
He never wasted his sleeping time
  By going to clubs or dances;

He never bothered his mind at all
  With trust or with combination;
He never bleated his discontent
  With methods of legislation;

He never writhed at a comedy
  That couldn't induce his laughter;
He never pestered his listeners
  With views on the great hereafter.

But he was a glad, contented brute,
  That never grew sad nor solemn;
One brain installed in his sloping skull
  And one in his spinal column.

Some say man grew from the dinosaur,
  But we needn't all be flattered,
For there are men in the world to-day
  Whose brains have been far more scattered.

**SIMPLIFIKASHUN** ..... **LONDON OUTLOOK**

[The Westminster Gazette says that Mr. Carnegie is prepared to devote 10,000 dollars per annum for the "simplifikashun" of the King's English on phonetic principles.]

Speling reformerz! Lurn with joi
That Karnaige'z mind iz set
On a filolojik toi:
He wood have the alfabet
Fonetik.

Pitman wuns; Pitzberg to-dai—
Inglish he wil mekh supreem.
"Simplifikashun" iz the wai:
Such iz Ae. Karnaige's dreem
Profetik.

Pidjin-Oldkentrode he took,
Blendid it with Zumerzet;
Next Swahili and Chinook,
Welsh and Dutsh and Yank, "yu bet"—
And Feejee.

10,000 dolers everi yeer
(Milynnares kan skorn expens)
*Tung ov Miltun and Shakspeer!*
It iz lik yoor Impudense—
Karnaige.

**THE INSANITY PLEA** ..... **DIALECT** ..... **BALTIMORE AMERICAN**

I guess they ain't in all the world no sinners any more—
They're crazy;
They ain't no moral lepers that's plumb rotten to the core—
They're crazy.
Th' man what filches thousands from his wealthy boss's till,
Th' man what does a murder with a extra lot o' skill,
What does his desperate deeds so smooth nobody can't tell how—
One day they'd all been criminals of deepest dye; but now
"They're crazy."
Th' man what spoons a maid for years, and then deserts th' lass,
Is crazy.
No longer can you put 'im in th' breach o' promise class—
He's crazy.

Th' brute what beats his wife until she has to run away,
Th' man what runs a gamblin' hell an' skins folks night and day,
Th' chap what gold bricks Reuben till he mor'gidges 's plough—
Such cusses ust to be run down an' put in jail; but now
They're crazy.
Th woman what deserts her man an' little one to home
Is crazy;
Th' man what leaves his family, with someone else to roam,
Is crazy.
Th' preacher chap what falls from grace and takes to fiery booze,
Th' disapp'inted feller 't goes an' shoots his self, for blues,
Th' lad what steals a rope with horse annexed, or else a cow—
Sich ust t' be a wicked lot, but we've learned better —now
They're crazy.
But I'll bet anything I got, which ain't much, goodness knows
(I'm crazy.)
That when before th' final Jedge this bunch o' "loonies" goes
What's "crazy,"
They'll be a job o' sortin' out on double-double-quick,
An' even high-class lawyers won't be 'lowed t' make a kick;
A gang o' so-called daffy folk will take a trip below,
Where people known as sinners in th' old days had t' go;
For this will be the verdict: "You're a wicked lot, but no—
Not crazy!"

**LEGAL DITTIES** ..... **GREEN BAG**

I.

Sing a song of whiskey,
A bottle full of rye,
Four and twenty jail-birds
Locked high and dry.
When the jail was opened
The judge began to sing,
"You'll go up for seven days
To end your little fling."

II.

Dickery, dickery, hock!
The crook put up the clock:
Policeman come,
Away he run,
Dickery, dickery, hock!

**NIGGAH TIME** ..... **JUDGE**

Frosty nites am comin' soon;
Den we go ter tree dat coon.
P'simmons den will be jes' rite
Ter fit a niggah's appetite.

'Low de hic'ry-nut will call
Fo' attenshun in de fall—
Lot ob t'ings dat seem jes' right
In de coolsome ob de night.

When de punkin on de vine
Git so yallah dat it shine,
Den de niggah laughs at fate;
Den Bob White calls to his mate.

When de yam am put ter bake
Niggah's feet begin ter shake
At de tune de banjo gib—
Dat's de niggah's time ter lib

# Among the May Magazines

Emerson's religious teachings have not always been understood. In the May Atlantic George A. Gordon in a paper entitled Emerson as a Religious Influence seeks to explain the attitude of Emerson's mind toward religion. The writer knows that much of Emerson's doctrines are unsatisfactory and comments as follows upon them:

There is a doctrinal uncertainty about Emerson's writing that makes his teaching unsatisfactory to all but a significant minority among the religious people of his time. To be sure, critics of a generation ago took altogether too seriously Emerson the philosopher; they misapprehended a nature profoundly poetic, forever bent on symbolic expression, and careless of consistency. A literalist Emerson could not be, scientifically exact he could not be for any length of time; he was constantly and excessively picturesque. Much, therefore, of the objection to Emerson's metaphysics is entirely wide of the mark. But even when considered as an imaginative writer, religious persons are never sure whether Emerson is theist or pantheist, whether religion means for him anything more than an attitude of delight in the universe and a sense of its sustaining power while it considers men of service to its own inscrutable ends. The question is not whether this is a true conception of religion, or whether it is a true interpretation of Emerson, or whether this way of thinking and feeling should be acceptable. The question is one of fact, and it is quite certain that to those living within organized Christianity such doctrinal vagueness could not be satisfactory.

Among other articles of interest to be mentioned in the current number are The Evolution of the Trained Nurse, by Mary Moss; The Book and the Place, by Martha Baker Dunn; My Own Story, by John Townsend Trowbridge, and Professor Münsterberg's interesting paper on The St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences. The fiction and verse are characteristic of the high standards of the magazine.

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Morocco has lately come into prominence on account of the recent uprising at Fez. In the May Century, Arthur Schneider has an extremely interesting and timely article on the ruler of this domain. With the Sultan of Morocco is the title of his paper, and he gives the following pen picture of Morocco's ruler·

Sitting upon his throne, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz appeared to be very large and fleshy. When he descended, he proved to be of a more shapely, though substantial, build.

Enveloped in a loose white robe, or *gelab*, with the hood over his head, only his face, hands, and slippers were to be seen. He undoubtedly wore garments beautiful in texture and color underneath, as occasionally a bit of color would peep out at the neck. He wore his turban as I had seen no other Moor wear that part of his dress—low down on the forehead, with just a narrow ribbon of brilliant red fez showing beneath.

Two locks of long black hair hung like pendulums from above his ears. He had very large, dark-brown, protruding eyes; eyebrows black, broad, and almost continuous; a solid nose, full lips, and a large expanse of double chin, beneath which—for there was no beard to speak of on his face—grew a black beard. It was a face readily giving expression to the thoughts and feelings of the man, but was as inscrutable as a mask when the Sultan rode in state before his people.

Among other articles of a serious interest in the same number are Modern Musical Celebrities, Adelina Patti, by Hermann Klein; The Conquest of the Forest, by Ray Stannard Baker; Thomas Arnold the Younger, by William T. Arnold; Notable Women; Mme. Blanc, by Mrs. Fields; The Hampered Executive by Henry Loomis Nelson; and The Careers of Scholarly Men in America, by Professor Edward L. Thorndike. In fiction Richard Whiteing continues his story, The Yellow Van. Short stories are contributed by Eden Phillpotts, Mrs. Everard Cotes, Lillie Hamilton French, and Elizabeth Cherry Waltz.

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A French writer has declared that the Orient is more beautiful from afar than at close quarters. Nevertheless there is a certain mystic charm to cities of the East and especially to Constantinople. In Harper's for May, Arthur Symons, that painter in words, has a fascinating description of this city. The following little extract will convey the charm of the author's style:

At night, as I look from my windows over Kassim Pasha, I never tire of that dull, soft coloring, green and brown, in which the brown of roofs and walls is hardly more than a shading of the green of the trees. There is the lovely curve of the hollow, with its small, square, flat houses of wood; and above, a sharp line of blue-black cypresses on the spine of the hill; then the long desert plain, with its sandy road, shutting in the horizon. Mists thicken over the valley, and wipe out its colors before the lights begin to glimmer out of it. Below, under my windows, are the cypresses of the Little Field of the Dead, vast, motionless, different every night. Last night each stood clear, tall, apart; to-night they huddle together in the mist, and seem to shudder

The sunset was brief, and the water has grown dull, like slate. Stamboul fades to a level mass of smoky purple, out of which a few minarets rise black against a gray sky with bands of orange fire. Last night, after a golden sunset, a fog of rusty iron came down, and hung poised over the jagged level of the hill. The whole mass of Stamboul was like black smoke; the water dim gray, a little flushed, and then like pure light, lucid, transparent, every ship and every boat sharply outlined in black on its surface; the boats seemed to crawl like flies on a lighted pane.

An article of extreme scientific interest is G. W. Ritchey's Photographing the Nebulæ with Reflecting Telescopes. The photographs which illustrate the article show the advancement made in astronomical photography. King John, with a critical comment by Joseph Knight, and well-executed pictures by Edwin A. Abbey, will appeal to lovers of Shakespeare. A Strange People of the North, by Waldemar Bogoras; and Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1903, by Hamilton Wright Mabie, complete the more serious articles of the issue. The King o' Dreams, by Justus Miles Forman, is notable among the short stories. Other short pieces of fiction are contributed by Octave Thanet, Arthur Colton, James Branch Cabell, Netta Syrett, Anne O'Hagan, and Margaret Deland.

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In McClure's Magazine for May, Professor Simon Newcomb has a paper on The End of the World, told in narrative form. In Pittsburg: A City Ashamed, Lincoln Steffens tells the story of a citizens' party that broke through one ring into another. Comparing it with Minneapolis and St. Louis, he declares:

Minneapolis was an example of police corruption; St. Louis of financial corruption. Pittsburg is an example of both police and financial corruption. The two other cities have found each an official who has exposed them. Pittsburg has had no such man and no exposure. The city has been described physically as "Hell with the lid off"; politically it is that same with the lid on. I am not going to lift the lid. The exposition of what the people know and stand is the purpose of these articles, not the exposure of corruption, and the exposure of Pittsburg is not necessary. There are earnest men in the town who declare it must blow up of itself soon. I doubt that; but even if it does burst, the people of Pittsburg will learn little more than they know now. It is not ignorance that keeps American citizens subservient; neither is it indifference. The Pittsburgers know, and a strong minority of them care; they have risen against their ring and beaten it, only to look about and find another ring around them. Angry and ashamed, Pittsburg is a type of the city that has tried to be free, and failed.

Ida M. Tarbell contributes her seventh chapter on The History of the Standard Oil Company. Her present chapter deals with the crisis of 1878. The Triumph, by Arthur Stanwood Pier, is still continued, and short stories are from the pens of Mary Stewart Cutting, Grace S. Richmond, and Mary E. Wilkins.

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The World's Work for May contains the usual number of interesting articles that so characterize that magazine. In the current number, by far the most important contribution is Charles M. Harvey's The Louisiana Purchase. The writer traces the growth of this vast area from 1803 to the present time and shows what part the States and Territories of this vast domain now play in the world. Dr. Friedrich Hirth writes with authority on American Opportunities in an Intimate Knowledge of China. Dr. Hirth shows why Americans should study the Chinese language both for political and industrial reasons. He holds that students should be well versed in the Chinese point of view:

The several nations whom we may call rivals in the Far Eastern trade have each begun on a still modest scale to provide for the technical education of such students. Results will not come forward all at once. But let a number of years pass and the effect of such opportunities being given will show itself in the *personnel* at the disposal of governments in their Chinese services. Patriotic citizens of the United States may contribute very materially toward the future good relations between the two nations by furnishing the means of establishing Chinese chairs at as many universities as possible. Chinese studies are nowadays much more closely connected with actual politics than Sanscrit literature; and yet how few universities have ever thought of opening their doors to the devotees of that great, still-unworked mine of Asiatic information, the literature of China, whereas none is considered complete as a seat of learning which has not its chair of Sanscrit! If political reasons must furnish the pretext for sacrifices brought in this direction, as some authorities seem to hold, they certainly cannot be said to be wanting in answering the question, why to study Chinese.

The Earnestness that Wins Wealth, by Hutchins Hapgood; Teaching Farmers' Children on the Ground, by George Iles; Transporting New York's Millions, by W. W. Wheatly; Building Towns to Order, by Henry Harrison Lewis; and a sketch of William Barclay Parsons are among other interesting features of the work. As usual, the illustrations leave nothing to be desired.

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The articles in the May Cosmopolitan are many and of varied interest. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., contributes an article on Governmental Parcel-Post in Great Britain. His interest in postal organization and his

Fletcher, has good illustrations of those features which have ever caused so much joy and sorrow in the world. Lovers of agriculture will read with interest a paper on The Marvels of Corn Culture, by A. D. Shamel. In Romances of the World's Great Mines, Samuel E. Moffett writes entertainingly of Kimberley. In the following short excerpt may be seen how Cecil Rhodes forced his political ideas upon the De Beers Diamond Trust:

The associates of Cecil Rhodes in the De Beers Diamond Trust thought they were engaged in a business deal, as they were. But to Rhodes the business consideration was the smallest part of the transaction. Beyond the blue mud of the Kimberley dumps his eyes were fixed upon the illimitable North. He saw a vast, virgin continent, ready to take the stamp of the first civilization that should seize it. It might be Dutch, or French, or German, if Boers, or Frenchmen, or Germans had more nerve than he. But he resolved that the future United States of Africa should be inhabited by an English-speaking people. "Red!" he murmured, as he looked at the huge map that inspired his dreams—"all that red!" He insisted on putting into the deed of trust of the great diamond combination a clause under which the company would be able to govern a future kingdom in the North. His associates stared in amazement. They were business men, and that was not business. But Rhodes was obdurate. The conference lasted all night, and at last Barnato and the rest of the practical money-makers gave way to the dreamer. The De Beers Consolidated Mines began to turn out an empire as a by-product of the diamond industry.

Rafford Pyke discusses with psychological subtlety the question of Platonic Friendship. The Captains of Industry for the month are Gustavus Franklin Swift, Clement Acton Griscom and George Jay Gould. Henry Seton Merriman continues his novel, Barlasch of the Guard. Short stories are contributed by Olivier Henry, Frank R. Robinson and Julia Valentine Bond.

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Lovers of sport will welcome the May Outing with its many interesting articles. Followers of the horse will read with especial interest the 1903 Horse-Racing Outlook, by Arthur F. Bowers and Francis Trevelyan. Crossing the Rocky Mountains of the North, by Robert Dunn, will appeal to mountain climbers. Big Game Shooting in British East Africa, by A. Arkell Hardwick, will likewise find interested readers. To enumerate all the articles in this May number would be to enumerate almost every variety of sport. The illustrations are excellent.

and well-illustrated animal study. The author is William Davenport Hulbert. Henry Harland, master of fanciful and delicate fiction, contributes one of his characteristic stories, The Bag of Gold. The Deep Sea Sailor, by Broughton Brandenburg, vividly describes life on an ocean liner. Ernest W. Hornung continues his novel, Denis Dent. Other stories make up a very attractive issue.

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At Ellis Island comedies and tragedies are the order of the day. In the May number of Everybody's, Eleanor Hoyt, in Romances of New Americans, gives a very entertaining pen picture of the immigrants who come to our shores and who have to submit to the government inspection at Ellis Island. The rôle of the immigrant official is not an easy one. Comedy and tragedy are daily being enacted before his eyes:

There is comedy on the Ellis Island stage, though hardly enough to feed a healthy sense of humor. There are immigrants by the thousands who pass all examinations quickly and successfully, are hailed by friends in the Hall of Joyous Meetings—which the immigration authorities wouldn't recognize under that name—and plunge happily, confidently into the great new world. But there are other immigrants who are cast for rôles in detention and separation, and these are pathetic, even tragic plays—just how tragic even the actor himself hardly knows while the curtain is up and the action progressing.

It is no place for the sentimentalist, is Ellis Island, unless he be in search of sensations or of copy. The immigrant official who does his work well must be a patriot, a philosopher and a man of business; otherwise his nerves will wear to fiddle-strings or he will harden into unfeeling brutality. He must realize that the restriction of immigration is necessary to the welfare of the country, and that such restriction can be made effective only by inflexible rules; but even with such moral and mental panoply to fortify him, this immigrant official possibly will not sleep well o' nights during his novitiate.

Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman's story, The Lost Ghost, leads the fiction of the number. Those who are interested in the Balkan States and the general unrest evinced there every spring will read with interest Boris Sarafoff, Emancipator, by Stephen F. Whitman and E. P. Lyle, Jr.

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The Love of Monsieur, by George Gibbs, is the long piece of fiction in Lippincott's for May. The remainder of the number is made up of very short fiction and poetry. Conspicuous among the former is Caitlin Dhu, by Seumas MacManus; Pasquale, by Francis Lynde; and

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The leading feature of the Criterion for May is The Louisiana Purchase Exposition and Its Art Department, by Charles M. Kurtz. Bayard Taylor is the subject of an interesting paper by Murat Halstead. Where the Little Ones Read in Cities is an article of topical import by Katherine Louise Smith. Of the stories, Beneath the Mark, by Frederic Wright, is of much interest.

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To the National Magazine for May is added a supplement devoted to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Affairs at Washington, which is one of the features of this magazine, is conducted by Joe Mitchell Chapple. Present Day Politics in Europe is by Christian A. Luhnow. Building the Panama Canal is a well written and descriptive paper by Peter MacQueen. There are the usual number of short stories and verse.

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In its May issue, the new Metropolitan Monthly continues the idea outlined in its first number. In A Birthplace of National Memories, Charles Hemstreet gives interesting pen-pictures of old New York. The article is of especial interest, due to the fact that papers on The World of Suspicion. How to become a member of this world is described as follows:

It is the easiest thing in the world to get into the world of suspicion; it is one of the hardest things in the world to get out of it. Tell a black lie, commit a crime, or go back on a friend in a vile way, and you have taken out your "first citizen papers"; spend years trying to cover up your lie, crime or miserable duplicity, eventually run away and hide, and you have become a full-fledged citizen with inalienable rights to take part in all primaries and elections.

There are those who think that the world of suspicion should be called an atmosphere rather than a world with definable boundaries. It makes very little difference whether it is an atmosphere or a living, breathing world by itself, and it does not affect the facts whether the inhabitants are called "suspicionists," degenerates, or simply unfortunates. Wherever one travels in the Seven Seas he can find the world of suspicion if he is minded to look for it. Merely do something that you do not want the world you have been born and brought up in to know about, and the world of suspicion has got you to a certain extent.

The names of William Dean Howells and Mark Twain attest to the literary worth of the number. The Operaand The Dramatic Seasons are subjects of interesting and critical papers. Short stories are contributed by Belle Moses, W. E. Norris, Miriam Cruikshank, Howard Shedd, and T. McRoss.

# Magazine Reference List for May, 1903

### Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Art Movements of To-day.....National
Barrymore, Ethel .....Frank Leslie's
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, The.....Criterion
Patti, Adelina .....Century
Sargent's "Redemption" in the Boston Public Library .....Century

### Biographical and Reminiscent

Arnold the Younger, Thomas.....Century
Blanc, Mme.....Century
*Gosse, Edmund.....Good Words
*Grandfather of Lord Chatham, The....Longman's
Men Who Made the Steel Trust, The....Everybody's
Parsons, William Barclay.....World's Work
Queen Alexandra's Early Life.....Munsey's
Sarafoff, Boris, Emancipator .....Everybody's
Taylor, Bayard.....Criterion

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

### Educational Topics

American College Girl and Her Secret Societies, The .....Woman's Home Companion
Athletics for College Girls.....Century
Careers of Scholarly Men in America, The..Century
*First Vacation School in England....Good Words
*Making of a University, The.....Cornhill
*Schoolmaster, The.....Cornhill
Teaching .....Cosmopolitan
Teaching Farmers' Children on the Ground .....World's Work

### Essays and Miscellanies

Adventures of Crown Jewels of France Woman's Home Companion
Book and the Place, The.....Atlanti
Central Park Animals as Their Keeper Knows Them .....Outing
Confessions of an Advance Agent.....Munsey's
Deep Sea Sailor, The.....Frank Leslie's

*Irish Dancing School, An.....Good Words
"King John".....Harper's
Lawyer's Duty with a Bad Case, A ... Everybody's
*Magny Dinners, The.....Gentleman's
*Midland Brook, The.....Gentleman's
My Chicadee Friends.....Everybody's
*Old Account Book, An .....Cornhill
Platonic Friendship.....Cosmopolitan
Power and Beauty of Woman's Eyes..Cosmopolitan
Russian and English Novels, The.... Chautauquan
*Shakespearean Representations.....Gentleman's
St. Louis Congress of Arts and Science, The. Atlantic
Sussessful Women Ranch-Owners
.....Woman's Home Companion
Tales of the Mounted Police.....Frank Leslie's
Tasmania Wolf, The.....Century
*Thistle Weeders, The.....Leisure Hour
Two Imperial Creations.....Chautauquan
Utopia Attributed to Milton, An.....Atlantic
Where the Little Ones Read in Cities .....Criterion
*Wordsworth as the Poet of Common Things
Gentleman's
Writing in Verse.....Chautauquan

**Historical and Political**

*Appin Murder in Fact and Fiction, The Chambers's
*Bloch Museum of Peace and War, The. Chambers's
Building the Panama Canal .....National
*Forgotten Royal Palace, A.....Leisure Hour
Forty-Sixth State, The.....Munsey's
Governmental Parcel Post in Great Britain
Cosmopolitan
Hampered Executive, The.....Century
How President Jackson Won His Wife
.....Woman's Home Companion
Lee's Farewell to His Men..Woman's Home Comp.
Louisiana Purchase, The..... World's Work
Naval Strength of the Powers, The..World's Work
Pittsburg: A City Ashamed.....McClure's
Present Day Politics in Europe.....National

**Religious and Philosophical**

*Bible and Science, The.....Sunday
Bibles Old and New.....Munsey's
Emerson as a Religious Influence..... Atlantic
Greatest Parish in the World, The.....Munsey's
*Shakespeare and the Genevan Bible..Leisure Hour

**Scientific and Industrial**

Aquatic Life .....Chautauquan
Bee Sermons, The.....Atlantic
*Blow-pipe Weapons.....Longman's
Business "Engineer," The.....World's Work
Conquest of the Forest, The.....Century
*Cross-Fertilization in Sociology.....Knowledge
Edison's Favorite Invention.....National
End of the World, The.....McClure's
Evolution of the Trained Nurse, The....Atlantic
*Face of the Sky for April, The.....Knowledge
Five Hundred Farmers.....Century
Food Laboratory, The.....Cosmopolitan
*How Edison Makes His Phonographs . Leisure Hour
Knots .....Cosmopolitan
*Lord Kelvin's New Idea about Ether Atoms
.....Knowledge
*Man's Place in the Universe.....Knowledge
Paleontological Case for Evolution, The. Knowledge
Photographing the Nebulæ .....Harper's
*Pioneers in Photography.....Chambers's
Rediscovery of America by the Automobile. Outing
*Romance of a Raindrop.....Chambers's
*Scale of the Invisible Heavens, The..Good Words
Transporting New York's Millions..World's Work
U. S. a Nation of Inventors, The....World's Work
*Varieties of Spectra.....Knowledge

**Sociologic and Economic**

American Opportunities in China...World's Work
Are the Bases of Our Prosperity Secure?..W. Work
Autobiography of a Shop Girl, The..Frank Leslie's
Building Towns to Order.....World's Work
*Depopulated England .....Leisure Hour
Education of the Producer and Consumer, The
.....Chautauquan
Genius of Business, The.....National
How Low Freight Rates Increase Business
.....World's Work
Method of Equitable Taxation, A....Cosmopolitan
More Pleasure for the Producer of Household
Stuff .....Chautauquan
Mulatto Factor in the Race Problem, The..Atlantic
Romances of New Americans.....Everybody's
Waifs on the Street.....McClure's
Woman of the People, The.....Harper's

**Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors**

Automobile and Automobiling.....Munsey's
Automobiles and Good Roads.....Munsey's
*Ballooning as a Pastime.....Badminton
Big Game Shooting in British East Africa..Outing
*By the Winter Sea.....Chambers's
*Chat About Golf, A.....Chambers's
Constantinople: an Impression.....Harper's
*Coracle and the Angler, The.....Badminton
Crossing the Rocky Mountains of the North..Outing
Day in the Salt Meadows, A.....Harper's
*Decadence of the Gentleman Jockey, The
.....Badminton
*Farm Life in Natal.....Chambers's
First Ascent of Mt. Bryce.....Frank Leslie's
Future of the Automobile, The.....Munsey's
Games of American Indians.....Outing
*Gordon-Bennett Race, The.....Badminton
In Heron Haunts.....Outing
*In the Ancient Colony.....Chambers's
*Jumping .....Badminton
*My First Salmon.....Chambers's
1903 Horse-Racing Outlook, The .....Outing
On the Inland Seas.....Outing
*Reminiscences of Batavia.....Chambers's
Return to the Country.....Outing
*Scottish Aldershot, The.....Chambers's
*Snipes and Their Cousins.....Badminton
Society's Amateur Circus.....Cosmopolitan
Strange People of the North, A.....Harper's
*Thames and Severn Canal, The.....Gentleman's
Trout Fishing for Everybody.....Outing
*Village Types .....Leisure Hour
Western Siberia and Turkestan.....Chautauquan
What it Cost to Put a Yacht in Commission..Outing
What Makes Man a Sprinter?.....Outing
With the Sultan of Morocco.....Century

**HOW THEY WORKED IT.**

I.

II.

III.

"What's the matter, little boy?" said the kind-hearted man. "Are you lost?"

"No," was the manful answer, "I ain't lost, I'm here. But I'd like to know where father and mother have wandered off to."

——Arthur, five years of age, could not sound the letter "S." He always gave it the sound of "H." One day he overheard his elder sister say that she was going to sell some tickets for a church concert, and the idea presented itself to him that he could sell some, too; so he took some tickets and went around to his friends, saying: "Tickets to hell, tickets to hell."

——A little boy of five was accustomed to being sent upstairs by his mother when he was naughty to tell God about it. One day he was naughty and was sent upstairs as usual. He remained some time and when he came down his mother asked him if he had told God about it. "No," he said, "I didn't. I thought if I told God, he would tell Mrs. God, and then it would be all over Heaven."

——Teddie: Papa said last night that Billy Smith and his sister had lost both their gran'parents.

Nellie: Why didn't they get new ones?

Teddie: Guess the times is too bad.

——Teacher: Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him.

Johnnie: Don't keer if ye do; he wrote it for me.

——Little Gertrude: Ma, are prayers always answered?

Mother: Yes, child.

Little Gertrude: Well, ma, don't you think a lot of mistakes are made filling orders?

——Father: You are getting on in fine style, Daisy. If you keep on you'll know as much as your teacher.

Daisy: I'd know as much now, daddie, if I had the book in front of me, like she has.

——Tommy: I think mamma is an awful gossip.

Ethel: Oh, Tommy! how can you say such a thing?

Tommy: Well, she is; everything I do she immediately goes and tells papa. I hate gossip.

——Grandpa: Yes, it's a good thing for a boy to travel, Freddy. It develops him. If he has anything in him, travel will bring it out.

Freddy (who is precocious): Yes, I discovered that when I was crossing the Channel.

——Visiting her grandmother on the farm, a little girl asked, "Whose pig is that?"

"That's my pig," said the grandfather, proudly.

"And whose is that?" asked the girl, pointing to a pig in a neighboring field.

"Oh, that's Cyrus West's hog," explained the old man.

"Grandpa," remarked the child, "I love pigs, but I hate hogs."

——A fond mother impressed upon her infant daughter that when she was naughty it was Satan who made her so. On a subsequent occasion there was an extra disturbance in the nursery, with much stamping of tiny feet and derangement of the furniture. "Elsie," cried her mother, entering the room. "what does this mean?" And a small voice replied, "Oh, I s'pose it's your old friend Satan again!"

Teacher was trying to impress upon Bobby the impossibility of adding any but like numbers. "Suppose, Bobby," she said by way of illustration, "your father were to go into the country and purchase 10 horses, 20 mules, 15 cows, 25 hogs, 12 sheep, 30 geese, and 35 turkeys, what would he have?" "I think," replied Bobby, after a moment's sober reflection, "he'd have a menagerie."

——A Sunday-school teacher in illustrating the sin of love of money drew on the board a heart within which she drew a large gold coin, telling the children there was now no room for faith or hope or any Christian virtues in that heart. Very gravely the little eyes studied the illustration. The teacher, pleased to have so aptly taught the leading thought of the lesson, waited a moment and then called on someone to tell her the meaning of the picture.

Instantly a little hand went up and a timid little voice said: "It means a little boy has swallowed a nickel."

——A minister and his family were obliged to board for a time, and it seemed best that at the table in the public dining-room the "blessing" should be omitted. Their five-year-old son was taken by his father for a short visit to friends in his former parish. The boy was given into the care of a kind old lady. After getting him ready for bed, she said: "Come now, hadn't you better say your prayers?" She was greatly astonished by the reply: "Oh! no; mamma says it's not necessary now that we are boarding."

——Little Sarah has a way of reasoning things out that would do credit to many an older head, and her conclusions are often as picturesque as they are surprising. One night as Mina was putting her to bed she told her a story about when she was a little girl and lived near a field of cowslips.

"Do you know what a cowslip is?" said Mina.

"Co's I do," said Sarah. "We've got one out in our yard."

"What do you mean?" said Mina, who could not remember any cowslips in the yard.

"Why! don't you know," cried the three-year-old, "that little cow out there—that's a cowslip!"

——Ethel: Yes, we played husband and wife. I kissed him and said he was the handsomest man in the world, and he said:

"Here's forty dollars, go and buy some gloves."

——Tramp—I uster be one o' de four hundred. Kind Lady—You did? Tramp—Yes'm; I wuz No. 399 in Sing Sing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

——"So you were held up by bandits?" "Yes; and that isn't the worst of it. They simply took my money without detaining me long enough to give me a start as a magazine writer or a lecturer."—*Washington Star.*

——Author—My book, sir, will be in existence long after you are forgotten. Critic—Yes, I should say that it is likely to escape the wear and tear of excessive reading.—*Boston Eve. Transcript.*

——"Are you familiar with the motives of Jigganini's new opera?" "Yes; he needed the money." —*Puck.*

——Noodles—For an actress, she is really modest, isn't she? Twaddles—Oh, really, no one would dream that she had risen from being a New York society woman.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

IV.

V.

VI. *From Fliegende Blätter*

"LET ME PRESENT BARON EFFEFF." "I HAD THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU LAST SEASON. PERHAPS YOU RECOGNIZE ME?"—FROM FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER.

### WILLIAM C. WHITNEY AS A MASCOT

A story is going the rounds about William C. Whitney and one of his negro hostlers. Mr. Whitney had noticed that each time he visited his stable this man watched every move he made, and, upon one pretext or another, managed to keep near to him from the moment he entered the stable till he left it. The financier was greatly puzzled by the conduct of the negro, and one day he called him aside.

"Peter," he said, "why do you follow me around and watch me so closely every time I enter the stable? You must have some good reason for your actions. What is it?"

"Has I gotter 'splain, sah?"

"Certainly."

"I's powerful afraid dat it'll spoil de charm, sah."

"Spoil what charm? What do you mean?"

"Well, sah, it's dis yere way. Ev'ry mawnin' I looks up de entries fo' de day's races. Den I names things in de stable fo' de hosses, see. De wheels of de kerriges; de heads, an' de tails, an' de shoulders, an' de flanks of de hosses; de harnesses, whips—ev'rything in de stable's done gotter name of one of the hosses dat'll run in de races to-day. Fo instance, when yo' comes in you walks 'round an' 'spec's things, an' yo' touches things. Whatever yo' touch, I plays. Dat gwine ter play Gold Heels fo' de limit.

Mr. Whitney laughed heartily. "Are you lucky, Peter?"

"Lucky? Why, Mr. Whitney, dem han's of yourn knows mo' 'bout prophecy dan ole 'Lijah hisself!"

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### A SMART TAILOR

One day three tailors, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, were bragging about what each one could do in the way of making clothes. The Englishman said:

"If I saw a man walking down the street I could make a suit of clothes for him."

The Scotchman thought he would go the Englishman one better, so he said:

"If I only caught a glimpse of a man going around a corner I could make a suit of clothes for him."

The Irishman said:

"Shure, if Oi could only see th' corner th' mon wint 'round I could make a suit of clothes fur him."

SIGNS OF SPRING—FROM PUNCH.

# Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

All queries for this department must be short, to the point, and of such a nature that they can be reasonably answered. Queries not conforming to the above rules will be ignored. Correspondence concerning queries unanswered by the department will be gladly received.

963. Can you tell me who published a "Collection of Poems," by Edward Rowland Sill, and where I can find it?—Mrs. H. E. Lasseter, Tyler, Texas.

[The three volumes of Edward Rowland Sill's poetry entitled, respectively, The Hermitage, Hermoine, and Poems, are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and are to be had of them.]

964. Please inform me who the leading Atheist writers are of the present age, and by whom are their works published?—H. G. Hurngley, Freeman, Ont.

[Among the leading Atheistic writers of the present age are La Mettrie, Von Holbach, Feurerbach, and Gustave Flourens. Their works are published by continental publishing houses.]

965 Will the literary editor kindly inform me (1) what is the keynote of the painter Jean François Millet's work, and (2) whether its general sad tone has any reference to the artist's life?—L. M. A, New York.

[1. The struggle of man with nature. 2. Yes. His own life was not very happy, and his feelings were often portrayed upon his canvasses.]

966. Can you tell me where I can find any information in regard to the life and work of Henry Van Dyke?—Alice M. Edwards, Glidden, Iowa.

[The Rev. Henry Van Dyke is at present Professor of English Literature in Princeton University. He was born in 1852 in Germantown, Pa. He was educated at Princeton College and Theological Seminary. From 1882 to 1899 he was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City. He holds honorary degrees from several universities. His work includes the following books: The Poetry of Tennyson, The Story of the Other Wise Man, The Gospel for an Age of Doubt, The Gospel for a World of Sin, The First Christmas Tree, Little Rivers, The Builders and Other Poems The Lost Word, Ships and Havens, and The Ruling Passion.]

967. Why does Easter, which no less than Christmas is the anniversary of a specific event, vary from year to year? Is the exact date of Christ's alleged resurrection not known? None of my reference books enlighten me on this point.—R. Bicknell, Colorado Springs, Colo.

[Easter varies from year to year because it is one of the movable feasts of the Christian Church. The proper time for its celebration has caused much controversy. In deference to ancient custom, ecclesiastical authorities, at the time of the introduction of the Gregorian calendar, decided to adhere to the method of Easter's determination by the moon. This is not the actual moon in the heavens, but an imaginary moon whose periods are so contrived that the calendar moon always follows the real new moon by two or three days. Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the paschal full moon, *i.e.*, the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st of March (the beginning of the ecclesiastical year); and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday following.]

968. Please give in your next issue of CURRENT LITERATURE some information concerning the Cecil Rhodes scholarship in Oxford University. To whom may I write for full information?—W. A. B., Ardmore, I. T.

[We regret that we cannot at present print anything further concerning these scholarships. Advise you to write to the Secretary of the Faculty, Oxford University, Oxford, England.]

969. Will you kindly inform me through your correspondence column where I can secure a copy of the parody on Poe's Raven, composed, I think, by a student of the University of Michigan?—Constant Reader, Greensburg, Pa.

[There have been many parodies of Poe's Raven, and unless the querist can better designate the particular travesty which he has in mind, the editor will be unable to help him.]

## ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

925. The poem There Is No Death may be found in a collection of poems by J. L. McCreery, entitled

these are incorrect and generally inferior to the original lines. The quotations given by Mr. Bingley and printed in CURRENT LITERATURE for January are not from Mr. McCreery's poem. If you wish a copy of There Is No Death I will be pleased to send you one.—Henry H. Fuller, St. Paul, Minn.

[Daniel M. Hammack, Los Angeles, Cal., has sent us the poem, There Is No Death, and we take pleasure in reproducing it here for the benefit of the querist.]

THERE IS NO DEATH!

There is no death! the stars go down to rise upon
some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown, they shine
forever more.
There is no death! the forest leaves convert to life
the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed the hungry moss they
bear.
There is no death! the dust we tread shall change
beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit, or rainbow-tinted
flowers.
There is no death! the leaves may fall, the flowers
may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours the warm,
sweet breath of May
There is no death! the choicest gifts that Heaven
hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again the country of their
birth.
And all things that for growth or joy are worthy of
our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate, are safely garnered
there
Though life becomes a desert waste, we know its
fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into Paradise, adorn immortal
bowers.
The voice of bird-like melody that we have missed
and mourned so long,
Now mingles with the angel choir in everlasting song.
There is no death! although we grieve when beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn from our
embracing arms;
Although with bowed and breaking heart, with
sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their silent dust to rest and say that they
are dead.
They are not dead! they have but passed beyond
the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life of that serener sphere.
They have but dropped their robe of clay to put
their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away; they are not
lost nor gone.
Though disenthralled and glorified, they still are
here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind, they never can
forget;
And sometimes when our hearts grow faint amid
temptations fierce and deep
Or when the wildly raging waves of grief or passion
sweep,
Comforted and calm;
And ever near us, though unseen, their dear immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe is Life: there are no
dead.

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940. The first quotation is in Dryden's poem Alexander's Feast, an Ode in Honor of St Cecilia's Day. It is the last two lines of the poem. The third quotation desired has been credited to the wrong author. Instead of having been written by Hood, it was written by Winthrop Macworth Praed, an English poet, who lived in the early part of last century. It is from the poem I Remember, I Remember. Hood also wrote a poem by that name, but this quotation is Praed's.—T. F. Valentine, Clay Center, Kansas.

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948. In response for a desire of a copy of "Hoch der Kaiser," I enclose a copy of the poem.—N. Coryells, Lima, N. Y.

"HOCH DER KAISER."

Der Kaiser of dis Fatherland
Und Gott on high all dings command
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand,
Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine,
Mein soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in a Rheinish wine
Of Me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggerers all aroundt
She ausgespieldt,
To much we think she don't amount;
Myself—und Gott!

She vill not dare to fight again,
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass (und in French Lorraine)
Are mein—by Gott.

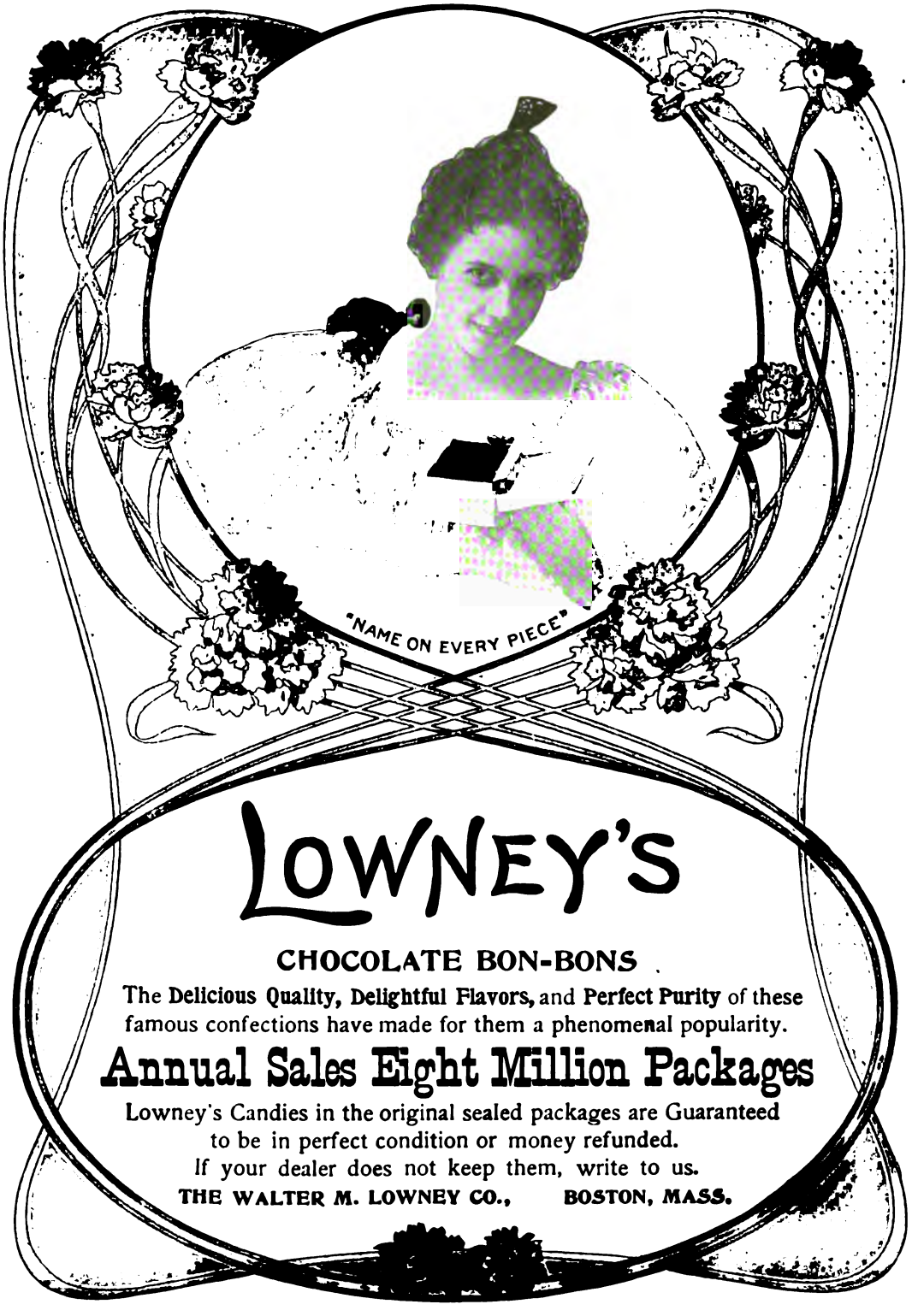
Dere's grandma dinks she is nicht small beer,
Midt Boers und such she interferes;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott!

She dinks, good frau, from ships she's got
Und soldiers midt der scarlet goat,
Ach! We could knock them! Pouf! Like that,
Myself—midt Gott!

In dimes of peace brebare for wars,
I bear the spear and helm of Mars,
Und care not for dem thousand Czars,
Myself—midt Gott!

In fact, I humor efry whim,
With aspect dark and usage grim;
Gott pulls mit Me, und I mit Him,
Myself—und Gott!

[A copy of this poem has also been sent in by Margaret G. Elliman, New York. The Editor presents his compliments and thanks to both contributors.]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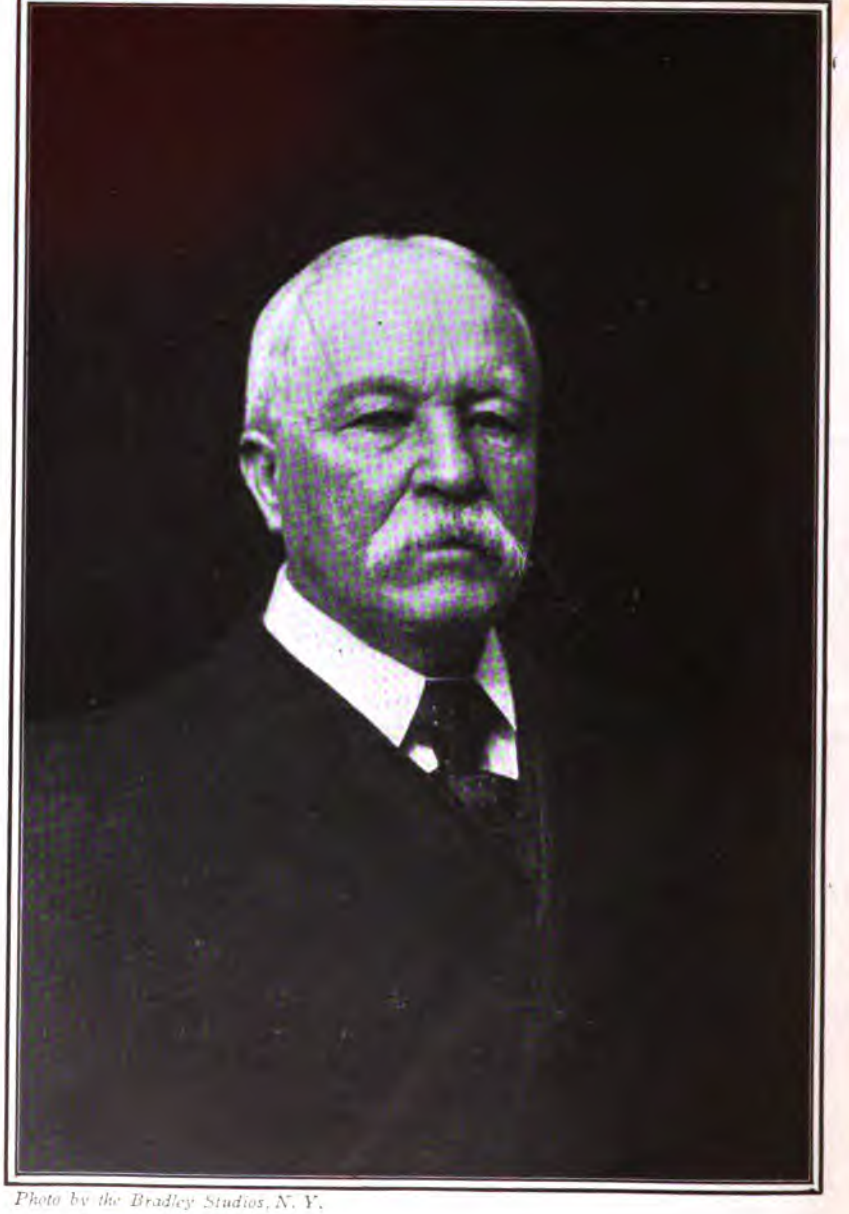

*Photo by the Bradley Studios, N. Y.*

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

(See Brief Comment and Gossip of Authors)

for these goods the usual railroad rate across the continent is prohibitive, as it costs almost twice as much to send boxed goods from New York to San Francisco as from New York to London, and thence by steamer direct to Puget Sound via the Suez Canal, the Straits, Hong Kong and Yokohama."

Nevertheless, the Pacific trade is growing fast. During the past year all the customs districts of the United States showed decline of exports of grain and grain products except the Pacific coast ports. The shipments from Puget Sound increased forty-five per cent. Canada's rivalry with the United States in this line is described by the writer above quoted as "one shadow in this bright light of future American supremacy on the Pacific."

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**MANCHURIA**

At the beginning of the present month, the impression seemed still to prevail in England that nothing short of force—sufficient diplomatic pressure by Great Britain, Japan, and America—would prevent the taking of Manchuria by Russia, in violation of treaty obligations. This, notwithstanding reports from St. Petersburg of disclaimers by Russia that she had any intention of seeking exclusive privileges or departing from her previous assurances respecting Manchuria. Russia might not urge demands for the present, but the complete Russification of Manchuria could be only a question of time.

The basis of Russian policy is well understood to be the determination to acquire dominating points for territorial expansion on the Levant and the Persian Gulf, in the West, and on the Japan and China seas, in the East. Her aim has long been to dominate China at and from Peking. The timely assistance rendered to China in 1895 gave her an alliance offensive and defensive, branch railways through Manchuria, and practical control of the three war harbors of Port Arthur, Talienwan and Kiaochau. France and Germany are supporters of Russia in China. They have more to gain in the East through Russia than through any other power. Germany's "sphere of influence" is in and about Kiaochau. That of France is in Southern China. That of Great Britain is chiefly in Central China. Should Russia succeed in getting full control of Manchuria, "the next stage will be the Russian domination of Mongolia, and, unless arrested by Great Britain, of Tibet also; and should this come to pass, nothing can save Northwestern China down to the Yangtse basin." Russia got leave to build her Manchurian railway as a return for good offices in preventing Japan from reaping the full reward of her victory over China. Taking advantage of the Boxer outbreak three years ago, she fully occupied Manchuria, ostensibly to protect the workmen on her railway. At the close of the outbreak she signed an agreement to withdraw from the province within a year and a half and so restore it to its place as an integral part of the Chinese Empire. This agreement is regarded as the consequence of America's demand for the "open door," and of the Anglo-Japanese treaty. It was Russian evacuation of Manchuria had begun.

A few weeks later it appeared that the evacuation was more fictitious than real, and that Russia had decided to remain in Manchuria to "guard" her railway and other interests that she had been rapidly developing. Nothing has more surely shown Russia's purpose than the building of the superb seaport town of Dalny, close to Port Arthur, as an alternative port to Vladivostok, which is so far north as to be ice-bound a long portion of the year.

From Peking, on April 23, came the surprising announcement that Russia had virtually demanded of China the cession of the sovereignty of Manchuria. The demands, as presented to the Chinese Foreign Office by the Russian Charge d'Affairs, are given as follows: "First, no more Manchurian ports or towns are to be opened; second, no more foreign consuls to be admitted to Manchuria; third, no foreigners, except Russians, to be employed in the public service of Manchuria; fourth, the present status of the administration of Manchuria to remain unchanged; fifth, the customs receipts at the port of Newchwang are to be given to the Russo-Chinese Bank; sixth, a sanitary commission is to be organized under Russian control; seventh, Russia is entitled to attach the telegraph wires and poles of all Chinese lines in Manchuria; and, eighth, no territory in Manchuria is to be alienated to any other power."

In view of existing treaties, such action laid the necessity of protest upon Great Britain, Japan and the United States. Japanese warships were immediately ordered to the Manchurian coast. Great Britain and the United States at once instituted official inquiries. It was announced from London on April 27 that the Chinese government had sent to St. Petersburg a formal refusal of the demands. The Russian government responded with a denial of having made the first three and the seventh of the demands as above given. On April 29 the State department at Washington received a dispatch from Ambassador McCormick at St. Petersburg to the effect that the Russian Foreign Minister had assured him that the published reports of the proposed convention between Russia and China relating to Manchuria were absolutely incorrect and that there was no foundation for the report that Russia demanded that China shall refuse the requests of other powers for treaty ports and consulates in Manchuria. He had been assured that the Russian government had no intention to exclude other countries from advantages now enjoyed in Manchuria; that the United States might be sure that nothing would be done to close doors now open; and that American commerce and American capital were what Russia most desires to attract. It is understood also that similar assurances were received by Secretary Hay from the Russian ambassador. Similar announcements were made in the British House of Commons. The world had Russia's official denials and looked with interest upon the "curious situation," Russia denying having made demands upon China, yet the press reports continuing to talk about the progress of the negotiations. Among the conjectures made respecting "the Manchurian puzzle" was that China might have misrepresented the Russian demands in order to stir the powers to oppose, and force disclaimers from Russia. The Russian claim appearing in the dispatches was that "the only conditions formulated

are those necessary for the protection of Russian interests."

Respecting Russia's denials the New York Tribune remarked that "there must be some regret that Russia, so conspicuously above all other powers, should so often be the victim of misrepresentation and groundless suspicion. China certainly seemed to impute to Russia the intentions which the latter now repudiates, and four or five other powers appeared unhesitatingly to credit the report. We know of no other power that has thus suffered. Nor is the present case the only one. Again and again in recent years Russia has been charged with sinister designs upon Manchuria and other regions, which she subsequently appeared not to have cherished; or which, at any rate, she disclaimed after vigorous protests had been made. . . . Apparently, the world has got into the habit of thinking evil of Russia, and thus is ready at any time to credit any wicked report concerning her. It is too bad. But Russia, strong in her consciousness of right, can doubtless endure it with equanimity. She can certainly put her foes to shame and bring confusion upon the authors of these malevolent reports by demonstrating her good faith in deeds as well as in words."

Perhaps the common belief about Russia has been no more bluntly stated than by the joint expression in Boston recently of Mr. Archibald Colquhoun and Mr. George Kennan, in an interview between them arranged and reported (in The Boston Transcript) by Mr. H. J. Barrymore: "The Slav would never abandon Manchuria; the Russian railway stations in Manchuria were Russian forts; the St. Petersburg newspapers were already dating their Manchurian dispatches from 'Russian China'; absolutely no reliance could ever be placed upon the assertions or denials of Russian officials—the Slav was an Oriental; he lied with exquisite finesse."

Only the United States favors the payment of the Chinese War indemnity in silver at the rate prevailing when the protocol was made. All the other powers are insisting upon payment in gold, or in silver at the greatly depreciated rate to which it has fallen since the indemnity was imposed. The United States authorities claim to be acting strictly in accordance with the common understanding at the time.

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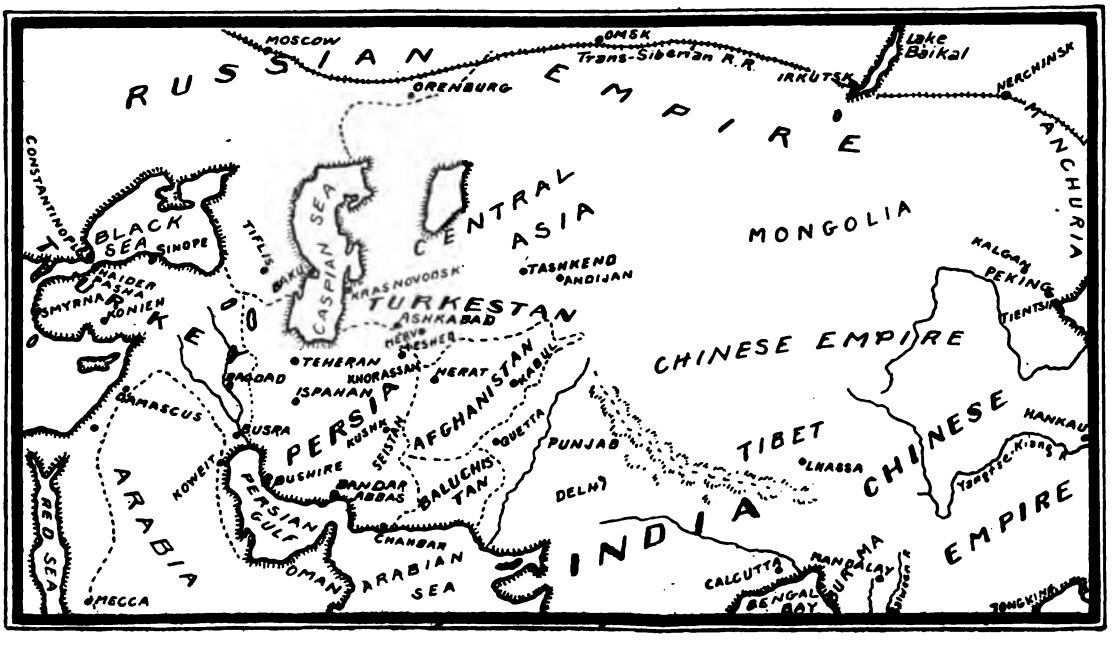
**ASIATIC RAILWAYS**

The total number of miles now open for traffic in the entire world is estimated at about half a million, of which over two hundred and twenty thousand are in North America, about a hundred and seventy thousand are in Europe, something less than forty thousand are in Asia, about thirty thousand are in South America, about sixteen thousand are in Africa, and something over fifteen thousand are in Australasia. In the list of nations the United States comes first, having 199,378 miles of railway (Bureau of Statistics figures at the beginning of 1902), other nations coming in the following order: Russia, German Empire, France, India, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, British Australasia, Argentina, Italy, Mexico, Brazil and Spain.

The completion of the great Russian Trans-Siberian railroad, by which, with but the single break at Lake Baikal where steamers convey the trains from shore to shore, there is an



uninterrupted run from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, was announced in the fall of 1901. Russia is already at work with branch line projections from the Trans-Siberian road southward. In Manchuria and China proper the fever of railway building is beginning to have a high run. By the North China road one may to-day start from Peking and go by way of Tientsin to Kaiping and thence beyond Shanhaikuan toward Manchuria. The Pehan (Belgian) road runs from Peking to Hankau. A portion of the German Shantung line is now in operation. British railway enterprise in China is now on the point of rapid development and much is likely to be done in the next few years if peace continues. Central and Southern China are destined to have great railway systems at no distant day. In India, a large proportion of the above twenty-five thousand miles of railway in operation is owned or guaranteed by the Indian government. Railways in both India and Burma are very profitable. The rivalry of the British in Burma and the French in Indo-China makes it certain that ere long railway connections will develop between those countries and Southern China to a degree warranted by the commercial possibilities; "in the entire field of Chinese trade the region of Southern and Southwestern China holds an important position."

A railway undertaking is in operation between Mandaloy, the former capital of Upper Burma, and the Kunlon Ferry, on the Salween River, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles, the purpose being to extend it to Talifu and beyond. "This railway," says Mrs. A. R. Colquhoun "though costly (on account of natural obstacles), will be useful." Yunnan will ultimately be served from three different quarters—from Burma on the southwest, Tongking and Hongkong on the southeast, and the Upper Yangtse in the north, and thus will great Britain seek to "hold her own" in China.

The railway features of Russian expansion in Western Asia are of very great interest and importance. In 1554, during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, the Russians gained a foothold on the Caspian Sea by the conquest of the Czarate of Astrakhan and of the lower Volga. In the latter years of his life, Peter the Great waged war on Persia, and the policy was begun which, since the treaty of 1828, has brought that country almost entirely under Russian influence. In 1841, Persia ceded to Russia the Caspian port near Astrabad; in 1881 she ceded Askabad; and in 1885 Russia obtained also Serakhs—three points of great strategic importance. To-day, Russia's influence is firmly established over Northern and Eastern Persia by means of the Transcaspian railway and its extension from Merv (of which Russia took possession in 1884) to Kushk. At the latter place Russians are within seventy miles of Herat.

"It is in the logic of facts," says General Sobolev, Chief of the Asiatic Department at St. Petersburg, "that the Hindu Kush, the natural boundary of India, should shortly form the frontier of Russia, and that the province of Herat [in the "buffer state" of Afghanistan] should fall into Russia's hands." Should that come, the world looks to see "the struggle for India" between Russia and England to begin in awful earnest.

In Southern Persia England is still far ahead of Russia, owing to her supremacy in the Persian Gulf and in India; but Persia has agreed to the building of Russian railroads passing southward to the Gulf. A projected line would run from Tiflis via Teheran to Bandar Abbas.

"Russia," says H. Vambéry, "is determined to get sole possession of tottering Persia, and to suffer no rivals in the field—that is, neither England nor Germany." But Great Britain is also "determined"—at least many Englishmen are. "The public," says The London Times, "ought to take the trouble to master the issues involved, and to know why the governement of India is so strongly opposed to allowing Russia to get a footing on the Gulf at Bandar Abbas or Chahbar. . . . . If Russia wants a port on the Persian Gulf, it is not for commercial reasons, but for political and strategical purposes."

Russia "long ago marked the decaying Turkish Empire for her own." With the movement for German territorial expansion, consequent upon the enormous increase of the German population, the Kaiser has looked upon Asia Minor as a good field for colonization. "Railway concessions are intended as a peaceful and gradual means of transferring the ownership of Asia Minor from Turkey to Germany and Russia." In the case of Germany these railway projects are said to be genuine commercial enterprises; in the case of Russia they are described as political. To what extent, if to any, there is an understanding between Russia and Germany respecting operations in Asia Minor is very problematical; but Germany appears to be the chief winner to-day in those domains of the Sultan. The Kaiser was a good friend to the Sultan during the war with Greece and during the cruelties against the Armenians, and—verily, he has his reward. Germans throng Constantinople; Germans have helped to increase the efficiency of the Turkish troops; German colonists "have produced veritable oases in the deserts of Syria"; and the grateful Turk has given large railway concessions to the German government.

The so-called "German Anatolia Railway Company" obtained its original concession in January,

1900. The company agreed to have in operation within eight years a standard-gauge road from Konieh to Busra (the ancient Bussorah) by way of Bagdad (see map). The company, meanwhile, holds the line from Haider-Pasha (on the Bosphorus opposite Constantinople) to Angora and Konieh. Germany is also to build an eighty-mile extension from Busra to deep water on the Persian Gulf at Koweit. Various short-distance branches are also projected. The ambitious eye of Germany sees "fine visions of a German Empire reaching, from the German Ocean to the Euxine and Ægean, with its influence dominant to the shores of the Indian Ocean, and, of course, with a mighty development of German trade with China and the Far East."

By all this, the interests of Russia, Great Britain and France are affected. French capitalists have been virtually admitted to a partnership in the great Anatolia railway, and France is acquiescent. Great Britain likes the situation. "All roads which lead to the East," says The London Graphic, "are primarily built to serve British interests." Britain likes the situation, but declines to invest in the German road. The Balfour govenment has had enough, at present, of anything that savors of an alliance with Germany, and finds it inadvisable to guarantee British capital for the Bagdad railway. And public opinion in England is against "pulling more German chestnuts out of the fire." But, says The London Graphic, all roads which lead to the East are primarily helpful to British interests. Political conditions will become more stable in Asiatic Turkey, and England will be freed from some responsibility and anxiety. A more rapid mail route will be provided to India than through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. There is a British project to make rail connections between India and the German road at the head of the Persian Gulf. Thus there will be a German-British railroad extending in an unbroken line from the German Ocean to the China Sea. Russia's acquiescence in the German road to Busra is described as "more obscure." She has no desire to see England and Germany co-operating to shut her away from the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. One effect of the Turkish concessions to Germany has been an increased activity of Russia in Persia. There have been rumors of compensations and of Germany's "benevolent neutrality" having been secured in Persia as it was secured in Manchuria. Russia is anxious to secure a port on the Persian Gulf before the German railway and any extension eastward shall cut her off from access to the sea. And, as before stated, Persia has agreed to the building of a Russian road to the Gulf.

The Russian Trans-Caucasian line from Tiflis has been carried to Julfa on the Persian frontier. It is to be extended to Teheran. At present the only Russian railway actually in Persia is a branch from the Trans-Caspian line (near Askabad) to Meshed, in Khorassan, not far from the northwestern corner of Afghanistan. From Teheran southward to the head of the Persian Gulf, via the Karun river, there is a British concession for a road, with a branch running to Ispahan. In Eastern Persia a Russian road has been projected to counteract one which the British are building from India through Northern Beluchistan to Seistan on the Persian frontier, some 250 miles south of Herat. The Russians are also building a road from Tashkend to connect the Central Asiatic line with the Russian system at Orenburg. The existing line from Krasnovodsk to Askabad, Merv, and Andijan, with branch lines to Kushk and Tashkend, will be brought by it into direct connection with the network of the Russian European railways. It will then be possible to transport Russian troops to the heart of Central Asia without having to cross the Caspian Sea. A road is in process of construction to connect Damascus with Mecca. There are, of course, many other lines, either existing or projected, in Asia, but those referred to are of chief importance.

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**THE MACEDONIAN IMBROGLIO**

The "region dolorous" of South-eastern Europe still causes the nations to look "with shuddering horror, pale and eyes aghast." The saving feature of the grave situation in the Balkans is still the co-operation of Russia and Austria in the effort to mediate between the Turkish Porte and Macedonia, and to keep back Bulgaria and Servia, ready to fire the whole country with "the sulphurous gleams of war." Barbaric cruelties inflicted upon the Christians of Macedonia by Turkish soldiers have been described in plain terms by Dr. E. J. Dillon in the Contemporary Review, the writer quoting for his authorities M. Westman, of Philippopolis, and Mme. Bakhmetieff of Sofia. The accuracy of the representations having been called in question in the London Spectator of April 4, by an American missionary stationed at Salonica, Dr. Dillon, in the issue of the same journal for April 18, made a reply to the charge of inaccuracy, reaffirming the truthfulness of his awful narrative and challenging his critic (Rev. E. B. Haskell) to disprove his statements. Insurgent outbreaks and conflicts with Turkish soldiery are frequent in various places—the threatening prelude to those fiery deluges which devastate whole provinces. There have been reports that the general Macedonian insurrection is finally given up for this year, but the country is a powder magazine in which torches are alight and shaken.

The Sultan has been having much trouble with his Albanian subjects who broke out into revolt against the reform scheme of the Powers (to which the Sultan had agreed) for Macedonia. Austria mobilized troops to assist in a proposed forcible suppression of the Albanians, should that become necessary. It was reported that the Mohammedan populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina were bestirring themselves to assist the Albanians in such an event. The massing of Turkish troops on the Servian frontier was greatly exciting the subjects of King Alexander. At this point, a Turkish peace commission met the Albanian leaders at Prishtina and sought to convince them that the proposed reforms in Macedonia would in no way injure their rights and liberties, but the chieftains proved in-

tractable and named conditions which the Sultan would not grant. "Suppress the insurrection in Albania!" demanded the Powers. "Grant us our conditions!" demanded the Albanians. Between the two, Abdul Hamid could only hurry preparations for forcible measures—which, however, no one really expected him to adopt, for does not the world know that he greatly relies upon the Albanians to help him in possible extremities? What next in Albania? was the question at the beginning of the present month. The situation was said to produce a state of terror in Constantinople, rivaling even that in the Macedonian "storm center" vilayet of Monastir.

At Salonica and other parts of Macedonia, sanguinary conflicts continue to occur. The destruction of the Ottoman Bank at Salonica by Bulgarian bombs and the terrorizing of the city, followed by the attempt to dynamite the railway leading into the city, appears to have nearly precipitated a Turko-Bulgarian break which would have necessitated foreign intervention and—all the rest.

One of the important events of late has been the shooting of M. Stcherbina, Russian Consul at Mitrovitza, by an Albanian sentinel, for which act Russia will require of Turkey a heavy indemnity.

The Balkan situation is the alleged reason for a notable *coup d'etat* executed by King Alexander of Servia, early in April. He issued two proclamations, the first decreeing a suspension of the constitution adopted April 19, 1901, repealing objectionable laws passed thereunder, retiring the Senators and the Councilors of State, dissolving the Skupshtina, and re-enacting the laws as they existed previous to the constitution of 1901. The second proclamation restored the constitution to its former validity.

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**COMPARATIVE COMMERCE**

The story of the world's commerce, though not, to most persons, "as fascinating as romance," has its interesting phases. The Treasury Bureau of Statistics presents figures showing the commerce of every country of the world, so far as possible, extending back in some cases only a decade or two and in others a full century. In Europe a very large proportion of the countries show larger imports than exports. In America, and indeed in most of the younger countries, the exports exceed the imports, save in a few instances in which the country is so extremely young that it has not developed its producing powers. In the Orient some countries, notably India, export more than they import, while in other cases, notably China and Japan, the imports exceed the exports.

We present the following figures for some of the leading countries, expressing in United States currency the commercial progress made: Austria-Hungary, from 1870 to 1901 (inclusive), imports grew from 210 millions to 325 millions, exports from 192 millions to 383 millions; Belgium (1870–1901), imports from 177 millions to 428 millions, exports from 133 millions to 353; France (same years), imports from 553 to 843, exports from 541 to 774; Germany (1872–1901), imports from 775 to 1,290 millions, exports from 551 to 1,054; Italy (1870–1901), imports from 172 to 331, exports from 146 to 264; Holland (same years), imports 187 to 818, exports 153 to 696; Russia (1870–1900), imports 201 to 322, exports 216 to 369; Spain (1870–1901), imports 101 to 183, exports 77 to 152; the United Kingdom (same years), imports 1,259 to 2,210, exports 971 to 1,363; India (1870–1902), imports 160 to 264, exports 255 to 403; China (1870–1901), imports 100 to 190, exports 87 to 120; Japan (same years), imports 35 to 127, exports 15 to 125; Australasia (the various colonies summarized for 1900), imports 201 millions, exports 223 millions; Mexico (1873–1901), imports from 20 to 62, exports (1877–1901) from 28 to 33, the excess of imports being largely made up by exportations of silver, which in 1901 amounted to 35 millions; British West Indies (1870-1901), imports 21 to 32, exports 23 to 29, the figures including inter-island commerce; Canada (1870–1902), imports 74 to 212, exports 73 to 211; Argentina (1870–1901), imports 47 to 109, exports 29 to 161; Brazil (same years), imports 69 to 96, exports 89 to 197; Chile (same years), imports 28 to 50, exports 27 to 62; the United States (1870–1902), imports 436 to 903, exports 376 to 1,355. The United States trade balance, which in 1870 was 60 millions excess of imports, was, in 1902, 452 millions excess of exports.

The excess of exports over imports for the United States alone is greater than that of all other countries of the world combined.

In all the above comparisons, domestic exports have been used wherever practicable.

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**MISCELLANEOUS**

The members of the United States Commission at the Monetary Conference requested by Mexico and China (pp. 390, 518) are Secretary Charles A. Conant of the Morton Trust Company, Prof. J. J. Jenks of Cornell University, and H. H. Hanna of Indianapolis.—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given $1,500,000 for the erection of a temple of peace for the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. To this he has added $200,000 for the organization of an international library on diplomacy and international law.

The case between Venezuela and the European powers moves slowly on through snags and shoals. The representatives of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy in Washington have received permission, it was reported at the beginning of May, to sign the Venezuelan protocol referring the question of preferential treatment to The Hague Arbitration Tribunal. The court is expected to convene on the first of September. The Czar of Russia is to name the arbitrators. Venezuela has named Dr. Paul as its member of the arbitration tribunal which is to meet at Caracas next month to consider American claims. President Castro has issued a decree defining the status of foreigners in Venezuela; its provisions are drastic and cause much complaint.

ficient time for the hesitation over the matter in which Colombia seems to be indulging. The Department of Panama is promptly solid for the treaty, but a lot of interrogation points appear to be in the air at Bogota. The statesmen there are said to be "studying" the situation.

Congress. It is officially stated that the pending treaty of commerce between Cuba and Great Britain is very similar to the treaty concluded between Great Britain and Mexico in 1888. There is no disposition on either side to conclude this treaty until the matter of reciprocity with the United States has been decided.

# Affairs in America

**UNITED STATES IMMIGRATION**

According to the Bureau of Statistics, it is almost certain that the total immigration into the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30 will exceed that of any preceding year except 1882, in which the total was 788,992. The total for the nine months ending with March of this year is 494,425, against 370,575 for the corresponding months of last year. Italy has supplied the largest number of immigrants this year thus far, the total (including Sicily and Sardinia) being 129,800. The next largest number, considered by nationality, is from Austria-Hungary, 123,234; and third in rank is Russia (including Finland), 81,731. Sweden ranks fourth, 25,080; Germany, 23,482; Ireland, 16,930; Japan, 15,185; England, 14,621; Norway, 11,316; and Roumania, 7,358. For several years there has been a falling off in the immigration from Ireland, but the figures for the first four months of 1903 show a great increase. The following table presents a comparative showing of the total immigration into the United States for the fiscal years named:

| Countries— | 1872 | 1882 | 1892 | 1902 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Italy | 4,190 | 32,160 | 61,631 | 178,375 |
| Austria-Hungary | 4,410 | 29,150 | 76,937 | 171,989 |
| Russia | 3,665 | 21,590 | 81,511 | 107,347 |
| Sweden | 13,464 | 64,607 | 41,845 | 30,894 |
| Ireland | 68,732 | 76,432 | 51,383 | 29,138 |
| Germany | 141,109 | 250,630 | 119,168 | 28,304 |
| Norway | 11,421 | 29,101 | 14,325 | 17,484 |
| Japan | ..... | ..... | *1,380 | 14,270 |
| England | 69,764 | 82,394 | 34,309 | 13,575 |
| Greece | ..... | ..... | 660 | 8,104 |
| Roumania | ..... | ..... | ..... | 7,196 |
| Denmark | 3,690 | 11,618 | 10,125 | 5,560 |
| Portugal | 416 | 42 | 3,400 | 5,307 |
| France | 9,317 | 6,003 | 4,678 | 3,117 |
| Scotland | 13,916 | 18,937 | 7,177 | 2,560 |
| Switzerland | 3,650 | 10,844 | 6,886 | 2,344 |
| Netherlands | 1,909 | 9,517 | 6,141 | 2,284 |

* 1893.

We add also a table showing totals for grand divisions and principal countries during the nine months ending with March, 1902 and 1903, respectively:

| | Nine Months Ending with March | |
|---|---|---|
| | 1902 | 1903 |
| Europe— | | |
| Austria-Hungary | 105,084 | 123,234 |
| Belgium | 1,641 | 1,058 |
| Denmark | 3,383 | 3,938 |
| France | 2,180 | 3,222 |
| German Empire | 16,642 | 23,482 |
| Greece | 3,102 | 6,633 |
| Italy | 95,265 | 129,800 |
| Netherlands | 1,266 | 2,010 |
| Norway | 8,049 | 11,316 |
| Portugal | 2,504 | 5,156 |
| Roumania | 5,270 | 7,358 |
| Russia | 63,282 | 81,731 |
| Spain | 720 | 1,231 |
| Sweden | 15,601 | 25,080 |
| Switzerland | 1,471 | 2,362 |
| England | 9,423 | 14,621 |
| Ireland | 13,886 | 16,930 |
| Wales | 512 | 780 |
| Total Europe | 351,540 | 464,980 |
| Asia— | | |
| Chinese Empire | 1,017 | 1,468 |
| Japan | 8,197 | 15,185 |
| India | 48 | 38 |
| Turkey in Asia | 4,252 | 5,676 |
| Total Asia | 13,540 | 22,499 |
| Australasia | 243 | 612 |
| Africa | 34 | 61 |
| North America | 4,811 | 5,792 |
| South America | 234 | 237 |
| Total all countries | 370,575 | 494,425 |

The keen rivalry among Transatlantic shipping corporations has led far too frequently to the bringing of undesirable immigration into this country.

German steamship companies have lately ordered European agents to stop the solicitation of steerage passengers belonging to classes excluded by the immigration laws of the United States.

An important question relating to the new Immigration Law, signed by the President early in March, is whether the restrictions apply to lands now held as dependencies of the United States.

As at present understood, the provisions of the law must be put into effect in the Philippines, Porto Rico, etc., both against foreigners coming to the islands, and, owing to the citizenship status, also against American citizens going to those islands. Besides, the law will have to be enforced against the admission into this country of natives of these islands.

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**UNITED STATES MISCELLANY**

One week after leaving Washington on his tour West, President Roosevelt entered the Yellowstone Park accompanied only by Mr. John Burroughs, the famous naturalist and author, and a small escort. Emerging from the sublimities and snows of that wonderful region on the 23d, he resumed his journey and his speeches, passing through South Dakota,

Nebraska, and other States. On the 30th he was in St. Louis and participated in the celebration of the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase and the dedication of the great Purchase Exposition, the formal opening of which will not take place till next year. The next day the President was in Kansas City (in fact he visited both cities of that name) and thence started on his way to the West. The dailies quite fully reported his numerous speeches.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals having decided that the merger of the three competing and parallel transcontinental railway systems, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, was in conflict with the Anti-Trust Law passed by Congress in 1890, an appeal is to be made to the Supreme Court. The Circuit Court bases its decision mainly on findings of the Supreme Court in previous cases which are regarded as substantially parallel.

Secretary Moody has denied that the Navy Department has any intention of abandoning Culebra Island, in the West Indies, as a naval rendezvous.—Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap, retired, died at Pensacola, Fla., on April 6; his body has been interred with military honors in the Arlington National Cemetery.—The armored cruiser Colorado was launched on April 25 at Cramps's shipyard.—It was reported from Washington on April 21 that Secretary Root had directed the court martial of a number of army officers in Alaska who have been charged with making use of commissary supplies for their own profit. The charges have been under investigation for more than a year.

Gentle spring brings the usual crop of ungentle labor strikes in various parts of the country. Like clouds they come and go, and the public may congratulate itself if they do not gather so thickly as to yield thunder and hurricane. In Lowell, Mass., at the beginning of the second week of the textile strike (April 13) over a quarter of a million dollars had been lost by the mill hands.

In what is described as "the greatest parade in Lowell's history," feminine troops were marching the streets to martial airs. The report of the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, appointed by the Legislature to arbitrate the differences between the mill owners and their employees, has been made and the case has gone to the Legislature. It remains to be seen whether the reasons advanced by the mill officials for not making an increase of wages, and the indorsement of those reasons by the Board, except in the case of the Lawrence Company, will convince the strikers that their position is untenable.

The work undertaken by the government in the Indian Territory, and which has now been going on for eight years, will require many years for its completion and will cost not less than a million dollars. The end aimed at is the persuading of the five civilized tribes occupying this Territory, by friendly negotiation if possible and by legislation if necessary, to abandon their tribal relations, and prepare to become citizens of the United States. Representatives of the Flatheads and other tribes were in Washington during April seeking to secure a remedy for several injuries which they allege have been done them through the arbitrary policy pursued by the Indian Bureau.

It has become apparent that a thorough reorganization of the Post-Office department at Washington is necessary. An investigation was begun some weeks ago into charges affecting almost every bureau of the Department. The secret removal from a safe of papers belonging to James N. Tyner, of the Law division, by his wife acting avowedly under his directions, caused the summary dismissal of Attorney-General Tyner by act of Postmaster-General Payne. His retirement had previously been requested. An exculpatory statement was issued by his lawyers in behalf of Mr. Tyner, who is an aged and feeble man.

Rumors have for some time been current as to the unsatisfactory financial management of the Red Cross Society work, and it was reported from Washington under date of April 21, that it seemed likely that the trouble which had arisen within the membership would be brought in some form to the attention of Congress next fall.

The Convention of Geneva for the Relief of the Wounded in War was signed by the United States in 1882, and it has since been signed by more than forty other countries. The present organization in America was reincorporated by act of Congress in June, 1900. The internal difficulties that have grown up since the incorporation have arisen chiefly from questions relating to the administration of its funds. A number of well-known people who have been connected with the organization have indorsed "the efforts now being made by some of the prominent members of the Red Cross in Washington thoroughly to reorganize that association and to provide for a careful and businesslike administration of its finances."

Cable steamers sailed from London early last month to lay the remaining sections of the Pacific cable from San Francisco to Manila.

A noteworthy fact in the history of the American coal trade is that, despite the short supply of hard coal during the past year, the aggregate tonnage of the trade was the largest ever recorded, and far beyond that of any other country.

On May 4 the Pennsylvania Supreme Court affirmed a ruling of the late Judge Arnold refusing to charter a Christian Science association, on the ground that the courts have no power to charter an association which exists for the double purpose of a church and a business.

The Manufacturers' Record refers to "the statistical delirium" which has spread misconceptions about Southern conditions. Referring to the statement that there are more illiterates among the negroes of the South today than there were in 1865, it denies that there is any reliable basis for comparison of the illiteracy of the negroes in the South in 1865 and in 1902.

A reasonably safe basis for comparison does not antedate about 1880. The census figures for the former slave-holding States (Delaware and Missouri excepted) show that from 1880 to 1900, while the colored people of the South ten years of age and over increased from 3,961,933 to 5,612,225, or 41 per cent., the illiterates of that age decreased from 2,996,922 to 2,699,370, or 9 per cent. At the same time the colored population of that age in the rest of the country increased from 639,274 to 1,086,681, or 69 per cent., while the illiterates among them increased from 223,956 to 279,953, or 25 per cent.

The following statement relating to the organization of National banks since the passage of the act of March 4, 1900, was recently issued from the office of the Controller of Currency at Washington:

At the close of March, 1903, the law in relation to the organization of banks, with minimum capital of $25,000, has been in operation three years and seventeen days. During that period there have been added to the National banking system 1,442 associations, with aggregate capital stock of $86,135,500. The additions to the system by conversions of State banks and reorganizations of State or private banks were 179 and 443, respectively, the capital of the converted banks amounting to $12,226,000, and of the reorganized associations to $29,740,000. The banks organized during the period in question deposited as security for circulation bonds to the amount of only $20,475,500 or a fraction less than 24 per cent. of the capital. During the month (March) fifty-six National banks were organized, with capital stock of $2,170,000 and bond deposit of $642,550. On March 31, 1903, the number of National banks was 4,869, and their authorized capital stock $739,178,695. The amount of bonds on deposit as security for circulation has increased since March 14, 1900, from $244,611,570 to $342,160,770, or $97,549,200, and National bank circulation shows a net increase during this period of $128,116,528.

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**AMERICAN DEPENDENCIES**

The court-martial, at Manila, of Captain C. F. Hartmann, who was under charge of embezzling Government property, has been concluded and report says that he was acquitted. C. G. Milne, postmaster at Tacloban, on the island

of Leyte, has been sentenced to imprisonment. So also has W. A. Wilson, formerly disbursing officer of the Bureau of Coastguard at Manila. The American forces, led by Captain Pershing, under orders of General Davis, have been busily fighting the Moros in the island of Mindanao. The Moro fortress at Bacolod was captured early in April. This victory was followed up by another near Lake Calni, completing the occupation of the lake district by joining the American camp in the north side of Lake Lanao. It is reported that cholera, supposed to have been contracted at Bacolod, has broken out among Captain Pershing's troops. Governor Taft has planned for the immediate expenditure of a million dollars of the money appropriated by Congress for the relief of impoverished Philippine provinces. Official dispatches received at the Navy Department in

in the possession of the Government. On April 13 the warship Reina Cristina, flagship of Admiral Montego, which was sunk by Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay, was floated and beached. The skeletons of about eighty of her crew were found in the hulk. The town of Mariquina, province of Manila, is reported destroyed by fire. It is believed to be the work of insurgents. Vice-Governor Wright, who sailed from San Francisco on April 4, on his return to the Philippines, was welcomed in Manila on the first of May. The chief matter of interest relating to the Philippines, however, of late, has been the report of Lieutenant-General Miles on what he saw and learned while in the islands, whither he had been sent by the President and the Secretary of War on a tour of inspection. The Government at first held that the report was an official and a "confidential" matter, and not intended for the public, but in response to public expectation, not to say demand, parts of the report were given to the press on April 27.

General Miles's report is dated February 19, and is addressed to the Secretary of War. It contains severe criticisms of army conditions in the Philippines and expresses belief in stories of barbarous treatment of Filipinos by American troops. The "general condition of the troops is creditable to themselves and the country." The use of troops for road-building is condemned. The results of the abolition of the army canteen are pronounced good. The entire report mingles praise and blame with the frankness and courage which are characteristic of the author. And the report, as was to be expected, has been received with praise and blame according to the convictions and predilections of officials, politicians and citizens.

Porto Ricans are reported to be resentful against the United States Government because matters are so managed as to secure immunity for smugglers.

The charge is a serious one, and, if true, gives sufficient reason for the alleged loss of confidence in the American government. The testimony submitted last December regarding the smuggling cases pointed to a dozen prominent officials of the navy, army and insular government, and citizens, as implicated in the charges. Investigation has been going on, but it is claimed that the ends of justice are being defeated. One of the strongest objections made in Porto Rico to the attitude of the Washington authorities is to the official statement minimizing the extent of the frauds. There seems to be a conflict over the matter between American officials themselves on the ground.

Secretary Moody has been in Porto Rico investigating the question of a naval station and other matters. He is positive that the islanders are not yet prepared for self-government.

American ideas.

The organization of the territory by Congress took but little of the power from President Dole; he virtually appointed all government officers and his "right there was none to dispute." The County bill which has passed both branches of the Legislature makes a great reduction of his authority and power. The act provides for an election to be held in November, the officials to take their places on the first of the new year.

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**CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND**

"Unexampled prosperity in the history of the country" was the keynote of the budget speech of Minister of Finance Fielding (the seventh which he has delivered), before the Dominion Parliament on April 16. The attitude of the Liberal Cabinet, as shown by Mr. Fielding's address, is one of great enterprise, confidence and self-assertiveness.

The principal announcements were, according to the Toronto Monetary Times, unlooked for from a government which its opponents call a free-trade one, but they are declared justifiable and "will prove popular." The effect of the change of tariff, in the direction of sur-tax of one-third the duty, will be to divert a lot of Canadian imports from Germany to other European countries unless Germany shall make concessions. As to England, unless she relax her stiff free-trade policy in Canada's favor, a modification of the latter's preferential rates in favor of the Mother Country is distinctly foreshadowed. Canada is bitterly disappointed over England's course in this matter, and is likely to be in the position of one who says: "We made filial and friendly concessions to you in the way of trade; you did not meet us, and we cannot afford at our present stage to follow you in a free-trade direction." Some Canadians are represented as disturbed over the effect of the budget measures upon the politicians and people of the United States. But, says the paper already quoted, "reciprocity with the Americans is what we cannot get and have ceased to sue for. We must make the best of the situation in the interests of Canada. And to build up our own industries and foster our own institutions in the spirit of 'Canada for the Canadians,' will bring us more satisfaction than looking in vain for reciprocal concessions from commercially unfriendly neighbors." The budget arranged for a duty of $7 a ton on steel rails. The Canadian beet sugar industry is encouraged by a prolonged term of free machinery at the same time that Germany's sugar is opposed by an increased duty.

The re-introduction of the re-apportionment bill into Parliament virtually opened the next election campaign. The measure is necessitated by the Confederation Act, which requires a re-apportionment of representation among the provinces after every census.—Among the speakers in the debate on the budget was Mr. Tarte, of Quebec, whose forced retirement from the Ministry on account of his stumping tours through the Dominion last summer, in behalf of an extreme protective tariff, is still the

theme of much discussion. He is now reported as claiming that he did not then suppose that he was transgressing the limits of official forebearance in that particular advocacy. His probable attitude toward Premier Laurier in the coming campaign is a matter of conjecture.—Among recent acts at Ottawa was one of the House adopting, by a vote of 102 to 41, a resolution declaring in favor of home rule for Ireland.—In the Government bill to increase the poll tax on Chinese to $500 it is provided that the legislation is to become operative on the first of next January. No vessel carrying Chinese immigrants, under penalty, to Canada will be permitted to carry more than one such immigrant for every fifty tons of her tonnage. The shipment of Chinese through Canada to another country is permitted conditionally.—The opposition to the Government by the Canadian Pacific Company, represented by President Shaughnessy, because it will not refuse subsidies to new railway lines to compete with the C. P. R., is not regarded as likely to be carried to extremities.—The Ottawa correspondence of the Boston Transcript predicts that Premier Laurier is sure of winning at the next elections, as he has already twice won. His course at the London Colonial Conference last year, his efforts in securing Franco-Canadian reciprocity, his open-handedness with the constituencies in preparing the schedule for re-apportionment of representation, these and many other things have cemented and strengthened his influence with large masses of the people.

Among Provinical events must be recorded the death of Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who passed away on the morning of April 19. A State funeral occurred at Toronto on the 22d. His successor in office is a Toronto barrister, Mr. W. Mortimer Clark, who is a Liberal in politics, but has never taken any active part in political affairs. He is a gentleman of fine literary taste and a writer for the press.

Premier Tweedie, of New Brunswick, in delivering his budget speech on April 21, reported an estimated surplus of $13,257 for the current year ending next October.—An explosion occurred in the Dominion coal mine near Sydney, N. B., on April 24. Several men were reported missing.—The British Columbia Legislature has re-enacted the measure which was dissolved by the Federal government last year for reasons of state, providing an educational test for the admission of Japanese and Chinese to the province.—At the beginning of this month the mining town of Frank, in Southwestern Alberta, was threatened with entire destruction by flood. Over a hundred inhabitants had, up to that time, lost their lives.—The Yukon is not a source of profit to the public treasury. The revenue from it last year was $1,485,760; the expenditure upon the territory was $2,551,336. Among the Yukon expenditures is a charge of between three and four hundred thousand dollars for the Canadian Yukon Railway. On May 4 the most serious flood yet known in the Klondike was reported to be sweeping Bonsa Creek and destroying much property.—The Winnipeg Doukhobors are in part inclined to fall in with the conceptions and practises that appear inseparable from society, as at present constituted and governed. Many have entered for homesteads and some are buying horses. But a dispatch from Saskatoon, on May 2, stated that about fifty half-naked Doukhobors were en route for that place, "searching for Jesus." A company of Russian Nestorians will be brought to Winnipeg the coming summer. Others will follow from Russia and Persia, it is said, until a large community is formed

Newfoundland does not appear to be one of the countries forgotten of heaven. The total trade of the island, inward and outward, has grown in four years at the rate of some sixty-five per cent., and the wealth of undeveloped resources is gradually becoming better understood.

Finance Minister Jackman, in delivering his budget speech recently, quoted some interesting figures relative to the trade of the colony during the past five years. The total imports, which in 1897-8 were valued at $5,182,044, in 1901-2 stood at $7,836,685. During the same period exports show an even greater increase. The chief items of export for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, were as follows: Fish and their by-products, $7,356,000; products of the forest, $168,000; minerals, $1,282,000; furs and skins, $486,000. The value of dry codfish exported has risen from $3,230,928 in 1897-8 to $5,509,728 for the fiscal year 1901-2. The only important item to show a falling off is the lobster fishery, which in five years has decreased in value from $619,000 to $450,000. The present season's seal fishery has opened very auspiciously.

The total public debt of the colony is now $19,647,217. The revenue for the last fiscal year was $2,193,528; the total expenditure, $2,129,465.

The government proposes to re-enact the present tariff law with a few slight alterations, agricultural implements and pure-bred farm stock being placed on the free list.

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**MEXICO**

Recent press dispatches from Mexico show that the Republic is fully alive to the advantages that will come to it from the construction of the Panama Canal. President Diaz is contemplating the establishment of a steamship line to run from Vera Cruz, by way of Progreso, Havana and Port Limon, to Colon.

Mormons have been encouraged to migrate to Mexico in considerable numbers. Another colony of several hundred families is to be established in the southwestern state of Tabasco. The Mexican authorities appear indifferent to the polygamous practices of the Mormons. The evidences of these practices are said to be "only circumstantial." It is not known to what extent polygamy prevails.

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**CENTRAL AMERICAN STATES**

The struggle between ex-President Sierra and President-elect Bonilla for the headship of the Honduran government has ended in favor of the latter. In mid-April he occupied the capital, Tegucigalpa, and received the surrender of Acting-President Arias. General Sierra is said to have fled to Salvador and to

have been killed by troops sent in pursuit of him.

Lovers of the romantic will be interested in the story that Sierra's refusal to recognize the title of Bonilla to the Presidency is said to be in consequence of the latter's neglect to keep an engagement to be married to the daughter of the former. We cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but affairs of state are often determined in their courses by affairs of the heart.

The success of the Bonilla revolution in Honduras appears to have given new life to the uprising in Nicaragua which was recorded last month.

Not that there is any connection between the two, however. The revolutionists are reported to be in possession of several islands in Lake Nicaragua, some armed lake steamers and various towns along the shores. They are said to have met and defeated the forces of President Zelaya at one point.

Leslie Combs, the United States Minister to Guatemala, is credited in a letter from President Estrada of Guatemala, which has been transmitted to the State Department at Washington, with having prevented a declaration of hostilities between that state and Salvador.

Dispatches at the beginning of May stated that the Santa Maria volcano had broken out again. Great devastation was wrought by the eruptions last fall.

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**THE WEST INDIES**

The Cuban Congress assembled on April 7. In his message, President Palma said that Cuba now has five diplomatic and seventy-eight consular representatives, and that the government is considering various extradition treaties and the commercial treaty proposed by Great Britain. The President advised reform of the military laws and also an entire reconstruction of the postal telegraph system. Negotiations have been completed for the entrance of Cuba into the Postal Union and for special arrangements with the United States and Mexico. The majority of the Cuban municipalities are embarrassed in consequence of insufficient revenue.

The elections of April 8 on officers of the House of Representatives showed that the strength of the House is very evenly divided between the political parties. The House was formerly strongly against the administration, but latterly the Republican Conservatives have claimed the majority of members. A considerable section of the public press is advocating an amendment of the constitution so as to abolish all provincial governments as an unnecessary expense. The question will be at the front in the next election.

It is reported that many Americans from the northwest are buying farms in Cuba.

One effect of the protest against certain provincial taxes is the suspension of the tax on the consumption of meat in Matanzas.

President Palma has accepted the honorary presidency of the Cuban branch of the Spanish-American Union, which aims to secure cordial relations between Cubans and Spaniards in America.

Considerable criticism of the Catholic Church authorities obtains on the grounds of alleged extravagance and the strong re-establishment of the friar orders. The church leaders deny the justice of the charges and deplore the tendency to infidelity among the Cubans.

Education is gaining ground in the island. This year 148,276 children are enrolled in the public schools. This is less than last year, but the difference is in part due to the purging of the registers. The figures last year were misleading.

The record for last month showed the insurrectionists of Santo Domingo in possession of the capital, while President Vasquez was afield with a force for the suppression of the rebellion. The first of May the President had landed from a gunboat at Guantanamo, Cuba, accompanied by about a hundred and fifty political refugees. In the Dominican capital there was much misery, several hundreds of families having been made homeless by the burning of the suburbs of San Carlos, while Vasquez fought to regain the city, but peace—such peace as a Dominican may know—had come again; a provisional government, with General Wos-Gil at its head, sat "in the seats of the mighty," and a general election was soon to be held.

General Jiminez, who was deposed a year ago by the now fugitive Vasquez, had sailed from New York and was understood to have arrived at Turks Island, so as to be not far away in case he was wanted.

It transpired in April that a serious riot had occurred at Port of Spain on the British island of Trinidad, in which fifteen men of the British cruiser Pallas were killed and a number of others injured, while doing police duty.

A correspondent of the London Times speaks of it as one of those terrible struggles that from time to time take place between the people and their rulers. It opened with the prospect of a constitutional and well-organized struggle for the right of public entry to the Council Chamber during the proceedings of the Legislative Council, and ended in violence and incendiarism on the one side and in bloodshed on the other. For nearly an hour the mob stoned the whole building, which includes the Law Courts and many other government offices, and then set it on fire. The circumstances which led up to the outbreak are connected with the water supply for the city. The various sources of discontent were united in opposing a new water works ordinance which reached the second stage of reading on March 16, at which meeting the right of the public to be present was first challenged. An investigation is to be made which, it is said, "will add a sad record to the history of this beautiful colony."

A commission which has been at work in the Danish West Indies has sent to the home government, so the report goes, most pessimistic views regarding the economic future of the islands if they remain in the possession of Denmark. They have always been a source of expense to Denmark.

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**VENEZUELA**

President Castro is engaged in "pacifying" the Venezuelan rebels—the work for which he recently consented to remain in the Presidency when requested to withdraw his resignation in March. The rebels appear to need pacifying, for on April 9 cable advices showed that the revolutionists had completely routed the government forces in the neighborhood of Cors, and though the government later had its turn at winning, the rebels, on the whole, appear to be going through the revolutionary motions about as briskly as months ago, before the war-dogs of Germany and England barked along the Venezuelan coasts. If the report prove true that they have captured the city of Barquisimeto, they are in possession of the key to the western part of the country. Evidently the end of "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of the Matos rebellion is not yet.

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**ARGENTINE REPUBLIC**

At the opening of the Argentine Congress on May 4 the President congratulated the country on the absence of complications or dangers at home or from abroad, on national credit re-established in European markets, and on a notable revival of trade.

The message referred to the note sent in March to the Government of the United States, in consequence of the attitude of some of the Powers toward Venezuela, saying: "Europe now understands that the object thereof was not to ask protection for the republic, but merely to set forth the danger to which American nations were exposed by the doctrine underlying the debt-collecting expedition against Venezuela."

The Argentine authorities have been considerably disturbed by undesirable immigration—slave-traders, anarchists, and agents engaged in promoting the migration of European women to the La Plata region where people seem to think they may enjoy greater freedom than under the restrictions of Argentine citizenship.

According to the latest information on the subject of Boer immigration, the Minister of Agriculture at Buenos Ayres has directed the Argentine Consul-General at Cape Town to inform those who desire to migrate to the Chubut Colony that sixty leagues of land in that district will be divided into lots of 625 hectares each, to be given gratuitously to Boer immigrants after they obtain naturalization as Argentines.

—A German scientist who has spent eight years in Patagonia says that the native Patagonians will soon be extinct.

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**CHILE**

The Chilean government failed to obtain a homogeneous majority at the recent Congressional elections and a ministerial crisis ensued. The formation of a new coalition cabinet was entrusted to Señor Ramon Barros Luco. It is announced that tenders for the construction of a Trans-Andean railway must be presented not later than the beginning of next year.

The seaport town of Pisagua (population about five thousand) has been destroyed by a great conflagration. This is the third time that the place has been destroyed. It was overwhelmed by the great wave which followed the earthquake of August 13, 1868, and it was afterward burned during the war between Chile and Peru.

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**GUIANA**

British Guiana has an area of over sixty-five million acres and is nearly as large as all the British Antilles put together. The total population is under three hundred thousand. The industrial condition of the country has been poor, but the Government reports a surplus of revenue for the year ending March 31, and it is anticipated that the abolition of the sugar bounties next September will restore a measure of prosperity to the province, says the London Times. There is considerable activity in the sugar industry.

The French government has encouraged and assisted the Martinique people, who no longer desire to reside in that volcano-stricken isle, to settle in French Guiana. Lands and tools and other supplies are given to enable them to get a new start in life.

## Affairs in Europe

**GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**

Nothing in England has recently surpassed in popular interest King Edward's visit to the Continent. And the spectacle of royal personages flitting to and fro among the nations is pleasantly significant of the time when the war-drums shall throb no longer. The cordiality and brilliant demonstrations with which the king was received not only in Portugal, where nothing less could be expected in view of the long-standing fraternal relations between England and that country, but also in Italy (while

at Rome he had a brief interview with the Pope) and in France, are naturally very pleasing to his subjects. On the way from Portugal to Italy he made stays at Gibraltar and Malta.

The British budget was introduced into Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on April 23.

It occasioned some surprise by the increase in the surplus, and in the amount of the reduction of the income tax. The abolition of the duty on grain is proposed. The total remission of taxation amounts to about fifty million dollars.

But "the really significant thing is not the amount taken off, but the amount left on. Going back to the last year of the last Liberal Government—1895-96—we find that the total sum raised by taxation was $475,000,000. This year's budget, counting in Chancellor Ritchie's remission of taxes, proposes to raise $723,000,000. That is to say, with the Boer war over and the country again on a peace basis, the expenditure has gone to a permanently higher level. Taxes that went up nearly 50 per cent. as a result of the war are to stay up about 30 per cent. after the war is over."

The new Fourth party in the House of Commons is an anti-Ministerial group on the Ministerial side of the House. It includes Lord Hugh Cecil, who is first cousin to Premier Balfour, Mr. Winston Churchill, and various other influential members "in the background" being the veteran parliamentarians, Sir John Gorst and Mr. Gibson Bowles.

The special point of attack by the Fourth party orators has been the War office, of which Mr. Brodrick is the minister, not because he is personally disliked, but because (as it appears) he represents the department which is most distrusted by the public. The "misunderstanding" existing between the two cousins, Lord Cecil and Mr. Balfour, is said to be rooted in two facts, the fact that the former is a High Churchman, while the latter is a Presbyterian, and the fact that the late Premier, Lord Salisbury, was "hustled" out of office to make way for Lord Balfour.

Ireland has approved the principle of the Land Bill which was introduced into the House of Commons on March 25, by Chief Secretary Wyndham. About two thousand delegates composed the Irish National Convention, which met in the historic round-room of the Dublin Mansion House on April 16, and notwithstanding a motion to reject the bill, unanimously approved it as, on the whole, the most generous measure that could now be obtained. On the second day of the convention, Mr. John Redmond, the chairman, emphasized the further expectations of Irishmen by the introduction of a Home Rule resolution, in which it was declared that the nation would never be satisfied until it had obtained a full measure of self-government. This was carried by acclamation.

Of the depth of feeling for which this resolution stands, some notable evidence is presented in a Westminster Review article, in which the writer declares that the Home Rule feeling is so strong and widespread in Ireland that the statesman who hopes to make the country peaceful and prosperous without taking it into account is "reckoning without his host." Ireland continues to send to the Imperial parliament upwards of eighty representatives pledged to the Home Rule principle. "Outside a few constituencies in the northeast corner of Ulster and the gates of Trinity College, there is not a single county in which a Unionist candidate could be found to face the electors.—The work of the Agricultural Board is looked upon with favor and sympathy, and Mr. Horace Plunkett is personally popular, but to save his soul he could not induce a Nationalist constituency to send him to Parliament." The two forces which are said to direct the current of present-day politics in Ireland are (1) the operation of the Local Government Act, which provides for a vast system of councils established for the control of local affairs, elected on a register substantially the same as the Parliamentary, and (2) the powerful movement which has sprung up to preserve the national language and literature, to reintroduce native customs, and, as far as possible, promote an industrial revival. The feeling is very deep and strong that a great change is necessary in the economic conditions of the country in order to stop the abnormal drain of Ireland's population which is now going on. The vital statistics report of the Registrar-General for Ireland, recently laid before Parliament, shows such a depletion of the population that the report is declared by the Boston Transcript to "contain all the elements of a ghastly national tragedy." Over forty thousand emigrants left the country during 1902, being 9.1 per thousand of the population, and an increase of 531 over the number emigrating during 1901.

On April 28 the Right Honorable R. W. Hanbury, President of the Board of Agriculture in the British Cabinet, died at the age of fifty-eight.

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**FRANCE** President Loubet's visit to North Africa (recorded under "Affairs in Africa") ended in April; he was in Paris again on May 1. The French people have shown by their enthusiastic reception of the English King that they have not lost the feeling which existed when the then Prince of Wales was exceedingly popular in Paris.

The government decrees against the unrecognized religious orders are being firmly carried out. The course of events is producing strained relations between France and the Vatican, but the Government appears to be well sustained by the mass of the electors. The weather looks thick on the religious horizon. The acceptance of the Ministerial budget indicates that things are going steadily on as they have been going in matters of public finance, with large expenditure and increased taxation. The aggregate deficits of 1901, 1902 and 1903 amount to nearly $130,000,000. Early in April a sensation was caused in political circles by the resignation of Governor-General Revoil of Algeria, in consequence, it is said, of his relationship to M. Besson,

editor of the *Petit Dauphinois*, who had accused Premier Combes of being approached by bribers in the interests of one of the outlawed religious bodies. The Premier denounced the whole story as false. M. Revoil denied that he was in any way connected with the charges, but his resignation was accepted. It seems likely that the French War Office will re-open the Dreyfus case in consequence of the declarations of Socialist Deputy Jaurès that he has in his possession proofs of the innocence of the much-wronged man.

**GERMANY** The Kaiser has been abroad again. During his recent stay in Copenhagen he is said to have accomplished much in overcoming the strong antipathy of the Dowager Empress of Russia (daughter of King Christian of Denmark) towards Germany. It is rumored that the Kaiser will visit France. But at the beginning of the present month he was in Rome, immediately after King Edward of England had departed for Paris.

The Reichstag completed its session at the beginning of May and was prorogued.

It is said that the general tendencies of the term have been toward the enlargement of the powers of the Empire at the expense of the States; the extending of social reform legislation in behalf of the workingman; the subjecting of the tariff policy to Agrarian demands, and otherwise playing into the hands of Agrarian interests. The new tariff law has given the country the highest duties ever known, particularly agricultural. During this term of the Reichstag there were more frequent discussions of American relations than in the course of any previous term. Such discussion was generally in the form of attacks upon the commercial policy of the United States, complaints of the treatment received at the hands of the American customs, complaints of the enormous preponderance of the imports from the United States into Germany over German exports to America, and criticisms of the Government for lack of energy in handling questions concerning German-American trade relations.

**RUSSIA** Conjectures is the word which suggests present estimates of the practical value and immediate outcome of the Czar's noble reform proclamation which we quoted last month, but the world knows that there is a reform party in Russia, and that the young ruler is on the side of that party. In order to work out great reforms, however, it is necessary that the people should be admitted to a large share in the work of regeneration. The conditions in Russia may not be favorable to that yet. Russia is a great tangle of racial and religious prejudices.

It is reported that under the proclamation important steps are being taken by the Government to relieve the burdens and distresses of rural Russia. Large sums of money are to be loaned to poor landowners. The iron hand is at work in Finland in the process of Russianizing the country. Rioting continues in various parts of Russia. The Jews are frequent sufferers. Paul Du Chaillu, the American author and explorer, died in St. Petersburg on the night of April 30.

**ITALY** Many good words are spoken of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He is a "man of strong will, of inexhaustible energies, a master of all the ministers and work of his kingdom, a soldier and an athlete," though probably the smallest monarch in Europe, being five feet three in height, "the 'Bobs' of Italy." He is now thirty-three years old. Signor Prinetti, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been obliged to retire on account of broken health, and he is succeeded by Marine Minister Morin. Italy is doing well financially, the receipts considerably exceeding expenditures. A great labor strike developed in Rome early in April, some 25,000 men belonging to various trades unions leaving their work; there was something of a clash with the military, but the trouble was soon over, the strikers gaining nothing.

Three especially notable gatherings occurred in Rome during April. One was the inauguration of the International Congress of History, which took place in the hall of the Palace of the Senator on the Capitoline Hill. There were representatives from many countries. On the 13th the International Agricultural Congress was inaugurated at the capitol before the King and Queen Helene. About thirteen hundred delegates were present. On the 15th a Congress of the Latin people, at which delegates from various European countries were in attendance claiming to represent 165,000,000 people, assembled. The object of the organization is stated as "the defense of the Latin world against the advances of other peoples wishing to conquer the globe."

The cornerstone of the reconstruction of the famous Campanile of St. Mark, which collapsed last July, was laid on April 25.

**SPAIN** Republicanism, under the lead of Señor Salmeron, shows renewed activity in the domains of Alfonso XIII. Great demonstrations have recently occurred in Madrid and Barcelona. The elections to the Chamber occurred on April 26. In Madrid eleven Ministerialists, two Liberals, one Radical, and two Republicans were elected, a proportion maintained throughout the country. It is reported that about thirty Republicans will have seats.

Although the Government retains a good majority, the position of Premier Silvela has been somewhat shaken. The King expresses confidence in the Cabinet, which will not resign unless the senatorial elections are adverse, which occur on May 10. It is said that the elections of Liberals indicate great strength among the partisans of Señor Moret, who is beginning to be regarded as a successor of the late Señor Sagasta.

**HOLLAND** There was music in Holland from the 6th to the 12th of April—a general strike being on, affecting all labor engaged in transportation by land and water. The strike signified chiefly two things: a demand of railroad men for more pay, and a protest against the anti-strike laws, which are the work of the Conservative Premier, Dr. Kuyper.

The aged Socialist leader, Domela Niewvenhuis, emerged from his retirement to direct the agitation. At a stormy meeting of the agitators in Amsterdam on the night of April 11, he declared that the cause of labor had been betrayed, and the internal dissensions speedily caused a collapse of the strike. During the crisis the Legislature "stood by its guns" and passed clause after clause of the anti-strike law by large majorities. Holland appears to be a pyramid standing on its base.

**GREECE** According to the Paris Temps the situation in Greece prompts fears for the security of the throne itself. There is much dissatisfaction with the Government, which is "a house divided against itself" on more than one issue. The law of 1900 giving to the Crown Prince prerogatives which in other constitutional countries belong to the Minister of War has not freed the army from political influences.

The Prince, despite his meritorious characteristics, has made himself unpopular with many by opposing personal ambitions and by showing himself too openly friendly to Prussia. A bill before the Chamber to abolish his headship of the army and restore the prerogatives to the War Minister has produced much irritation. The present complications have resulted largely from the King's not following a strictly constitutional policy and from his injudicious favoritism.

## Affairs in Asia and Oceanica

**ASIATIC RUSSIA** The day advances when Central Asia will be as accessible as any part of the world. The Russians are already building a branch railway from the Trans-Siberian down through Eastern Mongolia. It is expected to reach the Great Wall of China at Kalgan, about sixty miles west of Peking.

The report came from St. Petersburg near the end of April that no special permits are now required for travel in Central Asia, excepting certain portions of the military defense. Travelers may proceed direct from any part of Russia without giving notice of any kind, the passport regulations being just the same for Central Asia as for the rest of the empire.

**JAPAN** Political Japan must be considered in view of the nation's aspiration to the headship of the entire Mongolian world. Never, apparently, did a nation address itself more vigorously to preparation for a great task. Japan's ultimate success may be problematical; her ambition is not. So keen is her intellect, so practical her genius, so excellent her statesmanship, and so marvelous her progress, that even those peoples who may ultimately defeat her ambition unite in her praise. One of the remarkable things about the Island Empire is that her development has been brought about almost entirely without the employment of foreign capital. She has a foothold in Korea. She has gained Formosa. Her influence in China and Siam is paramount. After the capitulation of Paris in 1870 the cry was raised in France, "We have been beaten by the German schoolmaster," the meaning being that to the greater intelligence of the German army German triumph was due. Japan believes in education. It is vigorously promoted after European systems and 85 per cent. of the children attend school. Japan is now called "the schoolmaster of Asia."

A revolt against Marquis Ito, head of the victorious Liberal party in the recent elections, was reported from Tokio about the middle of April, some eighty members of the Diet denouncing blind obedience to leaders and demanding that all the officials of the party be henceforth elected and the party consulted on grave questions. At the end of the month it was said that an entente had been effected between the Cabinet and the Liberals respecting legislation at the coming session of Parliament.

The labor question is troublesome in Japan, as elsewhere. Strikes have occurred, but they are said to have insufficiently strong organizations back of them to effect much, if anything at all.

While it is true that Japan has made marvelous progress, all things considered, it is plain that the "Chrysanthemum Kingdom" has yet a long way to go before she can become a strong financial power. A writer in the Sun Trade Journal of Tokio shows that the wealth of the empire per capita is only about $125. An interesting comparative showing of imports and exports, taken from the United States statistics, is as follows, the figures standing for dollars per capita:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Great Britain | 62.10 | 33.31 | 74.83 |
| France | 23.63 | 20.88 | 150.61 |
| Germany | 24.14 | 19.89 | 9.96 |
| Austria | 7.72 | 8.57 | 25.80 |
| Italy | 10.41 | 8.33 | 31.11 |
| Russia | 2.09 | 2.91 | 25.56 |
| United States | 11.43 | 17.49 | 12.27 |
| Japan | 2.91 | 2.84 | 4.73 |

**CHINA** The Celestial Kingdom, as seen by "the foreign devils;" presents very little that suggests celestial peace. The international phases of Chinese affairs are given elsewhere in this record. In the death of Yung Lu, early in April, the government has lost its most powerful person-

tary. He is generally credited with having been the real author of the recent anti-foreign outbreak. It has been a matter of speculation whether he dominated the Dowager Empress or the Dowager Empress him. These two were together in the attempt to set aside the Emperor Kwangsu and enthrone the son of Prince Tuan. The official successor of Yung Lu is Prince Ching of the Foreign Office, an aged man who is said to lack determination and initiative. But he is credited with pro-foreign tendencies in accordance with the policy of the deposed Emperor Kwangsu. However true this may be, it is not likely that the doves of peace will return to the rebellious parts of the Empire. China is now thoroughly inoculated with the spirit of progress, and the struggle which agitates the rest of the world will wax stronger and stronger north and south of the great Yangtse valley.

The rebellion against the government in the southern provinces continued "full of sound and fury" during April. Threats of French intervention, proceeding from Indo-China, have been reported. A Washington dispatch of April 13 stated that a massacre of foreigners at Canton had been averted by the foresight of Commander Drake of the United States Navy. Boxer uprisings have been numerous in various provinces. An attempt to reorganize the movement in a district about one hundred miles west of Peking was promptly discovered and suppressed by Yuan Shi Kai, Governor of the Province of Chihli. The reform schemes of Yuan are very much hindered by his enemies. Rev. Dr. F. L. H. Pott, recently returned to America after an absence of some years, says that Russia is the greatest obstacle to social and political reform in China. Her interests lie in keeping the Chinese ignorant and conservative. The Court returned from its visit to the western tombs about the middle of April. In addition to the restoration of the Chinese navy an army plan is announced—probably under the supervision of Japanese experts, for Japan is now "hand in glove" with China in opposition to especially Russian advances.

Tibet is now the only "hermit" country in Asia. The Chinese mandarins who rule the country desire to keep it "as a preserve for themselves and their needy relatives."

British India, seeking markets, and Russia, with her far-reaching plans, knock at the doors of Tibet and give encouragement to individual explorers who dare face even the possibility of being shot from behind hedges in the desire to become acquainted with the Tibetans. It is well understood to be a race between Russia and Great Britain to get first to Lhassa. A recent expedition, headed by a Russian, Captain Kozloff, seems to have been received with an unusual absence of black looks and prohibitory mandates in much of many things about the land and its customs. The expedition once encountered violence in an ambuscade, and nearly thirty of the force were killed. Captain Kozloff has been lecturing in St. Petersburg.

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**INDIA**

Since the Sepoy rebellion in 1857 many have believed that India is held in peace only by the sheer force of British arms. Englishmen themselves believe this. The late Sir Walter Besant, in his Rise of the Empire, said:

I can understand an educated Hindu admiring the strength and the justice of his conqueror, but I cannot understand his affection for any conqueror. For the sake of the people alone we must continue to hold India; but the rule which began by conquest and exists only by force is not the same kind of rule which holds together five of the six great countries of the Anglo-Saxon race.

While it is doubtless true that military force is the bottom factor in the British tenure of India, it is also true that "a vast amount of good feeling has been cultivated by the judicious regard of English civil authorities for native self-respect and pride and custom." British statesmen have been satisfied to secure "a very limited unity in a very great diversity."

It is further said that they have played upon the vanity and cupidity of native rulers and thus secured an allegiance which, if not sincere, was at least safe so long as the revenues and the forms of sovereignty were provided. They have enlisted in their splendid Indian army regiments of natives from many ancient states which were hereditary enemies; and since the fearful lesson of the mutiny was learned the English commanders have seen to it that the prejudices and hatred of these fierce fighters, as well as their friendships and alliances, were duly turned to account, played off one against another; so that to organize the effective fighting force of India into a single army to fight for Indian independence would to-day be utterly impossible.

The popularity of Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India seems attested by the reports that numerous Indian newspapers, discussing the rumor that War Secretary Brodrick will succeed Lord Curzon in India, protest against any change and plead for an extension of Lord Curzon's term.

Respecting the western frontiers of India, at a meeting of the East India Association in London recently, it was shown that there are three frontiers —the northwest, the Baluch, and the Persian Gulf. Invasion from the north was admittedly impossible, from the northwest impracticable, and from the present Russian base, through Baluchistan past Quetta, too difficult to be worth consideration. The danger spot is the Gulf. It was shown that Indian finances are not alone equal to the burden

man speaking to business men, he does not hesitate to say that the work done by missionary agencies in India exceeds in importance all the work that has been done by the Indian government since its commencement.

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**AUSTRALIA**

The Australian official world has warmly resented criticisms in the London papers on the financial condition of the Australian states. The Australian correspondent of the Toronto Monetary Times says that while the picture has been somewhat overdrawn it is only too apparent to any student of Australian affairs that the finances of most of the states are in a very unsatisfactory condition. As we have before stated, the causes of this condition are to be found in the lavish expenditures of the new population to other countries. The determination of Australians to exclude from the country the Polynesians and to forbid the incoming of any but white people directly affects the labor supply, and, in the absence of any considerable immigration, makes impossible a rapid development of natural resources.

Some time ago an order-in-council was passed at Ottawa which struck New South Wales from the list of countries entitled to the enjoyment of the Canadian preferential tariff—a privilege which was accorded before the federation, when New South Wales had a customs tariff of her own. The states of the Commonwealth now have a protective tariff against the world.

It was reported from London on April 25, that an effort to bring the Australian Commonwealth into the Imperial penny postage scheme had proved futile. Australia is the only dependency of Great Britain which has not co-operated in the scheme.

## Affairs in Africa

**MOROCCO**

The course of events in Morocco gives renewed evidence that the situation is serious. The Sultan's brother, Mulai Mohammed, "the one-eyed," was proclaimed Sultan by the Riff tribes on April 3. Amarani Shereef, the Sultan's uncle, had gone to the Riff country to collect troops for the Government, but he found the situation there very serious. On the 8th five thousand rebels attacked the fortress of Frajana. They were at first repulsed, but finally succeeded in capturing the place, a part of the garrison escaping to Melilla, a Spanish possession. A Spanish cruiser had landed marines at Melilla. The Pretender, Bu Hamara, was in possession of the surrounding country. The situation imperiled Fez, the capital.

Dispatches in the middle of the month stating that the Sultan was seeking to allay the hostile feeling by dismissing all Europeans employed in Fez, except General Sir Harry MacLean, who is colonel of His Majesty's Body Guard, Dr. Verdan, and a French military missionary. Later advices represented Englishmen as refusing to leave unless the French would go, and the French as refusing to retire before the English went. The port of Tetuan was surrounded by Kabyle tribesmen, demanding conditions and threatening assault. Tetuan was captured by Spain in 1859 and was regained by Morocco only by a heavy ransom.

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**BRITISH AFRICA**

The five South African colonies (Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, and Southera Rhodesia), in their first direct official communication, at Bloemfontein, have provided for the preferential treatment of British goods, and of the goods of such British colonies as may consent to give reciprocal advantages to the exports of South Africa. In this, says the London Times, they show "the natural and unobjectionable working of the fiscal independence of the colonies, under the influence of that sentiment of Imperial solidarity which has been so conspicuously developed during the struggle that came to an end last year." The action is attributed to Lord Milner's "firm, impartial, and far-seeing administration," and to Mr. Chamberlain's powerful appeals to the higher ideal of Imperial unity and progress. The details of the action are to be published, it is said, in June.

An interesting feature of the Bloemfontein conference was that Portugal was represented. Her "loyal co-operation" is expected in any arrangements made in the interests of South Africa as a whole. The German press does not appear pleased with the conference, but Great Britain does not legislate primarily for German interests any more than for those of the United States. The conference, of course, dealt with the labor question and declared that there is now no wish in South Africa for either slavery or forced labor, but the feeling was strong that the Kaffirs must somehow be weaned from their natural indolence and induced to share in the expenses of government. An "overwhelming

vote" was passed against the importation of Asiatic labor, which action, however, is not believed to be decisive of the question.

The recent expansion of Great Britain in South Africa involves responsibility for the control of an added million of black people, and questions relating to the status and future of these people are trenchantly discussed in the English press. It is fully recognized that "many dangers confront the statesmen whose task it is to lay the foundations of a stable settlement in South Africa." The government of the black races to-day is a light task compared with what it is likely to become.

In South Africa the Kaffirs outnumber the whites ten to one, and are rapidly increasing in numbers since the British and Dutch have put an end to the inter-tribal wars. [The first inhabitants of the country were the Bushmen, who are now practically extinct. They were followed from the north by the Hottentots, who, in their turn, were followed by the Kaffirs; and, between the Kaffirs and the Dutch, the Hottentots have greatly diminished. The Kaffirs, or Bantus, have gradually filled South-eastern Africa, the chief Kaffir nations being the Zulus, the Swazies, the Amatongas, the Basutos, the Bechuanas and the Matabele (a branch of the Zulus). These are all, broadly speaking, of the same blood as the American negroes.] The intermixture by blood of whites and blacks has gone on for centuries at the Cape and has produced the class known as Africanders, who are likely "to be very much in evidence all over the sub-continent, if things go on as they have been going." These "Cape Boys" are sure that they should be regarded as the equals of the white people, and that the future of South Africa belongs to them. The Kaffirs have their own church all over South Africa, and in this native church a movement is going on which is said to aim at removing the present restrictions upon the black man's power, bringing him to a place of much greater importance than he now occupies. And so "Cape Boys" and Kaffir both have "great expectations."

How shall these colored peoples be governed and treated by "the Paramount Power in South Africa"? Shall they be enlightened and treated as brother-men, or shall they be enslaved and kept in ignorance? The old debate seems actually on once more. The Dutch have always been against "negrophilist, black-man-and-brother theory." And it appears that many Englishmen are of like mind. A writer in the Fortnightly Review declares that, with "few and inconsiderable exceptions," the sentiment of British South Africa, and of all Europeans of South African experience, coincides with that of the Boers in this matter, and he argues that British statesmen must show "deference to the public sentiment of Europeans on the spot." Not enlightenment ("literary training") but "training to labor is what is required as the first European lesson to the black man." A writer in the Contemporary Review declares that "all appearances are against the natives ever being admitted to a position of social equality in South Africa any more than in the United States," but it is "evident that the colored or native man (in South Africa) may possibly come into conflict with the white man on the question of general political, and even racial equality or superiority." The same writer says: "If this Imperial government does not see its way to take some steps in the direction of the formation of a native state, or group of native states, north of the Zambesi, a later solution of the race problem may have to be sought through a further sacrifice of the blood and tears of the British colonists, and the British race in all parts of the world."

A British disaster in Somaliland was reported in London on April 23. The report came from Brigadier-General Manning and was to the effect that a flying column under Colonel Cobbe had been engaged by the followers of the Mad Mullah and had suffered serious losses. The affair took place in the country west of Galadi. General Manning hastened to the relief of Colonel Cobbe and his associates and a battle ensued in which the adherents of the Green Standard numbered many thousands. Their loss is said to have been two thousand. The total British loss is at this writing unknown.

This native uprising is an expression of Mohammedan fanaticism and aims to expel the foreigner from the land. It is an eastern movement which has a counterpart in the western revolt of the Berber tribes in Morocco. British Somaliland, on the Gulf of Aden, has an area of about sixty thousand square miles and a large Mohammedan population. Berber, the chief town, has thirty thousand inhabitants at some portions of the year.

Dispatches from London at the beginning of May indicated that the British Government was contemplating the abandonment of aggressive operations in Somaliland, and would simply

guard the coast line and protect the tribes, which Great Britain is bound by treaty agreements to do.

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**FRENCH AFRICA**

The French Governor-General of Algeria, M. Revoil, resigned his position early in April (he was in Paris at the time) and the resignation was accepted by the Government. The reason for the resignation is given in the record for France. President Loubet reached Algiers on April 15 in pursuance of a purpose to visit parts of the French colonial possessions in Africa. He is the first Chief of State to visit French North Africa since the day of Napoleon III, and he was received by the Algerians with much enthusiasm.

Though the supremacy of France in Algeria dates from 1831, it was not firmly fixed till after many subsequent struggles. Algeria has cost France much "without giving anything in return except the belief that it is a good training ground for French generals." It passed from military to civil rule in 1870. It is now regarded not so much as a colony, as three departments of France itself—the departments of Alger, Constantine and Oran. These departments are represented in the French Legislature. In recent years the two great projects conceived by the French in connection with Algeria are, first, the formation of a great inland sea in the Sahara, and, second, the construction of a railroad reaching from Tunis or Algiers to Lake Chad and Timbuctoo. The Algerian hinterland, the French "sphere of influence," according to an agreement between France and England in 1890, extends to Lake Chad and the head waters of the Niger.

The picturesque streets of Algiers were gay with bunting, festal arches and multitudes in holiday attire, crowds of Arabs thronging the ways to see "the Great White Sultan," as President Loubet rode through the ancient city. The only discordant note in his reception was a number of shouts, by friends of the late Governor-General, of "Long live Revoil!"

Acting Governor-General Varnier was in charge of the ceremonies. Deputy Etienne, in an address of welcome to President Loubet, referred with regret to the absence of M. Revoil, declaring that he had won the esteem of all Algeria. In his reply, President Loubet expressed confidence that Algerian politics would not be affected by the retirement of the late Governor-General. The next day the President witnessed military manœuvers by ten thousand troops on Mustapha field. On subsequent days he visited other localities in Algeria and Tunis and returned to France at the end of the month.

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**BELGIAN AFRICA**

Belgian misrule in the Congo Free State, involving atrocities against the natives in the interests of material gain, has attracted the attention of the world anew.

When the Free State was organized by the Congress of Berlin in 1885 it was placed under the sovereignty of King Leopold of Belgium, by whom its affairs are practically directed. Leopold's "business instincts" are well known, as also his unscrupulousness in "getting gain." A pamphlet published in England in 1901, entitled Trading Monopolies in West Africa, riddled the claim of the Belgian Government that its administration of affairs in Kongoland is "philanthropic." A little over a year ago, Captain Guy Burrows, after six years of service in the Kongo State government, described atrocities of the most horrible character committed upon the natives by authorities having concessions of rubber lands. He showed that the "reforms" instituted by King Leopold and the Belgian government had only "thrown dust in the eyes of the public." And now we have Captain Burrows' Curse of Central Africa, published in London, from which it appears that Kongo natives have been delivered from Arab slave-drivers only to become the slaves of the Free State Company. The stories of cruelties practised by its officials equal and surpass the ghastliest tales from Armenia and Bulgaria. Associated with Captain Burrows in the publication of this book is Mr. Edgar Canisine, who also spent several years in the service of the Free State Company.

Among recent witnesses who testify to these atrocities may be mentioned: Mr. Fox Bourne, author of a volume entitled Civilization in Kongoland; the Rev. DeWitt C. Snyder, who has returned to America from missionary work in the Kongo Free State, and the Rev. William Morrison, of Lexington, Va., a member of the American Presbyterian Mission. Long ago Henry M. Stanley wrote: "Every tusk, piece and scrap of ivory in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child." According to the testimony of the men whose names have been given, the Arab and the Portuguese have been surpassed in fiendish cruelty by many of the employés of the Belgian Kongo Company. The conduct of affairs in Kongoland is a violation of the solemn pledges given to the European nations when the Free State was created.

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**ITALIAN AFRICA**

Italian Somaliland borders on the Indian Ocean, contains 188,000 square miles, and has an estimated population of 850,000. Seven years ago the Italian Government yielded the administration, for a period of fifty years, of the region known as El Benadir to a company which was to develop and govern the same in accordance with the provisions of the Berlin and Brussels Conventions. Serious charges are now made against the company of having neglected these provisions and, among other things, of conniving at the slave trade.

An investigation seems to have established the justice of the charges. But little has been done to develop the colony; there are but few Italian residents, and they have to be guarded from constant dangers.

*Courtesy of Collier's Weekly*

DAVID R. FRANCIS

**THE BRAINS OF THE FAIR**

The Hon. David R. Francis, the President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, is unquestionably the first citizen of St. Louis, and of the State of Missouri as well. He is a fine exemplar of the Western man, and characterizes in a marked degree the typical American. He has been the prime mover in the present Exposition, and it is due to his personality and tireless energy that the St. Louis Fair has assumed the importance that it has, not only in this country, but abroad as well. When there was some doubt concerning the representations and exhibits of foreign nations, Mr. Francis made a hurried trip to Europe, personally interviewed the heads of many governments, secured their co-operation in the work of the Fair, and returned to this country with his mission successfully accomplished. It was a brilliant coup, and assured the international scope of the Exposition.

Mr. Francis is a Kentuckian by birth. His education was acquired at Washington University. Moving to St. Louis, he became interested in the grain business there and in time became a leader in it, and the President of the Merchants' Exchange. He found time, however, to interest himself in politics, and it was not long before he was elected made a good governor, although his independent ways and fearlessness incurred the displeasure of the politicians. When Missouri later went for free silver, Mr. Francis went out of office. Upon the resignation of Hoke Smith from the position of Secretary of the Interior, at Mr. Cleveland's invitation Mr. Francis accepted the position in the cabinet. At the end of the Cleveland administration, he returned to business and did not come prominently before the public again until the subject of a fair to commemorate the Louisiana Purchase was broached. He was put at the head of the undertaking, and his tireless endeavors and skilful management in this vast project are now matters of current history.

**M. JEAN JAURÈS**

The recent election of M. Jean Jaurès as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, and his more recent attitude in connection with Dreyfus's appeal to General André to reopen an investigation of the famous *affaire*, has brought the name of this distinguished French Socialist into unusual prominence.

M. Jean Jaurès was born at Castres (Tarn) in 1859. He is a graduate of the *Ecole Normale*, which has furnished so many men to the service of the State. In 1885 he was elected deputy of the Tarn, and in the French Chamber voted with the moderate Republicans. In 1889 he lost his seat there, and went to Toulouse, where he was active in founding a medical school. Already he showed indications of Socialistic proclivities. His interest in the working classes and labor organizations became pronounced, and he became their champion. Later he was returned to the Chamber as deputy for Albi, and became the leader of the Socialistic party there. His literary and passionate eloquence placed him among the great speakers of his country. From the time of his second election to the Chamber, he has played a great rôle, at the tribune, in the country, during the strikes at Carmaux, and in the polemics of the Dreyfus affair. In 1898 he again lost his seat, and he became the editor-in-chief of the *Petite République*. This became his party organ, and his power was so great that he forced the entry of a Socialist, M. Millerand, in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet. He has ever sought to bring together the diverse factions of the Socialistic party, and has thrown it to

**A GERMAN DRAMATIST**

Great literary movements are often coincident with great national transitions. The awakened and unified national spirit aroused in Germany after the War of 1870 found its natural expression in a new literature. This new literature has a worthy exponent in Gerhardt Hauptmann, who with Sudermann stands at the head of modern German dramatic art.

Gerhardt Hauptmann was born in 1862, in Salzbrunn, Silesia. His first art impulse was towards sculpture. But he soon abandoned that for the drama. His first play, *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, was written in 1889. This was followed in time by *Das Friedenfest*, *Einsame Menchen*, *Die Weber*, *Hannele's Himmelfahrt*, *Florian Geyer*, *Die Versunkene Glocke*, *Fuhrman Henschel*, and *Christus*. In his earlier works he studied the effects of heredity, and thus paid his tribute to Ibsen. But he soon gained his freedom from the great Norwegian. The second phase of his works concerned itself with the intellectual inequality in marriage. The latest phase of his talent is mystical and symbolic in the extreme as exemplified in *Hannele's Himmelfahrt* and *Die Versunkene Glocke*.

*Courtesy of International Theatre, Paris*
GERHARDT HAUPTMANN

Hauptmann's mingled Wertherism and pessimism, interweaving German national traditions with those of the newer Scandinavian school, early won him a reputation among German authors. He represents the curious anomaly of a realist and an idealist. He may be said to be the one living master of both. His talent rests above all in the truth and profundity of observation, the power of conception, and the exactitude of language. Through many of his plays runs a poetic *motif*. *Die Versunkene Glocke*, which Hauptmann has called a fairy drama, is written partly in rhyme, partly in blank verse. Added to the poetical glow in his dramas, and in spite of their somewhat analytical tendencies, is much action and the throb of passion. It has been said of him that "he is the only living poet who is also a born writer of plays—the one living master of realism who is also a master of idealism." He belongs to that small group of men who are trying to bring poetry back into the drama, and what he is doing for Germany, Stephen Phillips and Edmond Rostand are doing for England and France, respectively. But the author of Paolo and Francesca and the author of *Les Romanesques*, while fully equal to their German *confrère* in poetical ability, are not quite his equal in dramatic art, although many will refuse to consider Rostand his inferior in this matter. In symbolism Hauptmann outstrips them both, although his symbolism is not pushed to the extreme to which Arthur Rimbaud raised it in his Sonnet of Vowels in which he attributed to each vowel its appropriate color. To find the analogy of his genius we must go to Belgium, to the author of *Pelléas et Melisande* and *Monna Vanna*.

Thus, while Sudermann may be compared to Ibsen in the power of his reality, Hauptmann presents certain characteristics in common with Maeterlinck, the Belgian symbolist and mystic. Although the work of Hauptmann is not as broad as Sudermann's, his position in the drama is high and of unquestioned power. His works are not only acted and enjoyed in his own country, but are played in the great capitals of the world and have exerted a powerful influence upon all modern writers and students of the drama.

younger actresses of America. Possessed of an appealing individuality and unmistakable charm, she adds thereto a clearness of intellect and sureness of art which are in many ways remarkable. She is scarcely more than twenty, and her rapid rise to critical and popular favor during the past two years has been so marked as to attract general attention.

As can be imagined, Miss Robson's dramatic career is comparatively brief. She made her début in 1897 in Men and Women, in which her work evoked much favorable comment. Her most pronounced successes have been in the following plays: Arizona, Unleavened Bread, In a Balcony, A Gentleman of France, and Audrey. The coming season will witness her advent in a broader and bigger field. She will be seen in La Valliere, written for her by M. Henri Battaile, and in Agatha, a play by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Louis N. Parker. At present Miss Robson is playing Juliet. Speaking of her part, she modestly says, "My hopes are centered in the desire to do the best I can with this undertaking, to prove a not unworthy follower in the long line of Juliets, to win the approval of the great theater-going public—an approval which may be regarded as indicative of the

ELEANOR ROBSON

Miss Robson is unassuming, a characteristic rare among the followers of her profession. Added to this, her youth, beauty, and charm constitute a personality that is delightful. Time will undoubtedly round out her art and bring it to the full flower of its perfection. She has played supporting parts to some of our great actors, and embraced the privilege of studying, analyzing, and absorbing the master impersonations. More than this, she is deeply in earnest, conscientious, and painstaking. It is to be hoped that the plaudits of the hour will not turn her steps into those easy ways and byways into which others of her profession have strayed, content to rest upon their first acquired laurels and satisfied to become identified with the *Zeitgeist* and its representative—the mummer. To become too famous at once very often has its penalties in histrionic art and brings about an embarrassment of glory which in time leads to carelessness in work and a consequent falling off in favor. So far in her career, Miss Robson has fortunately been free from these pitfalls. Her future career will be watched with care by those whose interest in the stage is founded upon the desire to see both the theater and actor worthily represent the drama.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS FROM THE FINE ARTS BUILDING

# The Louisiana Purchase Exposition

The St. Louis Fair will challenge favorable comparison with previous World Fairs, both in this country and abroad. Above all, it is meant to characterize the industry and the growth of the Louisiana Purchase. Napoleon's words: "They asked me for a city; I gave them an empire," have indeed been fraught with truth. The Louisiana Purchase reminds us that the Latin races are not without witnesses of their influence on this continent. Thus, while the Fair will lend testimony to the industrial progress of the world, it will also very largely indicate the growth and welfare of the vast region known as the Great Southwest, of which St. Louis is the natural capital. The rapid advances made by this region and of St. Louis, are fittingly portrayed in The World's Work:

St. Louis, which was only a fur-trading post on the far frontier when Jefferson bought it, was, in 1900, in the gross value of its manufactured product, fourth among the country's cities, leading Boston, which is one of our oldest manufacturing centers. Minneapolis stands first among the country's cities in flouring and grist-mill products.

The wool product of the Louisiana region, which is one of its smallest interests, would, for 1902, more than pay the whole sum which the province cost. The corn yield of one of its States, Iowa, last year would have paid that price more than six times. A single year's manufactures of one of its cities, St. Louis, would pay Jefferson's $15,000,000 price for the whole territory fifteen times over.

Besides transferring the United States' boundaries from the Mississippi ultimately to the Pacific, the Louisiana annexation and its direct results, the acquisition of Texas, of New Mexico, of California, and of Oregon, swung the seat of the country's activities across the Alleghanies into the great valley. The geographical center of the contiguous parts of the United States is in Northern Kansas, in the heart of the Louisiana Purchase, and the other pivotal points are traveling rapidly in the same direction. The center of population, which was a few miles west of Baltimore in 1801, when Jefferson was first inaugurated, was near Columbus, Ind., in 1900; and the center of manufactures, which was hurrying after it, was close to Mansfield, Ohio, in the same year. At the same time the center of the corn production was fifty-four miles southwest of Springfield, Ills., and the center of the number of farms was 110 miles east by south from St. Louis, in Wayne County, Ills., not far from the Louisiana Purchase border.

In 1900 the centers of the production of wheat, of oats, and of the country's aggregate cereal crop were all in Iowa. In these four instances the center, in its westward march, sprang across the Mississippi since 1890, except that the wheat center made the leap just previous to that year.

This swinging of the United States' productive

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EXCAVATING FOR THE MAIN LAGOON

pivotal points toward the Louisiana territory or into it is rendered especially impressive by the fact that the United States produces thirty-four per cent. of the world's manufactures, thirty-five per cent. of its cattle, fourteen per cent. of its sheep, fifty-two per cent. of its swine, twenty-two per cent. of its wheat, and seventy-six per cent. of its corn.

The star of empire still moves westward. Sixty years ago Benton declared that the 2,000 settlers then starting from Missouri's frontier for the Pacific coast would open for us the "North American road to India," which he said lay "through the South Pass and the mouth of the Oregon (Columbia)." Two other avenues of access to Asia have been opened since—one by Puget Sound, which was only a geographical expression when Benton spoke, and the other by the Golden Gate, which then was not even a name. All three, fronting on Asia, the densest populated area on the globe, will build seaports from San Diego to Seattle, and will swing the center of the country's population, activities and wealth far into the broad Louisiana region.

All these achievements and the settlement of this vast area by the most efficient population in the world were rendered inevitable when Napoleon and Jefferson, by the annexation of Louisiana in 1803, placed the American republic on the roll of the world's great powers.

The details of the origin and organization of an enterprise so vast as a World's Fair are always of interest. The success of a great exposition is largely due to successful management. Skilfulness and a singular amount of shrewdness have been characteristic of those who are responsible for the St. Louis Fair. Due testimony to their success was voiced in the speeches of President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland, at the dedicatory ceremony of April 30th. The following extract from a recent issue of the American Inventor outlines the origin and the organization of the Exposition:

The proposition of inaugurating a celebration to commemorate the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from Napolean Bonaparte was first definitely brought to the attention of the public in 1897, but the first step toward definite action was taken by the Missouri Historical Society, which appointed, in 1898, a committee of fifty to consider the possibility and manner of such celebration. This committee appointed a sub-committee of four to arrange for a convention of like committees appointed by each State in the territory of the Louisiana Purchase for this same purpose. Among the members of this committee of four of Missouri, was the president of the now organized Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, Hon. David R. Francis.

Through the direct and indirect efforts of this committee of four the plan of a celebration grew until the citizens of St. Louis had subscribed $5,000,000, the city of St. Louis $5,000,000, the Government of the United States over $6,000,000, and the State of Missouri $1,000,000. The subscribers to the $5,000,000 elected a board of directors numbering ninety-three, none of whom are to receive any compensation for their services. These ninety-three men represent the heads of the most successful business enterprises in the city and cover every line of industry. Never before was such a representative body of men drawn together for the

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FLOOR OF THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING. ELECTRICITY AND VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDINGS IN THE DISTANCE

purpose of creating an exposition, and never before, it may truthfully be said, has a World's Fair been launched with such backing.

The Executive Committee is composed of twelve of the most prominent and important business men of the city, selected from the Board of Directors.

In addition to this organization a special Exposition Commission was appointed by President McKinley to represent the United States Government in the administration of the affairs of the exposition. This commission consists of nine representative men carefully selected from different sections of the country and is known as the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Commission. The title of the incorporating company is "The Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company." The approval of the Government Commission is necessary to all the important business connected with the work.

The executive committee, acting in conjunction with the various other committees, has selected an executive working force for the exposition, to create, collect, and install it, heading the force with four controlling directors, as follows: Director of Exhibits, Director of Exploitation, Director of Works, and Director of Concessions and Admissions. Following the Executive divisions further, there is, under the Division of Exhibits, a staff of chiefs of the various departments of exhibits of the exposition, all under the control of the Director of Exhibits, the head of the Division of Exhibits. This expert working force will procure and install all of the exhibits of the exposition.

With such strength in its organization, from the chief of each department in the Division of Exhibits through the Director of Exhibits to the President of the Exposition Company, and supported and advised by a capable Board of Directors and by the National Commission, it is not surprising that the exposition is taking on such proportions. If present evidence means anything, there is little doubt that St. Louis will have the greatest of all world's fairs.

Now as to the Fair itself. The grounds comprise the Western half of Forest Park, six miles west of the Mississippi River. Work was begun in August, 1901. The general plan provides for fourteen great exhibition buildings. The total cost of the buildings will average about seven million dollars. Besides these main buildings there will be many others —State buildings, the buildings of foreign nations, the Festival Hall, and the numerous supplementary show and amusement buildings. An article in the May *Criterion* interestingly describes the general plan of the Exposition.

Never before has there been an international exposition projected on such a magnificent scale as the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904. It will be greater in extent, more comprehensive in its scope and it promises to be more beautiful from the purely spectacular standpoint than any one which has preceded it.

To those who visited the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and remember the wonderful vistas of architecture, sculpture, and landscape gardening which contributed to that splendid ensemble, it seems almost effrontery to declare that that exposition is to be far surpassed at St. Louis in 1904. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition will lack the great expanse of water-front which added so much to the attractiveness of the Chicago World's Fair; yet, within the grounds, the groupings of the buildings, and the arrangement of the

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EDUCATION BUILDING. SKELETON OF MANUFACTURES BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND

lagoons and waterways, with the magnificent scheme of cascades along the terraced hillside which dominates the picture—all enriched by sculpture and brightened by the color effects of an elaborate system of landscape gardening—promise to present a composition far more beautiful than that afforded by the wonderful Court of Honor at Chicago.

While the Louisiana Purchase Exposition actually will be greater in extent than the Chicago Exposition, the Paris Exposition of 1900, and the Pan-American Exposition combined, the idea of holding the most extensive display thus far in the history of the world is not the predominating consideration. In every department of the Division of Exhibits the aim is to secure productions of high character, and to install them in a dignified, impressive manner, rather than to crowd the structures with exhibits of inferior average quality with resulting indifferent effect. Owing to the very comprehensive classification in every department, and to the fact that the exhibit field has increased tremendously during the last few years, more space, naturally, is required than for an exposition with more limited classification. In the Department of Art, for instance, there are a great many exhibit groups which had no place in the Departments of Art at Chicago and Paris.

In architecture the Exposition buildings, for the most part, are of classic design, with some modern modification—much after the general scheme of the buildings at Chicago. They are far more dignified than were most of the Paris structures. At the Paris Exposition the architecture was largely flamboyant and suggestive of the transitory. Here the festive nature of the Exposition will be expressed by certain of the sculpture groups placed about the grounds, and by various structures devoted to recreation and amusement, while the exhibit palaces have a certain dignified seriousness and a suggestion of stability comporting well with their purpose. They are to be of an ivory color when finished, with mural decorations in the loggie and within the various colonnades. Many of them will have appropriate sculptural decorations. In the Exposition grounds there will be over two hundred and fifty groups of sculpture, with more than a thousand figures.

Several of the exhibit palaces are to have great interior courts, and in one of them there are to be hanging gardens along the attic story line. Five of these great structures already are near completion, and the general construction of the Exposition is being pushed vigorously and with great rapidity. To-day views in various parts of the Exposition grounds give impressive effect to the promise that has been made—that this Exposition shall surpass, in the splendor, dignity, and beauty of its palaces, grounds, and vistas, any other held thus far in the history of the world! All the buildings are to be completed, ready for the installation of the exhibits, by the close of the year. The Exposition will actually open on the 30th of April, 1904, and will continue until December 1st of that year.

The Exposition grounds are in the form of a great rectangle, approximately two miles long by one mile wide. The arrangement of the principal exhibit structures suggests the lines of a fan. At the apex of the converging lines is the great Festival Hall, which is the center of a semi-circular terrace extending along the brow of a hill which dominates the center of the picture This terrace is to be ornamented with fourteen groups of statuary, typifying the fourteen States and Territories which belonged originally to the territory of the Louisiana Purchase. Along the hillside will be a series of cascades, flanked on either side by statuary and suggesting in some degree the beautiful cascades at St. Cloud, France. In this scheme one looks

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THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING

upon a picture in which are combined the two principal features of the Court of Honor at Chicago. The Festival Hall, a great circular structure which will cover more than two acres, and be over two hundred feet in height, is about the equivalent of the Administration Building at Chicago, while the semi-circular colonnade, of which it is the center, will be quite as beautiful as the peristyle that filled the north end of the Chicago Court of Honor. A broad lagoon occupies the center of the composition at the foot of the hill, with lateral lagoons stretching between the great exhibit palaces. On the lines of the promenades these lagoons will be crossed by handsome bridges.

The beautiful site of the Exposition is six miles west of the Mississippi River, at the western limits of the city of St. Louis, and embraces the west half of Forest Park and adjacent lands. No exposition of the past has had a situation so naturally attractive. Its hills and shallow valleys give it many charming landscape features. Portions of the grounds are covered with tall trees, and the delightful groves will serve as restful retreats for tired visitors who seek diversion from sight-seeing. Most of the houses of the various States will be placed in one of these large groves.

Besides its serious aspects, an Exposition must have its pleasure and entertainment features. The world loves to be amused. This side of the St. Louis Fair has received due attention on the part of its directors. Attractions are promised which seem fair to exceed the entertainment features of the Paris and Chicago Exhibitions. Some of these attractions are designated in the National Magazine:

The St. Louis Exposition is especially to be one of interest, of attraction. In the Exhibit Palaces it will not offer the array of still life presented at Chicago. Motion, color, variety, are to be the characterizing features of this Exposition. Demonstration of interesting processes of production and manufacture will be the rule in connection with all of the departments of exhibits. The article to be exhibited will not be shown alone, as at Paris and Chicago—but its evolution will be illustrated—its passage from the crude through all the stages and processes to the finished state—the transformation of the raw material into the finished product. This will add much to the educational value of the Exposition.

A feature of striking interest and of remarkable significance will be the great International Aërostatic Tournament. Air-ships will compete at St. Louis, in 1904, in earnest and under definite direction. Two hundred thousand dollars has been set aside by the Exposition management to be devoted to this tournament for prizes, etc., of which $100,000 is offered as a single grand prize for the most successful dirigible air vehicle. These aërostatic tests will be the central object of interest of the civilized world in the summer of 1904. They will undoubtedly draw an unprecedented attendance to the Exposition. Santos-Dumont and other leading aëronauts will take part in the tournament.

The famous Olympic games will constitute another remarkable attraction in connection with the Exposition Department of Physical Culture. Music at this Exposition will surpass all precedents. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be spent for musical entertainments and novelties. There will be bands of all nations at St. Louis which, upon special occasions, will be assembled into one great band of 2,000 pieces. An organ with 140 stops—the greatest in the world—will add to the volume and variety of melody

Almost ten times as much money will be spent in St. Louis in preparing entertainment features as was expended at the Columbian Exposition of 1893.

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THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING

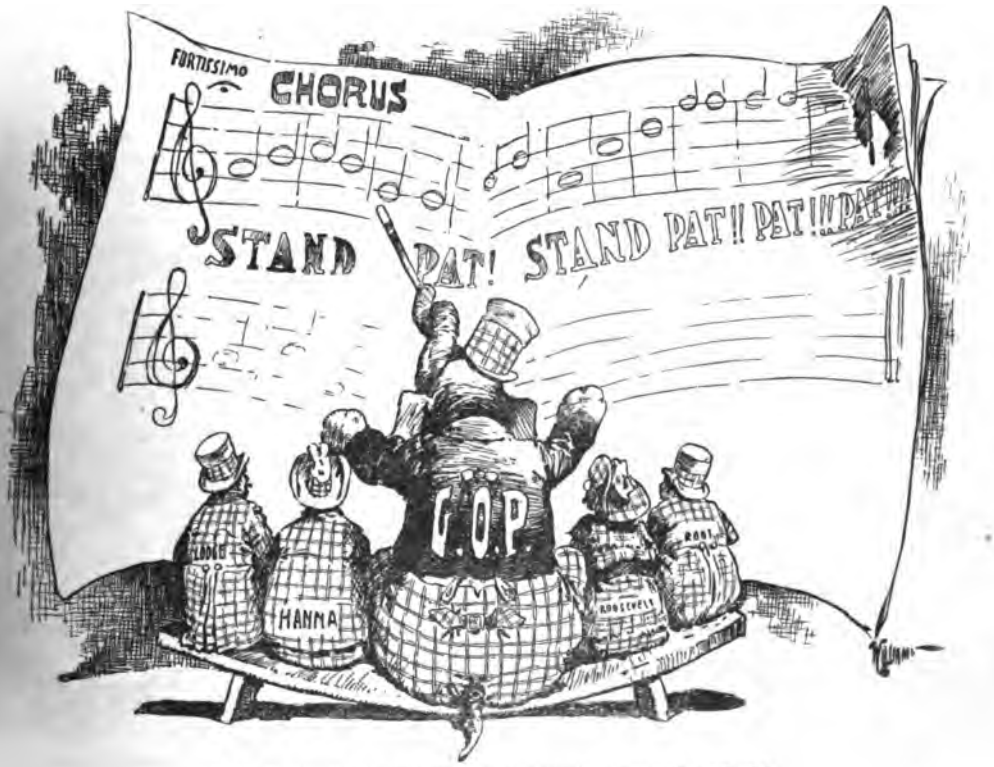
Last, but not least, are the educational advantages to be derived from an Exposition. It is planned at St. Louis to have a representative body of scholars who, in papers and discussions, would ably illustrate the educational progress of the world. An administrative board, of which Nicholas Murray Butler is president, and composed of authorities in different fields of study and research, will lend much to the significance of the Fair. The Congress of Arts and Sciences, which this board is officially named, will bring the Exposition to the scientific and educational attention of the world. Professor Hugo Münsterberg, in the Atlantic, describes the import of this Congress as follows:

The Universal Exposition at St. Louis to-day suggests, in the expansion of the grounds, in the plans of the buildings, in the stage of the preparation, in the eagerness of the countries to participate, and, above all, in the inner scope of the undertaking, a gigantic work of immeasurable value for the Southwest and of high importance for national and international progress. In the face of this broad development, it was a most natural wish that where commerce and industry, art and education, the products of all lands and callings, are exhibited, the work of the scientist should come also to a full presentation. To be sure, just as modern art will reign over every hall and beautify every corner in the white city, so science will penetrate the educational and hygienic exhibitions, will swing the wheels in the industrial halls, and will show its inventions under every roof. And yet, just as art demands its own unfolding in the gallery of paintings and sculptures, so science seeks to concentrate all its energies on one spot and show the cross-section of human knowledge in our days. That, however, cannot be done for the eyes. The great work which grows day by day in quiet libraries and laboratories, and on a thousand university platforms, can be exhibited only by words. Every visible expression, like that of heaped-up printed volumes, would be dead to the World's Fair spectator. How to make such words living, how to make them helpful to the thinkers and scholars themselves, and, at the same time, to human progress—this was the problem which burdened the responsible authorities of the Exposition.

The official history of the steps which followed is easily told. The directors of the Exposition appointed an Administrative Board to supervise the arrangements for a representative gathering of scholars.

The traditional scheme of World's Fair congresses consists in a long list of unconnected meetings with a long program of unconnected papers. I realize fully that such a routine scheme offers to the management the fewest possible difficulties: it needs hardly any preparation. But already at the last Paris Exposition, there was a general feeling that such an arrangement was on the whole useless, without any important value for science, and without any reason for being. And while the city of Paris, with its large body of scholars of first rank and its old traditions, and especially its convenient location, prevented the internal shortcomings of the congresses from being manifest, nothing of that kind holds for St. Louis. No scholar would feel attracted by a repetition of such meetings there; everyone would feel that a World's Fair was the worst possible place for such an undertaking, and that there was no reason to do in St. Louis what each science is doing much more comfortably every year in quiet places of its own selection. In the meantime the aversion to international congresses, with their confusion of languages, has grown on all

MISS DEMOCRACY—"THAT ONE APPEARS TO GET MORE SUN THAN THE OTHERS"—N. Y. TIMES

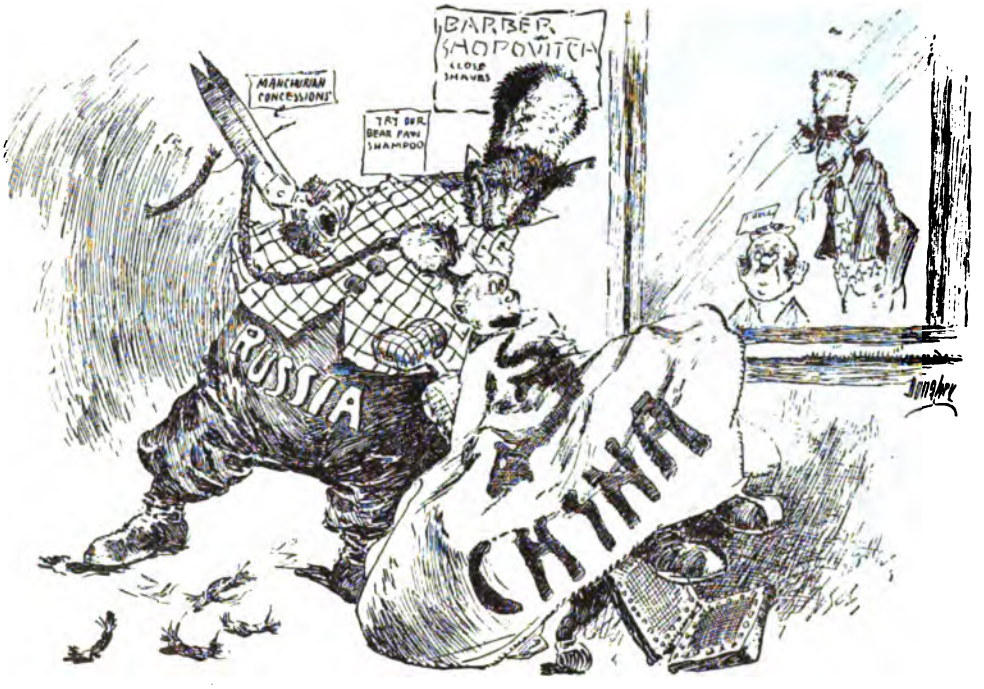



NOW BOYS, MAKE THE WELKIN RING!—BOSTON HERALD

"THEREFORE IS THE NAME OF IT CALLED BABEL"—N. Y. HERALD

PICKING UP THE PILOT—BROOKLYN EAGLE

"THE LADY DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH, METHINKS"—WASHINGTON STAR




THE BARBER: "SAY WHEN!"—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

"I THINK I'LL WITHDRAW"—N. Y. WORLD

SPEAKIN' OF "BAR" HUNTS—OHIO STATE JOURNAL

THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP—LONDON PUNCH

THEY BOTH WEIGH THE SAME IN THE LAW'S SCALES —CLEVELAND LEADER

THE UNDERGROUND MAIL ROUTE—HARPER'S WEEKLY

# Applied Science and Industry

### PRACTICABILITY OF ELECTRICITY FOR RAILROADS

One of the most vital questions of applied science to-day is the solution of the problem of transit, which each day grow more perplexing and yet more interesting. The part which electricity is to play in the future is questionable, but its promises are great and manifold. C. L. De Muralt, writing in the May North American, in answer to a recent article by Mr. Vanderbilt, takes up the question whether the substitution of electricity for steam as a motive power for our railways would be expedient from a financial standpoint. He maintains with considerable force that it would.

Mr. De Muralt considers practically five points: First, cost of a unit amount of fuel; second, amount of useful work realized from this fuel at the driving wheels; third, cost of conducting transportation or handling trains; fourth, cost of repairs to machinery; fifth, cost of repairs to roadway. Mr. De Muralt takes up each of these points separately and makes a good case in favor of the electrical equipment. He goes well into details, and seems to prove his point. A very interesting set of figures which he gives are based on the operating expenses of "the Pennsylvania and the New York Central & Hudson River roads. The former operated last year a total of 3,670 miles of road, the latter a total of 3,320 miles. With an alternating current high potential system, the electric equipment of the line would not cost more than $6,000 to $7,000 per mile, including second, third and fourth tracks and sidings, or a total of $25,690,000 for the Pennsylvania, and $23,240,000 for the New York Central. If we count 10 per cent. for interest, sinking fund, etc., this would represent an annual charge of $2,569,000 in the one case, and $2,324,000 in the other.

"The operating expenses for these two roads during the last year were made up as follows:

| | Pennsylvania. | N. Y. Central. |
|---|---|---|
| Fuel for locomotives (motive power) | $6,000,133.94 | $ 4,635,877.09 |
| Water for locomotives | 335,286.00 | 295,582.77 |
| Other supplies for locomotives | 382,548.12 | 334,672.56 |
| Wages of engineers, firemen and round-house men | 5,716,847.83 | 4,829,442.54 |
| Wages of other trainmen | 4,442,127.34 | 2,991,334.66 |
| Wages of switchmen, flagmen and watchmen | 3,900,427.49 | 2,511,552.06 |
| Other expenses for conducting transportation | 14,540,541.88 | 11,607,537.54 |
| Repairs to locomotives | 4,412,983.29 | 3,608,971.89 |
| Repairs to other equipment | 10,674,725.61 | 5,661,991.79 |
| Repairs to roadbed | 8,541,935.48 | 6,145,341.10 |
| Repairs to structures | 4,122,017.98 | 2,454,690.96 |
| General expenses | 1,858,319.09 | 1,786,494.17 |
| Grand total | $64,927,894.05 | $46,863,489.13 |

"Applying the figures found during the course of our investigation, this list would allow of the following reductions if electricity were adopted as motive power:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fuel, 10 per cent., or | $600,013.39 | $463,587.71 |
| Water, saved entirely | 355,286.00 | 295,582.77 |
| Other supplies, 50 per cent | 191,274.06 | 167,336.28 |
| Wages to engineers, etc., 25 per cent | 1,429,211.96 | 1,207,360.63 |
| Repairs to locomotives, 50 per cent | 2,206,491.65 | 1,804,485.95 |
| Total amount saved | $4,762,277.06 | $3,938,353.34 |

"In the case of either road, the amount saved would be almost double the amount necessary to pay a handsome return on the additional investment, and it will be remembered that we have been extremely conservative in every part of our estimate.

"Similar figures apply to most of our large railroads; and we thus come to the conclusion that it is not in the cost of fuel alone that we may expect to find the economy of the electric system. Some of the other items taken together add up to a very important amount, and will cause the operating expenses of most of our roads to be smaller by using electricity than by using steam, without mentioning at all the advantages of increased comfort to passengers, and the possibility of greater speed, should this be desired.

"Of course, even with these convincing figures, it would not do to imagine that a complete trunk-line system of several thousand miles of road could be converted from steam to electric traction all at once. Yet there is no reason whatever why electricity should not be adopted immediately on those sections of the road where the saving is most apparent. Instead of spending each year large amounts for additional steam engines, as has to be done at present, these amounts could be used for gradually acquiring all the necessary electric locomotives; and, in the meantime, the steam locomotives thus rendered superfluous on the sections operated electrically could be used to complete the rolling stock of the sections still employing steam. The traffic could be carried on in exactly the same way, whether steam or electricity was used as motive power, and thus the change could be made without interfering with the regular operation of the road.

"Hardly anybody doubts that the public would greatly appreciate the advantages inherent in electric traction, and the above figures go to show that the change would in the great majority of cases be accompanied also by an increased net revenue for the railroad company."

### SOME INTERESTING RAILROAD EXPERIMENTS

Several very interesting experiments are being made to increase the speed and safety of railroads. Devices for safety, such as the third rail, used to establish a telephone system and various other schemes of diverse nature appear each day. On the side of speed, probably the most unique scheme is what is known as a magnetic system. The American Exporter gives a clear idea of this original and striking invention:

Magnetism applied to the propulsion of railroad

A. C. Albertson, Ph.D., formerly of the Royal University at Copenhagen, and now a resident of New York City, is the inventor, and he has constructed a working model, including fifteen feet of track, and car weighing 200 pounds, which are on exhibition in the Cable Building in New York City. Professor Albertson's idea appears to be entirely new and original, so far as transportation is concerned, and his little railroad is certainly novel and interesting. If the system is put into practical effect it will be possible to travel by train across the North American continent between San Francisco and New York in ten hours, instead of in five days as at present.

Professor Albertson's idea is to overcome the weight of a railway train by means of powerful magnets, which slide along underneath the rail. Suppose, for instance, that a train weighs ten tons. The engineer in an Albertson locomotive would merely turn on a magnetic force of eleven tons, overcoming the weight of the train and allowing the train to slide along the rails with a friction of only one ton. The entire weight would in this way be more than held up by the magnetic force. In fact, Professor Albertson has found a way to abolish the attraction of gravitation, so far as his train of cars is concerned. The train no longer weighs anything. Instead of pressing downward upon the rails, it pulls upward.

The magnets are caught in a hoodlike manner underneath the rails and fastened above to the trucks of the cars. When the magnetic force is turned off, the car drops down and rests upon eight small wheels; when in motion the force is turned on and the magnetic hooks spring upward and grip the rails, sliding along the smooth oiled surface with the slightest possible friction. Nothing could be simpler, yet this use of magnetism has never been thought of before by the inventors of the world

### THE MONORAIL LINE

Another scheme, whose practicability has already been tested, is the monorail line. An interesting article on this is given in the Scientific American of recent date:

A project was submitted to the British Parliament last year for the building of a railway from Liverpool to Manchester. The trains were to run at the unprecedented rate of 100 miles per hour, the track being built on the Lartigue system—that is to say, with a single central rail. This system has the great advantage of rendering it almost impossible for the train to leave the track and cause those disasters which occur from time to time with our usual system. For the single rail passes right through the center of the cars, which ride upon it, and inclose it on both sides. Strictly speaking the word monorail is a misnomer, for, though it is true that the train is supported almost entirely by a single rail, the two guide rails, which are always provided, are absolutely essential for balancing the cars. Without them the position of each car would vary according to the arrangement of its load, and the train would be thrown into violent oscillation. This monorail proposition was, however, rejected on account of certain details in the construction, but it is now again under consideration, and it seems

This question lends a peculiar interest to a little railway on the west coast of Ireland, which was opened in 1887. The track, which has a central single rail, was built by the Lartigue Railway Construction Company, and is nine miles long. It connects the important town of Listowel with the delightful seaside resort of Ballybunnion.

The central rail, which weighs eight and one-half pounds per foot, is fixed upon a series of A-shaped supports spaced three feet four inches apart, and anchored by transverse horizontal sleepers.

The two auxiliary rails are also fixed upon these supports, parallel to the main rail, but some distance outward from it, and two feet six inches below it. It is obvious that the usual switches cannot be worked on such a system of rails. The switching is effected by means of revolving platforms constructed on the ordinary plan.

The rolling stock also must be adapted to these special conditions. Thus, for instance, the locomotives are built up of two similar engines joined laterally, each having a distinct boiler, firebox and funnel. But the two boilers intercommunicate, so as to equalize the pressure and the level of the water. These twin engines are supported on three wheels two feet six inches in diameter, which fit upon the central rail. One of these, the middle one, is the drive wheel. Four other wheels of ten inches diameter are fixed two on each side and rest laterally against the guide rails. Their axes are vertical, they do not serve in any way for propulsion, and the friction in them is very slight. The double tender will contain about half a ton of coal and 255 gallons of water. It also runs on three central wheels of two feet six inches diameter, and is held in position by running wheels, just like the locomotive. The cars are of two types, according as they serve for carrying passengers or merchandise. Like the locomotive and the tender, they are composed of two twin portions. The passenger cars are twenty feet long, seven feet seven inches high, and ten feet wide. They accommodate twenty-four passengers, twelve on each side. A communication is established between the two halves of the car by means of steps. These cars run on four wheels of one foot eight inches in diameter, placed two at each end of the car and running on the central rail. This enables the train to turn very sharp curves.

For level crossings it was found necessary to build drawbridges, which normally close over the central rail, but which can be withdrawn at the time when a train passes. Signals placed at intervals of 300 feet along the line enable the engine driver to tell whether these drawbridges are down or whether the track is free. The speed on this line is only eighteen miles an hour, but the engines are capable of pulling a train of 240 tons at a rate of twenty-seven miles per hour. The cost of installation of this line, including price of land and rolling stock, was only $15,000, and the little railway has done excellent service since it was opened.

At the international exhibition of Brussels in 1897 Mr. Behr, the director of the Lartigue Railway Construction Company, constructed a model line of the same kind, which operated perfectly. Its length was two and three-quarter miles, and the speed attained sixty-six miles per hour. This success encouraged Mr. Behr to form the project for

the mono-railway between Manchester and Liverpool.

The system appears to be thoroughly adapted for quick traffic. High speed is the goal toward which all traveling tends, and the use of the monorail will often be the means of attaining it. To the little railway between Ballybunnion and Listowel will belong the honor of having been the pioneer of the system.

### ANOTHER GREAT OCEAN LINER

The North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II seems to mark the limit, and from present indications will probably establish a record in ship building. There have been many large ships recently launched and put in commission. There were: the Oceanic, 705 feet over all, the longest ship afloat since the Great Eastern; the Deutschland with her average speed of 23.5 knots an hour, the fastest of the great liners; the Celtic and the Cedric, each 700 feet long and 75 feet beam and over 37,000 tons maximum displacement. A few weeks ago came the Minnesota, which, with her molded depth of 56 feet, is the deepest ship.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II is 706.5 feet in length, making her longer than the Oceanic; beam, 72 feet; molded depth, 52 feet 6 inches; load draft, 29 feet; and displacement, about 26,000 tons.

The passenger accommodation includes 290 first-class cabins and 107 second-class, and one of the "show" features of the ship is her two imperial suites, each of which includes a dining-room, drawing-room, bedroom, and bathroom, all most daintily and tastefully decorated. There are also eight suites that include sitting-room, bedroom and bathroom, and also eight state cabins with bathroom adjoining. The most spacious room in the ship is the first-class saloon, a magnificent room, sixty-nine feet broad and 108 feet long, which provides sitting accommodations for 554 passengers The second-class saloon accommodates 190 passengers. Special features are a children's saloon, a typewriting room, and a safe deposit department. The four kitchens, the largest of which is about fifty-five feet by thirty, can cater to about 800 first-class passengers, 400 second-class, and 1,100 third-class. The crew alone amounts to a complement of 600 individuals, and of these the engine-room staff requires 237.

Speaking of this ship and the future endeavor in the line of shipbuilding, the Baltimore American adduces some interesting prophecies.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II is a magnificent example of what genius can accomplish, and in some respects she is the most remarkable steamship which ever came from any yard. She is longer than the giant Cedric, but narrower of beam and of smaller gross tonnage. She is larger in nearly all of her important dimensions than the steamer Minnesota, launched recently at New London, Ct., but she is of smaller gross tonnage, and her carrying capacity for cargo is probably not more than one-half that of the American-built leviathan. She is, however, greater than any of these in horse-power and speed.

Designed for the North German Lloyd's express —mail and passenger—service between Bremen, Southampton and Cherbourg and New York, all ordinary considerations have been sacrificed to the one great end desired—speed. To the problem of economy in operation, so essential in ordinary transportation enterprises, no attention whatever has been paid. Instead of great cargo holds there are coal bunkers that will take 5,700 tons of coal, or more than is carried by the four largest battle-ships afloat. In the bowels of the vessel are monster engines capable of developing more than 40,000 horse-power, fed by steam from nineteen boilers whose aggregate heating surface is more than two and one-half acres, and which consume coal, when steaming 22.10 knots an hour, at the rate of 660 tons a day. The steamer is, therefore, in striking contrast to others of about the same size. For passengers, mail and package freight, the accommodations are usual and ample; but radical departures lie in the matters of the speed desired, which is twenty-four knots an hour, and in the problem of operation.

The Cedric of the White Star Line (approximately of the Kaiser Wilhelm II's dimensions) draws her revenues from 20,000 tons of cargo, from large passenger lists and from mail-carrying subsidies. The Kaiser Wilhelm II will derive practically no revenues from cargo, yet she must consume about 850 tons of coal a day in order to get her best speed, while the Cedric will make her time on a daily coal consumption of only 250 tons. The question, therefore, is: Which is the ship of the future, the high-powered Kaiser Wilhelm II or that of the Cedric class? It is because the maiden voyage of the North German Lloyd liner sheds some light upon this question that her arrival has attracted so much attention. For a few ships of her class there may be sufficient traffic to make them practicable, but consideration of facts demonstrates that the limit in size and speed among ocean steamers has been reached, if not exceeded, in this new German liner. The Cunard Line is now endeavoring to place among English and Scotch shipyards contracts for two express steamers which shall be able to steam steadily twenty-five knots an hour, no matter what the state of the sea or the weather.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II's maiden performance will, we fancy, lead to some modifications of the Cunard Company's plans. Designed as a twenty-four-knot ship, the Wilhelm made only 22.10 knots on the voyage over. Even at that the enormity of the coal consumption and the aggregate operating expenses were simply staggering. Herr Plate, president of the North German Lloyd Line, came over on the Wilhelm. After watching her performance and studying it closely he made a most interesting statement, saying that to enable a vessel to maintain a speed of twenty-four knots an hour 65,000 horse-power would be required, while 100,000 horse-power would be necessary to give a sustained hourly speed of twenty-five knots. These figures tell the story. To put 100,000 horse-power into a steamship is a virtual impossibility, and, while the greyhounds of the Kaiser Wilhelm II type will continue to traverse the seas, the steamship development of the future will be along the lines of the low-powered, moderately fast cargo-carriers of the Cedric class, in which the 1,000-foot steamer is a possibility promising profit.

both here and abroad in connection with the development of the steam turbine. The most striking results thus far have come from an American, C. G. Curtis, who, working in connection with the General Electric Company of Schenectady, has produced for commercial purposes a steam turbine which many of those who have examined believe has completely revolutionized the method of generating steam power. From the New York Sun comes the following description of Mr. Curtis's invention:

The General Electric people were after something which would generate electricity with a power equal to that of the great Corliss engines, now almost universally used to drive dynamos, but which would be, in most ways, an improvement on those engines. The Corliss engine was taken as a standard because up to this time no engine has been found that will drive dynamos in great electric plants so satisfactorily as the steam giants turned out at the Corliss works. The result is the present Curtis steam turbine. Some idea of how it is regarded by producers of electricity may be had when it is stated that, in spite of the secrecy with which the construction of the turbine has been carried on, and in spite of the fact that the company has made no effort to put it on the market, orders have already been received for machines whose aggregate horse-power is 230,000 in turbine-driven electric generating units. The largest-size machine thus far built is 7,500 horse-power.

The machines which are now being turned out at Schenectady are intended solely to develop power for the generation of electricity for commerical purposes. Generally speaking, the machine consists of two parts, the generator or dynamo, and the turbine. But instead of both being, when set up, in a horizontal position, both are in a vertical position, with dynamo resting on top of the turbine. This arrangement will suggest at once to the practical engineer, a great economy of space in the engine room. The dynamo is circular in form, and revolves around a great steel shaft. The turbine proper consists of three steel wheels, which also revolve about the shaft, and three stationary steel wheels. In the periphery of both the revolving and stationary wheels notches or cups (the technical term is vanes) are cut, resembling somewhat notches cut in a stick. The notches on the periphery of the revolving wheels have a convex curve, while those of the stationary wheels have a concave curve.

Each revolving wheel is superimposed upon a stationary wheel, thus making the cups of either parallel to the other. Steam is admitted to the turbine by a series of nozzles, there being a nozzle for every cup on each revolving wheel. As the steam strikes the cups the wheels revolve. As the steam hits a cup on the first, or uppermost revolving wheel, it is deflected from the convex surface of that cup to the concave surface of a parallel cup on the stationary wheel and thence down to a corresponding cup on the next revolving wheel, and so on to the last, from which the steam passes into a con-

It has been found that the great advantage of the steam turbine in generating electricity is that it gives high speed to the generators or dynamos. As the power of the generator depends entirely on its speed, the higher the speed, within safe limits, the greater the output of the dynamos for a given weight of metal.

An idea of some of the advantages which the Curtis turbine has over the Corliss engines now in use in the big electrical plants may be obtained by a few comparisons. The Corliss engines which generate the electricity for the Manhattan Elevated road develop 7,500 horse-power. There are eight of these engines in the Manhattan power house. The turbine built for the Chicago Edison Company has the same horse-power as one of those engines, but eight of the turbines could be set up in the space occupied by one of the Corliss engines. Moreover, as the turbine is one-eighth the size of a Corliss engine, its dynamo is one-eighth the size of a Corliss engine dynamo.

It will be seen at once that in large cities where land is valuable the space saved by the use of the Curtis turbine is enormous. Furthermore, the turbine is so light as compared with the steam engine that it requires little or no foundation to rest upon. The Corliss engines require such substantial foundations that these alone represent a cost estimated at from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. of that of the entire plant.

Another advantage claimed for the turbines is that they will not require, to look after them, anything like the engine-room force. The turbine, for instance, requires no oiling of its parts. The whole machine, dynamo and turbine, is hung, so to put it, on a great shaft on which turbine and dynamo center. This shaft rests on a cup-shaped steel disk, which is covered with a film of oil which flows into the disk automatically. The oil in the disk is the only lubrication the machine needs.

And this works another advantage for the turbine over the steam engine. The steam does not become impregnated with oil, and therefore may be used again, and when condensed, the water is not foul with oil and does not, therefore, foul the boiler. The item of boiler cleaning alone is not small in great electrical plants where steam engines are used. The turbine also saves water, which means an enormous economy in towns where water has to be paid for according to the amount used.

To the engineer one of the most important results demonstrated by the tests of the Curtis steam turbine is its high economy in the use of steam, both with and without superheat.

It is asserted that the improved Curtis turbine promises to revolutionize navigation. The machine will take up only one-eighth the engine-room space occupied by the engines now in use on steam vessels, which, in itself, is a decided advantage! But, more than all this, Curtis has overcome the difficulty, it is said, which has heretofore made the turbine impracticable for marine purposes. Up to this time a vessel equipped with steam turbines could not be reversed unless it carried another set of turbines for that particular work. With the present Curtis turbine it is asserted a vessel can be reversed at full speed as readily as with a steam engine.

even yet in its infancy. Steam plows are not at all prevalent, and while the steam engine is employed for certain purposes, such as threshing, etc., its use is far from universal. Yet we hear now of experiments with electricity of such a nature as to be at once fascinating and practical. In World's Work there is described a German electrical farm:

In the application of electricity to everyday work, Germany has, perhaps, gone further than any other nation. Electrically heated and operated cooking and laundry apparatus is in common use there, but the most striking single development is the electrical farm. Take, for example, Professor Backhaus's estate near Quednau in Eastern Prussia, which is only one of a large number of German estates run by electricity.

The Quednau farm covers 450 acres and its dairy handles 1,000 gallons of milk daily. Every part of the farm is lighted by electricity, and is in telephone communication with every other part. The dairy has an electrical churn; the barn contains electrically operated feed and carrot cutting machines, and even the grindstone is turned by a small belt from the shaft connected with the barn motor. The water-pumping apparatus is run by electricity; all the buildings are lighted by incandescent lamps, and there is an electrical pipe-lighter at the doors of all the houses. This farm has also its own threshing and grist mill, the machinery of which is turned by a current from the miniature central station, and finally there is a small sawmill which gets its power from the same station. On the farm are all kinds of electrical agricultural machines, including an automobile plow, all run by batteries charged from sub-stations in the fields.

The power for all these various operations—lighting, heating, telephones, churning, cutting, grinding, pumping, threshing, and sawing—comes from a fifty horse-power stationary engine moving two dynamos.

From this station the power is distributed to the parts of the farm, and the switchboard is so plainly marked that the commonest farm-hand can regulate the supply to fit the need. At Crottorf a number of small farms have grouped to support one station, and have their work done by it.

Such plants as these do more than merely lighten farm labor—fewer workmen are needed and greater profits are possible, and the whole business of farming is made more attractive. The barnyard is lighted by an arc light; night work in the fields is possible when it is necessary; the stables are warmed in winter and ventilated in summer by the turning of a switch; indeed, the entire farm runs like a machine at the call of the electric current.

### EXPLORING THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

Two machines invented by an Italian for submarine investigation are both unusual and plausible. Harper's Weekly, which gives an account of Cavaliere Pino, the inventor, says of these:

One is a submarine worker for use at greater depths than divers can endure. It is a big steel egg, built so strong as to withstand great pressure of water, and equipped with steel arms and hands phone which communicates with the surface, and is furnished with electric power, by means of which it proceeds on a single wheel over the sea bottom wherever its governors choose. It holds air enough to last a moderate time, and when more is needed it can be supplied from the surface. In like manner it can be furnished with light. The inventor believes that his machine will be highly effective for the recovery of sunken treasures or articles of any kind that have been lost in the sea. In the case of a sunken ship he proposes to go down in his machine, find the ship, put dynamite in it in the right place, blow off the deck, and direct the operations of men at the surface in getting out the ship's contents. He will be able to mark the position of treasure chests or heavy articles by line and buoy, so that they may be grasped by grapnels and hauled up.

His other invention, the hydroscope, is an apparatus for searching the sea bottom from the surface. The inventor has not yet disclosed how it works. The laws of optics govern its construction, yet it is something much more than an instrument which reflects images from one mirror to another. That it does work, and well, is attested by a group of competent persons who saw it tried in the harbor of Genoa, on January 26, 1903. They certified that through the hydroscope they were able to see clearly objects in the sea bed in their true form, color, and position, and that the instrument did its work well. Its inventor says that down to a depth of 100 meters his apparatus will reveal the sea bed by natural light, and that greater depths than that will require artificial light. The Greek Government has made a contract with him for the recovery of works of art sunk two thousand years ago in Greek waters near Cerigotto, some of which he has already brought up. The English Government, too, has contracted with him for the recovery of specie from the Black Prince, sunk during the Crimean War. His machines will have a good chance to show their abilities. Cavaliere Pino thinks his hydroscope will be used by steamship companies for the entertainment of their passengers, who will no longer be satisfied to see only sky and water when they can easily enjoy a curious and extended subaqueous prospect. "They will see thousands of fishes play and flee before them," he says, "while deserts, fields, forests and mountains will pass like the figures of a cinematograph; daily, and nightly, too, for when the natural light fails, electric light will replace it."

A remarkable machine this must be if it is to do wonders such as these. It is less comprehensible than the Cavaliere's other invention, which is an application of modern means which seems to be fairly due. Submarine machines have in times past been like air-ships in their propensity to disappoint hopes, but since electricity has come to be so easily and effectively handled, they have demonstrated their title to rank among the mechanical wonders that belong in the list of things accomplished. With our Government building Holland boats that dive and swim under water, and the various European governments spending money on subaqueous monsters of like powers and purposes, it is easy to believe that we have reached the time when the sea bottom at reasonable depths can be safely exposed by eye-witnesses, and compelled to give up its possessions.

# In the World of Religious Thought

### BABYLONIAN LEGEND OF CREATION

Mr. L. W. King of the British Museum has recently published a monograph on the Seven Tablets of Creation, and as a result we are now able to form a connected idea of the whole of the Babylonian story of the Creation. "Formerly only twenty-one tablets and fragments inscribed with portions of the legend were known, but now no less than forty-nine separate tablets and fragments have been identified as containing portions of the cuneiform texts of the Creation series. Mr. King has identified twenty-eight new portions and duplicates of Creation texts, and the details of the great story can now be followed consecutively, a thing which up to the present has been impossible."

The following summary of the legend as given by Mr. King is taken from Nature:

At the beginning of all things, Apsu and Tiamat were water deities and typified chaos; to these were born Lahmu and Lahamu, and later appeared Anshar and Kishar, and still later Anu and other gods came into being. One of the newly-found fragments of the first tablet mentions the birth of Nudimmud (Ea), and although Damascius states that Bel, the creator of the world, was the son of Ea and Damkina (*Ἀός, Δαυκη*), it is clear from the fragment that Marduk, who is made to take the leading part in the later tablets of Creation, was supposed to be in existence, like Mummu and Gaga. In the earlier episodes of the Creation story it is Ea and not Marduk who is the hero, and we learn for the first time, from the new material, that it was Apsu, a god of chaos, and not Tiamat, who rebelled against the gods. Apsu disliked the new order of things and the creation of the universe, for the simple reason that the beings who formed members of the new world disturbed his peace and rest; as soon as he had made up his mind as to what was likely to happen, he called Mummu his minister (the *Μωυμι's* of Damascius), and the two went to Tiamat and took counsel with her, and complained that "he could get rest neither by day nor by night." The putting of the house of the world into order by the gods destroyed his rest and peace of mind. Of the conflict which took place between Ea and Apsu and his ally Mummu we know little, but that the great god did not succeed in inflicting a decisive defeat on Apsu and his allies is clear from the fact that, later, Anshar found it necessary to exhort Marduk to do battle with Tiamat. Of the defeat and death of Tiamat we need say little, for the story of how the god of light slew her and split her body into halves is familiar to all. The actual account of the creation of the world by Marduk begins toward the end of the fourth tablet, where it is said that one-half of the body of Tiamat formed a covering for heaven, and that Marduk, having formed E-shara, made the great trinity of Anu, Bel, and Ea to dwell therein.

In the fifth tablet we hear of the fixing of the constellations of the Zodiac, the founding of the year, etc., and it seems as if this section contained an account of the creation of vegetation. The sixth tablet, as we know from one of the new fragments, told the story of the creation of man, and it seems as if Marduk made man with the view both of punishing the gods and of providing a creature who should at all times worship him. Marduk, or Bel, instructed Ea to cut off his (i. e., Marduk's) head, and the man was formed out of the blood which flowed from the god's body. Marduk is made to tell Ea that he intends to create man from his own blood and from the "bone" which he will create; it is important to note that the Assyrian word for "bone" is *issimtu* and that it is the exact equivalent of the Hebrew *'esem*, "bone," which occurs in Genesis ii: 23, in connection with the account of the creation of woman.

The creation of man was the final act of creation, and when this was accomplished the gods assembled in their council chamber in Upshukkinaku, with Marduk at their head, and they sang to him a hymn of praise, the text of which forms the seventh section of the Creation story and contains fifty addresses to the god. How Marduk managed to survive his decapitation is not told us, and we can only surmise that he met the gods in their council chamber in some sort of spiritual body. The space at our disposal will not allow us to call attention to many very interesting details of the legend, especially in the parallels which may be drawn between parts of it and the Book of Genesis; these prove beyond all reasonable doubt that the Jews borrowed large portions of their religious literature from their kinsmen the Babylonians, and that the seven days of Creation were imagined long before the days of the patriarch Abraham. The student of comparative folklore will find much to interest him in Mr. King's latest work, and will perhaps trace the mingling of legends illustrated in it with somewhat mixed feelings. Mr. King's texts are carefully edited and well copied, and his translations, which we have examined in several passages, are faithful and not unduly literal, and his work is a credit to English Assyriology.

### DECREASE OF PROTESTANTISM IN NEW YORK

That Presbyterianism and Protestantism generally have failed to keep pace with the increase of population in New York were facts that were brought out at a recent meeting at Carnegie Hall. The committee on Presbyterian Church extension reported that while there were fifty-six churches of this denomination in 1890, in 1900 there were only fifty-two. On the other hand, the Rev. Dr. Laidlaw, Secretary of the Federation of Churches, in

cism. The reason for this gain was not hard to find. With the enormous influx of Italians into the lower East Side district Protestantism could not hope to combat Roman Catholicism there, and instead of remaining has gone northward. The New York Sun quotes Dr. Laidlaw as saying:

Protestant sympathy has been practically abandoning its claims to be a great "Catholic" church. But it is not fair to describe the removal of Protestant churches from the lower East Side district as cowardly desertion. They left because there was no longer any demand for them sufficient to justify further expenditure of energy and money in the district. With radical changes in the population had come in religious prejudices hostile to them, and it was wise for them to leave the spiritual guardianship of the new inhabitants to churches for which they had a preference. The Roman Catholic Church can do for the religious elevation of the people of its faith what Protestantism cannot hope to do.

Moreover, the greater relative growth of Roman Catholicism there and in the city generally is attributable largely to the circumstance that the immigration of the last ten years which was not Jewish was almost wholly Catholic, the country from which now the largest is coming being Italy. To hold these people to their traditional religion and to incite in them obedience to it is the most tremendous task before the Roman Catholic Church, for their tendency to fall away from it, especially those of the generation brought up here, is strong. Practically, when they give up fidelity to Catholicism they abandon religious observances altogether, and the chance of Protestantism among them is inconsiderable. Leaving to the Catholic Church the duty of taking care of the spiritual concerns of Catholics is not "desertion," it is a wise recognition of a necessity.

It must also be borne in mind when considering the relative growth of Christian churches in New York that there are now here more than 600,000 Jews, of whom perhaps two-thirds are in the district to the south of Houston street and to the east of the Bowery, to which Dr. Laidlaw refers more particularly. These East Side Jews are almost exclusively of the strictly Orthodox school, and attempts to convert them to Christianity are practically vain.

The fact must be faced that New York is already the seat of the greatest Jewish community in the world, and that this community is increasing rapidly through the numerous immigration of the strictest school of Judaism. In New York there are now one-half as many Jews as Roman Catholics and one-third as many as Protestants, even counting the 636,000 "lapsed Protestants." If Jewish immigration continues to come in at the rate which has prevailed since 1900, the number of Jews in New York will be something like a million by 1910, or toward one-quarter of the whole population. Theirs, moreover, is an exceedingly enduring and prolific race, and in estimating the religious condition of New York it must hereafter have a foremost place in the count. Not the percentage of growth of Protestantism and of Catholicism is the

#### THE AGNOSTIC'S DILEMMA

Mrs. Francis Darwin, writing in The International Journal of Ethics, on the Religious Training of Children by Agnostics, says:

Many agnostic fathers and mothers turn over the religious education of their children to nurses or governesses or teachers. "We do not believe these things," they tacitly say, "but we do not know what to teach you, so we will pass you on to those who think they do." And fine work they make of it! The jumble of half-heathen and half-Christian notions which get into the mind of a child exposed to the tender mercies of nurse-maids and volunteer religious teachers is something to make one alternately laugh and weep. Such abdication, by the way, is not peculiar to agnostic parents. Too many nominal believers allow ignorant or rash hands to sow all manner of strange seeds in the soil of their children's minds, which they themselves leave religiously uncultivated. But the especial disaster of the unbelieving father who surrenders his child's religious teaching to another is that a wholly unnatural element is thereby brought into family life. Childhood reposes a touching and beautiful confidence in the absolute wisdom of parents. Therefore, for them to stand aside, in presence of the deepest things of life—to say, "We cannot talk to you about all that; you must believe what so and so tells you, though we cannot"—is to introduce rupture and self-repression into the lives of children, most unwholesomely.

The New York Evening Post makes the following comment on the question:

A reassuring view of the whole matter may be taken by those who will bear in mind two facts. One is that children can shed an extraordinary amount of theology. They "take" it, and they outgrow it, as they do chicken-pox or measles. The particular form in which it comes to them does not, therefore, signify so much as some people suppose. For—and this is the second fact—life and conduct are shaped by something other than formal religious teaching. There is social example and inherited habit and the whole ambient of civilization which, in the long run, go more inevitably and powerfully into the formation of character than suckling in any creed. Mrs. Darwin's problem is, after all, minor and incidental. The fig tree looking on the fig tree becometh fruitful, says the Oriental proverb; and it is largely by means of unconscious imitation and unwitting transmission that virtue renews and perpetuates itself through the generations.

#### WHAT LEO XIII HAS DONE

When in 1878 Pius IX died there was a very general impression that the popery was doomed. In Germany, in Poland, in Spain,

and in France, its enemies were powerful and merciless. In Italy it had suffered the most bitter humiliation. Leo XIII became Pope, and during the twenty-five years of his Pontificate, the influence of the Papacy has steadily grown. In an article on Leo XIII and the next Pope, which appeared recently in Harper's Weekly, we find the following interesting account of what that wonderful man has done:

Although Leo XIII has persistently refused to touch a penny of the munificent annual subsidy voted by the Italian Parliament as a partial compensation for the loss of the Pope's temporal dominions, and although he has, therefore, been forced to depend for the maintenance of the Vatican establishment exclusively upon the voluntary contributions of faithful Catholics, he has never known what it was to be stinted in respect of pecuniary resources. Although he has maintained unflinchingly the position taken by Pius IX, that loyal Catholics should neither vote at Parliamentary elections, nor accept office under the Italian monarchy, he has not encountered the expected disobedience of the injunction, but, on the contrary, through the constant withdrawal of Catholic voters from the ballot-box, the civil power has been rendered incapable of constructing a Conservative party. The monarchy has thus been left to the struggle for its existence against Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists, and might have succumbed but for the insane assassination of King Humbert, which gave the dynasty a longer lease of life. At the end of twenty-five years, the Quirinal has more to gain than to lose by a compromise with the Vatican.

So far as Germany is concerned, Catholicism under the guiding hand of Leo XIII has triumphed all along the line in its contest with the civil power. Bismarck, who swore that, for his part, he would never go to Canossa, was ultimately forced to do that very thing when he repealed the greater part of the Falk laws in order to secure for his policies the indispensable support of the large and admirably organized Catholic party of the Center in the Reichstag. Only the other day we witnessed the culmination of the victory when Chancellor von Bülow found himself constrained to urge the Bundesrath to abolish the remnant of the so-called May legislation which forbade Jesuits to live in Germany. When we bear in mind that this surrender of the civil power to Catholicism in the empire founded by Bismarck was brought about by a Pope utterly denuded of temporal power, and compelled to rely on Peter's pence for his household expenses, we must acknowledge that sheer intellect has seldom gained a more resplendent victory.

In other parts of Europe the moral influence exerted by the so-called captive of the Vatican has proved hardly less effective. The traditional privileges conceded to the Catholic hierarchy in Poland, which were seriously menaced by the Czar a quarter of a century ago, remain to-day substantially intact. If in Spain the restored Bourbon dynasty which in 1878 seemed destined to be short lived, has endured up to the present hour, notwithstanding the loss of Spain's transmarine dependencies, the unexpected fact is due mainly to the cautious and far-sighted attitude enforced upon the Spanish hierarchy by the Vatican, which has shown itself as firmly opposed to Carlism on the one hand as to Republicanism on the other.

During the last twelvemonth the patience of the Vatican has been subjected to a severe strain by the enforcement of the law against religious associations in France; nevertheless, by a judicious silence, Leo XIII has refrained from giving the enemies of Catholicism the desired pretext for a violent rupture. By no means least among the achievements that may be recorded in the epitaph of the present Pontiff is the fact that, thanks to him almost exclusively, the *Concordat* with France still exists.

We need not say that the last quarter of a century has witnessed a remarkable expansion of Catholicism *in partibus infidelium*, that is to say in the British empire and in the United States. The vast Catholic cathedral about to rise in London is a symbol of the progress made by the Church of Rome toward a partial reassertion of its former influence in the United Kingdom. How does it happen that Catholicism prospers in the two countries where the utmost freedom of thought obtains? That Catholicism should at one and the same time commend itself to the religiously minded, while it escapes rancorous opposition on the part of atheists, is due largely to the wisdom of the attitude maintained by Leo XIII toward Socialism on the one hand and toward the Higher Criticism of the Bible on the other. While adhering with unwavering firmness to his belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and to his belief in the sacredness, necessity and usefulness of the organization whereof he is the head, the present Pope has shown himself willing at the same time to concede the expediency of revising vernacular translations of the Bible in the light of modern scholarship, and willing also to make large economical concessions to the Socialistic movement, provided its leaders would abjure their demand for an utterly godless state. He has not silenced the Higher Criticism, nor has he brought about a compromise between Socialism and Christianity; but he has immensely abated the distrust and rancor with which the Catholic Church was at one time regarded by scientists and by social reformers.

### THE ART OF PREACHING

During the last generation noticeable changes have taken place in the art of preaching, writes Dr. Joseph Parker, in The Atlantic. Artificialism has been replaced by reality; yeasty rhetoric by common sense. Melvillism is dead; Croly no longer heads a school; Robert Hall is all but forgotten; the Claytonian cult is quietly laughed at as a grotesque shadow of a past never to be reinstated. To-day the man who would preach with true and lasting effect must be sincere, intelligent, and sympathetic—in a word, he must be a man, a teacher, a friend. Preaching is the most impertinent of all impertinences, if there be not behind it and round about it a sense of authority other and better than human. The preacher must deliver a positive and author-

ized message rather than suggest tentative and variable theories; he must have an articulate and urgent Gospel; he is not called upon to exploit his latest invention in pulpit dreams. What preacher does not remember the time when he could never satisfactorily conclude a sermon except "amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," yet who would now, in the twentieth century, willingly break up the world and sit down upon the hot ashes of his native sphere even in a hysterical peroration? Here and there windy rhetoricians are still to be found, but the condemnation of death is written upon their gusty work, and they are doomed to early oblivion. They begin in words, and in words they will end. Intelligent, sympathetic, and experimental preaching will never lack audience and appreciation. Such preaching happily prevails in all churches to-day. He who preaches to broken hearts preaches to all generations and to all degrees of intelligence.

# Sociologic Questions of the Times

### WHAT THE SERVANT SELLS

Since time immemorial it has been a tradition that certain things should not be given in exchange for money; honor, for example, virtue, hospitality, and liberty. The social grade of the servant is determined by the sacrifice of the last-mentioned privilege, she has sold her "liberty." This statement is made by Mrs. John Van Vorst in Harper's Monthly. Mrs. Van Vorst lived for some months the life of a factory girl and her statements as published in The Woman Who Toils have created considerable press comment:

When I first arrived in the western city where my career as factory girl began, I was offered a place as servant. I could live in a comfortable home, have a room to myself, be materially protected, and receive for services rendered in the household fourteen dollars a month. At the factory, where I decided to apply, I could make from the first only seventy cents a day; my board, lodging, car fare, and washing amounted to fifteen dollars and forty cents a month; the balance left in my pocket at the end of thirty days was five dollars and sixty cents, instead of fourteen dollars. During the first week of prostrating fatigue, when it seemed as though, for lack of physical force, the whole experiment must prove a failure, I grew to look upon the situation of a servant in a well-disposed family as the most luxurious and desirable a working-woman could hold. To be provided for, to have a bed with sheets, clean food, and the possibility of sitting down occasionally, would, it seemed to me, more than compensate for attendant conveniences.

My chance came before long to prove the relative bitterness of moral and physical suffering. I was one day sent as scullery-maid to the factory kitchen; I had a free hot dinner in addition to my pay; I was through work at five instead of six; instead of being ten hours on my feet, I could sit or stand or move about as I pleased. But the nature of the occupation provided put me, in my own estimation, on an inferior grade. In the factory rooms we were busy for an anonymous master, who would become possessor of the objects our hands were fashioning, the new, clean things we were helping to create, and which, once finished, would pass from us never to return again.

In the kitchen I was occupied with humanity's débris. When I arrived in the morning there were over a thousand dishes clean on the closet shelves. By one o'clock they were all dirtied. The superior employees had eaten or drunk and left their slops and scraps for us to dispose of. Among these superior employees there was not one who would do the work we were doing, whereas we would have taken their places gladly had we been capable of it. We washed and wiped their thousand dishes and set them away to be dirtied again the following day.

In America, where freedom is any man's to claim, the servant must of necessity be an inferior human being. Added to the futile nature of the servant's duties, there is a complete sacrifice of independence to which only the inferior will submit. No law regulates the number of hours a servant shall work; the will of a master passes before any requirements for existence as an individual. The servant belongs in the category with those who have abandoned or who ignore an ideal, who prefer relative material ease to relative moral freedom.

### ECONOMIC INSECURITY

The protection of the workingman against old age or accident is a question which must be faced in America. Thus far it has been ignored. In Europe it has been discussed and attempts have been made to ameliorate the condition of the incapacitated workmen. Writing in Collier's Weekly, Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, states that because of the changes or improvements in the processes of production, economic insecurity has grown more severe. So much skill, adaptability and elasticity of mind is required that men over forty-five or fifty years of age find it very difficult to secure employment.

Society progresses only as industry is prosperous —that is, on a general scale. Society has the benefit, then, of the efforts of labor and capital to secure success. If society benefits by these efforts, must it not do the same for labor that it does for capital? It pays, in consumption, the profits as well as the impairment of capital. Business establishments charge off each year a certain amount for impairment. A great factory must do this or it cannot succeed. A company with a capital of $1,000,000 may charge off $50,000 or $100,000 each year as impairment or depreciation of plant. This amount, or whatever the amount, is counted in the cost of production, and the consumers pay it, thus keeping capital unimpaired, and this is necessary if society is to have the benefit of successful production.

Capital may be employed to-day at remunerative rate and unemployed to-morrow, but the next day, unimpaired, it brings returns to its owner. The position of labor is just the reverse of this. Labor must be invested to-day. It is the wage-worker's capital. It is, furthermore, a part of the capital necessary to successful production. If not invested to-day, the workingman does not have two days' labor to invest to-morrow. He is impaired to the extent of to-day's wage; but there is no means by which he can charge this up to the cost of production, and thus have his capital unimpaired to-morrow. This goes on for a series of years, and when his whole capital becomes impaired through sickness, accident, or other misfortune, he has nothing more to invest; yet he has the prospect of some years of life, with all his expenses continuing. If society reimburses capital for its impairment, through the cost of production, and hence the price of commodities, why should it not also prevent the impairment of the wage-worker's capital, and pay, through consumption, a wage sufficient to protect him against impairment or loss?

The great labor question means the struggle of humanity for a higher standard of life. We may chase this question round and round; we may confuse cause with effect; we may insist that a higher standard of living gauges the rate of wage; or we may insist that a high rate of wage means a higher standard of living. It does not matter which is the true logical position—a higher standard of living is the evidence of increased civilization. All men strive for it; all men are entitled to secure it. The poor, the ignorant, the dependent, and even the defective, have a right to desire this; and the burden is on society to see to it that economic adjustments are good, with the moral end in view of securing the best results not only from the point of view of production, but from the point of view of high citizenship.

### LOOKING FOR WORK

The following pathetic picture contributed by Harry Beardsley to Leslie's Weekly may suggestively be read in connection with Carroll D. Wright's reflections on the insecurity of labor:

It was noon-time, and a little tattered, grizzled woman passed among those who wore the shawls, a basket on her arm. It was filled with biscuits which she sold to them for a cent apiece. And these creatures, who had all the hopeless, sullen, timid manner and the dejection of the inmates of a poorhouse, were applicants for the hardest work with the poorest pay to be had in New York. These drab persons were washerwomen and scrubwomen waiting for employment by the Jewish women of the tenements of this district. In the group on one side of the street were Jewish scrubwomen only, on the other side were Christians—Irish, Germans, and Americans. The races never mingle. Their wages are figured very closely by their employers. The money they can earn depends upon their strength and capacity for work.

The old ones earn the least. Some of them work for their three meals, a drink of whisky, and fifteen cents a day. Others who are strong sometimes earn fifty cents or a dollar a day. Some have a regular scale—a dollar a day for washing, fifteen cents a room for scrubbing, which would be forty-five cents for scrubbing a three-room tenement. And before the bargain is made there is usually a vast amount of negotiating. Some of the Christian women have learned to talk Yiddish. They find it an advantage. These women employers themselves are only poor immigrants not long from the poverty and tyranny of Russia or Roumania. But their attention to their push-carts leaves no time for scrubbing at home.

For their employers the scrubwomen have great respect, wearing toward them an humble air of deference. One of the drab ones on the corner obstructed accidentally a customer at a push-cart. Seeing what she had done, the scrubwoman stepped out of the way with startling agility, and to the bareheaded woman, owner of the cart, she bowed and said, respectfully, "Excuse me, lady." Frequently the eldest and most feeble ones stand all day in the street, and no employment comes to them.

* * *

Farther down Hester street I saw a group of men, all of them of the Hebrew race. Some of them had saws and hammers in their hands, others carried tools in small leather valises. Most of them were standing silently and waiting. Two of the group were laughing and pushing each other about like school-boys, a very unusual circumstance in a district where the hard fight for a livelihood and the disposition of the people make men and women grasping and eager, wasting no time in fun or frivolity. These men were carpenters waiting to be hired. Among them was a glazier with a few panes of glass and a box of tools under his arm.

### MUNICIPALISM IN ENGLAND

Municipal ownership has made great strides in England. The London Times, in a series of articles, attempted to stem the advance. Without entering into the question of the advantages or disadvantages of municipal ownership, we here give a summary of some of the facts collected by the London Times and communicated to Harper's Weekly by Sydney Brooks.

The Corporations of Glasgow—that is to say, the City Council—supply the people with water,

gas, electric light, cable and electric cars, and telephones; they control eleven public parks and galleries, thirteen baths and wash-houses, a fruit and vegetable market, dead-meat market, a home cattle-market, two foreign cattle-markets, cheese-market, a bird and dog market, and an old-clothes market, four slaughter-houses and offices, four hospitals, and one burying-ground; they are the owners of 2,488 municipal houses, seventy-eight lodging-houses, of which they manage seven themselves; a family home, which they also direct; 372 shops, forty-nine stores, forty-three warehouses, forty-three workshops, twelve halls, two churches, two hotels, one theater, one studio, one pawn-office, one nursing-home, one powder-mill, one laundry, one bakehouse, one golf-course, and one gospel-tent; they farm over 1,000 acres of land, where large crops are grown, including all the hay used in the stables of the cleansing department, as well as crops of oats, wheat, turnips, etc.; they convert the city sewage into solid matter, and sell it to farmers for manure; they carry on business as market-gardeners; they possess stone-quarries and 900 railway wagons; they build street cars, reclaim bogs, conduct a civic granary, raise $5,000 a year on the clinker from the refuse-cremating furnaces, collect and sell waste-paper, and are not above melting and disposing of the solder from the old tin cans they find in the dust heaps.

Glasgow is an extreme, but by no means unique, example of what is going on all over the kingdom.

There are about ten or a dozen towns in England where municipal sterilized milk for babes is supplied. The local governing authorities not only furnish the milk, but feeding-bottles with it—the purchaser being required to bring the teats at specified intervals to the municipal milk-store that their cleanliness may be tested. From this to the municipalization of the entire milk supply is only a moderate step. It has not yet been taken, but sooner or later it inevitably will be. Several local governing authorities run saloons. Several others have set up homes for inebriates. General hospitals are still, for the most part, left to the support of private charity, but sanatoria for consumptives, smallpox, and scarlet-fever hospitals are common objects of municipal benevolence. In one town tubes of serum are prepared out of the public funds for cases of diphtheria and puerperal fever, and sold at a nominal price to all who apply for them. Cemeteries and crematoria under municipal ownership and management literally abound. The control of local markets has always, and quite properly, been vested in the local authority, but municipal markets are now swiftly leading to municipal slaughter-houses, municipal cold-storage houses, municipal ice factories. Cardiff has a municipal fish-market. Torquay breeds rabbits on a large tract of land where water is collected for the municipal waterworks, and the profits from the sale of them go to reducing the rates, the experiment having answered so well that the City Council has now gone in for sheep-farming. Tunbridge Wells grows hops, and Liverpool beet-roots, on their sewage farms. At Colchester there are municipal oysters, which those who have never tasted an American oyster may conceivably relish. Brighton and several other towns own race-courses; a few have built theaters; West Ham not only manufactures its own paving stones, but sells its surplus to contractors. Many local authorities drive a good business in the residual products of gas—Manchester, for instance, trading in soap, oil, tallow, and mortar. Most of the corporations that supply gas are prepared also to furnish stoves and all the necessary fittings. Sheffield undertakes plumbing work as a side issue to supplying water. Liverpool has a municipal tailoring establishment, where the uniforms of the town officials and employees are made. Battersea cuts all the timber required for municipal buildings and street paving in its own sawmill. Cardiff does the same. Manchester manufactures for itself all the wagons, brooms, and brushes needed by the local street-cleaning department

### ENGLISH COTTER LIFE

In part answer to the question why the English peasant insists on leaving his village and going to London there in all probability to add himself to the overwhelming army of the unemployed, Mr. A. Montefiore-Bruce gives in the London Daily Mail the following picture of life in many English villages:

I know a village where there are no fewer than thirty cottages with but one bedroom apiece, and in each of these single bedrooms, six, seven and more people are sleeping. In one of them, father, mother and eight children huddle together. In another, father, mother, and six children—three of whom are grown up—are sleeping. In these cottages there is one living room downstairs, and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. At the back of the cottages runs an open ditch; it is also an open sewer.

Here, in the very heart of the country, I expect to find abundance of pure water, abundance of sweet air. Too often I find neither about the cottages. Hundreds of villages have no water supply, though a comparatively small expenditure could provide it. I know a village—it is typical of hundreds—where the cottagers have to go half a mile to get water. A foul ditch supplies another village with the whole of its water supply. Offensive refuse heaps lie piled round the crumbling walls of the cottages; the wooden floors within are rotten with sewage.

Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex contain many such villages, and other counties—such as Bedford, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset—easily vie with them. I could write of lonely cottages far across the fields, with no water within a mile; whence the children, morning after morning, walk two miles to school and drag their tired limbs that distance back again at night—and this whatever the weather; where the postal service comes but once a week; where the men and boys walk daily five or six miles to and from work; where of drainage there is none; where of the simplest sanitation there is none; where the medical officer of health comes not, and where the inspector of nuisances is unknown.

# Trouble in the Balkans

Every spring, from the war correspondents, and from those who consider themselves *au courant* with affairs in the East, comes the well-known expression "Trouble in the Balkans." Prince Bismarck, with more conservatism, once remarked that the Eastern Question had an awkward habit of becoming acute at intervals of about twenty-one years. Recent reports from the East, however, seem to indicate that the cry of the war correspondents is fraught with much truth. All during the early spring there have been rumors concerning the unrest and agitation in the Peninsula, and in Macedonia especially. Turkish misrule in her European dependencies has been glaring, and her promise to the powers at the Treaty of Berlin has not been carried into execution. Her proposed reforms have not materialized. The Sublime Porte knows that it is only a question of time when it will be robbed of its possessions across the Bosphorus, and it is determined to squeeze everything from these possessions until that time arrives. The international complications likely to arise should affairs there reach a crisis are unmeasurable. The result will probably cause a rearrangement of the map of Europe.

In Macedonia affairs have reached the highest state of acuteness. The following extract from Harper's Weekly concisely sums up the situation there, and also in the Peninsula:

European Turkey is divided into six vilayets or provinces, each governed by a Turkish Vali, or governor. Two of these valayets, namely, Scutari to the south and Janina to the north, make up what we call Albania. Three more vilayets, namely, Monastir, Kossovo, and Salonica, make up what we call Macedonia. The sixth and last vilayet is Adrianople, with which the metropolitan district of Constantinople may be grouped.

We have thus three units: Albania, with about a million inhabitants, mostly Mohammedan; the three provinces called Macedonia, with about three million inhabitants, fairly divided between the three vilayets; and, finally, the Turkish section of Adrianople and Constantinople, with about a million inhabitants. The whole country is mountainous, its ridges being here and there separated by plains of wonderful fertility, like the celebrated Vale of Roses, under Adrianople. Now for our race question. Albania, with its million inhabitants, mostly Mussulman, probably represents the old aboriginal population, going back to pre-classical times. Its people are not, however, an exhausted or outworn race, but hardy mountaineers, full of force and fire; in organization, in character, in their raiding proclivities exactly like the great Highland clans which wrote so much red history in the northern half of Britain. These Albanians, while at one with the Turks in religion, are full of the spirit of political independence, and look back to glorious days of freedom and power under princes of their own, in the Middle Ages, where so much splendid history is buried.

The Albanian clansmen hate and despise their Slavonic neighbors in the three provinces of Macedonia; they are hardly more friendly to the Turks, religious intolerance and Moslem zeal being the one bond of union between them. To pass now to the three provinces Monastir, Kossovo, and Salonica: they have about a million inhabitants each, almost wholly Slav and Christian of the Oriental rite, and therefore closely akin in blood and faith to the Russians. This great primary fact is obscured by calling them Macedonians, a name suggesting affinities with Greece, which do not exist outside the Ægean ports. Besides these racial and spiritual affinities with Russia, the Christian Slavs of the three provinces have near relatives in Bulgaria, with its three or four million inhabitants ruled over by Prince Ferdinand at Sofia; and yet other relatives in Servia, with its two million inhabitants ruled by King Alexander at Belgrade. Further, the Balkan Slavs are related to all the Slavs of Austria, not only the Czechs, Moravians, and Poles of Galicia, but also the Croatians and Slavonians to the south; the bulk of the inhabitants of Hungary, where the pure Magyars are a small though dominating minority; and also the Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, still nominally Turkish, but practically Austrian territory. All these Slav affinities must be kept in mind if we wish to understand the Balkan problem, and to see why it is that the solution of that problem lies in the strong and hearty co-operation of Austria and Russia, since these are the two great Slavonic powers and therefore blood brothers to the oppressed peoples of the three provinces. We must also keep in mind that Prussia is strongly anti-Slavonic in policy, not only because of her rivalry with Russia, but because she has a difficult Slav problem within her own borders, in the Slavs of Prussian Poland, around Posen, which was formerly the metropolis of an independent Polish kingdom, and whose ancient glories are still fresh in the hearts of all Poles. Kaiser Wilhelm and von Bülow have announced their determination to make of these Poles "good Germans, and even good Prussians," an ethnical miracle wholly beyond their powers, as they themselves secretly apprehend.

Hence the hardly concealed bitterness of Germany towards the Slav question, and her almost open alliance with Abdul Hamid, an alliance which is now the one real obstacle to a peaceable and happy solution of the Balkan question. Finally, we come to Adrianople and Constantinople, the one real stronghold of the true Osmanli Turks in Europe. They are only a few hundred thousands, at most a million, in number; but their strength lies across the Bosphorus, where they have a sturdy reserve of peo-

*Courtesy of Collier's Weekly*

REFUGEES FLEEING INTO BULGARIA

haps ten millions of the same race and faith, on whom the Sultan constantly draws for fresh levies for his armies.

The Balkan question, therefore, reduces itself to this: the Slavonic relatives of the miserable and persecuted populations of the three provinces, with Russia and Austria at their head, are determined to put a stop to the evils of Turkish tyranny in the three provinces of Macedonia. They have decided on a policy of peaceful pressure, backed by a tremendous reserve of armed force, and brought to bear through their embassies at Constantinople and through the numerous consulates which they have established in Macedonia. To more effectually control the raids of the Albanians, Russia recently established a new consulate, Mitrovitsa, in the north Albanian region, and the whole of the Albanian uprising has grown from the first opposition of the Albanian Mussulman clansman to this Russian consulate and the reform which it implies. Hence the Albanians are at war at once with the Slavs, in whose interest the reforms are sought, and with the Turkish authorities, who seem to be making a genuine effort to bring the reforms into action. The Albanians are, therefore, practically at war, not only with the three Slavonic provinces of Macedonia, but also with the metropolitan Turks of Adrianople and Constantinople. From this three-cornered conflict come all those outbreaks and atrocities which we group under the general title of the Balkan Question.

*Courtesy of Collier's Weekly*

ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE LEADERS OF THE MACEDONIAN INSURGENTS

The trouble in Macedonia is due largely to a curious political anomaly. All the nations of the East have their factions there. This results in internal squabbles and jealousies. The outcome is that the different factions are constantly seeking the aid of their kindred peoples for assistance. From this arises the international aspect of the question. Racial differences are also largely responsible for the unrest. Macedonia has been under Bulgarian, Greek, and Servian domination at different periods of her history. The Albanians are another factor in the racial question; so are likewise the Jews. The Turks, of course, exert the dominating influence, while Russia and Austria-Hungary, with their Slav affiliations with so many of the Balkan peoples, are also factors.

In the enfranchised portions of the Balkan Peninsula there has been, with slight exceptions, natural solidarity. Roumania is over-

*Courtesy of New York Tribune*

THE SCAVENGERS OF THE TURK. DOGS ARE RELIED ON TO CLEAR THE OFFAL FROM THE STREETS

whelmingly Roumanian, Bulgaria is strongly Bulgarian; Servia, despite some anomalies on the Bulgarian frontier, is essentally composed of Serbs. As for Greece, the Turks have deserted Thessaly. The Albanian colonies in Attica have the same political aspirations as the Greeks themselves. But when we turn to Macedonia we see the antithesis of all this. This phase of the situation is well explained by William Miller in the April Contemporary Review. Speaking of the country, he says:

There, Bulgarians and Serbs, Greeks and Koutzo-Wallachs, or Macedonian Roumanians, are to be found, as well as Albanians, Jews, and Turks, and every one of the Christian races lays claim to some portion of what each has long regarded as its "promised land." Could these claims be geographically isolated, they would be easier to satisfy; but in some cases they are overlapping, so that "Greater Bulgaria" coincides with part of "Greater Servia," and the *grande idée* of Greece conflicts with the aspirations of both. No really trustworthy statistics can be obtained, though most elaborate tables have been published by Gopchevich and others, as to the exact numbers of these respective races, and for excellent reasons. Accuracy in figures is not the strong point of the Balkan peoples, while to expect Turkish officials to furnish precise tables of the population would be as absurd as to demand accurate maps from our War Office. Moreover, each Macedonian party has had the strongest motives for magnifying the numbers of its own adherents and for underestimating the strength of its opponents. A Servian writer has demonstrated to his own, and no doubt to his Servian readers' satisfaction, that Macedonia, or a very large part of it, should be Servian. Bulgarian and Greek apologists naturally take very different views of the situation, each declaring that the country is mainly Bulgarian or Hellenic, and no satisfactory *modus vivendi* has ever been arrived at, in spite of many attempts, for the precise delimitation of their respective spheres of influence. Besides, quite apart from political or party bias, it is not always easy to say who is a Bulgarian or who a Serb, in Macedonia. For since the two rival Slavonic States began to vie with one another in spending money on schools and political propaganda in that debatable region, there have been remarkable instances of racial apostasy, which defy the attempt to classify the population with any degree of accuracy. Bulgarians have suddenly blossomed out, to the surprise of the American missionaries, as Serbs, and Serbs as Bulgarians, just as one or the other propaganda seemed to be in the ascendant and the most paying for the moment.

To us in England, for whom history is apt to seem merely a subject for examinations without much bearing on practical politics, it may appear strange that the various rivals in Macedonia should lay such stress on their historic claims to rule over that province. But nowhere are historic memories so vivid, or so embarrassing, as in the Near East. Before the battle of Slivnitza the Serbs greeted that poor creature, Milan, with cries of "Stephen Dushan," the great Servian Tsar who united for a few brief years a large part of the Balkan Peninsula under his scepter, and who died on the road to Constantinople in the middle of the fourteenth century. Every year, in Servia and Montenegro, the anniversary of the first battle of Kossovo, the terrible Armageddon which in 1389 decided the fate of the Balkan nations for nearly five centuries, is solemnly celebrated, and every traveler in those countries or in Bosnia and the Herzegovina must have heard, as I have, ballads about the doings of Marko Kraljevich, "the king's son," sung to the melancholy music of the *gusla*. In Bulgaria, the old Tsars, Boris and Samuel and all the rest of them, are almost as real figures as if they were living personages, and Prince Ferdinand, with his usual astuteness, has humored the historic conscience of his people, by bestowing upon his two sons titles derived respectively from Preslav and Tirnovo, the two successive capitals of the

THREE YOUNG BALTIMORE ORIOLES

# Photographing Birds and Their Nests

## By A. Radclyffe Dugmore

The following excerpts and photographs are taken from Mr. Dugmore's excellent little hand-book*. This book, because of its charm and practical help, will prove invaluable to anyone interested in natu e photography.

As a means of studying nature in most of its many forms, there is, perhaps, nothing better than the camera. Not only does it teach us to see much that would otherwise pass unnoticed, but it enables us to make records of what we see—records that are, as a rule, infinitely better and more useful than pencil notes; and the studying and photographing of one subject leads to another, and so we go from birds to insects, from insects to flowers, and from flowers to trees, until we have an acquaintance with things natural, more intimate and far broader in its scope than would have resulted had we been content simply to try to see things and write notes on them.

Nowadays, when every school has, or should have, its nature class, we find children scarcely out of the kindergarten who know more about our wild birds and flowers than the great majority of the grown-up people to whom nature study was an unknown thing when they were young. To foster this desire in children to know more of the life about them is one's duty, for not only is there great pleasure to be derived from such knowledge and healthful exercise in the search of material, but knowing something about the birds, trees, or insects enables them throughout life to work intelligently for the preservation of that which needs protection. Game laws would be respected more generally if people would only realize what they mean. The senseless and wanton killing of animal life that goes on all around us would not be tolerated if there were more knowledge of the value of such life. How often do we see people kill hawks, thinking that they are doing a good deed, just as the various Christian sects burned or otherwise killed one another in days gone by, fully believing that such acts were for the good of the world. Let the man who kills a hawk, or even a snake, first inquire into the habits of that particular kind of hawk or snake and usually, he will find that by killing it he will be doing harm to his own interests.

So it will be seen that there is much to be gained by encouraging the study of nature in any or all her forms, and, as has already been said, there is nothing that will give the beginner an interest in the subject any more quickly or

* Nature and the Camera. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

of camera, and yet so few ever attempt the portrayal of anything save people and views! Let them direct their energies toward photographing the details of almost any common object in nature, and they will be astonished to find how much there is to interest them in that object. Take a photograph of a landscape, and even though it may be beautiful, it is, after all, much like hundreds of other landscapes. But take any one of the objects represented in the view, such as the different grasses, the flowers, or the trees, and how much more interesting would they be if well photographed in detail.

### PHOTOGRAPHING A NEST

Photographing a nest, though not difficult except in certain peculiar cases, calls for a considerable degree of artistic sense, for so much depends on the composition of the subject and on the lighting. A nest properly lighted makes a beautiful picture, one that calls for the admiration of all who see it. But look at a photograph of the same nest taken without the slightest regard to the lighting, and it is absolutely uninteresting, at any rate from a pictorial point of view. Another thing to be borne in mind is the arranging of the surroundings. It is frequently necessary to remove some of the small branches and leaves that the nest may be seen to better advantage. In doing this the greatest care must be observed. The cutting away of much of the surrounding vegetation would leave the nest unprotected. It is therefore advisable to resort to tying back the branches that form the principal obstruction, cutting away only the smaller twigs or leaves. Don't break these twigs, for in doing so you are very apt to shake the nest, and perhaps loosen it from its support. Cutters, darken the white end with some wet earth that it may not show in the photograph, or, better still, arrange a leaf in such a way that the cut-off end may be hidden. Almost every variety of nest requires some special method of treatment.

LONG-BILLED MARSH WREN'S NEST

### NESTS CONTAINING YOUNG BIRDS

More interesting, but far less satisfactory, is photographing nests containing young birds. Occasionally we happen to obtain really good results, but take it all in all, the pictures of the young birds in their nests, especially the smaller ones, are very disappointing. The reasons are obvious, but difficult to overcome. To begin with, very young birds are in constant motion, and this motion is fairly rapid; when at rest it is due only to the respiration, but when their heads are raised they tremble violently, owing no doubt to the weakness of their muscles. Therefore, all photographs should be made with a very short exposure, if sharpness of outline is desired. Of course this means that the lens must be used wide open or nearly so, with the resulting lack of depth of focus. When the young birds are asleep or are resting they huddle together so closely that one cannot be distinguished from the other, and the photograph simply shows a mass that might be almost anything. This applies more particularly to small birds up to the size of the robin. With the larger birds this difficulty is far less noticeable.

In photographing small birds' nests containing very young birds, arrange the camera so that the nest shows in the desired position, and focus on the inside of the near rim. When all is ready and the shutter set to about one-fifth or one-twenty-fifth of a second, make a

YOUNG CROWS IN NEST

noise or tap the branch near the nest, and instantly all the youngsters will raise their heads and open their mouths, ready for food. Usually the slightest vibration near the nest will cause them to do this. While the heads are up is perhaps the most satisfactory time for making the exposure, as it shows the birds in detail. When they lower their heads, and before they settle themselves in a mass, is also a good time, particularly so if they rest their heads on the edge of the nest. Sunlight is almost essential for these young-bird photographs, but great care must be taken not to have the shadows too dense.

THE NEST WITH THE SITTING BIRD

Now we begin to realize the marked individuality of birds and to learn how this individuality affects our work. If the bird photographer commenced this branch of the art by attempting to portray a yellow-breasted chat or a crow on her nest, he might, were he not of a very persevering nature, give up forever any hope of success. And, on the other hand, should he choose for his first experiment a bird such as the wood-thrush, he would underestimate the difficulties and have an entirely wrong idea of bird-on-the-nest photography. The actual photographing of the sitting bird is in itself a most easy task *if* the bird is willing, but how much depends on that *if* will be readily appreciated by the time one has made two or three attempts to secure such pictures. The first thing to do in order to insure success is to become friends with the bird; let her become accustomed to your presence, then gradually introduce the camera, first placing it at some distance from the nest, then gradually bringing it nearer. The chances of success are far greater during the first few days after the young are hatched than when there are only eggs; for, as you well know, a bird will often abandon her eggs alive and need her help.

From photographing the parent bird sitting peacefully on her nest to the task of portraying the same bird standing nervously on the edge of the nest or on a near-by twig, while the young hold up their unsteady heads in anticipation of a meal, is but a step on the photographic ladder; it is a difficult step, however, for the obstacles are many and not over-easily mastered. Apart from what we might term the natural difficulties, such as the stalking of the bird and getting the camera within suitable range, there is the question of light, for usually instantaneous exposures are necessary. Now we all know that most birds build their nests in shaded places, places chosen without the slightest regard to the needs of the bird photographer, and in these shady places an instantaneous photograph is practically an impossibility.

To anyone who has not had experience with birds, it would seem an easy matter to coax the parent bird to the nest when the young are there to act as a lure. The camera, one

YOUNG FLICKERS

INDIGO BIRD ABOUT TO FEED HER YOUNG

very short exposures may be made, and the lack of strong coloring and usually the absence of dark shadows are all to the advantage of the photographer.

Decoys in the form of food will attract many kinds of birds, and some will become regular visitors where food is habitually placed, and will gradually become very tame. A piece of meat or suet secured to a branch will tempt some species, while bread crumbs or seed thrown on the ground will attract others. Still another good bait is a cocoanut, broken in half and hung in a convenient place.

Some birds may at times be coaxed to a convenient site for photographing by the presence of a mounted owl, but this plan works best during the nesting season.

is, of course, true only of certain birds. Of those that I have tried to induce to come to me, I have had the greatest success with blue-winged warblers, worm-eating warblers, chickadees, and chipping sparrows. In every instance they have shown an utter fearlessness and have come to me even though I happened to be moving. With some other birds I have had more or less success, and with others, such as the chewinks, red-winged blackbirds, and yellow-breasted chats, I have so far had nothing but failure.

The most difficult and most discouraging branch of photography is that which deals with the wild adult bird at any other than the nesting period. Seldom do we find a bird in its free state that will allow us to approach to within the desired distance. Unless we use a telephone lens we must be within five or six feet of any of the smaller birds, if we wish the bird to be an appreciable size. At ten feet a robin is a very small object when seen through a lens of nine-inch focus, and yet it is not often that we have the opportunity of making an exposure at even that distance, while larger birds are still more difficult to approach, in proportion to their size. There are times, as, for example, when the ground is covered with snow, when, through the scarcity of food, birds will allow of a near approach. Photographs can then be made with good results and with com-

Throughout this work the bird photographer must be quick to avail himself of favorable conditions, and ready to overcome the endless difficulties which will at one time or another beset his path. The powers of resource, combined with patience, have more to do with the success of the work than the following of rules and formulas. The truest proverb to be borne in mind by the bird photographer is that "necessity is the mother of invention." Being always ready with expedients does much to insure success.

INDIGO BIRD FEEDING HER YOUNG

# A Sculptor of Statuettes

Dr. Charles Waldstein, the eminent English authority on Fine Art, some time ago declared, in a lecture given at Cambridge, that in the nineteenth century sculpture awakened its range of subjects for presentation and that now not only nature but the whole of thought, past and present, is claimed to be within the range of the artist. A survey of the field of modern sculpture fully justifies this statement.

Of the two arts, painting and sculpture, the former has always been the more expressive, due to its greater ability for portraying color, feeling and tone. The warm tints of the brush are more adaptable to the expression of thought than are marble or bronze. Lately, however, attempts have been made, and with much success, to apply color and to combine different materials in works of sculpture in order to give that truthfulness to life that has always characterized the canvas. And as in France the battle for naturalism in painting was fought and won, so too, in that country has the more recent struggle for naturalism in sculpture been waged and triumphed. What Degas, Manet and Monet did for painting, have Jouffroy, Falguière and Rodin done for the plastic arts, and sculpture of to-day is slowly evolving from classic influence and is becoming more identified with the expressions of modern life.

THE YOUNG MOTHER

A phase of this modern expression is to be seen in the field of the statuette—a field at once very new and at the same time very old. The layman in matters of art generally associates with the ancients only those white-limbed figures which the Greeks, with chisel in hand, hewed out of the marble and gave to the world in the figure of a Hermes or an Apollo to attest for all time to the work of man's hand and brain. But the Greek had other tools than the chisel. With the graver, the hammer, and his tools of wood or bone he fashioned the clay of the river bed into small figures of deathless grace and charm. And so beautiful did he make them that he gave them as playthings to his dead, and buried them in the tombs of his elders on the hillsides of Bœotia and elsewhere. There they slept for ages until the pick of the archæologist and the excavator on the yellow hillsides by Tanagra awakened them to a new day and brought them forth "with the faint gold and the fading crimson still lingering about hair and lips and raiment."

Influenced by these Tanagra figurines—these Grecian terra-cottas—sculptors of to-day have sought to portray the human figure clothed and adorned in the raiment of modern life. The garb is different, it is true, but underneath the draperies breathe the cadence and symphony of line that characterize the human form. The transitions of civilization and the sweep of generations revolutionize social forms and fashions, but nature remains ever the same. And the human figure to-day is no less beautiful than it was yesterday when Phidias or Praxiteles fashioned it in marble.

In America, art is far in advance of those

A GIRL READING

other phases of culture which have been synonymous with that hobbledehoy period which happily we are fast outgrowing. American sculpture has attained a recognized position in the world of art. In this country, too, the Tanagra figurines have found their disciples, and the statuette emphasizing those characteristics common to our present civilization has found its place. In this field, the work of Bessie Potter Vonnoh has elicited much favorable notice and criticism. In fine, it may be said that she is the only American sculptor who has been especially identified with this *genre* of expression.

Mrs. Vonnoh was born in St. Louis. Her school years were passed in Chicago, at the Art Institute there. It was there that she first began her modelings in clay which later were to become so intimately associated with her name. Her first statuettes and portrait models were executed for her friends and were admirable, considering the age and education of the sculptor. But it was not until the National Sculptors' Exhibition of 1896, that Mrs. Vonnoh became known to the general public of New York. This preceded her departure for Europe, where she spent two years, not in study, but in traveling and enlarging her mental horizon. In Paris she formed the friendship of Rodin. She was influenced by the realistic French school, and later by the more rounded and softer modeling of the Italians. Upon her return to this country, Mrs. Vonnoh took up her permanent residence in New York —the art center of the country.

It would be useless and unprofitable to compare Mrs. Vonnoh with other American sculptors, because her work occupies its own special and well-defined place, just as the works of Partridge, Saint-Gaudens, French, Barnard and MacMonnies have their own respective characteristics sharply drawn and accentuated. In her own field—the field of the statuette—Mrs. Vonnoh has no superiors in this country.

Mrs. Vonnoh's work is decidedly feminine in treatment. Her specialty is the modern woman adorned with the garments characteristic of her sex. Her poses are always sympathetic and marked by artistic ability. The pose of "The Young Mother" is delightful in its naturalism and simplicity. The spirit of maternity breathes in every line. The pose and expression of the "Girl Reading" and the graceful poise to "The Dancing Girl" are also

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY

well-trained hand. "The Portrait of a Young Lady" is characteristic of this. Like the work of most women, her creations are impressionistic and suggestive of character. Sometimes she uses a touch of color with much success in her statuettes. This is done so delicately, however, and with such a keen sense of discrimination that it in no wise detracts from their artistic result.

Mrs. Vonnoh has by no means confined herself to statuettes. Some of her busts, notably the heroic one of Major General Crawford, for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Philadelphia, evince a firm grasp of technique and a truthfulness to likeness in this branch of the sculptor's art. Her child studies, too, are excellent. The bust "Mildred" and the study group "Twin Sisters" are delightful in their simplicity and grace. Among the best and most characteristic examples of Mrs. Vonnoh's work, besides those already cited, may be mentioned "Mademoiselle," "Day Dreams," the statuette of Maude Adams, and the half-length of Julia Marlowe.

TWIN SISTERS

From the Paris Exposition, the Tennessee Centennial, the Buffalo Exposition, and elsewhere, Mrs. Vonnoh has received medals and honors. She is a member of the National Sculpture Society, a distinction awarded to very few women.

It has been said that keen observation, strong dramatic power, and quick comprehension characterize the work of Mrs. Vonnoh. With the exception of dramatic power, this is all very true. She lacks the dramatic expression and ruggedness of the Frenchman, Auguste Rodin; of the Belgian, Constantin Meunier; and of the German, Max Klinger. Her work is of touch of the Russian, Paul Troubetzkoy.

Mrs. Vonnoh's work cannot be characterized by the sweep and rush of majestic lines, or by the feeling of great and unconscious powers to be seen in the marble monsters in the Louvre or at the Luxembourg, because she suffers from the penalty of sex, and because, moreover, sculpture is decidedly a masculine art. To say this, is by no means to declare that the work of Mrs. Vonnoh or that of any woman suffers in consequence. Just as in life, women are pre-eminent in those qualities of sympathy and of subtle and suggestive modes of thought, so, too, they bring to the work of their brains and hands those very same characteristics which lift it higher, as a rule, than the work of man, and which give it that delicacy of touch that is so supremely representative of their personality.

The work of Mrs. Vonnoh adequately mirrors and interprets the femininity of her sex. Those characteristics which we love to associate with woman are all portrayed in it. Art is always art, no matter wherein its responsibilities and origins lie, but when art largely associated with masculine endeavor finds such a clever and charming exponent as in Mrs. Vonnoh, it is both timely and graceful to call attention to the fact.

In literature it is a common expression that *le style—c'est l'homme.* In the domain of sculpture this is just as true. The work of every artist is his own shadow, and nobody can step off his shadow, can escape from his own personality. The personality of Mrs. Vonnoh is as pleasing as her art. She is intensely interested in her work and in all things pertain-

men and women distinguished in different phases of artistic life and endeavor. The world of art is not narrow or limited, and recognizes ability in all its many manifestations. We are all Bohemians and we all love to linger for inspiration and encouragement at those half-way houses that dot the long road which leads to Prague.

The reason that the work of Mrs. Vonnoh, or, for that matter, the work of any American sculptor, is not known as well in this country as it should be is due to the fact that the sculptor's art does not hold the same place among us as it does among foreign and more artistic peoples. It is not because art with us has not reached the full flower of its development as it has done abroad, but rather because the same official and public recognition is not given it here as it is there. In France, for instance, the State financially encourages its artists and sculptors. The people go to see their work and are ever ready to recognize talent. The Latin nations are passionately fond of art, and a new play, a new book, a new canvas or a new piece of sculpture has as much importance in their eyes as some big question of state policy. And those who are responsible for these things become the household gods of the nation. In this country the opposite of all this is evident. We are in too great a hurry chasing those phantoms of material success and position to take time in developing our culture and esthetic wants. We have our art schools and academies it is true, but art needs something more than that to make it a really vital force in the life of the nation. It needs the support of the people. It demands that the name of a great artist, no matter in what his work concerns itself, should be just as well known as the name of any great political leader, statesman, or philanthropist. Above all it needs the encouraging symphathy of the government—a government that will not only bestow medals but that will buy, both in the interest of the artist and also in the interest of the country. When public opinion in this country is awakened to that necessity, American Art will take the place that it rightly commands. In that place, the work of Mrs. Vonnoh will hold a position commensurate with her talent and one worthily and deservedly acquired.

THE DANCING GIRL

PORTRAIT OF A LADY READING

"Hello, Patty! Have you read the bulletin-board this morning?" called Cathy Fair, as she caught up with Patty on the way home from a third-hour recitation.

"No," said Patty; "I think it's a bad habit. You see too many unpleasant things there."

"Well, there's certainly an unpleasant one to-day. Miss Skelling wishes the Old English class to be provided with writing materials this afternoon."

Patty stopped with a groan. "I think it's absolutely abominable to give an examination without a word of warning."

"Not an examination," quoted Cathy; "just a 'little test to see how much you know."

"I don't know a thing," wailed Patty; "not a blessed thing."

"Nonsense, Patty; you know more than anyone else in the class."

"Bluff—it's all pure bluff. I come in strong on the literary criticism and the general discussions, and she never realizes that I don't know a word of the grammar."

"You've got two hours. You can cut your classes and review it up."

"Two hours!" said Patty, sadly. "I need two days. I've never learned it, I tell you. The Anglo-Saxon grammar is a thing no mortal can carry in his head, and I thought I might as well wait and learn it before examinations."

"I don't wish to appear unfeeling," laughed Cathy, "but I should say, my dear, that it serves you right."

"Oh, I dare say," said Patty. "You are as bad as Priscilla;" and she trailed gloomily homeward.

She found her friends reviewing biology and eating olives. "Have one?" asked Lucille Carter, who, provided with a hatpin by way of fork, was presiding over the bottle for the moment.

"No, thanks," returned Patty, in the tone of one who has exhausted life and longs for death.

"What's the matter?" inquired Priscilla. "You don't mean to say that woman has given you another special topic?"

"Worse than that!" and Patty laid bare the tragedy.

PATTY

A sympathetic silence followed; they realized that while she was, perhaps, not strictly deserving of sympathy, still her impending fate was of the kind that might overtake anyone.

"You know, Pris," said Patty, miserably, "that I simply *can't* pass."

"No," said Priscilla, soothingly; "I don't believe you can."

"I shall flunk *flat*—absolutely *flat*. Miss Skelling will never have any confidence in me again, and will make me recite every bit of grammar for the rest of the semester."

"I should think you'd cut," ventured Georgie; that being, in her opinion, the most obvious method of escaping an examination.

"I can't. I just met Miss Skelling in the hall five minutes before the blow fell and she knows I'm alive and able to be about; besides, the class meets again to-morrow morning, and I'd have to cram all night or cut that too."

"Why don't you go to Miss Skelling and frankly explain the situation," suggested Lucille the virtuous, "and ask her to let you off for a day or two? She would like you all the better for it."

"Will you listen to the guileless babe!" said Patty. "What is there to explain, may I ask?

* From When Patty Went to College. Jean Webster. N. Y.: The Century Co. Copyright, 1903, by the Century Co.

fell swoop, just before examinations. That *would* ingratiate myself in her favor!"

"It's your own fault," said Priscilla.

Patty groaned. "I was just waiting to hear you say that! You always do."

"It's always true. Where are you going?" as Patty started for the door.

"I am going," said Patty, "to ask Mrs. Richards to give me a new room-mate; one who will understand and appreciate me, and sympathize with my afflictions."

Patty walked gloomily down the corridor, lost in meditation. Her way led past the door of the doctor's office, which was standing invitingly open. Three or four girls were sitting around the room, laughing and talking—and waiting their turns. Patty glanced in, and a radiant smile suddenly lightened her face, but it was instantly replaced by a look of settled sadness. She walked in and dropped into an arm-chair with a sigh.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, PATTY?"

"What's the matter, Patty? You look as if you had melancholia."

Patty smiled apathetically. "Not quite so bad as that," she murmured, and leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Next," said the doctor from the doorway; but as she caught sight of Patty she walked over and shook her arm. "Is this Patty Wyatt? What is the matter with you, child?"

Patty opened her eyes with a start. "Nothing," she said; "I'm just a little tired."

"Come in here with me."

"It's not my turn," objected Patty.

"That makes no difference," returned the doctor.

Patty dropped limply into the consulting chair.

"I don't think I've been working any harder than usual," said Patty, truthfully.

"Sitting up late nights?"

Patty considered. "I was up rather late twice last week," she confessed.

"If you girls persist in studying until all hours of the night, I don't know what we doctors can do."

Patty did not think it necessary to explain that it was a Welsh-rabbit party on each occasion, so she merely sighed and looked out of the window.

"Is your appetite good?"

"Yes," said Patty, in a tone which belied the words; "it seems to be very good."

"Um-m," said the doctor.

"I'm just a little tired," pursued Patty, "but I think I shall be all right as soon as I get a chance to rest. Perhaps I need a tonic," she suggested.

"You'd better stay out of classes for a day or two and get thoroughly rested."

"Oh, no," said Patty, in evident perturbation. "Our room is so full of girls all the time that it's really more restful to go to classes; and, besides, I can't stay out just now."

"Why not?" demanded the doctor, suspiciously.

"Well," said Patty, a trifle reluctantly, "I have a good deal to do. I've got to cram for an examination, and—"

The word "cram" was to the doctor as a red rag to a bull. "Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "I know what I shall do with you. You are going right over to the infirmary for a few days—"

"Oh, doctor!" Patty pleaded, with tears in

"What examination is it?"

"Old English—Miss Skelling."

"I will see Miss Skelling myself," said the doctor, "and explain that you cannot take the examination until you come out. And now," she added, making a note of Patty's case, "I will have you put in the convalescent ward, and we will try the rest cure for a few days, and feed you up on chicken-broth and egg-nog, and see if we can get that appetite back."

"Thank you," said Patty, with the resigned air of one who has given up struggling against the inevitable.

"I like to see you take an interest in your work," added the doctor, kindly; "but you must always remember, my dear, that health is the first consideration."

Patty returned to the study and executed an impromptu dance in the middle of the floor.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Priscilla. "Are you crazy?"

"No," said Patty; "only ill." And she went into her bedroom and began slinging things into a dress-suit case.

Priscilla stood in the doorway and watched her in amazement. "Are you going to New York?" she asked.

"No," said Patty; "to the infirmary."

"Patty Wyatt, you're a wretched little hypocrite!"

"Not at all," said Patty, cheerfully. "I didn't ask to go, but the doctor simply insisted. I told her I had an examination, but she said it didn't make any difference; health must be the first consideration."

"What's in that bottle?" demanded Priscilla.

"That's for my appetite," said Patty, with a grin; "the doctor hopes to improve it. I didn't like to discourage her, but I don't much believe she can." She dropped an Old English grammar and a copy of "Beowulf" into her suit-case.

"They won't let you study," said Priscilla.

"I shall not ask them," said Patty. "Good-by. Tell the girls to drop in occasionally and see me in my incarceration. Visiting hour from five to six." She stuck her head in again. "If anyone wants to send violets, I think they might cheer me up."

The next afternoon Georgie and Priscilla presented themselves at the infirmary, and were met at the door by the austere figure of the head nurse. "I will see if Miss Wyatt is quiet."

"Oh, no; we'll do her good," remonstrated Georgie; and the two girls tiptoed in after the nurse.

The convalescent ward was a large, airy room, furnished in green and white, with four or five beds, each surrounded with brass poles and curtains. Patty was lying in one of the corner beds near a window, propped up on pillows, with her hair tumbled about her face, and a table beside her covered with flowers and glasses of medicine. This elaborate paraphernalia of sickness created a momentary illusion in the minds of the visitors. Priscilla ran to the bedside and dropped on her knees beside her invalid room-mate.

"Patty, dear," she said, anxiously; "how do you feel?"

A seraphic smile spread over Patty's face. "I've been able to take a little nourishment to-day," she said.

"Patty, you're a scandalous humbug! Who gave you those violets? 'With love, from Lady Clara Vere de Vere'—that blessed freshman!—and you've borrowed every drop of alcohol the poor child ever thought of owning. And whom are those roses from? Miss Skelling! Patty, you ought to be ashamed."

Patty had the grace to blush slightly: "I was a trifle embarrassed," she admitted; "but when I reflected upon how sorry she would have been to find out how little I knew, and how glad she will be to find out how much I know, my conscience was appeased."

"Have you been studying?" asked Georgie.

"Studying," Patty lifted up the corner of her pillow and exhibited a blue book. "Two days more of this, and I shall be the chief authority in America on Anglo-Saxon roots."

"How do you manage it?"

"Oh," said Patty, "when the rest-hour begins I lie down and shut my eyes, and they tiptoe over and look at me, and whisper, 'she's asleep,' and softly draw the curtains around the bed; and I get out the book and put in two solid hours of irregular verbs, and am still sleeping when they come to look at me. They're perfectly astonished at the amount I sleep. I heard the nurse telling the doctor that she didn't believe I'd had any sleep for a month. And the worst of it is," she added, "that I *am* tired, whether you believe it or not, and I should just love to stay over here and sleep all day if I weren't so beastly conscientious about that old grammar."

whole college."

Friday morning Patty returned to the world.

"How's Old English?" inquired Priscilla.

"Very well, thank you. It was something of a cram, but I think I know that grammar by heart, from the preface to the index."

"You're back in all your other work. Do you think it paid?"

"That remains to be seen," laughed Patty.

She knocked on Miss Skelling's door, and, after the first polite greetings, stated her errand: "I should like, if it is convenient for you, to take the examination I missed."

"Do you feel able to take it to-day?"

"I feel much better able to take it to-day than I did on Tuesday."

Miss Skelling smiled kindly. "You have done very good work in Old English this semester, Miss Wyatt, and I should not ask you to take the examination at all if I thought it would be fair to the rest of the class."

"Fair to the rest of the class?" Patty looked a trifle blank; she had not considered this aspect of the question, and a slow red flush that, Miss Skelling, she confessed, "I m afraid it wouldn't be quite fair to the rest of the class for me to take it."

Miss Skelling did not understand. "But, Miss Wyatt," she expostulated, in a puzzled tone; " it was not difficult. I am sure you could pass."

Patty smiled. "I am sure I could, Miss Skelling. I don't believe you could ask me a question that I couldn't answer. But the point is that it's all learned since Tuesday. The doctor was laboring under a little delusion —very natural under the circumstances—when she sent me to the infirmary, and I spent my time there studying."

"But, Miss Wyatt, this is very unusual. I shall not know how to mark you," Miss Skelling murmured in some distress.

"Oh, mark me zero," said Patty, cheerfully. "It doesn't matter in the least—I know such a lot that I'll get through on the finals. Good-by; I'm sorry to have troubled you." And she closed the door and turned thoughtfully homeward.

# The Perfume of Flowers

## By H. L. Blanchon*

A delicate caress to the nostrils—that is perfume. A little too much—that is odor. Herein lies a fine distinction. After color, odor presents the most important allurement in attracting insects who visit flowers and who unconsciously fertilize them.

All plants exhale an aroma, but this aroma, which is produced by molecules of an extreme tenuity, does not always reside in the flower. Sometimes it arises from the wood, as in sandalwood, sometimes from the bark, as in cinnamon. Frequently it is in the root where it is born, as in the iris, or in the leaf, as in citron or thyme. In general, it is the flower which is odorous, but often also the odor arises from the fruit or the seed, and sometimes from all, as in the case of the orange tree. The flower gives essence of neroli, from the rind essence of Portugal, from the leaves essence of *petit grain*.

*From *La Revue*.

In the flower, odor often is substituted for color, and in many cases flowers the most insignificant in regard to color are the most odorous, while those most brilliantly colored are inodorous. From another standpoint, especially among the cultivated plants in our gardens, bright colors are associated with the sweetest perfumes, such as in roses, carnations, and in so many others.

The classification of flower odors has enticed many investigators. In 1873, Delpino distinguished two principal groups—the sympathetic and the idiopathetic (averse), which he arranged in five classes.

Delpino designated as sympathetic odors, those which are more or less agreeable to the greatest number of insects (bees, flies, beetles) and to man. He designated as averse odors, those which are sympathetic to a few animals and consequently antipathetic to a very large number.

FIRST CLASS—DELICATE ODORS.

1 Odor of jasmin—jasmin, gardenia, four-angled anemone, etc.
2 Odor of narcissus—narcissus, heliotrope, etc.
3 Odor of mignonette—mignonette, etc.
4 Odor of hyacinth—hyacinth, moon-wort, etc.
5 Odor of lily—white lily, May lily, etc.
6 Odor of water-lily—white and yellow water-lily, flowers of the date tree, etc.
7 Odor of genet—genet, orchis, etc.
8 Odor of violet—violet, wallflower, etc.
9 Odor of wax and of honey—comfrey, maple tree, dog's-bane, fly-catchers, etc.
10 Odor of whitethorn—whitethorn, flowers of the white garlic, *spirées*, etc.
11 Odor of ambrosia or of rose—field rose, muscat-rose, green rose bush, peony, five-stemmed burnet, etc.
12 Odor of balsam—sword-grass.
13 Odor of hay—*dracaena*, heliotrope of India, etc.
14 Odor of orange—orange tree, large-flowered magnolia, etc.
15 Odor of musk—night shade. Winter-cherry.
16 Odor of acacia—leguminous false acacia.
17 Odor of coriander—*orchis stanhopea*, gloxinia, etc.

SECOND CLASS—AROMATIC ODORS.

18 Odor of carnation—carnation, *alstræmeriae*, etc.
19 Odor of vanilla—heliotrope of Peru, large-flowered torch-thistle.
20 Odor of cinnamon—maxillary orchis.
21 Odor of nutmeg—*anonaceae*.
22 Odor of laurel—Japanese anise.

THIRD CLASS—FRUIT ODORS.

23 Odor of banana—*magnolia fuscata*, odorous calycanthe.
24 Odor of apricot—frangipani.
25 Odor of pineapple—Victoria water-lilly, odorous colocasia.
26 Odor of turnip—*cierge de Napoleon*.

## II. IDIOPATHETIC ODORS.

FOURTH CLASS—FETID ODORS.

27 Odor of the elder tree—elder tree, pigaman orchis.
28—Odor of goat's-beard—mascula orchis, valerian.
29 Odor of *punaise*—larkspur.
30 Odor of scarab—whitethorn, hawthorn mountain ash.
31 Odor of bitumen—*iris viscaria*.
32 Odor of garlic—fetid pothos.
33 Odor of rose—*Aristolche de Bonpland*.
34 Odor of husk—poppy, three-lobed *aristolchia*.
35 Odor of tobacco—large flowered *aristolochia*.
36 Odor of rhodea—Japanese rhodea.
37 Odor of pea—*gnolobe*.
38 Odor of fig—undulated ferraria.
39 Odor of sperm—three-lobed asimina.

FIFTH CLASS—NAUSEOUS ODORS.

40 Putrid odor—warty spindle tree.
41 Odor of decayed fish—large-leafed *aristolochia*.
42 Noxious odor—fetid skunk-cabbage.
44 Cadaverous odor—wake-robin, large-flowered stapelia, etc.

Certain investigators have gone further. They have discovered the music of odors. Certain perfumes harmonize well together, like the strains of certain similar instruments. The odors of the almond, of the heliotrope, and of vanilla, harmoniously blend and produce almost the same impression upon the nostrils. The bind weed, the orange rind and the vervain, also associated together, form a higher octave. The analogy of perfumes and of sounds is completed by the existence of odorous half-tones. For example: the rose has the red geranium as a half-tone. In bringing together odors of an animal origin, one may obtain odorous scales of which the following is an example:

| | KEY OF SOL. | | KEY OF FA. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fa | civet. | Re | tuberose. |
| Mi | vervain. | Do | rose. |
| Re | balm-mint. | Si | cinnamon. |
| Do | pineapple. | La | tolu. |
| Si | peppermint. | Sol | sweet peas. |
| La | lavender. | Fa | musk. |
| Sol | magnolia. | Mi | iris. |
| Fa | ambergris. | Re | heliotrope. |
| Mi | cedra. | Do | geranium. |
| Re | bergamot | Si | carnation. |
| Do | jasmine. | La | Peru balm. |
| Si | pepper. | Sol | pergulaire. |
| La | Tonka bean. | Fa | castoreum. |
| Sol | seringa. | Mi | rotang. |
| Fa | jonquil. | Re | clematis. |
| Mi | Portugal. | Do | sandal. |
| Re | milk of almonds. | Si | clove. |
| Do | camphor. | La | storax. |
| Si | aurora. | Sol | frangipane. |
| La | fresh hay. | Fa | benzoin. |
| Sol | orange flower. | Mi | gillyflower. |
| Ta | tuberose. | Re | vanilla. |
| Mi | acacia. | Do | patchouli. |

These scales permit the composition of harmonious perfume medleys. One may make odorous accord without employing false notes. An accord in sol, for example: sol, sol, re, fa, sol, si. Sol pergulaire, sol sweet peas, re violet, fa tuberose, sol orange flower, si aurora.

Everybody knows the sun-dial of flowers, indicating the hours at which different flowers bloom. It would also be easy to establish an odorous sun-dial—a fragrant sun-dial, in arranging in the order wished, the flowers of which the perfume exhaled at certain periods of the day, mark the hours by their aroma. Many plants are only odorous during the night, while others possess this quality only during the heat of the sun. Théophraste speaks of a plant which gives forth more odor during the night than the day, and which Lécluse, more often called Clusius, calls *Hesperis syriaca*. Jacques Cornut wrote of a night-geranium of which the odor of musk disappeared at sunrise. The majority of plants of the family of Nycta-

ginées, and, in particular, the Belle-of-the-Night, are in this class. This remark may also be applied to Onagres and more especially to certain varieties, such as *Oenothera, suaveolens* and *oe odorata.*

It is principally at night that the bouquets of the Spanish Genista, the large-flowered Bouvardia, and the Datura give forth their delicious perfume. Two plants of the same kind, the Day-Gallant (Castrum diurnum) and the Night-Gallant (Castrum nocturnum), offer the singular phenomenon of being in opposition to this condition. Finally, the heliotrope of Peru gives forth a very strong odor at sunrise.

The hours of the day do not alone influence the intensity of the aromas emitted by flowers. The seasons equally play a great rôle. Thus, certain flowers exhale at spring and at autumn a perfume more penetrating than during the summer, and many plants which bloom in tropical regions are often less odorous than those which vegetate in temperate climates.

The experiences of Flammarion have equally demonstrated that the color of solar rays have a sensible influence upon the perfume of flowers. The action of colored glasses seems very strong upon them. In a greenhouse of red glass the odor given forth by strawberries fills the entire atmosphere. In the same way, flowers which blossom in the full air in the sun have little perfume; while flowers placed under colored glass bells are endowered with a delicate perfume. Cut and preserved in vases they keep their sweetness and at the same time they renew a part of their red color.

The emanations of flowers have great influence upon the organism. Sometimes they may be as injurious as agreeable, for, beside the pleasures which they procure us, they are at certain moments capable of occasioning grave nervous troubles—syncope and also asphyxia. It is, moreover, during the night in stormy weather and in a confined atmosphere that illnesses are gravest. They have, for cause, it is true, not only the nature and intensity of the perfumes, but also and above all, the presence of carbonic acid which the plants give forth in exchange for the oxygen which they absorb.

The "vaporous" maladies, point of departure for our modern neurasthenics, have been attributed to the action of violent perfumes which our grandmothers of the seventeenth and eighteenth century employed to excess. The majority of perfumes are in reality excitants which, their effect one time past, provoke a reaction in the organism—that is to say, a weakness equal to the quantity of force dispensed at the moment of the excitation. It is easy to demonstrate by a great number of experiences that all sensation is attended by an excitation, then by a reaction. If the sensation is strong or prolonged, the excitation gives place to a proportionate reaction and determines a nervous and muscular weakness more or less considerable.

The action of perfumes may be compared to the action of alcohols. Moreover, do not flowers provoke upon certain temperaments a sort of intoxication? But if perfumes have their dangers they are not without utility. A wise bacteriologist has determined that the vapors arising from the majority of essences are powerful antiseptics. The bacillus of typhoid fever is killed in twelve minutes by the essence of cinnamon, in thirty-five by that of thyme, in forty-five by the vervain of India, in fifty by the geranium, in seventy-five by the origanum, and in eighty by patchouli. Lavender and eucalyptus are also powerful antiseptics. One is wrong to prohibit entirely flowers from the chambers of the sick, but it is necessary to choose them in view of their effect upon the nervous system or for their antiseptic properties. Pots of flowers are undoubtedly the best. If one employs cut flowers, it is necessary to take care not to preserve them until they decay, for then they communicate, first to the water and then to the air of the chamber, dangerous impurities. Flowers of delicate perfumes act favorably upon the nervous system, and experience shows that the varieties of brilliant colored flowers are strongly appreciated by the sick. Flowers of penetrating odor should not be admitted. The aromas of the violet, the lily-of-the-valley, the gillyflower, and the carnation have a pernicious influence, but many other flowers often give—this depends upon temperaments—a particular delight which, at the same time, is beneficent to the body and the mind.

Chemists fabricate all varieties of perfumes which essay to rival the sweetness of flowers. They even show us the method to perfume flowers. It suffices to place them in a box covered with glass, after having washed them with glycerine: then a current of carbonic acid charged with the chosen perfume is poured over the flowers. The flowers thus treated are quickly perfumed. But the chemists have much to do! They cannot take away from the admirable perfume of natural flowers their just and undeniable supremacy.

**HEROISM AND LIFE INSURANCE.....NEW YORK NEWS**

Mere statistics are dry, but they are truthful. That is, such statistics as are compiled by insurance companies are truthful. If they were not, the companies would not long stay in business, for the very foundations of those institutions rest upon accurate information regarding the danger to human life in all callings. These companies have built up a mighty business by carefully calculating the average length of life in any given class, and by charging premium rates in accordance.

In considering matters of mortality experience the companies draw no fine distinctions. They recognize that the farmer lives a little longer than the clerk, but among all the common occupations of slightly varying mortality they strike a happy medium. There are people, however, whose daily calling forces them to undergo risk of life, and among the various grades definite distinctions are drawn.

Should a bartender or saloon-keeper walk into a life insurance office and ask to have a policy issued to him he would be told the company could not take him. That is, if he chanced to stroll into any of the leading "old line" companies, which are the largest insurance concerns in the world. There is no mawkish sentiment behind the refusal of these companies to take a bartender. It is a matter of business. They know far better than the bartender himself that that individual's chance for life is not very good. It is so bad, in fact, that they will not take him at any price—not even if he comes to them with a physician's certificate signifying perfect health.

The man who makes dynamite cannot get a policy in any of the large companies. His tendency to soar heavenward is a little too pronounced. The man engaged in the actual making of gunpowder may be taken, but only at a large increase of premium. Employees of powder mills are usually taken at an additional premium of $30 to the $1,000 of insurance.

The employees of fire departments in large cities are popular heroes. The fireman's life is supposed to be one of great and sensational danger. It is amusing to learn that the big insurance companies look at the fireman's "dangerous calling" as something of a joke. In cities under 25,000 inhabitants no extra premium is charged firemen. But in very large cities an extra charge per $1,000 ranging from $2.50 to $5 is made. Statistics do not lie. The insurance companies know that at best the fireman is a very mild sort of hero.

The fisherman's calling is hazardous—to a certain extent. But if the fisherman plies his trade within three miles of shore no extra premium rate is ever charged. If he goes deep-sea fishing, as do the men who fish from Gloucester and Boston, he is taxed an extra $5, possibly $7.50.

There is danger enough in glass-blowing to call for an extra $2.50, and wet grinders are charged about the same extra fee. Dry grinders are not taken. The humble hod carrier, he who carries the brick and "mort" aloft where the other fellow does all the work, may have his life insured only by paying $5 per $1,000 more than the ordinary man.

Thus, the hod carrier, in the estimation of insurance men, is equal in heroic exploit to the far more "posey" fire-fighter.

A man engaged in shoeing horses must pay an extra $5. The life is fraught with considerable danger. The horseshoer may get an ugly kick at any moment that will kill him outright or irreparably injure him, thus shattering his health.

A horse trainer is also charged an extra $5. Jockeys must pay $10, for they are not only exposed to danger of being kicked by horses and thrown from them, but they are also liable to form vicious habits. The sporting life is a hard pace, and the jockey's temptations are legion.

It seems a bit strange that hotel-keepers and their clerks should be discriminated against, but one sees upon reflection that the statistics are justified. The ordinary hotel is the stamping ground for every sort of crank outside a lunatic asylum, and for drunks as well. If those persons take it into their heads to smash things, which they sometimes do, the ever-present clerk stands a good chance of being killed. It is certain that enough of them are killed every year to place the calling in the hazardous class.

in this at utter variance with one's preconceived notions. The professional life-saver has been a popular hero for many years—popular because of the many and fearsome perils his calling is supposed to subject him to. Insurance men smile blandly, however, and declare they would be only too glad to insure the life-saving crews along the Atlantic coast at regular rates, with the possible exception of one or two stations, where they might impose an extra premium of $2.50 per year per $1,000.

The ordinary lumberman is rated in a more dangerous class than the life-savers. He is charged an extra $5. So, too, is the coal miner, who is made to pay $10 extra. Perfectly impartial insurance statistics would thus seem to back up what President Mitchell and his confrères told the coal strike commission about the dangers of mining coal. Ten dollars extra per $1,000 of insurance carried is pretty good evidence that the insurance companies consider the coal miner an unsatisfactory risk.

The humble missionary, the saver of souls, is rated away beyond his co-worker who saves lives. To tell the truth, missionaries are looked upon with suspicion by insurance men. Men who carry the Gospel into outlandish places have an alarming habit of leaving their bones in all sorts of unhealthy spots. The missionary who wants an insurance policy is consequently made to pay an excessive premium. Depending wholly upon locality of future labors, he may be required to pay as high as $50 extra per $1,000.

Even a theological student is looked at askance, for they are the stuff of which missionaries are made. Cannibalism is no longer popular, but there are plenty of other terrors in store for the missionary. Deadly swamp fevers, cholera and other tropical diseases place his life in the position of a candle flickering in the wind—it may burn on to the end, but the chances are that it will go out. Hence, when theological students are insured they are usually required to abstain from missionary work; or, at least, to consult the company before entering upon it.

Officers in the navy are charged no extra fee while in port or on shore. For sea service, in peace or in war, there is a well-defined schedule of prices, depending mainly upon what sections of the world are visited.

sidered a safe risk. The blue-coated guardian of the public must step down from his pedestal. Like the life-saver, he is a necessary institution, but bless you! he is not engaged in a dangerous calling at all. If he were, do you think the insurance companies would be so eager to get him?

Motormen and conductors on street cars are charged nothing extra. Riggers, owing to their liability to fall from high altitudes, are made to pay an extra $5; and so are restaurant keepers if liquor is sold on the premises, although they themselves may not be handling it.

Freight brakemen and car couplers are placed high in the hazardous list by all companies. They are usually made to pay an extra $20 per $1,000.

A construction superintendent and a flagman on the tracks are each required to pay $5; ordinary engineers and firemen, $5 to $7.50; switch engineers and firemen, $5 to $7.50; signal lamp man, if on tracks much, $2.50; switchmen at large station, $5; at small station, nothing; yard foreman, $5; yard master at large station, $5 to $10; if on duty nights, $10 to $15; yard master at small station, $2.50 to $5.

A roofer must pay $5, and so must a sawmill employee. Captains and engineers of tugboats pay $2.50 to $5. The ordinary quarryman is charged $5; the blaster in a quarry must pay $7.50, but the superintendent may get in for $2.50 extra. An armed prison guard pays $5 more than ordinary men, for, in spite of his gun, he may be overpowered and killed by desperate convicts.

A pyrotechnist is admitted only by the payment of $3 extra per $1,000. Electrical linemen must pay $5. Evidently the insurance companies do not hold the latter's calling in such dread as might be supposed.

In the private rate book of one company—a book never seen by the public—is this curious item: "Sisters of charity and nuns—Prefer not to accept."

One is almost tempted to ask what it is about the religious life that insurance companies are afraid of. Missionaries are discouraged, theological students are looked upon with suspicion, and sisters of charity are utterly rejected. Ask the insurance superintendent about this, and he will smile quietly and answer: "Statistics do not lie. Those per-

THE NEW YORK PULLER-IN . . JOHN MATHEWS . . LESLIE'S WEEKLY

The East Side's Fifth Avenue of New York extends easterly from the New Bowery at a point near Chatham Square. For five long blocks and on one side of the street is a continual succession of little millinery stores, running, toward the end of the five blocks, into cloak shops. And in front of each shop is a woman so persistent and so muscular that other women passing along the sidewalk are dragged bodily into the busy little dens, where they are tricked and coaxed, persuaded and driven into spending their money, unless their powers of resistance are unusual.

Two young girls, slender and modest and unacquainted with the district, turned into Division Street and passed innocently along toward the first millinery shop. The "puller-in" of the place at once stepped up toward them. She was a Jewish woman, swarthy, strong, and eager. She wore no hat, and a little shawl around her shoulders was pinned across her breast.

"Would you like to buy a nice hat? Do you want to look at some of our hats?" She spoke rapidly, at the same time taking one of the young women by the arm and walking along beside her. The stranger pulled away, grinning bashfully, but making no answer. The woman then stopped her with a jerk and planted herself squarely in front of the two. She was coaxing and gesticulating as she talked, pointing to the display of hats in the store, urging the two girls toward the door with the strength of her other hand. "We have a nice selection," she kept saying, and then she added, "Just come in and look at them, it won't cost you anything."

But the girl pulled away, dodged the woman and passed on. In front of each of the other stores along the line she and her companion were accosted by a "puller-in." Some were more eager and persistent than the others. One stood in the path of the strangers, and actually forced them into the street when they attempted to avoid her. The young women seemed to enjoy the experience and laughed a good deal as they went from the clutches of one "puller-in" to the next. When they were near the end of the line a big bare-headed woman, with low forehead, high cheek-bones, and flat nose, stepped squarely in front of them.

"Come in and look at our hats," she demanded. "We have the newest Paris styles," laughed and tried to move along. Then the big woman who had stopped them did a remarkable thing. She took one of the girls bodily in her strong arms, and half carried her, half pushed her into the store. The other stood alone on the sidewalk, astonished and bewildered. Then a saleswoman emerged from the store and violently beckoned to her. "Come in," commanded the woman, "come in; your friend's here." And the girl obeyed.

Inside there was great activity. Young women wearing high pompadours were hurrying this way and that, placing hats on the unwilling heads of the embarrassed girls, removing the hats again and putting on others, and then hurrying to the showcase or the window to get more hats. It was bustle and excitement without a moment of relaxation. The saleswomen were talking constantly, smiling and cooing, but never for a moment permitting the impression to exist that there could be any doubt of a sale being made. The woman who had entered only to "look at the hats" found herself buying one. Against her will she would be swept along in the atmosphere of impatient rush.

Canal Street, extending east from the Bowery, has some of the characteristics of the Bowery of the old days. The Canal Street merchants are always in front of their shops. Some of them have "pullers-in" as well; and a man who loiters in front of one of the little places is certain to be accosted.

"Do you want a nice suit?" the "puller-in" will ask. "We have those long cravenette overcoats; come right in." Within is a flock of aggressive clerks, wearing tape measures around their shoulders, their eagerness equaling, almost, that of the tiger crouched for a spring at its prey. If it should chance that a customer is inside, he is given such bustling attention that an air of prosperity seems to be present. In the windows coats and overcoats are arrayed, each bearing a bright and seductive sign, and usually a paper flower in the buttonhole. On each coat is a card. One says "Nobby"; another, "Elegant"; another, on a little black sack coat with silk-faced lapel, "For Balls and Parties"; some of the others are these: "Paris Novelty," "New Creation," "Very Dressy," "Neat," "Rich," "Grand Selection," "Always Popular," "Stylish Made," "Exquisite," "Mode de Paris," "Real Thing," "As Now Worn"—and many others as startling and original. You can see some of the

East Side in New York you can only see them on the stage. Some of the little hats are named almost affectionately. One of them in a showcase bore a card saying "The Latest," but another, and the smallest in the lot, was called "Little Willie."

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**THE COMPOSING ROOM.....ADRIAN KERK.....McCLURE'S**

The most exciting time in a New York newspaper office is when the last edition of an evening paper goes to press. Five pages are "put to bed" between 2.56 P.M. and 3.16, some ten columns are set, five of them market reports. That isn't time enough, but the papers must get in the financial tables complete and correct between the close of the markets at 3 o'clock and 3.16 in order to catch the first brokers to leave their offices before they can reach their ferries and trains. The ticker doesn't stop till 3.11 or 3.12 o'clock, and the paper is in Wall Street by 3.28. In these few minutes a man can learn to respect skilled labor.

At last everything concentrates upon the final page. Two groups of compositors are at work: one at the case setting by hand the "high low last" and the "bid and asked" of the stock market, as they get the quotations from the ticker boys who snip them with scissors from the rolling tape; the other group at the machines setting late news. All the editors come up to the last form, the managing editor, the city editor, the telegraph, the financial, the real estate, the sporting editor, each with his "important" last item edited down to the bones. All gather about the little table on rollers, and look over the form to see how much space will be left by the financial tables. There's really enough. The bank-man grabs the type, marks it for the place it is to go in the page, passes the type to the proof boy, who pulls three proofs for the managing editor, the department editor concerned, and the proofreaders, who have moved down *en masse* to be near the form. Corrections are marked on the proof, which is sent out to the machines, but the type goes in. The make-up men are receiving it with both hands and laying it in swiftly and gently.

"All over," cries the ticker boy, striking his scissors on the table. The ticker has stopped. All eyes look at the clock, all except those of the make-up man whose back is toward it; he looks at the make-up man opposite, who says, "Half a minute late, as usual."

and looks at it. "Must," he says, and it goes to No. 1 machine. No. 1 machine in my day was a red-headed young man who was overworked because he could overwork, and he liked it. Late news went to him, late corrections went to him, and when I stole past the foreman and the copy-cutter to get in "a line" too late to have the consent of the managing editor, No. 1 would grin. "Give it here," he would say, and he'd pile his late news "line o' type" on one knee, his corrections on the other, put my copy in his lips and finish the job. Then my copy was set without apparent haste, with a word about the news itself and a shout for "boy" to carry the type to the form.

There the pressure is at its height. Nervous men wriggle from foot to foot, or swear, or lose time, saying, "Can't do it," or "See the time!"

In a crisis like that, with eight hands at work on the form, four making corrections (pulling out bad lines and inserting good ones), weak nerves go to pieces. I have seen a make-up man throw up his hands and go back only at a sharp word of command. But I have seen two men prove their character. One was a little Scotchman who could feel the confusion wrecking the crew. By the time the last hands lifted and the tired nerves cursed, he'd say, in an irritating, comical way, "There's nothing to do but cheer up, *cheerup, chirrup.*" He buckled in the harder, all the others grinned and steadied, and out they pulled the page, locked her, jammed, and half threw, half whirled her to the steam table.

But the best man was one who seemed to be slow. He never hurried, rarely spoke, never swore, never made a useless gesture or an expression, his eyes moved like his hands—deliberately, precisely, effectively. It was a beautiful sight to watch him doing his work so easily, and yet he was the quickest man in the shop. Not only did he place his type right, but he noticed errors, even in names, showing that his intelligence was wide awake; he asked questions which saved me many a mistake, and he always was willing to do more. Sometimes he smiled, or looked up at the clock, but if you were willing to risk being late, he'd try, and if he tried, you wouldn't be late, at least not more than once or twice in a season. He could lay out a page in his mind, lay it in all but a paragraph, and alter it to suit you without losing patience; I've seen his hand turn without a pause at a command and go at the

changed arrangement, and though everybody had to bend to with doubled effort, he would finish in style, swing the locked form aside, and then go at the next day's work without a rest or a pause. But that was only a way he had of slowing down after the high speed of the work. In two or three minutes he would quit, then go over to his coat, take out his pipe, sit and smoke. He was tired. He had put forth effort like the "hustlers," but none of his energy had been wasted.

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**LIVING OVER DYNAMITE....NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER**

Sleeping, eating, cooking, living day and night over enough stick dynamite to blow a good-sized building to flinders, may not seem a very attractive mode of life, yet it is enjoyed, apparently, by the crews of the powder boats that are anchored off the Jersey flats. Among watermen, in fact, employment on one of the powder boats is regarded as a "soft job." The work is not hard and a man has comparatively easy hours. And as for nerves—well, the powder crews don't have nerves. They are careful.

The powder fleet comprises half a dozen boats, of various descriptions, an old revenue cutter, a sloop and several barges. Some of the boats are built of iron, others of wood, and they were seaworthy vessels once on a time. Now they are anchored in shallow water, and at low tide they rest on the mud. When there is a heavy sea on the boats roll and pitch somewhat, but the idea that dynamite may be shaken up does not trouble the crews.

The dynamite stored in the powder fleet is simply the reserve for use in this city. Much dynamite is exported from New York, but it is taken directly to the steamships. Only freighters with magazines carry cargoes of dynamite and high explosives. It is forbidden by international law for passenger vessels to carry such cargoes. After a vessel has been loaded at her dock with her non-explosive cargo she is anchored off Gravesend Bay, where her load of dynamite is taken from a tug and stored away in her magazine. Most of the dynamite used hereabouts is made at factories in the Ramapo Mountains, and just enough to supply the immediate demand is stored in the powder fleet. The powder boats are anchored about two miles from shore, and their stores are received from tugs that run up alongside of them. The sticks are packed in sawdust in wooden boxes, and the process of loading a powder boat consists simply in passing the boxes from one man to another from the tug down into the hold of the powder boat.

"Suppose one of the men should drop a box?' was asked of a man whose business has always been the handling of high explosives.

"Nothing would happen," he replied. "You could drop a box of the stuff out of a six-story window and it wouldn't go off."

The holds of the powder boats are fitted up with shelves, where the boxes are placed securely, according to grades. Every powder boat has a crew of three men. These men alternately remain a month on board and do a month's shore duty. The cabin of each vessel is fitted with bunks, a table and a "dynamite stove." The last-named article is completely surrounded by a steel protector, which makes it impossible for sparks or live coals to get where they could do any damage. Needless to say, the stove is screwed down to the flooring, so that it is completely immovable.

When on board the men wear felt shoes, or in summer go barefooted. Smoking is rigorously prohibited, but that is not a hardship for the men, who have the sailor's preference for chewing. No intoxicating liquors are allowed on board, and if the officers of the powder companies learn that one of the crew has got drunk, even ashore and off duty, they have no more use for him. He obtains unsolicited and permanent leave. There is always one member of the crew of a powder vessel on lookout duty. Except when the boats are being loaded or unloaded, that is about all they have to do. They sit for hours watching the big boats that sail down the bay, and never trouble themselves with the tremendous possibilities beneath the deck. The fleet is regularly inspected every day by "the Captain," who commands a naphtha launch. When not on duty on the powder boats the men work on the launch or on the tug which makes deliveries. This work enables them to go home to their families at a regular hour every evening.

"The men like the work," said a representative of one of the companies that owns the boats. "We have had some men in our employ for twenty years or more, and are constantly having applicatibns for jobs. There is a certain element of danger in the work, but that makes it attractive to the men, I believe. They are a very cool lot. They never get rattled or frightened, but they are always very careful. I have slept on the boats many times, and never thought anything of it. You get used to handling the stuff, and treat it like any other kind of goods—potatoes or dry goods—only you always remember that it is liable to do considerable action if you aren't careful."

# The Poetry of Israel Zangwill

The following poems are taken from a recent book* containing the most of Mr. Zangwill's poetry. The verse is of various stops and measure, diverse in character and sentiment. Mr. Zangwill has tried his hand at many things, and he seems to be successful in most. He may not be a great poet, but he has true poetic instincts.

### STREET WANDERERS.

Dear child, as 'mid the crowd we stand,
  Where noisy barrows shine,
I love to feel your little hand
  Slip gently into mine.

Then of a sudden to recall,
  As tho' I saw a star,
What is, dear child, the best of all,
  That you a woman are.

### NIGHT MOODS.

My mind is as a sea of shudd'ring pines
At thick o' night when all's asleep but wind—
Wind blindly groping in the heavy darkness—
And formless shapes crowd round their mother
  Night,
And all the moonless, starless horror seems
Of old and changeless, hopeless, everlasting.

### TERROR IN DARKNESS.

I feel the breath of midnight,
As of some uncouth creature, panting quick
At tension for a spring, awaiting which
I live but in the pulses of my heart.

### AT DEAD O' NIGHT.

And I looked up and lo! the Night was dead,
Its myriad eyes closed,
Its breath still.
And the dull, cloudy shroud
Hung movelessly around it.
I was alive, but the Night was dead.
I could not die with the tired Night.

### BLIND CHILDREN.

Laughing, the blind boys
Run round their college lawn,
Playing such games of buff
Over its dappled grass.

See the blind frolicsome
Girls in blue pinafores
Turning their skipping-ropes.

How full and rich a world
Theirs to inhabit is—
Sweet scent of grass and bloom,
Playmates' glad symphony,
Cool touch of western w nd,
Sunshine's divine caress.

How should they know or feel
They are in darkness?

But, oh, the miracle!
If a Redeemer came,
Laid finger on their eyes—
One touch, and what a world,
New-born in loveliness!

Spaces of green and sky,
Hulls of white cloud adrift,
Ivy-grown college walls,
Shining loved faces.

What a dark world—who knows?—
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch, and what a strange
Glory might burst on us,
What a hid universe!

Do we sport carelessly,
Blindly upon the verge
Of an Apocalypse?

### VISION.

The barge glided,
Rusty-hulled, yellow-sailed, on the green water,
From the dim lands and the child's dreams.
Oh, the fresh romance and air of morning,
And the strange, sweet tears.

### FOREVER YOUNG.

Forever young, forever young!
Lo, Death hath stolen thee from Thine,
And Love hath stolen thee from Death.

Forever thoughts of thee have clung
Round Nature,—woodland air thy breath,
Thy voice the planetary chime.

Forever loved, seen everywhere,
In flowers thy lips, in stars thine eyes,
My soul grows royal by such grief.

Forever young and loved and fair,
With sunbeams, brooks, and soft blue skies,
With bud and blossom, bird and leaf.

### TO A PRETTY GIRL.

Silly girl! Yet morning lies
In the candor of your eyes,
And you turn your creamy neck,
Which the stray curl-shadows fleck,
Far more wisely than you guess,
Spite your not unconscious dress.
In the curving of your lips
Sages' cunning finds eclipse,
For the gleam of laughing teeth
Is the force that works beneath,
And the warmth of your white hand
Needs a God to understand.
Yea, the stars are not so high
As your body's mystery,
And the sea is not so deep
As the soul in you asleep.

*Blind Children. A Book of Poems by Israel Zangwill. N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls. $1.20 net. Copyright 1903, by Funk & Wagnalls Company.

# The Kaiser's Speeches

The German Kaiser is a very erratic individual, and his speeches, pronounced on many and varied occasions, characteristically mirror this erraticism. Some of his speeches have been decidedly unhappy in their result, others have been marked by much common sense and have met with universal approval. Wolf von Schierbrand, the well-known journalist and student of German political conditions, has recently brought out an interesting book* on the Kaiser and his speeches. He declares that "striking a general balance, after carefully weighing the evidence on either side, I am constrained to say that I hold the influence of the Kaiser's speeches, *on the whole*, to be a good one. Or perhaps it would convey my meaning more clearly to say that the good effects outweigh the evil ones. The Kaiser fills, no doubt, an exceptional position in the world's eyes. He is a bundle of contradictions. His double lineage—Hohenzollern and Guelph—accounts for that. His complex nature is nowhere mirrored more dazzlingly and yet impartially than in his very speeches. The words from his own mouth convict and then again acquit him. As the most picturesque personage on the public stage, he must always remain interesting. As a forceful, masterful individuality, he impresses himself on the general imagination. But a good deal of what is strange in his speeches is due not so much to him as to the anomalous circumstances surrounding him as a ruler.

"As to his efforts to preserve the peace of the world, his visits at the outset of his reign and since, to Russia, England, Austria, Italy, and elsewhere, and his toasts and speeches, telegrams and letters, give abundant proof that he was sincere, untiring, and successful in these labors."

On June 18th, at the preliminary fête in Hamburg, he said, in answer to the formal address by the mayor:

"We join two oceans. Towards the sea our thoughts are turning—the sea, symbol of eternity. Oceans do not sever; they join. And the binding oceans are in turn joined by this new link, for the good and the peace of nations. The iron-clad power now assembled in Kiel harbor is, at the same time, meant to be a symbol of peace, of the coöperation of all civilized nations in the preservation and maintenance of Europe's mission of civilization.

"And having cast a glance at the eternal sea, we now turn and look upon the sea of nations. The hearts of all nations turn questioningly hitherward. They demand and desire peace. In times of peace only the commerce of the world can develop and expand, and peace we will and must maintain. Hamburg's commerce, too, may it blossom and flourish! It will ever find the protection of the imperial eagle, no matter where its paths may lead across the world. . . ."

So far as the Kaiser's official acts and utterances go, there is not the slightest doubt that he has striven honestly, ever since he ascended the throne, to effect a gradual reconciliation with France. And it must be confessed that his ways and methods in this, theatrical as some of them may strike us, have in the main suited their purpose.

The Kaiser has ever recognized the necessity of re-establishing religious harmony in his Empire. He has ever been friendly in his relations with the Vatican. In May, 1902, the Kaiser visited Metz and he delivered a speech there in reply to the welcoming words of the chief mayor, which created some sensation, especially in Catholic circles. One of the most vital passages was the following:

"But if we wish to fulfil wholly the great tasks come to us, we must not forget that the primal soil on which this empire has arisen has its root in the simplicity, the God-fearing piety, and the high moral conceptions of our ancestors. God's hand lay heavy upon our country at the commencement of the last century, and the arm of Providence has mightily wrought the iron in the furnace of misery until the weapon was ready for use. And, therefore, I expect from you all, whether clergy or laymen, to preserve religion within the people. Jointly we must toil to keep intact for the Germanic race its healthy strength, its moral foundations. And that may only be done by maintaining religion, a remark which applies to both forms of worship. The greater, therefore, is my joy in communicating news

* The Kaiser's Speeches. Translated and edited with annotations by Wolf von Schierbrand. N. Y., Harper & Bros. $2.50 net. Copyright 1903, by Harper & Bros.

to the gentlemen of the Church I see here present, news which I am proud to be able to tell you. Right here, gentlemen, stands General von Loë, a faithful servant of his king. I sent him to Rome, to bear my gifts and congratulations to the Holy Father, and when he, in confidential conversation, gave information to the Pontiff as to the state of affairs in our German lands, the Holy Father answered him, saying he was glad to testify to the fact that he had always thought highly of the piety of the Germans, especially of the German army. And, he added, he could say more than that, and he commissioned him to tell me that the one land in Europe where order and discipline ruled, where respect for the authorities, devotion to the Church, prevailed, and where every Catholic was free to live according to the tenets of his faith, was the German Empire, and for that he had to thank the German Emperor.

"That, gentlemen, gives me the right to say that our two faiths, Catholic and Protestant, must keep the one common aim in view: to fortify and foster the fear of God and the veneration for religion. . . . Whosoever does not put his life on the broad rock of religion is lost. . . ."

The Kaiser has always been interested in the United States. The following ideas, which he incorporated in a communication to the late General Runyon, American Ambassador in Berlin during the last Cleveland administration, are fraught with much truthful insight in our affairs:

"Such a pushing people as the Americans will, sooner or later, clash with others, but let us hope never with Germany."

"America is a country of contrasts—piercing lights and deep shadows."

"I know there are many things my Germans might learn from the American people; above all, their optimism, their almost naïve enthusiasm and unquenchable energy."

"Your whole country is an experiment—an intensely interesting one, I admit, but still an experiment. Whether it will stand the storms of time as the older monarchies of Europe have done, remains still to be seen."

"One of the doubtful features of American life is its lack of national cohesion and homogeneity. You're a conglomerate, a bubbling caldron."

"Such seething party politics as yours are not conducive to a calm, well-balanced public opinion."

The Kaiser's interest in art and especially the theater is well known. He has guided both in the path they should go to be in consonance with his own convictions. Speaking of the stage to Mademoiselle Marguerite Durand, editor of *La Fronde*, he said in part:

"Not only an important factor in instructing the masses, in propagating sound ethics, must the stage be, but also the embodiment of elegance and beauty and the realization of the artist's dream. We must not leave the performance depressed by the memory of saddening or demoralizing pictures of bitter disappointments, but invigorated afresh to do battle for our ideals, and feeling happier than before. . . . Life is sad enough, and part of its daily doings is to put before our eyes the most dispiriting reality. Those modern authors who take pains to make us see on the stage such disillusioning pictures have unhealthy ideals, and perform a work which does more evil than good."

The Kaiser is also a pulpit orator. His sermons are usually delivered off-hand. It is said that in the pulpit he shows a striking resemblance to sensational preachers in this country. His sermons and prayers are usually to the God of war, who should ever bring victory to the German army. The following prayer was delivered on board the Hohenzollern, his own yacht:

"Prayer. Almighty God, dear heavenly Father! Thou Lord of hosts and Leader of battles! we lift up our hands to Thee in prayer. To Thee and Thy compassionate heart we commit those thousands of brothers-in-arms, far away from here, whom Thou hast called into battle. Extend, we beseech Thee, Thy all-powerful protection to the breasts of our sons, shielding them. Lead Thou our men to glorious victory! To Thy heart we commit our sick and wounded. Be their consolation and their strength, and heal Thou the wounds which they have received for king and fatherland. To Thy loving compassion and mercy we commit all those who are destined to die on distant battlefields. Be with them in their last fight and give them peace everlasting! To Thee we commit our nation. Preserve, sanctify, augment the enthusiasm which glows in us all. Lord, our God! We trust in Thee! Lead us in battle. We praise Thee, because Thou aidest us, and our flag is hoisted in Thy name. Lord, we will not cease to importune Thee unless Thou blessest us first. Amen."

# The Jaquet-Droz Androids*

Few persons in the mechanical world have not heard of the automatons of the famous Neuchâtel mechanician of the eighteenth century. Most people would not know where to find automatons of Jaquet-Droz. They are said to be in Russia, in England, and scattered here and there throughout the world. But the most remarkable of these masterpieces are in the possession of Mr. Henri Martin, of Dresden, where they are the admiration of all those who happen to visit Dresden and are able to examine them. According to the information kindly furnished us by Mr. Martin, the automatons are in good condition and work as well as at the time when Jaquet-Droz exhibited them to the sovereigns of France, Spain, and England, though now they must be put in operation by hand.

Pierre Jaquet-Droz, born at La Chaux-de-Fonds in 1721, manifested a special aptitude for study at an early age. His parents sent him to the University to study theology. When he had passed his examination as a divinity student he visited his home, and seeing his sister engaged in some watch-work, he assisted her in her task. Possessed of remarkable skill, he succeeded to a marvelous degree and finally gave up the ministry. Encouraged by the first results of his exertions, he abandoned the usual processes in order to carry out his own ideas. He added to ordinary clocks the attraction of chimes and musical performances and sometimes of an artificial canary that came from its cage and sang, with such natural movements of the head and wings, that it was difficult to believe it was not alive. He devoted himself particularly to artistic horology and the production of automatons.

One of his clocks went for a very long time without being rewound. This kind of perpetual movement was produced by different metals expanding and contracting at the same temperature. Another clock, without being touched, answered the question, "What time is it?" It must be presumed that the breath of the questioner was sufficient, by a delicate combination, to put the mechanism in movement. Still another exhibited the hours, the minutes, and the seconds, the center of the dial indicating the course of the sun through the zodiac, the four seasons, and the different phases of the moon in perfect accord with its evolution. The dial was lighted at the time of the full moon, and the stars appeared and disappeared at the required intervals. This artificial firmament was covered with clouds if the weather was unpleasant, or lighted if it was clear. As soon as the hour was struck, a chime was heard. It played nine different melodies, to which an echo responded. A lady seated in a balcony, holding a book in her hand, accompanied the music with gesture and look, from time to time took a pinch of snuff, and bowed to those who opened the glass door of the clock. When the chiming was ended a canary, standing on the hand of a child, whose gestures expressed admiration, sang eight different airs. A shepherd came in his turn and played on the flute, and two children danced around. Suddenly one of the children threw himself on the floor in order to make the other lose his balance, and then turned toward the spectators, pointing at his companion with his finger. Near the shepherd a lamb bleated from time to time, and a dog approached his master to caress him and to watch over a basket of apples. If anyone touched the fruit, he would bark until it was put back in its place.

He presented one of his clocks to King Ferdinand VI, who was so delighted that he refunded the expenses of the journey and paid in addition 500 louis d'or. The King assembled his courtiers in order to show them his acquisition. Among the automatons was a clock with a shepherd playing on his flute, and a dog guarding a basket of fruit. "The dog," said Jaquet-Droz, "is as faithful as he is well-behaved. Let your Majesty put him to the proof by touching one of the fruits in the basket." The King endeavored to take an apple, but the dog immediately threw himself on his hand, barking so naturally that a hound present in the room responded with all his strength. The courtiers thought that sorcery was at work, and fled precipitately, making the sign of the cross. The King and the Minister of

* This account of the famous Jaquet-Droz automatons taken from a French source was printed in the Scientific American. The latter publication adds in a footnote: "The present article is intended to set forth some of the feats performed by these mechanical marvels. We cannot vouch for all the wonderful things fabled to have been done by the Jaquet-Droz, but we give the account for what it is worth."

As he did not answer, Jaquet-Droz remarked smilingly that he probably did not understand Spanish, and begged his Excellency to address him in French. The question was repeated in that language, and the shepherd replied immediately. The Minister was frightened, and he, too, hurried away. In consequence of this *séance*, the Neuchâtel artist, fearing that he might be arrested by the Inquisition and burned as a sorcerer, begged the King to invite the Grand Inquisitor to be present. Jaquet-Droz took the clock apart in his presence, piece by piece, showing him all the springs and explaining to him the action of the train. Probably the Inquisitor understood little or nothing of the matter; nevertheless, he announced the fact publicly that he discovered no magic, and that the mechanism was moved entirely by natural means.

Henri Louis, the son of Pierre Jaquet-Droz, was born in La Chaux-de-Fonds in 1752. The father began the instruction of his son, and afterward sent him to Nancy to complete his philosophical, mathematical, musical, and drawing studies. He interested the Abbé de Servan, the celebrated geometrician and mathematician, whose friendship was continued through life. On his return to La Chaux-de-Fonds, Henri Louis participated in his father's work and soon surpassed him. Their productions succeeded each other with rapidity, and the reputation of the artists extended so far that the Farmer-General, La Reynière, who had a maimed son, ordered artificial hands for him. The mechanism was so perfect that the son could execute almost any kind of movements for which he had been incapacitated before. Filled with admiration at the sight of this work, the celebrated Vaucanson, the first mechanician of France, exclaimed: "Young man, you commenced where I should be satisfied to finish!" This was not the only occasion on which the two artists made arms and limbs for those deprived of them.

Without enumerating all the marvels produced by the father and son, with the coöperation of their friend and compatriot, Leschot, we will describe the principal pieces. Three automatons, whose perfection exceeded everything which had ever been known in this class of work, are the Young Musician, the Draughtsman and the Writer.

A young woman, seated at the harpsichord, executed several pieces of music with dexterity, without any person touching the instrument. rectly and then shading them. From time to time he raised his hand to examine his work the better, corrected some defect, and blew the dust from the paper. Henri Louis, having gone to Versailles, exhibited his automatons to the King. The Draughtsman, to the amazement of the whole court, sketched the portrait of the French king with a laurel wreath on his head.

It is not wonderful that their fame increased. Jaquet-Droz went over to England, he placed the Draughtsman before the King, and soon the hands of the automaton were actively at work, but the surprise of those present was boundless when they beheld, not the image of the King of France, which they had expected, but that of the English monarch.

Jaquet-Droz, a skilful draughtsman himself, might, by means of certain changes introduced in the mechanism, have produced this diversity of feature. Of course the portraits were not finished productions, but presented a general resemblance. We must do homage to the genius of the man who, by subtle and remarkable combinations, was able to produce an instrument so perfect and, until then, completely unknown.

The Draughtsman of Jaquet-Droz was not, however, the most remarkable of the works created by the inexhaustible genius of this artist. Let one judge from the Writer, seated before an isolated desk, without contact with any person. He would dip his pen in the inkstand and write, without dictation, slowly it is true, but distinctly and correctly. Each word occupied a suitable place at the desired distance from the preceding; when a line was finished, he commenced a new one, leaving between them the necessary space. The movements of the eyes, and of the arms and hands were admirably imitated. The Writer might even be interrupted. He stopped in the middle of a word, if asked, and wrote another.

The slowness with which the automaton wrote can be comprehended when the letters of the words required are far from each other in the alphabet; as in the word *vocal*, where it was necessary that each letter should cause nearly a complete revolution of the wheel before the following one could be traced. If, on the contrary, the letters were near each other, as in the word *abces* the image would write much more rapidly.

What accuracy of calculation! What astonishing complication of springs, wheels, and

sary to raise the hook and stop the letter disk, without touching the mechanism. The means used by Jaquet-Droz for securing this result have remained unknown. The courtiers, scientists, and the most skilful mechanicians have vainly sought to penetrate the mystery. It is needless to say that the Writer performed only in the presence of Jaquet-Droz, which involves the idea of some action exercised by this artist. It has been supposed that he made use of a magnet concealed in his shoes or clothing. This idea was suggested by his habit of walking back and forth, and turning sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other, while the automaton was writing, thus perhaps being able to attract the hook toward the wheel with the aid of a magnet and cause it to return by the same force. The lords of the court endeavored, by means of other magnets of great power concealed in their clothing, to disturb the working of the apparatus by their attitudes and movements, but in vain. The automaton wrote with the same accuracy. The Writer is still in existence. It continues to write, pro- with him.

The three masterpieces of Jaquet-Droz—the Musician, the Draughtsman, and the Writer—achieved immense success throughout Europe. A long time afterward, notwithstanding the absence of the one who had caused them to move, they were admired at the Paris Exposition of 1825, and later at Neuchâtel. Because of the great reputation of these works, other creations of the same artists, as ingenious, but less demonstrative in appearance, have remained almost unknown.

Among those ignored by the public, we may cite a large clock representing a rustic scene. A peasant and his donkey have been to market, and are returning home with a load of flour. A cow is grazing in the meadow, with her calf gamboling around her. The goats are climbing the rocks, a shepherd and shepherdesses form a group at the entrance of a grotto. In the foreground is a garden, with an aviary of birds. The flocks are bleating, the birds chirping, the shepherd playing on a flute, and the shepherdesses dancing.

# Matters Musical and Dramatic

### THE NATIONAL THEATER

The "National Theater" idea still perseveres with a tenacity which should betoken, at the least, sincerity. The question is enlivened each day by notices of meetings and resolutions on one side and by ridicule and censure on the other. What the result will be, it is hazardous to say, but success seems probable. Meanwhile some rather interesting remarks from persons high in their professions have been evoked. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, and surely a man of experience, has spoken doubtingly of the scheme. Mr. Clyde Fitch, that prolific dramatist, who threatens to out-Scribe Scribe, in an address before a private club of Boston gave his opinion in no uncertain terms:

I am not in favor of it. Right from the start we are met with insuperable difficulties. The question at once arises, Who shall run it? Shall it be the millionaires who endow it? They cannot, and would not—thank heaven! If it is to be run by a special board or committee, of whom is it to consist—actors or managers, or dramatic critics, or college professors? Do you see what I mean? It is impossible to find any class of men capable of choosing a standard which shall satisfy more than a small coterie. There is no standard at present that meets the requirements of the large general public.

The people now clamoring loudest for the endowed theater are the magazine writers and the playwrights who have failed, and one can draw his own conclusions as to the value of their advice or their competence to direct such a movement.

In time it will come, but that time is not yet. We must pass through this present formative transitional stage of open competition. Public taste is still unformed, and will remain so until we develop a larger class who have the leisure and inclination to cultivate higher artistic tastes.

The present advocates, I believe, by confusing the public mind regarding the so-called higher drama, injure the cause they are trying to promote. Whenever they have an opportunity to give the public a taste of the "higher drama" they say, "Lo, let us produce Ghosts!" They make the error of holding up Ibsen as the type of all literary drama, and very naturally the American public says, "Well, if this is your higher drama, give us King Dodo." The truth is, the higher drama is not confined to any one subject or method of treatment, but may be sparkling comedy as well as morbid tragedy; and the higher it ranks as

a drama, the more successful it will be as an entertainment pure and simple. At present the public is led to believe that to get enjoyment it is necessary to avoid the so-called higher drama. All this must be changed, and time only can do it.

This opinion is, of course, a personal one, and is necessarily as great a sidelight upon Mr. Fitch as upon the subject discussed. Mr. Fitch is unquestionably right in his statement regarding the difficulties besetting the procuring of managers, etc. More, too, might be said concerning the inevitable confusion that will arise in selecting plays. But, after all, these things, troublesome and hindering though they be, are really of but ephemeral difficulties and will straighten themselves out. The Commedie Français is the great answer to all opposition that a national theater can not be established and successfully maintained.

#### MR. FITCH'S FLING AT IBSEN

Mr. Fitch's gibe at Ibsen is not unusual. Remarks of this character used to be much more frequent than they now are. Of course the comic opera has its place. And equally of course, people may prefer it for steady diet to the intense, deep dramatic study. But is not this rather a connotation upon the people than upon the lasting merit of the respective compositions? Mr. Fitch is correct, too, in saying that "the higher drama . . . may be sparkling comedy as well as morbid tragedy." Molière ranks high up with the great masters. But the fundamental basis of both comedy and tragedy is the same. That basis is truth. And it is for truth that Ibsen stands. Later in his address, Mr. Fitch gave the Norwegian an enforced tribute:

There is not a living playwright who is not influenced by Ibsen's art. He is the master technician of the century. His genius has revealed possibilities hitherto unsuspected in terse prose dialogue, and he has permanently lifted the drama to a higher level. On its technical side he has practically revolutionized the drama.

#### THE PURPOSE OF IBSEN

The last sentence is noticeable. Ibsen has indeed revolutionized the drama on its technical side and he has done almost as much on its ethical side. He was almost the first to break away from the sentimental maudlin melodrama and give what has since been called the problem play. The Doll's House and John Gabriel Borkman are examples of how high he has lifted themes which had before his time been treated as melodramatic. He has substituted truth for weak-tea sentiment. He has written plays of consistent character, charged with intensely human emotions. He has created real men and women. Nor is all his work "morbid" and "sordid"—those vague words of flexible meaning. Even when most realistic, he never loses sight of his idealism. Above all, he is always a poet. If people instead of eternally harping on Ghosts or The Doll's House, would read other of his plays, such as Brand, with its wonder and magic beauty; Peer Gynt, with its humor and satire; Pillars of Society, with its compelling pathos and exquisite contrasts; An Enemy of the People, with its intensity of purpose; Little Eyolf, with its witchery—any or all of these, they would come to know something of the message of the Norwegian—the message which means the moral triumph of the individual.

#### SOME CONGRATULATIONS

The place which Ibsen holds was recently rather prettily shown in the telegrams which he received on his seventy-fifth birthday. They came from all parts of the world. A few of these were given in the New York Times:

My hearty thanks for your problems, which I have faithfully sought to portray, but never succeeded in solving. M. MAETERLINCK.

You ascend; I descend. MAXIM GORKI.

The following message is signed "A Voice from the Grave":

Light in the land
Your heart's desire.

Among the messages published by the Norwegian journal, the following will impress most Americans as being post-mortem:

How many thousand dollars do you want per evening? BARNUM.

George Brandes, whose work Main Currents in Modern Literature and Art has earned him fame, couched his message in interrogatory form:

I wonder who will honor me when I am seventy-five? GEORGE BRANDES.

In the telegram sent by Gunnar Heiberg, an author of national reputation, there is a fling at Björnstjerne Björnson. This message came from him:

I honor you because your name is not Björnson.
GUNNAR HEIBERG.

Björnson sent this:

My Brother: When I say "my brother" I raise you to the highest level I can imagine.
BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

Alexander Kielland, who, after having gained a reputation in his own country which placed him next to Ibsen and Björnson in the rank of Norwegian writers, but ceased writing after having been appointed Mayor of the City of Bergen, sent this telegram:

Congratulations and thanks because you did not become a bureaucrat.
ALEXANDER KIELLAND.

#### MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Most interesting of these messages is the one sent by Maeterlinck. He has entered the same field with Ibsen, but from an entirely different

people are always living and human; Maeterlinck's are, for the most part, puppets upon which to hang an emotion. The one man is a realist with the possibilities of the poet; the other is a poet with only the possibilities of the realist. It is good to see, however, that Maeterlinck, in each new play, is drawing nearer to life. Next year we will be better able to judge him. We are promised two productions of Monna Vanna, the play censored in London, one by Duse and the other by Madame Maeterlinck. The latter actress will also produce several other of her husband's plays. Here will be a rare opportunity for those who would study the drama—and the audience.

#### A SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL

The marked revival of Shakespeare this year has been most striking. The promise for next bids fair to be greater. We have had Julius Cæsar, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet twice, As You Like It, The Taming of the Shrew, and we are promised Othello, Macbeth, Twelfth Night, and other of the plays. What the revival means each must decide for himself, but certain conclusions seem inevitable. First, that the drama is in a period of transition, and good drawing plays are hard to obtain. Second, that the demand for lavish productions combined with good drama being unmet has turned managers back toward Shakespeare, who offers just these qualities. Third, that the cry for a national theater has evidently set people thinking. Fourth, that the society play and the romantic play are about played out. And fifth, that the promiscuous book dramatization has ceased to interest as it once did.

#### THE RISE OF THE POETIC DRAMA

It would be pleasant to go a step further and say that the poetic drama has returned again. Certain successes of Rostand and Phillips give a credence to such a statement. Mrs. Fiske produced a poetic play, Mary of Magdala, this year with success. Finally, a poetic comedy by Percy Mackaye, entitled The Canterbury Pilgrims, is promised for next year. The latter play centers about Chaucer and his pilgrims—a pretty comedy told with originality and color and skill. So much the poetic drama offers. But it is not likely a revival. It requires an age like the Elizabethan—a lyrical age to produce poetic plays. We have not yet attained that buoyancy and richness, and life has grown too complex. Moreover, the eternal demand

#### IRVING AS DANTE

The great dramatic event of this spring has been the recent production in London by Sir Henry Irving of Sardou's latest play, Dante. The drama was received with enthusiasm, which must, however, be construed as a personal compliment to the English actor. The play itself seems to be a rather lofty melodrama, permitting of large scenic effects and lavish production. It aims little at accuracy or truth or history. When it is said that one scene is laid in the Inferno, it will be seen how fanciful the treatment has been. Still, Sardou knows his business and Sir Henry his audience. It will be a great wonder if the play prove not a great success.

#### TWO DEATHS

The sad death of Stuart Robson robs the American stage of one of its most appealing actors. Whoever has seen Mr. Robson in The Henrietta or the Comedy of Errors or Oliver Goldsmith or other of his plays will feel a personal loss in his demise.

Over in England, the death of Luigi Arditi meant the loss of a composer and conductor known the world around. It was while conducting for Patti that Arditi reached his greatest fame. He wrote an opera for her, which she performed, and several songs, one a waltz, Il Bacio, which is probably his best-known composition.

#### MUSICAL COMEDIES AND OTHER COMEDIES

This is the tag end of the season. Only light comedies and the most tenuous of comic operas are left. They are the forerunners of the summer and point with no uncertain finger toward the roof garden. They are harmless enough and diverting enough. The comic operas are all "jingly" and "whistly." They have a lavishness of costume and scenery. Some, such as the Sultan of Sulu, written by Mr. Ade, are blest with a rather good book. Others such as Mr. Bluebeard have lavish scenery. None seem very much troubled about plot. But they all "go," and that is their main purpose. Since Opera Comique is dead we may as well get as much as we can out of the modern vaudeville version of it. Taking such a philosophic view of the question, there is enjoyment in any of those now on the stage: The Wizard of Oz, The Prince of Pilsen, The Runaways, Nancy Brown.

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WILLIAM THOM CHAMBERS'S

[illegible] would say,
[illegible] hearts safeguarding
[illegible] beneath a mask of clay.

[illegible] and not a look shall sully
[illegible] of your pure white soul.
[illegible] But no. Love could not pay
[illegible] full tale and sterling measure, what it stole.

THE LOST ROWER BLISS CARMEN .....LIPPINCOTT'S

Cool were the gray mottled beeches,
Quiet with noon were the fern-beds,
Where by the bubbling spring water
Tarried young Hylas.

Whistling a song of the rowers,
Dipping his jar till it gurgled,
Suddenly there the bright naiads
(Woe to thee, Hylas!)

Looked and beheld his fair beauty
Better their well-head, and straightway
Exquisite longing possessed them
Only for Hylas.

Never again did his comrades
Find the lost rower, nor maidens
See from their doorways at twilight
Home-coming Hylas.

Thenceforth another must labor
To the timed thud of his rowlock,
And only legends keep tally
Of the lost Hylas.

Yet even now, when the springtime
Verdures the valley, and rain-winds
Voyage for lands undiscovered,
As once did Hylas,

With a great star on the hill-crest
In purple evening, a flute-note
Pierces the dusk, and a voice calls,
"Hylas, Hylas!"

**WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN. ALICE BOORAEM. TOWN AND COUNTRY**

My little ship she sailed away,
All on a lovely summer day,
Upon a sapphire sea.
Oh! little waves, so crisp and green,
Far o'er the ocean you have been;
This service do for me.
Tell me, I pray you, have you seen
That fragile bark of silver sheen
Tossing upon the sea?
If under Heaven's purple dome,
Ever you see my vessel roam,
Turn her at once to me.
See that my ship comes home.

My little ship she sailed away,
All on a lovely summer day,
Upon a sapphire sea.
Oh! little waves, with creamy crest,
Hasten, I pray you, east and west,
Hasten my ship to me.
Until the object of your quest
Has with her prow the home-sands pressed,
Come not again to me.
Through winds' wild songs and ocean's din,
Haste, little waves, reward to win.
What will your guerdon be?
Wait—till my ship comes in.

**THE OLD SKEPTIC.....ALFRED NOYES.....LONDON SPECTATOR**

I am weary of disbelieving: why should I wound my love
To pleasure a sophist's pride in a graven image of truth?
I will go back to my home, with the clouds and the stars above,
And the heaven I used to know, and the God of my buried youth.

I will go back to the home where of old in my boyish pride
I pierced my father's heart with a murmur of unbelief;
He only looked in my face as I spoke, but his mute eyes cried
Night after night in my dreams; and he died in grief, in grief.

Oh, yes; I have read the books, the books that we write ourselves,
Extolling our love of an abstract truth and our pride of debate:
I will go back to the love of the cotter who sings as he delves,
To that childish infinite love and the God above fact and date.

To that ignorant infinite God who colors the meaningless flowers,
To that lawless infinite Poet who matches the law with the crime;
To the Weaver who covers the world with a garment of wonderful hours,
And holds in His hand like threads the antinomies of time.

Is the faith of the cotter so simple and narrow as this? Ah, well,
It is hardly so narrow as yours, who daub and plaster with dyes
The shining mirrors of heaven, the shadowy mirrors of hell,
And blot out the dark, deep vision, if it seem to be framed with lies.

leaps to my hand like the flaming sword of nineteen hundred years,
The sword of the high God's answer, *O Pilate, what is truth?*

Your laughter has killed more hearts than ever were pierced with swords,
Ever you daub new mirrors and turn the old to the wall;
And more than blood is lost in the weary battle of words;
For creeds are many; but God is One, and contains them all.

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
And hear from the wayside cabins the sweet old hymns again,
Where Christ holds out His arms in the quiet evening hours,
And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old foolish prayers,
And there I shall see, once more, the fond old faith confessed,
And the strange old light on their faces, who hear as a blind man hears—
*Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.*

I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,
And pray the sweet old prayers that I learned at my mother's knee,
Where the Sabbath tolls its peace thro' the breathless mountain-vales,
And the sunset's evening hymn hallows the wistful sea.

**I WONDER WHY.....MARY FARRAH.....LEISURE HOUR**

I wonder why the world's so bright,
No matter what the weather,
So full of beauty and delight
For us to share together;
I wonder why the sky should be
So deeply blue above you;—
Perhaps it's just because, you see,
I love you!

I wonder why my heart should sing
All day a song of gladness,
Why every season should be Spring,
No thought of care or sadness;
Why every night the stars should glow
With meanings just above me;—
Perhaps it's just because I know
You love me!

**O SUMMER MOON.....ARTHUR STRINGER.....HARPER'S**

O mournful golden summer Moon,
Where are the nights that thou hast known?
Where are Love's banished roses strewn?

Once pale Acantha's pensive tune,
So long ago, to thee was blown;
O mournful golden summer Moon!

Once Sappho some dear night in June
Sang all her love to thee alone,
O mournful golden summer Moon!

And once did sea-born Venus swoon
In tender love O times unknown!
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn?

But gone is each sad kiss's boon;
And all those lips—are now as stone!
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn,
O mournful golden summer Moon?

**THE FRIENDS..F. J. COVENTRY PATMORE..LONDON SAT. REVIEW**

Do you recall that April day we went
From forth the little town
Into the country breathing its content
From wood and stream and down?
We found that day
Beneath the budding honeysuckle's spray
The wren's dom'd nest;
We saw the rooks winging their toilsome way
From forth the ruddy west;
And spied beside the rill
With drooping head the virgin daffodil.
Then, much against our will,
We turned to part.
And now that thou art gone, and in my heart
Only the memories stay
Of that thrice happy day,
Yet is my soul with throbbing joy aglow,
Because so well I know
What a true friend thou art;
And glad indeed I am it should be so.
But yet a sickening fear
Will frequent reappear.
Suppose that in the future I should hurt
Or Judas-like desert
Thee who art now so dear?
Bird, bee and passing shower
All serve their end;
And by some subtle power
The smallest pod
Does a good work for God;
Yet what of me if I neglect my friend?

**ACROSS THE BORDER.....SOPHIE JEWETT.....CENTURY**

I have read somewhere that the birds of fairy-land are white as snow.—W. B. Yeats.

Where all the trees bear golden flowers,
And all the birds are white;
Where fairy-folk in dancing-hours
Burn stars for candle-light;

Where every wind and leaf can talk,
But no man understand,
Save one whose child-feet chanced to walk
Green paths of Fairy-land:

I followed two swift silver wings;
I stalked a roving song;
I startled shining, silent things;
I wandered all day long.

But when it seemed the shadowy hours
Whispered of soft-foot night,
I crept home to sweet common flowers,
Brown birds, and candle-light.

# Arts and Crafts

**THE REVIVAL OF THE CRAFTSMAN.. H. W. BELKNAP ..CRAFTSMAN**

At the present time, arts and crafts societies, gilds and other similar associations promise a revival of that interest in the lesser arts, which was so strong a feature of the Middle Ages, and which has always played an important part in China, Japan and throughout the East, but which for some generations has so far declined as to indicate a feeling that in architecture, painting and sculpture the end of art is reached.

Slowly and with uncertainty at first, but of late with rapidly increasing speed, the movement has gained impetus, to the encouragement of the artisans in every trade, and to the satisfaction of the founders and supporters of the many technical schools, who are ready to extend their work, to make their courses more comprehensive, if only students will present themselves to make use of the new opportunities. These schools are many of them already well equipped, and all have, at least, a good foundation, which needs only to be built upon to enable them to impart a valuable education in the various branches of art-craftsmanship.

Doubtless much that is taught is not perfect, and the standards may not be so elevated as might be desired, but, upon the whole, good is being done, and the healthful influence exerted in certain places is very marked. If we turn over the sketches and designs of any fairly gifted pupil of some of these schools, and note the restraint and simplicity of the ornament, and the tendency to use conventionalized natural forms, rather than the realistic treatment which has produced such painful results, we shall discover that real progress is making.

There seems always to be a supply of those who, with more or less talent, are ready and anxious to adopt some form of art as a calling, even though it necessitates life in a garret and uncertainty as to where and when the next meal is to be found. There is also a fairly large, and of late years a rapidly increasing, number of persons who are more or less cultured in their taste for artistic things, together with others who feign an interest, in their effort to appear sophisticated. Many of these last quite unconsciously learn discrimination, and actually join the ranks to which they aspire. It is to both these classes that the craftsman must look for encouragement and support.

In many places the societies of arts and crafts are providing means for bringing together the craftsmen and the public; but in some of these organizations the standard of excellence necessary to the admission of work is so high as to exclude all save a very few, and to discourage many workers who need only the incentive of a little help and a small increase in their income in order to do better work. Besides this, too many of these societies are dependent upon the financial support of a few enthusiasts and philanthropists, and are liable to fail at any moment if this aid is withdrawn, since they have no means of self-support.

It would seem, therefore, that a field is open for an enterprise which, while having its commercial side, is yet upon a higher plane than the ordinary shop, and in which the articles shown shall be selected with discrimination and taste.

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**REVIVAL OF THE WOOD CARVER'S ART.....N. Y. TIMES**

Wood carving has been experiencing a distinct revival in certain lines in the past year, due partly to the reaction from the cheap imitations of pressed wood which so gaudily decorated many homes, and partly to the cultivation of an esthetic taste for the solid and artistic products of handcraft.

The ingeniousness of the Chinese in wood-carving has had something to do in encouraging the development of home talent in this line. The remarkable teakwood sideboards and tables of the Chinese and Japanese, representing, as they do, years of hard, close work on the part of the carvers, have attracted universal attention in this country, and the demand for them has stimulated a more general appreciation of domestic hand-carved furniture. The imported furniture of the Chinese and Japanese contains its lessons to wood carvers in this country. The infinite amount of care, patience, and detail work of the Orientals is not to be lost upon the carvers here. With their simple and almost crude implements, the Oriental artists have accomplished results that would require the best skill of Americans to imitate. Too often, however, the Chinese

workmanship distinguishes their articles.

It is becoming the fashion once more to own a handsome hand-carved set of furniture which will last for a lifetime rather than several factory-made sets made to suit the different prevailing styles.

The early furniture of our forefathers was built to last, strong of frame and construction, well-seasoned wood, and perfect, in simple, artistic outlines, but comparatively little of this furniture was hand-carved. Certainly none of it was elaborately carved by hand, The lines were mostly straight and simple. The few pieces of old Colonial furniture that were handsomely carved preserve an atmosphere of beauty and solidity that makes their price almost prohibitory. The old English hand-carved furniture brought to this country by the Colonists represents a period of wood carving somewhat earlier than that to which most of the Colonial products belong.

Modern wood carving does not attempt to pattern too closely after any of these earlier schools, but by adapting and modifying them to the times, excellent results are obtained. The craftsman who has the time and love for his art can put half a lifetime in a few handsome pieces of furniture, but such articles are rare. Yet for the pure love of it many a workman is laboring in his own home to create for future generations of his family heirlooms more to be desired than stocks and bonds. The designs are not more artistic than the workmanship. Patience and love for it are woven into every detail. The question of how far an amateur can go in wood carving without losing patience is an interesting problem. There is one woman who has spent five years in carving a library set for her home, working at it an hour or two a day whenever opportunity offers, and producing effects gradually which will prove a rich reward in time. She took up the work as another would painting or music, and persisted at it until now she excels in the craft.

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**MODERN ILLUMINATING . . . S. D. HOLT . . . INTERNATIONAL PRINTER**

Illumination, in whatever form practised, must be considered as one of the classes of polychromatic art decoration. What was originally termed illumination was simply the application of red ink to decorate or to draw marked attention to a particular position of a piece of writing or engrossing, the general brilliant cinnabar or vermilion. As ornaments of all kinds were gradually added to the primitive distinctions marked in manuscripts by the use of different colored inks, the term acquired a wider significance, and from classic times to the present has always been regarded as including the practise of every description of ornamental engrossing. Such embellishments were, during the early and Middle Ages, and in fact until long after the invention of printing, almost invariably executed on vellum. The most valuable applications of the art will always exist.

Illumination, which was originally and for many centuries used in the production of beautiful books, copies of which could be elaborated by no other means than hand-labor, has been to a great extent superseded by photo-engraving and lithography. There is still, however, a wide field for useful and even remunerative labor for the artist and illuminator on paper or vellum, in designing and preparing elegant originals for reproduction by these processes, as well as in the rich and tasteful illuminating and engrossing of resolutions, memorials, testimonials and addresses and in the emblazoning of coats of arms. But at the same time an equally elegant and useful application of the art would be to enrich ceilings, walls, cornices, panels, chimney-places in churches, schoolrooms, dwellings and public buildings of all kinds, with beautiful and appropriate inscriptions of graceful form and harmonious coloring. Such illumination would form not only an agreeable, but an eminently useful decoration. How many texts and sentences worthy of being written in letters of gold might be thus brought prominently under the eye of youth, manhood, and old age, for hope, admonition, and comfort. No more skill, energy, and taste are required for the production of this class of illumination than are essential for satisfactory work upon vellum and paper.

The art of illuminating cannot be attained at once; one must submit to tedious application to study and incessant practise and be forearmed against the disappointments which naturally occur. After hours or days of encouraging progress, do not permit an unfortunate dash of color or an obstinate piece of gold to dishearten you from beginning anew. First, one must have a perfectly def-

work is only acquired by constant application. Correctness of eye will very soon produce correctness of hand. The next acquirement, then, must be to learn how to observe.

Accuracy is most essential, and although speed is not acquired at first, better progress is gained than with a careless and hasty style of dashing off flippant inanities of gold and color. One must begin to draw carefully at first, even if it be slowly, and by so doing will insure correctness. In undertaking a piece of work in book form one must have a comprehensive conception of how to treat the subject throughout from title-page to finis. He must calculate the elaborateness in which it will be executed and how much labor he intends to bestow upon it. A surrounding border can be used or a large ornate initial on every page, and a narrow border at left margin running down from the capital. The title-page should be the most elaborate.

**NEW DIAMOND CUTTING** ..... **N. Y. HERALD**

The most important news in a quarter of a century for all lovers of diamonds is the announcement of the marvelous new "twentieth century cutting." The new method of preparing diamonds, it is confidently predicted by many experts, will revolutionize the diamond trade.

The discovery makes it possible to increase the brilliancy of diamonds, size for size, fully 100 per cent. It makes stones appear much larger than after any other cutting, and renders them equally brilliant viewed from any angle. Despite an immense amount of experimenting by diamond experts the world over, no effective cutting had been discovered since 1875, when the present brilliant form was introduced. The "twentieth century cutting" is the discovery of Daniel C. Townsend, a New York diamond expert.

The average layman in diamond matters can have no conception of the difficulties involved in such work. It was necessary not only to be perfectly familiar with the properties of diamonds, but to have an expert knowledge of the laws of optics, besides a practical working knowledge of the diamond cutter's trade.

Every phase of the work was extremely expensive. After a cutting had been devised and each facet had been designed with its relation to every other facet, the cutting was the cutting would be tried on an actual diamond. It was necessary to use a fairly large diamond in order to test properly the work. The stones used for these experiments —and there were many of them—were worth about $1,000 each.

Some idea of the difficulty of the work may be imagined from the fact that although hundreds of diamond experts all over the world are always experimenting more or less, to discover a new cutting, there were, up to the discovery of the "twentieth century cutting" but three standard diamond cuttings. These are, of course, familiar. They are the "rose cutting," the "cushion cutting," and the "brilliant cutting." The "rose cutting" is the oldest of the three, and is still used for very small stones. The diamond cut in this way has a rounded appearance, and has no regular number of facets. Practically, all the really old diamonds have rose cuttings.

To understand the form of the beauty of the new cutting it is necessary to be familiar with the general form of previous cuttings. The names of the faces of a diamond are more or less familiar. The flat top surface of the old ordinary brilliant is called the table. The outer edge of the stone, or its largest diameter, is called the girdle, and the small surface at the bottom is called the culex. The brilliant cutting has fifty-six facets or cuttings, and, including the table and the culex, fifty-eight facets.

The "twentieth century cutting" gives the diamond eighty facets, and does away with both the table on top and the culex at the bottom. Both the upper and lower surfaces come to a point, leaving no flat surface on any part of the stone.

Any one who looks at a brilliant diamond must notice that the flat surface on top (the table) of the stone is comparatively lusterless and dull. To get the best effect from such a stone one must turn it until the light strikes it at the proper angle. The "twentieth century cutting" does away with this surface, or dull spot. In other words, the brilliant absorbs the light through the table and gives it off from its facets at the side. The new cutting absorbs the light from the entire upper surface, and gives it off with marvelous brilliancy from every one of its eighty shining facets. No matter at what angle the light strikes the new stone, it retains the same dazzling brilliancy.

### A FRENCH CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS

In France the Crotte system for the cure of tuberculosis is much in vogue. Under this system powerful antiseptics are forced by electricity into the lungs or affected organs. Two years ago, a Crotte institute was opened in Paris under the auspices of the city, and numbers of tuberculosis patients are sent each week by the mayors of the various arrondissements of the city and by the municipal charity board. It appears that 4,600 tuberculosis patients were treated during the last year in the institute, and it is stated that of this number no less than three thousand left the establishment cured.

These cures are officially registered and are accepted by leading medical authorities in Paris. M. Crotte has recently published a treatise on the cure of tuberculosis. He is a firm believer in prevention and a large portion of his work is devoted to the precautions to be taken in the streets and public places to prevent tuberculosis infection or contamination.

The following new municipal health regulations adopted by the City of Paris are largely based on the recommendation of M. Crotte:

The destruction of bacillary expectorations; disinfectant washing of floors and walls; disinfection of clothing and bedding; isolation of declared cases of tuberculosis; salubrity of sleeping-rooms and dwelling-rooms; inspection of meat and milk, and the recommendations in the cases of women and girls to abandon wearing corsets. Premier Combes, even as drastic as he has shown himself to be in regard to his enforcement of the association laws, shrinks from issuing a ukase suppressing the corset, but he strongly indorses the opinion expressed by M. Crotte that the corset is 'one of the most prolific causes of the propagation of tuberculosis with women and girls." The statistics compiled in the Crotte Institute show that the corset is responsible for three-fourths of the cases of female tuberculosis. The corset, by compressing the internal organs, leads to anæmia, and with growing girls it is only one short step from anæmia to tuberculosis.

### MOUNTAIN AIR IN LONDON

The Oxygen Hospital in London, where ulcers, lupus and wounds are treated by the direct action of oxygen, has constructed two cubicles in which consumptives may sleep and spend the greater part of their time in an atmosphere artificially adapted to their requirements. The cubicles are provided with a scientific mechanism by which the air is dried, filtered, ozonized and rarefied before it reaches the patient.

These cubicles, according to The New York Tribune, are six and one-half feet long, four feet wide and six feet high, and are elevated on blocks nine inches above the floor. The walls are of wood and polished plate glass, and at one end are two folding doors, closing with a joint and rendered airtight. Opposite the doors and attached to the wood is the small chamber where the air is treated. The outer air, when drawn by a ventilating shaft into the chamber, is first filtered through layers of cotton wool, for the removal of mechanical and chemical impurities; second, dried by passage through perforated trays charged with chloride of calcium, and, finally, ozonized by means of an Andriolis tube, which is called into action for five minutes in each quarter of an hour by an automatic clock with the necessary electric connection. Above the doors there is a square chamber containing an exhaust fan, and there is a ventilating shaft leading from it through the roof of the building. Since the output is regulated so as to exceed the inlet, the atmospheric pressure within the cubicle is somewhat reduced and the air is rarefied. The attendants report that a patient spends about sixteen out of twenty-four hours in the cubicle, and, far from being harassed and inconvenienced by his narrow surroundings, is unwilling to return to the ward, since he finds it more difficult to breathe there. Convalescence naturally reconciles a patient to solitary confinement in his glass cell. The cubicle, when once constructed, is not expensive in operation. The cubicles at the Oxygen Hospital cost about a shilling each a day in chemicals.

### STATE EXAMINATION AND REGISTRATION FOR TRAINED NURSES

At an International Congress of Nurses held in Buffalo in 1901, resolutions were adopted in favor of legislative enactments regulating the education of nurses and protecting the interests of the public by securing the State examination and State registration of nurses, with proper penalties for enforcing the same. Discussing the question in The Atlantic Monthly, Miss May Moss writes:

At present every two-penny hospital is free to award presentable looking diplomas, and without a most unlikely amount of investigation, employers have scant means of knowing how much or how little those diplomas are worth.

A properly conducted State examination would at once create a line of demarcation between partly trained care-takers or attendants and nurses thoroughly equipped in every branch of their profession. As a preliminary to going up to this examination, every nurse would have to show a diploma from a recognized school, and this diploma would be a personal as well as a professional guarantee. The vague term "trained nurse" would acquire an exact

significance, and nurses partly trained would be conveniently differentiated. Fully to benefit by this, both doctors and public would have to use self-control in not employing nurses indiscriminately. To this end each city should encourage the forming of central registries or directories governed by the strictest rules and managed by the nurses themselves, so that there should be no division of responsibility in case either of success or failure. Although many excellent registries are now run by private committees, nurses' clubs, and hospitals, there is apt to be a lack of co-operation which permits of various abuses. Consequently some of the best nurses register nowhere, and can only be had by sending to their homes or boarding-houses. The disadvantage of this is that a woman is not directly responsible to any outside authority, and no record is kept as to whether she continues to give satisfaction, while the public fall into a dangerous way of picking up a nurse anywhere, with less inquiry about her antecedents than is customary in engaging a laundress or a kitchen maid.

### INFECTION DUE TO UNSANITARIZED TEETH

Dr. D. D. Smith, of Philadelphia, recently read before the Philadelphia County Medical Society a paper* on Mouth Infection Due to Natural Teeth. Contagion and disease, according to Dr. Smith, lurk in the human mouth. To septic conditions of the teeth many disorders of the stomach, the kidneys, and the nervous system are due; while the most pernicious factors of lung infection are intrenched in the teeth.

"In addition to the toxins engendered amidst stagnant accumulations perpetually adherent in the mouth of consumptives, the sputum itself in appreciable quantity clings to the already infected tooth surfaces, increasing bacterial placques and multiplying bacterial cultures *in the mouth.* Can it otherwise be, than, that thus an endless chain of ever-increasing contagion revolves in foods and air to blood, thence to organs and tissues, to be deposited, it may be as initial infection or perhaps an augmentation of some pathological state already established; or it may return to the mouth in mucus or saliva, or in some inflammatory exudation, there to begin again its round of infection?"

In 1894 I began a line of experimental investigation to determine the true source of tooth decay. Results from these experiments, carried forward on patients only, were all in harmony with the theory that caries of the teeth begins at some point on the exposed enamel surface, and that it is primarily due to the affinities of the ultimates of the teeth for the acids of the menstruum in which the tooth is perpetually enveloped. What seems indisputable proof of this theory is the fact that, if a devitalized or pulpless tooth, such a tooth as is conceded to be the subject of more rapid decay than one with a vital pulp in the same environment, be removed from a mouth in which resolution is rapidly taking place, and it be placed in water, alcohol or glycerine, or simply exposed in the air, all caries in that tooth is at once arrested.

The inevitable deduction from such an experiment is, that caries of the teeth is a result of environmental conditions; and this is in agreement with general observation and all clinical experience. Growing out of the experiments referred to and their results I have developed a system of caring for the teeth diametrically the opposite of all former conceptions, theories and methods of practice; and whenever the system has found typical exemplification, whether in childhood, youth, middle life or old age, most favorable and satisfactory results have universally followed.

The treatment consists in enforced, radical and frequent change of environment for the teeth, and perfect sanitation of all mouth conditions. Experience having demonstrated that the most careful and painstaking are unable, with the agents commonly employed, as the tooth-brush and dentifrice, tooth-pick and dental floss, soaps, so-called germicidal washes or other agencies, to effect this end, the plan of forcible and frequently renewed sanitation by an experienced operator has been instituted with results as already stated. In detail the process consists in most careful and complete removal of all concretions, all calcic deposits, semisolids, bacterial placques and inspissated secretions and excretions which gather on the surfaces of the teeth, between them, or at the gum margins; and this to be followed by thorough polishing of all tooth surfaces *by hand methods* (power polishers should never be used), not alone the more exposed labial and buccal surfaces, but the lingual, palatal and proximal surfaces as well, using for this purpose orange-wood points in suitable holders, charged with finely ground pumice-stone as a polishing material. Treated in this manner the teeth are placed in the most favorable condition to prevent and repel septic accumulations and deposits, and not less to aid all efforts of the patient in the direction of sanitation and cleanliness.

Maintained at intervals of about a month, this treatment is followed by immediate lessening and ultimate arrest of all inflammations and all inflammatory exudations from the oral tissues and complete eradication of the stagnant accumulations otherwise perpetually adherent on and about the teeth. Of the whole number of subjects under this monthly "prophylaxis treatment," all have shown some phase or state of general health improvement.

### A TYPHOID PROPHYLACTIC

Typhoid is known to be due to the propagation of a typhoid bacillus within the human body. Dr. Macfadyen, of the Jenner Institute, has found that by "crushing the microscopic cells of the bacillus the intracellular juices can be obtained apart from the living organism and that these juices are highly toxic. By injecting them in small doses into a living animal its blood serum is rendered anti-toxic and bactericidal. It becomes an antidote alike to the living typhoid bacteria and to the poison which may be extracted."

*Printed in the Philadelphia Medical Journal.

Following is an account, as given in The London Times, of a paper by Dr. Macfadyen, which Lord Lester communicated to the Royal Society:

Animals dosed with the protective serum and subsequently treated with lethal doses of typhoid bacteria were found to enjoy immunity from typhoid fever, while others exposed to the same infection without the previous protective treatment died of the disease. In the same way animals receiving injections of the intracellular poison without any living bacteria, escaped death only when previously treated with the protective blood serum of an animal which had gone through the immunizing process. Therefore, the blood serum in question is a prophylactic for typhoid fever (at least, among the inferior animals). But further experiments were made by injecting lethal doses of the poison or of the living bacteria, and subsequently injecting the protective serum after half the time required for the toxic dose to kill the animal had been allowed to elapse. In these cases the antidote overtook the poison and the animals recovered. Therefore the serum is curative of typhoid fever when already established, as well as protective against typhoid infection.

It is thus demonstrated that, by the careful inoculation of an animal with the juices of the dead bacteria, its blood serum can, in the case of typhoid fever, be endowed with the antidotal properties hitherto developed, as in the case of diphtheria, only by inoculation with the living bacteria. It is reasonable to suppose that what holds good in the case of one pathogenetic bacterium will also hold good in the case of others. Should it turn out, as may be expected, that bacterial juices in general react upon the animal organism in the same way as the living bacteria which produce them, the fact cannot but have a profound influence upon medical speculation and practice.

Those who know that bacteria are so minute as to be invisible except under high microscopic powers will naturally ask by what unimaginable accuracy of grinding they can be broken up so as to release their intracellular toxins. The answer shows once more how close is the dependence of advance in one department of research upon discovery in another department apparently quite unrelated, and how impossible it is to foretell in what ways abstract inquiry may bear upon the most important practical problems. These infinitesimal organisms are crushed in liquid air, which is at once an absolutely neutral fluid and one giving the exceedingly low-temperature essential for success. Thus an important step in the treatment of disease becomes possible through the previous success of efforts to reduce the most refractory gases to liquid.

### EXPERIMENTING WITH FOOD PRESERVATIVES

Recognizing the importance of exact knowledge as to the action of food preservatives on the human system, Congress, in June, 1902, set aside funds "to enable the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate the character of proposed food preservatives and coloring matters, to determine their relations to digestion and to health, and to establish the principles which should govern their use." This work, which was assigned to the Bureau of Chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, is now being carried out under the direction of its chief, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

In the beginning of the investigation the newspapers treated the experiment with so much levity that Secretary Wilson decreed no further information should be given to the public. The Scientific American, however, has been able to obtain the following interesting and exact account of the experiment:

Early in December of last year a kitchen and dining-room were fitted up in the basement of the building occupied by the Bureau of Chemistry, after which application was made to the Civil Service Commission for a cook, and an expert was obtained, whose skill and knowledge were certified to by several of the *bon vivants* of Washington. The selection of young men on whom to experiment was not so easy, for the all-powerful Civil Service Commission was for once impotent, and in consequence volunteers were called for. In time Dr. Wiley succeeded in obtaining a dozen or more young men, chiefly from his own Bureau, who were willing for the cause of science to submit themselves to the experiments.

In order to secure the desired results, it became necessary to determine a series of facts concerning the subjects. Accordingly they were at the outset critically examined by a physician from the Bureau of Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, and then for a period of time were fed on pure food, so as to determine exactly what quantity of food was necessary for their normal diet. That is to say, each man throughout the entire course of the experiments is allowed only the same amount of food, which, however, may vary with the individual, but which amount is determined after experimentation to be just enough to maintain the individual in a normal condition. Charts were prepared for each person, on which the weight is daily recorded, and also a record made each day of the temperature taken before and after dinner. The number of heart beats and the respiration are determined twice daily, the blood corpuscles are counted, and the amount of hemoglobin in the blood measured. Of course it is understood that the subjects were pledged to eat only the food given to them by Dr. Wiley, and to refrain from the use of stimulants, although tobacco is allowed during the experiments in the regular manner in which it had been used.

The selection of the first substance to be experimented with was considered, and borax was chosen, concerning which it is generally admitted that it is a most excellent preservative, especially for meats and dairy products. A small quantity of borax will act as a preservative just as well as a large quantity of salt. Therefore admitting, for the sake of argument, that borax taken in certain quantities does derange the physiological functions, it is probable that it does not do so to such an extent as does the larger quantity of salt which must be used as its substitute. In the case of meats, if preservatives are really injurious, the injury is a necessary evil, unless the meats are preserved solely by the canning process. In some instances, such as with hams and breakfast bacon, this method would practically destroy the qualities of those meats which are most desired.

The young men having reached a normal condi-

pure food only, and the other set with food to which borax, in increasing amounts, was added, and the effects on metabolism noted. These experiments continued for about four weeks, when the young men changed. That is to say, those who had been eating the food to which borax was added were now fed only on pure food. There was also a special set, consisting of two young men, who were fed continuously on food containing borax. It is understood, of course, that the object of the investigation is to ascertain the changes that occur in the subject, in consequence of the use of the special preservative employed, which in this instance was borax. Therefore, the exact quantity of food required normally by the individual being known, he is given exactly that amount, with the addition of varying proportions of borax. The food is carefully analyzed, so that it may be known exactly how much of each ingredient is given to him, and all that is excreted, both solid and liquid, is carefully weighed and analyzed. By striking a balance, the precise amount assimilated is determined, and the changes in weight or metabolism show the results of the value of the food on the individual. It may be added that the services of some twenty chemists and assistants are required for the various analyses that are essential in this investigation.

As to the ultimate value of the result to be obtained, it may be said that the information will be of service in shaping intelligent legislation, regulating commerce in food products, securing the removal of unnecessary and unjust restrictions, and making effective those that are necessary and just. It will serve as a basis for international agreement in regard to the composition of preserved foods. At present different nations have widely different laws to protect and regulate the importation and exportation of food products.

### THE INDIAN IN FACE OF THE PLAGUE

Writing to The Polyclinic, Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson, the English surgeon, gives this description of the attitude of the Indians toward the plague:

The absolute freedom from anything like panic as regards the presence of plague in the cities of India is a very remarkable feature in all classes of the population. I am writing this in Amritzur, where, last week, out of 1,076 cases, 731 persons died of the disease. In Lahore, which city I left last week, the mortality was 390 out of 833 cases. Nor is there any indication in either place that the worst is passed. We drove yesterday through the little town of Taran-tara (4,000), a resort of pilgrims and possessing a shrine. In its narrow streets many houses were closed and marked with a long bar of white paint, implying that deaths from plague had occurred in them. We were told of instances in which whole families had died, and were assured that the town was comparatively deserted. One medical informant told me that, of the recognized cases, not fewer than 95 per cent. had died. Practicing slowly through its narrow streets. The procession was miles in length and took the whole morning to get through. It had very properly been forbidden by the Government, but the authorities had not felt themselves strong enough to prevent it. The natives are absolutely careless as to precautions, though willing enough to run out of the house when the disease shows itself. It is greatly to be feared that before long the disease will have established itself all over India.

### POST-OPERATIVE NEURASTHENIA *

We are all accustomed to the condition of neurasthenia which sometimes occurs in those who have received a shake in a railway accident, even though no positive lesion of any organ may be demonstrable. It is a trying enough ailment to the sufferer, and none the less trying from the fact that his enemies and some of his friends are generally ready to tell him quite frankly that he is shamming, and that if he would but stir himself a bit he would be right again directly. Of course he would not be anything of the sort, the malady being far too deeply rooted for any such immediate recovery to be expected. This, however, is not the point to which we would here refer, but rather the fact which we believe is far from being fully recognized, that a condition of the same nature may follow surgical operations and may sadly interfere with complete recovery, notwithstanding the brilliancy with which the operative part of the business has been performed. Professor Clifford Allbutt has recently drawn attention to this subject. He says that he has had many occasions of observing a certain ill-consequence of surgical operations—operations not always severe—which he is disposed to call post-operative neurasthenia. The operation being over and the wound healed, the surgeon assures his patient, to the best of his belief, of course, that although he may be in need of a holiday he is practically cured. The surgeon does not see, says Professor Allbutt, what the family physician sees; that, so far from this being the case, the patient is anything but himself again. Week after week he drags along, doing his duty with labor and reluctance, avoiding all engagements he can shirk, and soon knocked up by no excessive demands of work or pleasure. Whether this consequence be attributable to the anæsthetic, "to the unfelt attack upon his inwards," or to the mental stress of the whole affair, it is hard to say, but it is a condition to beware of.

* London Hospital.

**Edited by Robert Blight**

Gardening is not the matter of "rule of thumb" that some suppose. In it Science and Art meet on common ground, and without the proper combination of the two, success is but indifferent and uncertain. We must remember, also, that, although book learning is a good thing in its way, it is not sufficient. In this matter, as in so many other things, practical investigation and work are invaluable—"an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory." These words are a prelude to a passage from the pen of Mr. Eben E. Rexford—a passage unfortunately true in every respect:

**AMONG THE FLOWERS ..... HOME AND FLOWERS**

There is a good deal of humbug floating about in the periodicals with regard to floriculture. Much of it originates in the big Sunday papers, which seem to feel that they are expected to say something about flowers, and assign the writing up an article to some member of the "force" who may not have anything else to do at that particular time. That the writers are entirely ignorant of their subjects is evident, in most instances, to anyone who has any knowledge of flowers. I have just read, in a Sunday paper, that chrysanthemums can be kept in bloom all winter, also hyacinths. And that it is the easiest thing in the world to grow all the violets one needs for personal use by planting half a dozen plants in a tin pan, and keeping them in the attic. All the attention they will require is watering once a week. And a short time ago I was pleased to find out that "rose-growing is within the possibilities for everyone who will keep the pots containing the plants standing in saucers of liquid manure. Failure is common, because most persons who attempt to grow this flower starve their plants." Here is the great difficulty against which we have been contending so long swept away in a sentence. Now, such absurd statements never do any injury to anyone who understands something about plant-growing, for they detect the humbug at a glance, but they *do* do harm among those who are just beginning to grow plants, because they lead them to pursue wrong methods, and to doubt the advice of those who "know whereof they speak." Look out for the humbugs!

The advice is good, and it is surely ennobling to the gardener's avocation to find that it is based upon sound knowledge and rules. That the higher flights of it are difficult ought not to deter anyone from following the lower plants. If we cannot all be Kubeliks, we may still do some fiddling, and if we cannot all be Luther Burbanks, we may still grow some very decent roses. It is well, however, to realize that there are certain phases of the gardener's art that are of no mean difficulty, and honors in it that are attained only after vast effort. The following excerpt sets this forth, and again, unfortunately, points out a sad relapse into dishonesty:

**TIMING THE BLOOM OF FLOWERS ..... N. Y. TIMES**

Spring flowers, in anticipation of Easter, appear in profusion in the windows of the florists long before the hardiest plant in the woods or gardens dare raise its head above the earth; but the choicest treasures are held back until Easter week. The florist must be careful of the lilies and azaleas, which are now timed to bloom exactly at the spring festival of flowers. By a system of forcing or withholding of water and sunshine, the modern flower-grower can make any plant produce blooms upon a date decided beforehand. So exact are some of these calculations, that the flowers actually open their buds on Easter morning. To the uninitiated this seems almost miraculous, but floriculture has been reduced to such an exact science that the time required for any plant to bloom after it has put forth its first leaves is well known, and it is then simply a matter of calculation, allowances being made for the condition of the plant.

THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING NOVELTIES

The desire for novelty always influences flower-growers to experiment with new cuttings and new varieties of plants, but it is rarely that an actual novelty is produced. Occasionally a new rose, a handsome carnation, or a hybrid orchid comes forth to make a sensation, and the owner reaps a small fortune. The seeds and cuttings for a single novelty of this character have netted the owner in the course of a few years $10,000. The famous Lawson carnation brought a small

fortune to its originator, and there are half a dozen roses and chrysanthemums which have likewise yielded their fortunate growers large sums. Such plants, however, are the products of years of study and effort. To produce a single novelty of superior value a grower will often raise 1,000 plants, crossing and recrossing them and selecting the choicest year after year for seed plants. The work is endless, and in most cases fruitless. Most new plants show no marked improvement over the parents, and hence the years of labor are lost. The final discovery of a superior plant is consequently a reward that is well earned. As a novelty counts for much in the trade, a good many resort to tricks to deceive the buyers. In recent years flowers of the most brilliant colors have been produced by methods that are hardly considered legitimate in the trade. A plant grows upon the food given to it, and it evolves its colors from this food. The chemical process which it undergoes is difficult to explain. But if we feed the plants iron filings it will increase the red hues of its blossoms. Certain dark-colored clay soils will also make the red colors predominate. A good many florists resort to this method to enhance the beauty of their roses, carnations, and other flowers. But more important than these foods is the power of the arc light in intensifying the colors of flowers. By forcing the plants in rooms supplied by electric light the colors are greatly intensified and enriched, but unfortunately the blooms quickly fade and the colors lose their brilliancy. Nevertheless, the finest show plant in some window may owe its superior appearance over its rivals to the influence of the electric bulb. The purchaser of such plants would be deceived, for within a few days the flowers would fade and drop off. A few years ago it was announced that electricity would revolutionize the art of flower-growing, and great anticipations in this agency for stimulating the growth of plants were entertained; but to-day few reputable growers place much faith in it. It is generally believed that the light injures the plants and flowers while doing them some temporary and superficial good. The use of colored globes has partly neutralized the evil effects of the electric light, and it is still believed by some experimenters that the right globe will yet be found which will solve the problem.

Certain chemicals will completely change the nature and characteristics of plants. By mixing the chemicals in water and letting the plants absorb them rapidly the small veins of the leaves undergo a change in color, and in time the new flowers do the same. Cut flowers are more susceptible to changes of this character than growing potted ones. A bunch of cut roses, lilies, or carnations can be placed in a glass of water, and the chemist can change them from red to blue, or from white to green. They will retain their new colorings for a few hours or perhaps a day, and then fade and drop off. It is an artificial method of painting the flowers. The stems absorb with the water the different chemicals, and thus produce colors.

The great impetus imparted to gardening as one result of the phenomenal prosperity of this country has brought about the rise of a profession new to us, although it has long been recognized in the long-settled lands of Great Britain and the continent of Europe—that of the landscape gardener or architect. How artistic a profession this is and how much scientific training it involves may be gathered from the following:

**SEEKING THE FINEST EFFECTS OF NATURE..OHIO STATE JOURNAL**

Ten years ago the majority of prospective country householders would have scoffed at the idea that expert assistance was necessary to decide just where to place one's house, and many architects would have considered such assistance almost an insult to their own skill. The new profession has become so important now, however, that many American schools and universities have established courses for the training of landscape architects, and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—to cite the first technical school in the country to aid the study of landscape architecture to that of structural architecture — many a charming imaginary country estate is laid out with all the care that would naturally be devoted to real problems involving permanent homes and the expenditure of thousands of dollars.

The landscape architect is a newcomer only on this side of the water; abroad he apparently dates back as far as the civilization of ancient Egypt. In this country the very beginning of the creation of great country estates brought a demand for experts in beautifying them, and, with a few great exceptions, this demand was supplied, at first, by civil engineers, whose knowledge of the laying out of roads, building of bridges, and grading of land, made them landscape architects just so far as that knowledge went and no further; or by horticulturists, who had the landscape architect's knowledge of trees, shrubs and plants, with-

out his training in the broad principles of arranging them to produce the best esthetic effect. But landscape architecture as a profession, open to a large body of young men, was only recognized when a much wider interest in country homes had discovered an actual need for men who should co-operate with the regular architects in so placing a building that the owner would never afterward wish that it had been placed differently.

But aside from his care for the esthetic beauty of the environment, the landscape architect enters the domain of the structural architect so far as to declare where such and such rooms should be situated. Every room has windows, and every window has a view, so while the landscape architect's mission is not to determine the size and shape of the rooms, he may decide what shall be the outlook of each and what is to enter it in the way of air and sunshine. He plans the dining-room, for example, so that it shall get the morning sun, and the drawing-room, or other afternoon apartment, so that it shall have the sunshine in the later hours of the day. In short, it is his task to see that the house gets the greatest benefit out of all the forms of nature in its surroundings.

We can quite imagine someone saying that all this is a "fad." It is not so. A home arranged upon these principles is far more conducive to health and happiness than one in which the aspects of nature are ignored or treated haphazard. The beauty of immediate surroundings, the sense of expansion imparted by a sweeping view and the feeling of possessing an outlet through some vista leading far away into the unknown, all reflect their ruling *motif* on the mind; and there are times also when some "wilderness" nook, shut in from the wide world, becomes the dearest spot on earth. Whether all that the following passage says is true or not, there is an element of truth in it, the truth that contact with nature is one of the best remedies for human ills. It is possible that the remedy acts suggestively, rather than physically, but none the less it does act.

**CURES WROUGHT BY FLOWERS.....N. Y. SUN**

If you stop to think of it there is a certain relation between the flowers that grow in pots in your windows and your own spirits. And, whether unconsciously or not, you are affected in no small degree by the blossoms and their state of prosperity. If the flowers come out well and bloom as they should bloom, you are correspondingly elated. The sight of them tranquilizes the nerves. The odor soothes the temper. The very presence of the cheerful growing things makes you content with the earth and your lot upon it. And this is felt not only by you, but by every other woman. Have you not among your acquaintances some dear, good, kind soul who revels in her window garden? In the winter it is filled with roses, when all other windows stare bleak and bare into the sullen streets. In the summer it is twice as gay, and the woman who attends the garden spot is found perpetually hovering over the beds. By what has always been considered a happy chance, the woman who revels in the garden is a creature of gentle soul, always cheerful, always kind-hearted, ever charitable and endowed with every virtue from the beginning to the end of the chapter.

And now the beauty specialist comes along and declares that it is the influence of the flowers that brings all this about, and that all who would enjoy tranquillity and cheerfulness must cultivate the plants. But it is not every woman who can cultivate plants. Lack of space is one drawback, for, in the crowded limits of the city, it is not every house that can have so much as a window garden. The window is in too much demand to be spared for gardening purposes. But the city woman, the beauty specialist declares, can always buy a rose, or a carnation, or an Easter lily, or a bunch of violets, and she can inhale the fragrance and benefit by it.

There are all sorts of scents, and each has its own influence upon the mind, just as there are all kinds of medicines, each with its own purpose in the anatomy of the human body. The rose, for instance, is just the thing to promote good temper. The odor of the rose drives away nervous headaches, and rose water, highly scented with rose, is a recognized remedy for this ill. The rose also allays nervousness, for its odor is very penetrating, and having cured the nerves of the head so that it no longer aches, it gets in its good work upon the other nerves of the body. Gradually one becomes soothed and tranquilized. The woman who is subject to nervous attacks should never be without a rose in her bosom, in her hair, or in her hand; she should always have it where she can see it and enjoy its invigorating influence upon the nerves.

Wild flowers have their distinct mission in the scheme of beauty getting. The odor of the wild flower makes one unselfish. There is that about it which purifies the thought, makes the mind peaceful with the world, and brings about an unselfish frame of mind. The woman who is soul-weary; the woman who is sordid in spirit and who realizes it; the woman

who is growing more and more tainted in mind and spotted in speech, from association with evil, can go out and gather wild flowers and come back younger in spirit by ten years, and happier than she has been since she can remember.

Wild flowers do not keep long; they fade almost as soon as brought home; therefore, the seeker after bright spirits must go out often and come home well laden in order that the influence of wild flowers may always be with her. This cure has long been recognized in Vienna, where so many good cures come from. Here the doctors send their patients out into the fields to pick flowers, sure that they will come home bright and pretty of face, and old people are sent to rejuvenate their youth.

As a cure for the blues, the first spring violets are very effective, for they have a strong sweet smell which acts as a tonic upon the heart. Violet odors, inhaled fresh from the flowers, will stimulate the organs and assist the digestion, so the beauty specialists declare, and, indirectly, they act upon the complexion, which depends so closely upon the heart and stomach. The Easter lily has a very strong odor, which, while not stimulating, is very cheering. The fragrance is good for the spirits, though it is less invigorating upon the heart than that of the red rose or the violet. But it is good for the blues and the woman who is troubled with blues can sniff the Easter lily and be pretty sure of recovery. Hyacinths and all those sweet spring flowers are good for the spirits and those who are troubled with low spirits, can smell of them and grow bright again. Rose water, lavender water, the perfume of bergamot and of other sweet plants, shrubs and fruits, have all been used as cure-alls. But now it is the natural flower that is selected for the remedy.

In the following excerpt a suggestion is offered for observations during the coming summer. Few habits of plants present greater interest than the climbing one, involving, as it does, the modification of organs and positive and negative heliotropism. Our gardens and woodlands supply abundant material for investigation, as witness the pea family, the vines, the Virginia creeper, the poison ivy, celastrus, smilax, and many another.

**THE DEVICES OF CLIMBING PLANTS . . R. L. PRAEGER . . . KNOWLEDGE**

Climbing is a device resorted to by many of our native plants, and by a far larger number in the tropics, by which, in the keen struggle for light and air, they take advantage of their neighbors to mount on their shoulders, and thus secure an advantageous position. To assist them in climbing, plants adopt various devices, some merely scramble upward, maintaining their position by means of wide-spreading leaves or branches; many others use downward-pointing hooks, which anchor them amid the foliage. It is in the twining plants, such as bryony and hop, and the tendril-bearers, like the vetches, that we find the highest development of the climbing habit. These plants live under unusual conditions. In order to gain the light, they must seek, rather than avoid, overhanging foliage; and so we find the vetches, instead of turning away from the shadow toward the light, like most of their neighbors, boldly pushing up into the center of a bush, to burst into blossom amid its upper branches, far above their less daring neighbors. Again, in these plants, supported by their grasp of adjoining branches, the stem no longer needs to act as a supporting column, bearing the weight of the plant and the stress of the weather. It acts rather as a conduit through which water and dissolved salts—the raw plant-food—passes upward to the leaves. Hence, instead of being thick and stiff, it is thin and flexible; often wonderfully slender, when we consider its length, yet strong and supple, to follow without injury the swaying of the supporting plant. But it is in the leaves of these plants that we find the most remarkable modifications adapting them to a climbing habit. The leaves of the vetches and vetchlings are pinnate—they bear a number of opposite ovate leaflets. The tip of the leaf-stalk, and the uppermost pair of pinnæ, are in the climbing species changed into tendrils—sensitive, twining, whip-like structures, which exhibit remarkable features. If the slightly curved extended tendril of a young leaf of pea or vetch be watched carefully, it will be found that it is slowly but incessantly moving round and round in a circle. If the tendril comes in contact with a twig, it bends towards it, and eventually takes several turns round it. Even a slight temporary irritation is sufficient to cause a bending toward any side. Finally the tendril becomes woody and strong, and forms a secure anchor-cable for the plant. Not only does the young tendril rotate; the whole leaf on which it is borne is in continual motion. The shoot to which the leaf belongs is rotating also, so that the tendril is sweeping the air with a complicated motion, in the course of which it is almost sure to strike against some stem or twig of the surrounding vegetation.

**THE CANOEING OF TO-DAY...LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR. ..OUTING**

If the old-timer could adjust himself to new conditions he would see that canoeing is not dead nor likely to die; no, nor capable of dying. The Association meet, as it was in the early days, is past, and the man who felt the racing thrill may be excused for not becoming at once reconciled to the new, and by no means discouraging condition.

But in the nature of things, so long as men love the water and the out-of-doors; so long as they rejoice in acquired skill and strong arms and deep breathing, so long will they delight in the craft of the primitive man.

No craft in the world, great or small, commands more respect than the canoe. One respects it as something which does not yield easily to a master's will, but which, having yielded, becomes a most useful helper. And when he can control the wilful thing, when he is captain and pilot and crew of a craft that will go whithersoever he wishes, a man feels a new respect for himself as well.

One's respect begins when he undertakes to navigate a canoe for the first time. Some learn after the conventional manner at the boat-house or the club, others when the necessity is suddenly thrust upon them. But once the nature of the dainty thing has been learned and it responds to your slightest wish, when you can stand on its gunwales and cast a fly as you float down stream, or sit on deck under full sail and steer by the shifting of your weight forward and back, then you understand the charm of the canoe and know why it is as different from the skiff as the thoroughbred runner from the plough horse, and why it will never cease to be adored by men who go out-of-doors.

When racing ceased to be within their reach, those who loved the canoe floated upon the lakes and streams, and to-day are getting more fun and fresh air than ever before; using the craft as did their forefathers, to carry blankets and axe and bacon on charming cruises through our inland waters.

When the grandson of the pioneer turns to the canoe his reason for so doing is the old ancestral one. His longing for the out-of-doors is something more than a wish for fresh air and sunshine; it is a revolt against the artificiality of the age. When he goes to the wilds with these essentials he must transport them on his back or in a boat; and he early found, as had his sires, that no craft in the world is so adaptable to all conditions of water as the canoe. With it he could ascend the smallest creek or the broadest river. He could go where even the lightest skiff would ground, and when one waterway ended he took his boat upon his head and carried it to the next. With his journeying he came to feel that he was no longer a thing dependent upon artificialities, levers that bring heat and black men who evolve dinners, but a natural man with a man's strength and resourcefulness who, with the power of his own strong arms, could go so long as the bacon, and flour, and matches lasted; and as he paddles on there comes to him some of the old self-reliance that led the early canoeists of America, the grandfathers, to fight their way to the regions of the Indian and the buffalo.

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**GOLF.....BLACKWOOD'S**

A general survey of the game of golf during the past year seems to establish a fact very comforting to those who followed it and tasted of its pleasures before its great burst into popularity in the early nineties. Not only has it succeeded in keeping clear of the debasing element of gate-money, to which cricket and football are being surrendered ever more and more, but it has taken a deeper hold of the ordinary player who follows it for physical benefit and recreation. At first the character of the game seemed likely to be seriously altered for the worse in England under the accumulation of medal competitions, bogey competitions, driving contests, club matches, county cups, and all the dreary pot-rewarded struggles of modern athletics. But as time went on, and the charm of golf as golf without the extrinsic excitement of pots and cups had time to work in men's minds, so organized competitions attracted ever less attention, until to-day we find the proposed county team contests hanging fire, and even club matches languishing. The truest delights of golf are known only to the busy man. When the fading of youth has shut out cricket, football, and even lawn-

more youthful, more forceful, more skillful golf than his, he is well aware. But he need not bother his head about it. Sufficient unto him the struggle with a friend, the exercise in the open air, and the constant and keen play of human nature under successes or distresses intense enough while the game lasts, but subjects of banter and amusement when it is done. How rarely to be seen now is any specimen of those first victims of a mistaken zeal for the game who carefully recorded their scores in match-play. The book and pencil are now regarded as the signs of the beginner, the duffer, or the man who ought not to play golf.

Another eminently healthy feature in the golf of to-day is the great diminution in the outcry for perfect courses—courses in which no bad lie will be found, and where everything on the way to the hole shall be like a croquet-lawn, save perhaps the bunkers, and even they raked and made smooth as a garden path. There is now a more sportsmanlike spirit abroad as to the luck and opportunities of the game. The course has yet to be devised—it was never more than imagined—where the hazards are so placed that everybody shall be on an equal footing in regard to chance. Outside the putting-green, golf always has been somewhat of a rough-and-ready game. It must remain so until men can drive absolutely straight and consistently far; until there are no cross winds, long grass, or earthworms. Pending the coming of that most undesirable time, one player will continue to have a mound between him and the flag, and another a straight run-up. For long—let us hope, forever—it must happen that in many cases the worse drive shall occasionally win the hole. Experience teaches the best of players that even under the most favorable conditions of weather they cannot always command their best game. As nature has plainly left a very wide margin of variation in the player, it is somewhat absurd to seek to provide perfect conditions for his imperfections. Golf, like marriage, was made in heaven, and probably for the same purpose—the elimination of human conceit. Ask any winner of a monthly medal or a bogey match-box to lay his hand on his heart and speak truth, and he will confess that luck played a great part in his success. It went with him and gave him confidence. Golf is a real pagan game, a game of in the world to cry out against such healthy trials to temper and skill. Hence the spontaneous growth of reverence for the traditions of golf, the game of private struggles between man and man, as played for centuries in gay seriousness in its old Northern home.

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**FALCONRY.....GERALD LASCELLES.....BADMINTON**

In ancient times many varieties of hawks were used in falconry; sacres, lanners, gerfalcons, hobbies, even kestrels, were all employed, and in some old works even allotted to persons of different ranks. The list is greatly reduced now. Almost all practical hawking is done with the peregrine. Whether the objects of pursuit be game birds and wild fowl of any description, or birds of ringing flight, such as the rook, gull, or heron, the peregrine is the falconer's mainstay so far as European falconry is concerned; and with the goshawk for killing ground game he may be considered fully equipped.

Peregrines may be divided into two classes, each containing falcons and tiercels; that is to say, hand-reared hawks taken from the nest, termed eyesses, and wild caught hawks, taken after they have been preying for themselves at large for at least several months—often for two or three years: these are termed passage hawks, and the older ones haggards.

The eyesses were the kind most frequently used by our ancestors in this country. Although the passage hawk was by no means unknown, yet she had generally to be imported from abroad, and communication was difficult and expensive compared to present times. On the other hand, peregrines bred on most of the sea cliffs of these islands, and on many an island crag besides. There are many such eyries, some of them now historical.

It is very often supposed by the inexperienced person that the education and reclaiming of hawks should be started when they are very young. This is a great mistake. The first and most necessary proceeding is to instill into these innocents as much as possible of the wild hawk's nature, and secondly, all that can be taught of its power of flight. If the young hawks are always handled and fed by a man they will become entirely dependent on him for the means of existence. For the second lesson to be learnt, that of gaining powers of flight akin to those of the wild hawk, a system called "the hack" is employed.

It merely consists in allowing the young hawks complete liberty as soon as they can fly at all. So long as their food is placed in some open spot, well known to them, they will return to it morning and evening, and so long as they do this, and take a full meal at each visit, they will get into no serious mischief. Gradually they acquire strength of wing as they circle into the clouds, stooping at one another, and at anything else that they see, racing and chasing like so many puppies at play.

It is then time to begin the serious business of training, and an instrument called the bow-net is brought into play. This is the same device as that by which the wild "passage hawks" are caught, and is nothing more than a circular net, one half of which is attached to a bow of hazel in such a manner that a pull from a long string, led to a point some fifty yards away, will pull the net entirely over a piece of food securely pegged down just in its center, and consequently over any hawk that may be feeding upon it. The hawks are carefully watched as they come in to feed, and the moment that the suspected individual is engaged on his dinner, one pull of the net renders him a captive. Jesses have been on his legs all the time he was flying at hack. A hood is clapped on to his head, a leash and swivel attached to the jesses, and he is at once put into training.

The training in question consists of constant carrying on the hand, gently handling and stroking the hooded bird till she gets accustomed to human touch and sounds. Very soon, in the case of the eyes, she ceases to regard them, and instead of starting at every touch or strange voice will feed contentedly on the hand when hooded. The next step is to introduce her to the lure. This may either be a dead bird, or a piece of wood so covered with wings as to resemble one, and garnished with pieces of meat so attached that the hawk can feed on them. As soon as she will come readily to the lure, and will not leave it on her master's approach, she is a trained hawk and can be entered to the quarry at which she is to be flown.

If that quarry is to be game, a little more training is required in order that she may learn to "wait on" as it is called. In order to achieve this, the lure is first swung so as to call the hawk from a distance; but as she reaches the falconer it is picked up and temporarily concealed from the hawk. She will check her flight and rise in short circles round her master's head, hovering over him till she can get the prey she expects. Gradually the time is prolonged till she will wait in the air over the falconer for such a space of time, say, as would be occupied while a brace of setters beat an average-sized field. In addition to this she must, to be effective, rise to a great height in the air, a couple of gun shots high at least; for without this she cannot gain the impetus required to overtake so swift a bird as a grouse. But patience and experience will overcome these difficulties, and a well-trained game hawk working with equally well-trained dogs is a beautiful example of man's power over the animal creation.

A rather flat moor or sloping hill-side is the best for grouse hawking. Let the reader imagine a really first-class setter or pointer ranging on such a moor with all the speed and dash which such dogs exhibit. Suddenly round he comes as he catches the wind of birds and stiffens into one of those beautiful attitudes which indicate a certain find. At once the hood is removed from the hawk's head, and she is cast into the air. Having killed many grouse before this day she loses no time in gaining her pitch, and in less than three minutes is "waiting on" in small circles at an elevation of three hundred feet over the pointing dog, whose business she understands just as well as any of the party. The falconer has spent these minutes in making a circle round the dog so as to head him and flush the grouse down wind over the dog when he deems the supreme movement has arrived. Dog and hawk watch him intently, ready to act at the moment he gives the signal. He gives it, and as he runs down to flush them, the dog dashes in, and the game rises. Now watch the hawk. With seeming deliberation she shuts her wings and shoots downwards like a large cricket ball from that great height at a speed which the eye can only just follow. Apparently falling just behind the rapidly fleeing grouse, she runs up to them as if they were motionless, with the impetus gained by her stoop, and in an instant has "bound to" or seized the hindmost bird. Quietly the falconer walks up to his hawk and finds her bestriding the dead body of her captive. A few mouthfuls from the head and neck are sufficient to reward her, and in half an hour she will be ready to repeat the performance, and to do so three or four times in the course of the day if opportunities be given to her.

Much more might be written about this sport so fascinating in itself and so prone to instill

fulness to be popular with the rank and file of modern sportsmen, and the amount of game that can be taken with hawks, however good they may be, is too small to appeal strongly to modern ideas; but those who derive pleasure from reclaiming and training birds of so wild and savage a disposition, and in whose eyes sport is inseparably combined with the study of natural history, find a peculiar fascination in falconry. Hence it is that the love of the pastime has endured for more generations than any other field sport in the world.

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**HIS POST OF DUTY.....LONDON BLACK AND WHITE**

Fire!—the most appalling, the most terrifying word that can be whispered at sea.

It had broken out in the hold amidships. Smoke was oozing in sluggish wreaths from the hatches. The cargo down there was smoldering. And, at any moment, that smolder might burst into fierce, ravaging, devouring flames. The captain, cool in the presence of danger, prompt to think and act, had mounted with steady step to the bridge and taken charge. The ship's officers of every grade were at their posts. There was no noise, no fuss, no confusion. If an order came from the bridge it came in the usual calm, firm tones of command, never once raised above the ordinary level.

Grouped around the burning hold, where the lanterns swayed with the roll of the ship, the men, headed by one or two officers, were steadily fighting the fire fiend. Blinded by the smoke, not knowing where the fire was seated, they were fighting in the dark. It was necessary to grapple with the danger at closer quarters to get out the smoldering bales before they burst into flames. Someone must go down—down there into the foul, stifling air of the hold, the scorching heat.

And he was ready; a young fellow in the ship's uniform, the uniform of an officer. He had bravely pulled off his coat, and was binding a wet towel around his mouth and nostrils, while they fixed a sling at the end of a rope to lower him into the black, reeking cavity. Up there, in the darkness of the bridge, the captain stood and looked on, looked on, perhaps, with a sudden tightening of the heart, though no trace of it was visible upon his hardened face. It was the fourth officer who was going down; and the young fellow, though

Armed with a lantern, he got into the sling, and was lowered into the unseen depths of the hold. And there, working with feverish energy, he pulled the cargo about until he got at the smoldering bales, and attached them to the tackle which had been let down to him. One by one they were hauled up on deck and tossed into the foaming sea. Not until his work was done, and he had cleared out every smoldering bale, was he drawn up himself—scorched, blackened, dripping with water, but with a ghastly whiteness showing through the grime on his face. No sooner did his feet touch the deck than he collapsed—fell in a huddled heap before they could stretch out a hand to his assistance. The doctor pressed forward and took charge of him. With limp and trailing limbs he was carried down below and laid in a bunk. The deck was tidied up, the men quietly dispersed. The routine of the ship went on as before.

The captain was still on the bridge. The danger might not yet be wholly past, and his post was there. Something, it may be, was tugging at his heartstrings, dragging him below to his boy's side; but he stood firm. The safety of the ship, the lives of the passengers, were committed to his charge. There lay his duty.

In the bright sunny morning, when the passengers strolled up on deck, there was nothing to indicate the peril they had escaped during the night. The captain's face, perhaps, was a little more deeply lined and a shade graver than usual. They noticed, too, that as he paced the bridge he frequently turned a glance aft, as though expecting someone. And, presently, as he saw the white-haired doctor coming along the deck, he quitted his post for a moment, and met him apart.

"Well?" was all he said.

With hands thrust into his pockets, his face stern and firm-set as ever, he listened while the kindly old doctor explained to him that there was little hope of saving his son's life. He took the blow without flinching.

They were now in the channel, with shipping on every side. His place was still on deck. Without a word he turned and went back to his post on the bridge. His usual imperative words of command rang out to the bustling crew.

Of such stuff those that go down to the sea in ships are made.

**CLOTHES AND THE MAN.....NEW YORK POST**

The fashionably dressed man, which does not mean the man who follows so-called fashionable custom and indulges in the riot of colors and designs the comic papers portray, is not an over-dressed creature; he simply follows certain prescribed and not radically changing rules as to clothing. The changes are of minor importance, *per se;* perhaps the addition of a button to the waistcoat, the loosening or tightening of the trouser leg, the roll of the coat lapel, something minor, but, at the same time, more or less distinctive. It is the man who is striving to be fashionably dressed, the shoe clerk, the "gent's furnishings" clerk, the steam and hot-water fitter's helper's assistant, who rushes in where the fashionably dressed man never thinks to tread. The haberdasher has only to label something "nobby," "natty," or "the proper thing," to have it snapped up; now it is the leather cover for the umbrella, now the bisque rosebud for the buttonhole, now the cravat which is at the same time bow and four-in-hand, the front blue or green and the back white—these are the things which delight the caricaturist. The fashionably dressed man is a Plymouth Rock rooster compared with these birds of Paradise. And yet these are the ones who swell the cry, "Aw! Get onto the dude," when the fashionably dressed man crosses their path. They completely overlook the fact that they are striving to attain, after their own fashion, just what they deride in him, although, as a rule, their striving is the more manifest on Sundays.

"Good clothes," a most comprehensive term, are certainly sword and buckler. They inspire a man with confidence in his tasks abroad, especially in this day and generation when appearance counts for so much. Then, too, how much more chance has the well-dressed man for getting on in the world. Distinctive neatness carried to an excess is infinitely to be preferred to that condition which results from a lackadaisical "what-difference-does-it-make-what-I-wear" appearance. Clothes are not superficialities, they are indexes in great part, and the well-dressed man, even the fashionably dressed man, is not always a "dude" (this epithet seems to be the accepted summary of fop, fool, and monkey), by any manner of means.

**A PLEA FOR WOMEN'S CLUBS ..DORE LYON..COLLIER'S WEEKLY**

Very few men, kind and good though they may be, clever though they are, think that their wives need any mental nurture. With their own brains on the alert from morning till night, and feeling the keen delight which comes from successful contact with other minds in the business world, they forget that the mind of the wife is pining for equal exercise of its faculties. In a moderate way, the modern woman's club furnishes this outlet, and the increasing number of such organizations is a vivid tribute to the upward, intellectual trend of womankind.

The woman's club is hardly understood by the mass of men and women who stand on the outside and condemn, but make no effort toward their own enlightenment on the subject. It is simply having one's pleasure, duty, philanthropic work, or charitable work, as the case may be, organized and subject to rule.

In their club life, women exchange ideas on important topics of the day; they give to each other the result of their study of subjects of general interest; they exercise the long-forgotten talent of imaginative composition by writing papers and essays; they cultivate the feelings of cordiality and good-fellowship toward their own sex, and they bring into their lives an uplifting influence which sends them to their homes with sparkling eyes and minds refreshed to charm their lords and masters by brighter wit and keener penetration. The constitution of every woman's club is a monument to the sex. It invariably stands for something high, noble, philanthropic or educational.

There is hardly a city in the United States that does not contain its clubs of women, organized solely for the purpose of doing good in a practical way, and by concerted action attaining greater results toward the elevation of the morals and habits of the poorer classes than could possibly be done by individual effort. Women need the inspiring effect of example and leadership, and in nearly every club this is to be found.

Women likewise gain a training in their club life which is invaluable in the government of their homes, for they are taught self-control and the systematic and dignified consideration

of important question. A woman with a well-poised and rounded mind certainly makes a better housekeeper.

It is a self-evident fact, however, that women's clubs, like any good thing in the world, when patronized to excess, become, instead of a helper, a hindrance to domestic happiness. Some women find club life so fascinating that they join a great number, and in trying to attend them all, the home interests are neglected. This is a mistake, and has aided largely in giving the world in general a distorted idea of the effect clubs have in inducing women to shirk their natural responsibilities.

The wise man and far-seeing husband, however, will not only approve, but will encourage, his wife in joining a club. It will keep her out of the mischief which rumor says Satan finds for idle hands and minds; will give her something to think about besides her household worries, and give him a pleasant evening occasionally in listening to the account of the last meeting, if he has sufficient tact to show a sympathetic attention.

Therefore, ye women who find life an emptiness, and ye men whose wives are fault-finding and dissatisfied, be wise in your generation and advocate the women's club, thereby laying up for yourselves stores of golden experiences and life-giving draughts of wit and wisdom.

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**GOLF ETIQUETTE...CHARLES WALSH...BOST. EVE. TRANSCRIPT**

The essence of etiquette and of good manners in golf, as in other matters, is consideration for other people, based on the employment of sound, common sense. Golf is essentially a gentleman's game (when I began to play, it was not even a lady's game—but that is another story). Each player trusts to the other's honor, keeps his own score, and imposes his own penalties. The word "claim" should have no place in the vocabulary of the golfer. Bad counting is bad form; and openly spying your opponent's game is bad form, also—though I can quite forgive a man for "keeping tabs" on his opponent if he is a notoriously bad "counter."

The game of golf is for the players of the game, and not for the gallery—it is not baseball or football. "Rooting" should not be allowed; striking a ball should not be a signal for a shout, or a bad shot for a howl of derision. Everyone should be silent and learn to stand still at all times, and in all places, where anyone else is playing golf.

Confusion at the tee is especially to be avoided. The rule that no one drives off until the players on the green have played their second shot is too often violated. There should be no discussion as to whose is the honor. If it be your honor, drive off, walk quietly off the teeing ground—and, if you don't know your opponent's preference as to where you should stand while he is driving, ask him, and don't forget it next time. I was taught that the only right place is facing him. Some folks, in their hurry, will set up their own tee before the man who has the honor has driven off—this tends to create confusion and should never be done.

How often do we see a player rush madly away after he has driven off, instead of waiting until his opponent has driven off also and leaving the tee with him? and how often do we see two players go slashing away through the greens without observing the proper order of playing, which is that he whose ball is farthest from the putting green, plays first. A moment's reflection will show the common sense of this point of the etiquette of golf.

Consideration for other players alone, to say nothing of one's self, should impel a man to replace divots with care, and the same sentiment should induce slow players through the greens to invite faster ones behind them to go ahead.

It is bad manners to stand over your opponent when he is laboring in a bunker and count his strokes. It is bad manners to volunteer information as to why you or your partner have played badly, or to suggest that you or he have used a wrong club; of course, if advice be asked, it is another matter; and it is equally bad manners to complain of your opponent's good luck, or to bewail your own bad fortune.

At the putting green the etiquette is to hole out, however short the putt. Never think your opponent would "have given you that." Consideration for others dictates the rule to hole out and get off the green at once—not to stay there to mark the score, try putts, or settle disputes—as well as to replace flags and markers in such a way that they can easily be seen by parties approaching the green.

Now, I do not wish to bring "a railing accusation" against American golfers, or to be understood as saying that these rules are not often ignored by British players—but these are the points in the etiquette of the game which I have the most often seen neglected wherever I have played of late years, and in conclusion I would wish to impress on my readers the thought which follows: Good play at golf is so largely a question of fitness of nervous condition that the true inwardness of the etiquette of the game is directed to the avoidance of all disturbing ele-

equilibrium, to have perfect equipoise of mind and body, are of vital importance in the game—and hence I am strongly against betting, even within the smallest limits, in connection with it if for no other reason.

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**MANY ALBUMS KEPT BY WOMEN .....NEW YORK SUN**

This is an age of albums. A score or more of different kinds of albums, portfolios, memory books and diaries are in current use. A young woman spending the winter in New York has an album for souvenirs of all the plays and operas she attends.

Another New York visitor is preserving souvenirs of the various dining-places she visits. The more odd the restaurants the better for her purpose. Fashionable, Bohemian and suburban taverns within the limits of Greater New York are recorded in this book by menu cards, copies of wall decorations and notices and personal comments.

Girls keep dainty mementoes of the balls and parties they have been to by preserving the dance card, a description of the favors that pleased them and of any unusual features introduced. A pressed flower from a bouquet and a sample cut off the particular gown worn give vividness to the record. Bright sayings and incidents connected with the event are also recorded.

The old-time autograph album has a direct descendant in the guest-book, which is now as common a house belonging as the family Bible and very much more looked into. Even the girl colony of students or workers encamped four or five flights up, in a modest flat dwelling, has its guest-book, in which every visitor to sup or dine is expected to inscribe some original or commemorative sentiment along with his signature. And the sentences written are very different from the flowery or stilted inscriptions registered in the autograph albums of a former age.

Wedding albums are kept now. In them are preserved the printed marriage notices, the picture of house or church as decked for the event, the likeness of ushers and attendants and any incidents which emphasized the affair. Aptly worded congratulations containing some play on names or personal traits are secured to posterity along with data as to the honeymoon doings and the number and nature of gifts received.

The visitor to winter resorts keeps track of covers, putting down lively remarks as to dances and excursions, snatches of popular songs, bits of repartee, catch words and personal peculiarities of the people who helped to beguile the time. The modern album-keeper has the advantage over her progenitors in that photographs, printed notices of interesting places and printed accounts of society doings and gay events are abundant. The old-fashioned girl had to charge her memory with much that the new-timer has already recorded for her.

Not only young folks keep albums nowadays. A silver-haired old lady has a portfolio of obituaries and monographs, the records of people dear to her whose career she followed with interest. Comments and news items of famous contemporaries are listed. Being now retired from the world, she takes great interest in these items regarding the folks who have gone out of it before her. Now and again as happenings recur to her mind her secretary helps to sift and classify the reminiscences.

From the number of private experiences being preserved, both through clippings and written comment, the way of the future historian will be easy. People now keep albums of the public events they have witnessed and the celebrations they have participated in, of inaugurations, funerals and anniversaries of importance, triumphs celebrated, monuments unveiled, society reunions. They might not do it so commonly but for the newspaper clippings on all subjects so handy to paste in.

The genealogical student exploits his hobby in an album. The person of psychological turn keeps a scrap-book for all the items bearing on telepathy and weird manifestations. The woman naturalist keeps a commonplace book of observations as to the habits and doings of household pets and the plants and insects round about.

This girl keeps a collection of the apt or comical cartoons published as to current affairs. Another has a funny album in which clippings and pictures of humorous tendency are stored. Earnest matrons keep albums of child study which enshrine those infantile sayings and doings of the dearly beloved that every mother likes chronicled. The girl of serious inclinations has her church and charity work album. The minister's picture serves as a frontispiece, along with the faces of her favorite Sunday-school instructor and of those authors or friends whose sayings have been an inspiration.

# The Sketch Book

## Character in Outline

**THE RIGHT SORT.....TOM MASSON.....AINSLEE'S**

Upperton Bagby sat in his office in Wall Street in a very pleasant frame of mind. His time had come.

After maturing a plan of operations that had taken months to perfect, the day before he had set the wheels moving. In these days things go fast. Twenty-four hours later Upperton Bagby was a rich man. By his carefully planned stroke he had made nearly a million.

"And now," said Upperton, "I must get married. I have always said I would get married, but to whom? I know some nice girls, but how shall I be able now to tell whether they are after my money or not? There's the rub."

He paused a moment in deep reflection. Then an idea came to him. Getting the telephone book—for Bagby was a busy man and he had no time to waste in personal visits—he rapidly made a list of eight young ladies any one of whom, he thought, might do. He then proceeded to call them up, one after the other, and this was about the message that he gave to each:

"Ah, how do you do? This is Bagby—Upperton Bagby. You remember me, of course. What a delightful time we had at—"

(Bagby filled in the individual requirements at this point.)

"Well, you know, something has happened in my life. I have just made a fortune. Honor bright. Now, you know I cannot leave the scene of operations just at present, but I want you to marry me. Will you consider it? Never mind the answer now. But may I ask you to break away from conventionality this once and take luncheon to-day with me? Come direct to my office. It's all right. Lots of ladies here all the time buying stocks. There is a real smart restaurant near. I shall feel that your coming gives me hope," etc.

Something like this message, Bagby delivered to each one of the eight young ladies.

At one, or thereabouts, they began to arrive. Some came in carriages, some in automobiles, and some in cabs. But they all came. That is, Bagby's heart sank as he thought that the entire eight were sitting in his ante-room. But, no!

He breathed a sigh of relief as he entered and faced them. There were but seven. One was missing. He was saved.

He assumed a craven air.

"Ladies," he said, bowing sheepishly, "I beg a thousand pardons. The fact is, that little matter on which I telephoned is impossible at present. It was only a little joke of mine, don't you know."

And he got out as quickly as possible, leaving behind him seven of the maddest girls in the Republic.

Rushing from his office into his automobile, he consulted his notebook for the right address.

"And now," he chuckled, "I fly to the one honest girl who didn't come—who doesn't want to marry me for my money. She must be mine!"

His machine sped northward, until he dashed up to his destination.

Yes, she was at home.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, fervently, as she entered to meet him, "you did not come. You got my message, you listened to it apparently with great attention, and yet you did not come to me. Even with my new fortune, you would not come."

"No," she said, calmly, "I thought I would wait until to-morrow and see if you lost it all."

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**THE POET .....LONDON BLACK AND WHITE**

He was a poet—a real poet. It is necessary to say this—all poets are not real. He dwelt alone, far in the country, and he told of the things, to solve which men put out searching hands. He saw the truth in every blade of grass that grew. He saw the truth in every human thought. He saw the trend of principles, and knew whether their movement was just. He sang of all the things he saw, and the world that is too busy to see listened to the man who could see and went on its way comforted. By-and-by he became a great poet, and the world waited on his words. He dwelt in the country—alone. Well, not exactly alone; he had his work. To the poet his work was company. He liked to say to the few who were near enough to listen, that it was his life. And he meant it.

heart cried out for something which was without. And from without there came no answer—nor from within. The clear-seeing mind could not argue with the desolation of his heart.

One day, to his garden, with other people, there came a woman. She was different from other women, said the poet. As a matter of fact she was not. The woman who is different from the others is very much the same as the rest of them. Besides, the poet had no opportunity of judging when he first saw her. He had only seen her a few minutes at his garden-party. Had you asked him, he would have said, simply: "I am a poet, and I see through the unessential to the essential—to the truth." This is what he believed. But as a poet he had not seen her—only as a man. It was as a man he judged her different from all other women. It is the way men have judged women since, as boys, they learned to honor their mothers. Had he remained a poet, he would not have seen her at all. Instead of which they married.

So far as human happiness goes, they lived happily ever afterwards. She dressed well and went about. The poet ate too much and followed her. Something like this went on in the Garden of Eden. And all the blame need not go to the serpent nor to the apple. Nor, as a matter of fact, to Eve. Adam was a pretty fair sample of a man.

The poet and his wife lived in town. He still remained a poet. He still had a waiting public. He still gave the public that for which they waited. But the public were not satisfied. The critics, very logically and in erudite terms, showed that his later works had not the deep-seeing truth of the earlier work. The public said: "He is not so sincere." And he wasn't.

One day the poet came from the market-place. He had been haggling about prices. His soul was hurt. In his study that evening the direct sensitiveness of earlier days came back to him. As a poet, as the true singer of the things that count, he was himself, the man. And the poet was not satisfied. "Is it worth it?" he said, glancing round the home he had reared. There were tears in his voice.

Just then, as day grew to night in witching half-light, his wife entered the study. Her eyes glowed gladly. The poet's eyes cleared and then, looking at the ashes of a fire that has gone out. It's a cold habit—rather!

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**THE THREE BROTHERS AND THE INFIDEL . . B. K. DANIELS . HARPER'S**

In Luzon there were three brothers whose names were Osto, Inzo and Ilong. They were very poor, and earned their living by laboring in the rice-fields.

One day, as they worked up to their knees in mud and water transplanting the young rice, a messenger came and invited them to the marriage of their cousin, who lived in a distant town.

That night as the three brothers sat together in their hut and talked about the wedding, they complained bitterly of their poverty, but could think of no way to improve their present condition.

"Let us start as three blind beggars," said Inzo, "and pray for alms from door to door, and I wager that before we reach our cousins we shall have money enough to attend the wedding as three fine gentlemen."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Osto, the eldest brother. "The people would know our faces and stone us from their doors. Let us start on our journey just as we are, and trust to our wits to better our fortunes."

The next morning at sunrise the three brothers set out for their cousin's wedding. Toward evening they were very hungry and tired, and crept into the edge of a bamboo thicket to rest.

"What is the use?" said Inzo, as he pulled out a thorn from the sole of his foot. "Our clothes are dirty and torn, and we haven't even enough money to buy rice. We might at least take some horses from these infidel Tinguians and save our feet."

"Stop your prating," said Ilong. "You are always saying foolish things. Some nimble young Tinguian would have your head in his head-basket before morning."

"Instead of complaining, listen to me," said Osto. "Do you see that Tinguian, cleaning his plow in the field yonder, and the white ox tied to a tree not far behind him? Let us creep up and take the ox while his master is busy with the plow. I will untie the rope from the animal's nose and fasten it about my neck."

"Fasten it about your neck?" said Ilong, in wonder.

"Yes; and we must be quick about it, or

this dog-eating Tinguian so that he will never suspect the truth, I will join you there, and we will sell our prize at auction in the market-place.'"

When the Tinguian had finished cleaning the plow and put it on his sled, he turned to untie his ox and bring him under the yoke. When he saw a man standing with the rope around his neck, he was much astonished, and said:

"How is this? Has my ox become a man?"

"Do not wonder," said Osto, spitting out a mouthful of grass. "Come nearer to me and I will tell you all about it."

The Tinguian came to the foot of the tree and squatted upon the grass.

"I was a man," said Osto, "but because of a great sin which I committed, I was turned into an ox as punishment. Now I have atoned for my wrong-doing, and have been changed to a man again."

"It is not for me to question that," answered the Tinguian; "but it grieves me when I think of my half-plowed rice-field and the large sum of money I paid for the ox."

"Well," said Osto, "you must trust that the all-powerful being who set me free will bring you better fortune the next time you buy an ox. Often when I drew your plow through the rice-field until I was so weary that I could scarcely pull my feet out of the mud, I thought of my wife and little ones, and wept because I could not go to them. Now, kind sir, let me hasten to find them, for they must think me long dead."

The Tinguian's heart was touched, and he untied the rope from about the stranger's neck and set him free.

Now a plague had killed nearly all the cattle in the town where the brothers agreed to meet, and when it was proclaimed that there was a fine ox for sale in the market-place, many men went to buy it. While they were bidding for the ox the Tinguian came to the market to buy salt. He could scarcely believe his own eyes when he saw the big white ox again; but, when he went nearer and the animal smelt him and began to low, he knew it was his own.

"The man must have sinned before he reached home," he said, "and he has been turned into an ox again. It is strange that a bad man should make such a good ox! If I tell these people that the animal is mine, nobody will believe a poor Tinguian; and if I man again, and I would lose my money twice. I will buy my salt and hurry home, and have nothing more to do with this strange beast."

So the Tinguian said nothing, and the ox was sold to a rich man for much money. The three brothers bought hats and shoes and fine clothes for the bride, and hired the three swiftest horses in the town and rode away to the wedding.

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**A CASE OF CONSTRUCTIVE ASSAULT . . G. O. BLUME . . THE GREEN BAG**

The Court of Petty Sessions was open for business. The county magistrate, having taken his seat on the bench, cast a kindly glance at the motley crowd that had assembled in the court-room, and with an air of great importance asked the court officer what cases were on the calendar for the day.

"Nothing of any importance, your Honor, only a case of constructive assault."

"What kind of a case is that?" whispered his Worship to the clerk, not wishing to betray his ignorance.

"It's an indirect assault, an assault inferred," replied the clerk.

"Ah," whispered his Honor, "give me an illustration. Hould, I think I have it. I suppose it's something like shaking your fist at a lad wid the intention you'd like to be hammerin' the head iv him?"

"Yes," rejoined the clerk, smiling, "that would be a constructive assault."

"I'm glad I've larnt this sort of crime," said his Honor, "bekase I may have a few men and women up under it. Mr. Clerk," he added, with an air of grave importance, "call the case iv Duffy *v.* McCarthy."

"Take the book, officer, and tell us what you know about this constructive assault."

The constable, being sworn, said: "Your Honor, the defendant in this case is a woman by the name of Peggy McCarthy, and my charge agin' her is that she willfully left a metal pot in my path, so that I might fall over it and hurt myself."

"Who is this Peggy McCarthy?" sternly inquired the Court.

"She's a widow, your Honor, an' she lives on a small farm a few miles over in the country."

"Well," said the Court, "you say she left a metal pot on your road for you to fall over it. It doesn't matter whether you fell over it or no from it bein' a constructive assault."

ankle."

"Thin a regular assault is now added to the constructive assault," rejoined the Court.

"Your Honor knows the law better than I do, and that's my charge," responded Officer Duffy.

"He has produced no evidence in support of his case," whispered the clerk in an undertone. "He merely makes an assertion without proving it."

"Hould your tongue, Mr. Clerk, and don't be raisin' objections of this kind. Iv all things a magistrate should avoid is thryin' to upset a policeman."

"Hev you anything to say in your defince?" said his Honor to the defendant.

"Well, your Honor," says Peggy McCarthy, "I am as much guilty in that crime as yer Lordship sitting up on the binch."

"Don't say that, Peggy McCarthy, bekase you are charged with a crime, and magistrates are not charged with any crime, and it's insulting to the Court."

"I beg pardon, your Honor, I meant no offince."

"Your ignorance is excoosable this time."

"Well, your Honor, I live about a mile or so from this, and after I got through bilin' the pigs' dinner, I puts the pot outside my doore, to air it. It was right alongside my cabin, and fully twelve feet from the road."

"That's not so, your Honor," interjected Officer Duffy.

"Do you deny that my cabin is twelve feet off the road, Constable Duffy?" asked Peggy McCarthy.

"The Court rules that it doesn't matter a hair where your cabin is. It's where your pot was, is the charge, and I rule that cabin evidence irrevelent," replied his Honor.

"Your Honor, I know where my pot was. Agin' my doore. Which the policeman can't deny, as he stumbled over it, and he fell agin' my doore."

"Did you fall, officer, against the door, when you stumbled over the pot?" queried the Court.

"Yis, your Honor."

"But you might have kept stumbling for four or five steps after you tripped over the pot," suggested the Court.

"No, your Honor, I did not," answered the policeman.

"He's a very stupid officer," whispered the

"There it is now, your Honor," rejoined Peggy. "He admits that he didn't stumble any feet to reach the wall in my place. Don't it prove complate that my cabin is on the very side of the path, if when he stumbled, he fell agin' my doore?"

"There seems to be no doubt of that," whispered the clerk. "We must discharge her unless we prove she hasn't given the right location to her cabin."

"I'm afraid," said the Court, "the officer has put his foot in the pot now, after stumbling over it."

"I say, officer, is this woman, Peggy McCarthy, giving the right location to her cabin?" inquired the Court.

"I don't think she is," replied Officer Duffy.

"But you ought to know."

"This is a matter of fact, not opinion, that the officer is swearing to," said the clerk.

"Your Honor," says Peggy, "I would like to have the Court see my cabin."

"The Court has no time to view anyone's cabin, especially in such a trifling case. Evidence in the case is now closed, and I think I'll take a hand myself and get to the truth of the matter. Peggy McCarthy," said his Honor, "would you be sorry if the policeman hurt himself?"

"I would be sorry to see anyone hurt himself," said Peggy.

"You have no great love for Officer Duffy, have you?"

"I can't say that I have," replied Peggy.

"Peggy McCarthy, listen to the sintence of the Court. The Court finds that you, upon trial, showed that you did not love your neighbor as yourself in conformity with the Tin Commandments and the Sarmon on the Mount, and that you showed no apparent contrition for the injury which you have inflicted on Officer Duffy. The Court finds you guilty of constructive assault and moral delinquency, and you are sintenced to pay a fine of five shillings, or in default thereof, one week in jail."

"But I have no money," ejaculated Peggy.

"The Court will take a recess of tin minutes so that you can consult your friends."

Here the hat was passed around, and the necessary amount was raised. Peggy pays her fine. The Court wishes to admonish all blackguards and evil-minded people that this tribunal is run on a strictly business basis.

"Mr. Clerk, call the next case."

# Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

**IT'S TIME TO SMILE....S. E. KISER....CHICAGO RECORD HERALD**

It's time to lure the smiles along
  And help the world be gay;
It's time to sing the happy song
  And whistle care away.
It's time to gladly leave behind
  The sorrow and the sighs;
It's time to look for joy and find
  Each cranny where it lies.

It's time to hoist the flags for Mirth
  And shout huzzah to Glee;
Give Joy the freedom of the earth,
  Drive Woe into the sea;
It's time to hide the frowns and let
  The songs of gladness rise—
The world is laughing; let's forget
  The sorrow and the sighs.

**THE HOUSEWIFE'S OMAR.....PRISCILLA LEONARD.....LIFE**

Come, clean the House, although this Rite of Spring
From Cook and Housemaid sudden Warning bring;
  They're certain to give Notice, anyway,
For Wages rise—and they are on the Wing!

Whether in Boston or in Binghamton,
Whether the House be lax or Strictly run,
  The Cook has Tempers every day or two,
The Housemaid breaks the Teacups one by one.

Each Ship a hundred Bridgets brings, you say,
Yes—but where lives the Cook of Yesterday?
  And this new Age that brings the sullen Swede
Sweeps the old Family Treasure quite away.

The Girl gains Schooling, writes—and having writ
Moves up—not all your Wages or your Wit
  Shall lure her back from Office, Store, or Desk;
She will not do Plain Housework—not a Bit!

The Eight-Hour Plan some set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes, even with Millionaires, anon.
  Maids by the Day refuse the Evening Task,
And when the Caller rings the Bell, are gone.

An Old-time Cook-book, simpler far than now,
A Loaf of Home-made Bread, no Fuss, no Row,
  But Bridget singing as she cleans the Sink,—
Oh, such a Home were Paradise enow!

I sometimes think how Wonderfully Good
Waffles would taste instead of Breakfast Food.
  And how the Clothes would Last if Washed at Home,—
But what's the use of such a yearning Mood?

Yet make the Most of Maids to-day—the End
  May be that, Servantless, we shall descend
  To dwell in huge Co-operative Plants,
Sans Privacy, sans Hope, sans Homes to tend.

Ah, Bridget, fill the Coffee Cup that clears
To-day, at least, of our Domestic Fears!
  *To-morrow!*—Maid and Mistress both may be
Swept from the Path of the Progressive Years!

**THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION..H. JOHNSON..LOND. DAILY NEWS**

They spun and knitted i' the sun
  I' the good old days, the good old ways;
And work with a homely joy was done
  I' the good old days, the good old ways.
The needles clicked and the tale went round.
  The spindle hummed and the laughter rung.
Ah, honest work had a merry sound
    When the world was young!

They mind the threads of the whirring loom
  In the latter days, the weary days;
For the soul and joy there is no room
  In the latter days, the weary days.
They piece the snapp'd threads one by one,
  No song is sung and no tale is told;
And there's little mirth beneath the sun.
    For the world is old.

**PUZZLED.....BALTIMORE NEWS**

Jersey City,
  Cape May,
Old Virginia,
  Down the Bay—
What a boresome aggravation,
Planning where you will vacation!
  One's too fast and one's too slow—
  One's too common-place you know;
One's a social swim delusive;
With its inner bunch exclusive;
  One's too green and one's too gray—
  One's decidedly passé;
And we can't accept one's dances
Under any circumstances—
  Others do not dance at all—
  What is life without a ball?
Jersey City,
  Cape May,
Old Virginia,
  Down the Bay;
Narragansett,
  Newport, too—
What on earth's
  A chap to do?
Spend your time by briny fountains—
Wish you'd spent it in the mountains;
Spend it in the mighty hills—
Wish you'd spent it by the rills;
Spend it with the home plebeian—
Wish you'd tripped it European;
Spend it where all things are quiet—
Swear you wasted money by it;
No odds where you go, you bet it
Will turn out that you'll regret it!
Now I leave it
  Up to you:
What on earth's
  A chap to do?

. . . The suicidal swallowing capacity of the modern baby is an inheritance from the habits of the crawling cave-dweller."]

"Baby boy, whose visage chubby
Doting mother marvels at,
Full of health, albeit grubby—
Why are you so fat?

"How unlike your rude forefather—
Prehistoric, pithecoid!
Who with nuts he chanced to gather
Filled his aching void;

"Who, whenever hunger goaded,
Ate to please the passing mood,
Nor his stomach overloaded
With some patent food.

"No! but later generations
Come, in which the infant staves
Hunger off by dint of rations
Picked up in the caves.

"Holding future meals in question,
Grasping all with eager fist,—
To the mill of his digestion
Everything is grist.

"Consequently, you, who follow
Him in lack of self-control,
With atavic impulse swallow
Dirt and pins and coal."

Thus, with sage pedantic chucklings,
Watching each unwholesome bite,
Science from the mouth of sucklings
Still receives new light.

THE MOTOR.... EVA ANSTRUTHER .....WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

TO-DAY.

The rich man's fancy, Fashion's latest craze,
A costly toy forever out of gear,
Topic on which men endlessly dilate
Lawless the motor dashes through the land,
Scattering confusion, raising clouds of dust,
Annihilating distance, killing time,
Its riders, like the highwaymen of old,
All masked and hooded, fearfully disguised,
To humble wayfarers a source of dread;
A gaudy plaything, painted and veneered,
Pastime to some, but useless to mankind.

TO-MORROW.

Flaunted by Fashion, carelessly cast out
To join the rusty forms of once-loved bikes,
Plaything no more, its day of work has come.
Swiftly this erstwhile toy of idle men
At ordered hours along an ordered road
Bears city toilers to and from their work;
Out from the airless streets, the dirt, the noise,
Into the sunlight of their own green land;
Solving the problem of the crowded town,
Giving to England's country back her sons,
Useful to all, a blessing to mankind

Good and strong.
I was bred on the Patapsco,
And I'll see where morning naps go—
What care I where all your slaps go!—
Hear my song,
O hear my song.
I'm the very first mosquito of the year.

I'm the very first mosquito of the year—
(Hear my song.)
But I will not be the last one, never fear,
You're all wrong.
For in April there'll be millions,
And in May there will be billions,
And by August undecillions—
Hear my song.
My high G song.
I'm the very first mosquito of the year.

I'm the very first mosquito of the year—
(Hear my song.)
Thought I'd beat your bed's mosquito cover here-
Was I wrong?
Always aim to strike the city
Founders' Day, though the committee
Doesn't like my little ditty—
Hear my song.
My bugle song.
I'm the very first mosquito of the year.

When Lord Baltimore first landed I was here—
With my song;
And I did my cornet solo in his ear
Good and strong.
Never saw a fellow swear so,
Fan the air and tear his hair so;
He declared he couldn't bear so
Bad a song—
My madd'ning song.
For I was the first mosquito of that year.

Yes, I am the first mosquito of the year—
(Hear my song.)
And I'm happier than you are 'cause I'm here
With my gong.
You may bar me, smudge and smoke me,
You may slap me, you may poke me,
You may curse me or may joke me—
But my song
Goes right along.
I'm the very first mosquito of the year.

They have found a bug to kill me, so I hear—
(Hear my song.)
But it cannot, with my pleasure, interfere
Very ong.
It will be the same old story
When I tune my bugle gory,
And I'll toot this bug to glory
With my song—
My killing song.
For I am the first mosquito of the year.

# Literary Thought and Opinion

**BATTLES IN FICTION.....E. C. GODLEY.....NATIONAL REVIEW**

*Sonnez, trompettes et clairons*, wrote the candid war-poet of a bygone age.

We must assume that this appeal was originally addressed only to the *hommes d'armes* of whom the poet speaks, but in those days, as in our own, the invitation might appear almost equally significant to the man of letters. The minstrel or ballad singer, the novelist of the Middle Ages, sang only of war when he did not sing of love; and if the novelist of our own time would reap the soil, *le bon butin*, and the *bon bruit* of literary renown, let him, in spirit, *suivre la guerre*, and describe the results as convincingly as he may.

His influence is, in a sense, wider than that of the historian; his public is larger, more ignorant, and less critical. But, on the other hand, his task is harder, and his influence, though far-reaching, is more difficult to acquire. The historian has done his duty when he has collected his facts, and set them intelligently in order; the result may or may not be inspiring, but no conscientious student has the right to demand more. To the novelist the mere possession of undoubted historical knowledge is of little or no avail; if it were otherwise, the proper appreciation of his efforts would require a degree of information not usually found among the readers of novels. Those whose names are most prominently connected with warfare in fiction—such writers as Tolstoï, Zola, Erckmann-Chatrian—are pronounced by authorities to be above reproach as regards correctness of fact; the last named have even been quoted by historians as an example of accuracy; but to the average novel reader who, in all justice, should here be allowed an opinion, this technical exactness seems a small thing, indeed, compared with the gifts of insight and imagination which make their work unforgettable. Tolstoï's War and Peace, where the hero's mind and character, in battle or elsewhere, are revealed as perhaps no character has been revealed to us since Hamlet; Erckmann-Chatrian's *Conscrit de 1813*, where the prosaic outlook of the principal figure is so marvellously turned to account by the author's imaginative power; Zola's *Débâcle*, which changes the whole French army from a historian's machine into a collossal living figure; all these depend for their effect not upon any special acquaintance with military tactics, but upon the writer's perceptive and imaginative faculties acting on those of the reader.

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**FICTION AND FROTH.....LONDON ACADEMY**

There are times when the multitude of novels upon our shelves strikes us with a kind of hopeless amazement. With the best intention in the world it is impossible to deal with them all; impossible even to mention more than the titles of many of them. This, in itself, does not necessarily imply that the production of novels is too great; but when we approach the question of selection, the implication that it is too great becomes hard and unblinkable fact. The number of novels which can stand the test of a reasonable critical standard is astonishingly small; even if we accept the modern and, as we think, the untenable theory that the main end of fiction should be to amuse, it would remain astonishingly small, for true amusement is not often to be found in these rows of many-colored volumes. A critic whose faculty has been cultivated by much practice, can run, say, through a score of novels and find that he can divide them into three or four sections with unmistakable labels. The crop of this season's novels is raised from the seed of last season's; certain formulas are popular, and innumerable pens restate those formulas with no more variation than simple re-shuffling implies. We open book after book to find ourselves confronted with the very ghosts of familiarity.

The conclusion to which we are forced is plain—many of our novelists go to books for inspiration and ideas instead of going to life. It is much easier to go to books, but that is not the way to produce work which may here and there stir a reader to actual emotion, here and there touch some hidden or sub-conscious spring of the soul. It is, no doubt, given to few writers to unveil even the smallest mysteries of the terrible and beautiful spirit of man, but it is the business of every writer to strive after the highest that is in him. He may not have much to say, but he should at least endeavor to say it well, and he should not attempt to say it at all unless from some

It is well to recall now and then what Ruskin wrote of books in Kings' Treasuries. A book is written, he said, because "the author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying; 'This is the best of me; for the rest I ate, and drank, and slept, loved and hated like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.'" That, it may be said, is a counsel of perfection, but it has the right spirit. If it at all consorted with the spirit of the age we should have fewer and better novels; which would not mean that the novel-reading public would go empty, but that it would have more to think about. The average novel, to put the matter briefly, is concerned neither with real ideas nor with real life; it is a comment—jaunty or sentimental or frivolous—upon what never existed; it is a kind of ineffective phantasm, blurred, inchoate, remote, And the tendency is to level all to this average. Our greatest, as we said the other day, are silent. The call is for leaders; of followers in every kind we have rank-and-file enough.

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**SHARKS IN THE BOOK TRADE.....N. Y. EVENING POST**

Newspapers in various parts of the country have been giving space of late to the grievances which authors have against publishers. It is an old story, but there is always hope that the narration of one's experience may keep others from suffering in the same way. It is many years since my first book was published, and few of your readers would remember its name or that of the author. However, I hold with Eli Perkins that it is foolish to belittle one's own work. Let your friends buy the book and get stuck.

Oh, the days when I walked about as if in a dream, and how many candles I burned before the five hundred pages of MSS. were finished! My friends pronounced it capital and inquired anxiously as to the probable date of I was young and vain, likewise credulous, and in imagination I saw my book in every bookseller's window and my name blazoned everywhere.

At last I found a man who grasped my hand and talked to me like a father. He assured me the market for such work as mine was good; that what was wanted was new blood. He made me tell him how I came to write and all about myself. I told him too much, for he saw my anxiety and found me an easy prey. In a burst of confidence I told him how badly other publishers had treated me. That made his heart warm toward me, and it being just one o'clock he invited me out to luncheon. He took my book, and said he would not delay, but would take it home with him and read it that night, and would send me an answer in a day or two.

The next evening I received a letter asking me to call at my earliest convenience. I was on hand early next morning. The senior partner met me, and told me how much pleased he was with my manuscript, so much so that he had already placed it in the printer's hands, for he felt sure we could come to satisfactory terms. The holidays were near, and my book was just what was needed for the trade. All this was most gratifying, but I was soon to be made uncomfortable. Presently, the question was put to me as to whether I had come prepared to pay the first instalment of the amount the publishers had fixed as my guarantee to them. "You know," said he, "that a book such as this puts us to great expense. I should advise you to publish by subscription. You say you have one hundred secured. There is no reason why these should not pay in advance, and thus relieve you of raising $100 of the $200 we ask. We shall bring out 500 copies. The edition ought to be 1,000, as the cost would be only $100 more than for the smaller edition." Seeing that I was getting very nervous, the publisher added that I need not pay that day, but must let him have the amount, $200, within a day or two, as they had put back other work in order to hasten the publication of mine.

It will be remembered that the book was to be brought out for the holiday trade. The holidays passed and it did not appear. The swallows came and still it did not materialize. Summer was upon us and the publishers gave no sign. Early in September I received a

The publishers, so the note stated, had decided to bring out the thousand edition. They had delayed publication because the market was overstocked, but now at the outset of another season the demand was likely to be so great that they had printed double the number.

I have bought ten copies to present to my friends, and thus far no accounting has been made. The debt, whichever side the law may say it is, has long since been outlawed. The enterprising, friendly publishers are out of business, but their methods are in vogue to-day. My advice to the young author is, better take a snubbing from a responsible firm than accept the flattery of the obscure.

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**THE STANDPOINT OF THE EDITOR....H. M. ALDEN....HARPER'S**

Of course, all manuscripts offered are not read through—that would take not the editor's evening only, but all the twenty-four hours of every day. If it were necessary to read every word of every manuscript, it would be done, if the work demanded ten or more readers, but it is not.

American publishers of the best class, like the select yet now very large and ever-increasing audience of thoughtful readers, want better books than are written, and, where they are proprietors of periodicals, better poems and stories and essays than are offered.

We have seen how comparatively unimportant in the actual constitution of a magazine are the casual offerings of contributors; no respectable number of the periodical could be made up by selection from them. No more can the publisher depend upon the voluntary offerings of book manuscripts. His dealings with authors must in the main be direct and of money by the publication of books and magazines, setting aside all literary standards; but it requires a higher order of ability and a finer determination to build up a great publishing house, whose every issue will bear the mark of good literary judgment. How many books that would command large sales must be excluded from consideration! How many bringing a small immediate profit will be accepted and even solicited because the publisher has a prophetic sense of their permanent value! Such a publishing house will employ readers, enough of them and sufficiently intelligent to let no promising new author escape notice or lack encouragement. These readers are eyes to the publisher, and the more clearly their opinions disclose what he would see if he could read the manuscripts himself, the better their service.

Another fallacy—especially as to magazine conduct—is that which assumes the domination of publisher and editor by great names that stand simply for success and not for literary worth. To the disgrace of our literature, it is true that many writers aim at this kind of success, and some of them attain it. Nine out of ten of the best-selling books (so remote from any appeal to cultivated minds that few of them are known even by their titles to the readers of this magazine) have no claim to literary distinction, and could not secure the imprint of any first-class publishing house. The mere fact of success, however, does not condemn an author who has reached the minds and hearts of intelligent readers, and it is natural that he should be sought by publishers and editors. Still, a really better thing by a wholly unknown writer would have the preference.

# Brief Comment and Gossip of Authors

William Dean Howells, who has often been styled the Dean of American Letters, was born in Ohio in 1837. His early education was gained in Ohio newspaper offices, in positions ranging from compositor to editor. From 1861 to 1865 he was the United States Consul to Venice, and it was there that he gained material for his delightful Italian studies—Venetian Life, Italian Journeys and Tuscan Cities. After his return from Italy, Mr. Howells contributed editorial articles to The Nation. He was later connected with the Atlantic Monthly, The Cosmopolitan and Harper's. As a writer of fiction, Mr. Howells has been a great force in American literature. His principal novels are The Rise of Silas

Among his critical works may be cited Criticism and Fiction, My Literary Passions, and Impressions and Experiences. He has published one book of poems, Stops of Various Quills, and several short one-act comedies and farces. Mr. Howells's last book, Questionable Shapes, just published, deals with the psychic experiences of a young American.

Mr. Howells is strongly realistic in his novels, and is the arch foe of romanticism and of the popular historical novel. His realism, however, is not pushed as far as continental realism. His observations are keen and show much power of delineation. Like Henry James, he is a master of subtlety. To these qualities may be added a love for truth, saneness and justice. He is easily the most distinguished man of letters in this country.

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Recent news from Rome states that the Pope has blessed Ben Hur. While the blessing falls only on the Italian translation with "various modifications," it will undoubtedly increase the sale of the book, which has already a tremendous circulation.

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Lovers of Quatrocentisteria and The Duchess of Nona will be glad to learn of a new romance by Maurice Hewlett, which is to appear in The Pall Mall Magazine. The story is concerned with the fascinating career of Mary of Scotland. There is a charm and witchery to Mr. Hewlett's stories that are rarely found in other writers. Earthwork Out of Tuscany and Little Novels of Italy are classics in their way.

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No man ever suffered more from the penalty of humor than did the late Charles Godfrey Leland. The man, who was an authority on Etruscan myths, on music and the theater, a student and a writer of psychology, who knew all about the survival of pagan worship in Italy, and a politician of whom Dana said that he deserved a foreign mission for his services to Lincoln, will not go down to history. But the author of the Hans Breitmann Ballads and of Matilda Yane will long be remembered. Leland was a melancholy example of the tyranny of humor.

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J. J. Bell, the author of Wee Macgreegor, gow paper. Several publishers declined to reissue the work in book form. The author finally published it at his own risk, and the success of the book justifies his action. This time the publishers were caught napping.

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The death of Mr. E. H. Vizetelly removes an interesting personality from the field of literature. Mr. Vizetelly was a war correspondent of note, and was at different periods of his life connected with some of the great London newspapers. His most remarkable achievement was the finding of Stanley. Like Rowan, he who took the message to Garcia, Mr. Vizetelly was willing to go anywhere. When James Gordon Bennett telegraphed him to undertake the expedition to find Stanley he replied, "I'll go to Timbucto, if you like."

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In *Vus du Dehors* Dr. Max Nordau has published a collection of review articles on Contemporary French Writers. In his preface, Dr. Nordau alludes to his position as an outsider as qualifying him for the task in hand. Dr. Nordau is always interesting, whether we believe in his theories or not. More than half the book is devoted to modern French dramatists, and should prove interesting to students of the stage.

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Recently in Philadelphia, the manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's poem, The Bells, was sold at auction for $2,100. Other Poe books and manuscripts were disposed of at the same sale, and the entire collection brought over $5,000. During his life Poe was always in a precarious financial condition, and his literary wares generally realized very small amounts. The history of literature is replete with cases of tardy recognition of approval during the life of an author.

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Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, the clever and delightful humorist, is at work on a play which will probably be seen in New York next season. Mrs. Humphry Ward is likewise engaged in a dramaturgic venture. Whether a successful author can succeed as a successful playwright remains to be seen, however. Past history has not entirely borne this out. The conditions governing the

writing of drama and of fiction are very different.

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The English and French press have lately been saying many complimentary things of each other and of their respective rulers. Vituperancy has long characterized a certain faction of French journalism in regard to England. The recent presence of King Edward in Paris, and his enthusiastic reception there, has done much to allay these hostile attacks. Journalism on both sides of the channel is now in its normal condition—a condition regarded with pleasure by the saner and conservative elements of both countries.

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Mr. George Moore's latest book, The Untilled Field, purports to give a picture of the condition of Ireland—the "untilled field"—which is engrossing the attention of legislators in the English Parliament. Mr. Moore's book will do more for Ireland than all the projected plans of a Celtic revival in Irish letters.

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Harper & Brothers have lately taken over the publishing business of Mr. R. H. Russell. They will continue the class of publications issued by Mr. Russell, and his name will continue to appear on those artistic books which have so long been associated with his house.

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The sale of Zola's relics in Paris was not the success anticipated, and did not attract the attention of connoisseurs. It seems that M. Zola was the victim of some Italian art dealers and swindlers. The collection realized very little. Recent reports from Paris indicate that the sale of *Vérité* has not been large, although the book is superior in literary and narrative interest to its immediate predecessor.

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The admirers of Ships That Pass in the Night will welcome with interest Miss Beatrice Harraden's new book, Katherine Frenshan, which is a problematical novel, and which will be published next fall. Of late years Miss Harraden has not quite justified the promise of Ships That Pass in the Night. The character of the Disagreeable Man is one of the monuments of fiction. It is to be hoped that Miss Harraden's forthcoming book will contain some of that exquisite charm that so characterized her former work.

The great International Congress of Historians, which was held in Rome on April 2, brought together many of the world's greatest historians. Italy was represented by Professors Pasquale Villari, Lanciani and Boni. Professor Monod was a distinguished French representative. Professor Gierke was the delegate from the University of Berlin. The Hon. James Bryce and Mr. William Roscoe Thayer represented England and America respectively. The presence of the king and queen of Italy, and many state dignitaries, lent added *éclat* to the proceedings. They order these things well abroad!

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The coming Emerson centennial will be fittingly observed by the disciples of one of the greatest of modern ethical teachers. A notable event in this connection will be the publication of a new and revised edition of Emerson's works, to be edited by Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson. Several celebrations are to be held in Concord and elsewhere, and at which distinguished men in American life and letters will deliver addresses on the great Transcendentalist. Despite the obscurity of some of Emerson's teachings, he still remains a potent force in our literature.

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The recent death of Richard Henry Stoddard has removed a noted figure in New York's literary circle and has brought to an end a long and distinguished literary career. Unlike most men of letters, Mr. Stoddard was without a college education. To this fact he attributed his facility in Anglo-Saxon expression, although it is doubtful whether this condition establishes a successful precedent. During his life Mr. Stoddard was connected with many papers, and the variety of his literary expression was manifold. It was as a poet, however, that he won his best recognition.

Among Mr. Stoddard's publications are Town and Country, Life, Travels, and Books of Alexander von Humboldt, The King's Bell (a poem), The Story of Little Red Riding Hood, The Children in the Wood, Abraham Lincoln, a Horatian Ode, Putnam the Brave, and the Book of the East, a collection of poems on various Oriental subjects. He likewise edited and brought out collections of verse, among which The Late English Poets and Poetry and Poets of America may be mentioned. He was also the author of monographs on Edgar Allan Poe and on William Cullen Bryant.

**The Substitute.** Will N. Harben. N. Y. Harper and Bros. $1.50.

This is a well-told story, largely in the dialect of Georgia. A merchant who has killed a man in anger in his youth conceives the notion of atoning for robbing the world of a human life by training a boy of lowly origin to be a sterling man. Such indeed the boy becomes, and then falls in love with a young lady his superior socially. His rival for her hand is the unworthy Governor of the State. All ends as it should, but the action is thrilling, and some of the characters are peculiarly rich and delightful. There is much quaint wit and humor, and, at times, deep pathos. The volume compares very favorably with the previous good work of Mr. Harben.

**The Grey Wig.** Israel Zangwill. N. Y. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Grey Wig contains examples of Mr. Zangwill's earlier and later stories. These are interesting mainly as showing the author's versatility, rather than as offering any new light upon his work. It is to be hoped that Mr. Zangwill will soon again return to that field of literature which he has made almost exclusively his own, and give us more of those exquisite pictures of life that is odd and queer, yet in its struggle, common to all mankind.

**When Patty Went to College.** Jean Webster. N. Y. The Century Co. $1.50.

This is a new recruit to the ranks of college stories. The heroine is a girl in college, and the stories center about her adventures therein. They are told with a good deal of freshness and charm and have that eternal youth and youthful pseudo-sophistication which the age of twenty brings. Elsewhere in this magazine is quoted one of these stories which will give an idea of the book.

**A Comedy of Conscience.** S. Weir Mitchell. N. Y. The Century Co. $1.00.

Dr. Mitchell's new story is exactly what its name implies. A thief in stealing a lady's pocket-book leaves his diamond ring in the lady's shopping bag. The working of the lady's susceptible conscience in regard to what to do with the ring offers Dr. Mitchell his theme, upon which he has woven delightful comedy and a delicate love story.

**Horses Nine:** *Stories of Harness and Saddle.* Sewell Ford. N. Y. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Mr. Ford has taken nine horses and around each has woven a story often as intense as it is beautiful. The author's style is exquisite and his portrayal of the life and nature of that sensitive animal, the horse, is at times remarkable. Every story in this book is worth reading. This is the type of book of which we cannot have too many.

**The Wind in the Rose Bush.** Mary E. Wilkins. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman has in her new book tried her hand at writing "ghost stories." It must be confessed that these tales are not very uncanny and cause few shivers. Indeed, many of the "ghosts" are downright lovable, and one wonders how anyone could have been affrighted at them. The great virtue of these stories is to be found in the characters, the plain New England type which Mrs. Freeman can portray as no one else can.

**A Daughter of the Sioux.** Gen. Charles King. N. Y. The Hobart Co.

General King has added another number to his series of pictures upon the West and army life. The new offering is not as good as some that have come from the same pen, but will prove of interest to those who have followed this author's work.

**Conjurer's House.** Stewart Edward White. N. Y. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Mr. White again pictures the life of the great forests and strong endeavor. The theme in his new book is based upon the great Hudson Bay Company when that organization was in its full power of autocracy. The principal character is a free trader who is captured and sentenced practically to death. The description of the life and forests and the whole atmosphere are especially well done. Mr. White writes with poetic charm.

**Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse.** Dora McChesney. N. Y. John Lane. $1.50.

Dora McChesney has imbibed deep at the well of Puritanism in her story of the Cromwellian wars. There is a hardness of character and diction, which at times is almost jarring. But the book has incident in plenty and does show distinct, individual and interesting persons.

**The Philadelphians.** Katharine Bingham. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.

The teller of this really clever tale is a young lady of New York, who, after the death of her plebeian first Philadelphian husband, marries one of the sacred aristocracy of the Quaker City. Her former alliance is forgiven because of her descent from a signer of the Declaration of Independence, but there was somewhat of hesitation at first. The author, whose name is surely fictitious, deals gently, but humorously, with Philadelphian ancestor worship and reverence for the "forbidden palace" situated south of Broad Street, while she decidedly disproves the charge of slowness usually made against the city of blue-blooded aristocracy.

**The Legatee.** Alice Prescott Smith. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

This is a first novel of considerable merit. The story relates the difficulties met with by a South-

erner who succeeds to a lumber mill in Wisconsin after an uncle of detested memory. The author evidently knows well the scenes and people among whom she has laid the action of her novel, and the movement leads on very dramatically to a thrilling climax.

**Walda.** Mary Holland Kinkaid. N. Y. Harper and Bros. $1.50.

Walda is a good story, well worth reading. It tells of a German religious community, situated somewhere in a Western State, in which human love and marriage are discouraged and forbidden to the extent that no one who yields to their temptations can hold rank among the saintly members. A doctor of medicine, a man of the world, visits the community from motives of curiosity and falls in love with the beautiful and simple-minded maiden who is being trained to be the Prophetess. The growth of human love in the maiden's heart is very beautifully depicted; so is its hidden existence in the worthy schoolmaster.

**Cliveden.** Kenyon West. Boston. Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.

Mr. West gives us a story of revolutionary times, the action of which centers around the Chew mansion, which was the focus of the Battle of Germantown. There is a thrilling and well-sustained love element, a large amount of romantic misunderstanding, abundant deeds of "derring-do," a villainous spy and rival, and the usual courtesy between men of kindred race fighting for principle rather than hatred. The tale is above the average of this kind of novel both in action and plot.

**A Girl of Ideas.** Annie Flint. N. Y. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Truly the heroine is a Girl of Ideas and her history is vastly entertaining. Having written a novel only to find it rejected by "any number of publishers," she conceives the idea of setting up in business as a retailer of "ideas" to writers whose imagination is less fertile than her own. She actually forms a syndicate of writers to keep the market supplied with novels, and even goes so far as to prepare sermons and to train a clergyman to be a preacher. It is a clever book, sparkling from beginning to end, with, possibly, an undercurrent of sarcasm and a covert parodying of the trend of a certain phase of modern book manufacture.

**From the Unvarying Star.** Elsworth Lawson. N. Y. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The title of this novel is a quotation from Maeterlinck, and rather far-fetched, but the story is a strong one, a good one. It relates the trials and love of what would be called in England a "dissenting minister" who has been called to take charge of a congregation in the north of that country. A strong love for nature and a high moral tone run through the volume, which is decidedly above the average of much present-day fiction.

**The House on the Hudson.** Frances Powell. N. Y. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

This book is presented as a first novel of a new writer, and it is certainly a remarkable work. The action is well conceived, intricate, mysterious and well sustained. At times one is reminded of the Jane Eyre of Charlotte Bronté, at other times of The House on the Marsh of Florence Warden. It is evident, however, that the author's work is entirely original and the comparison is only made for the purpose of giving an idea of the power displayed. The style is crisp and pointed, and the language well chosen and adequate. It is to be hoped that we shall hear again from so promising a writer, and that the present work will be followed by another not less carefully studied out, arranged and polished.

**The Ghost Camp.** Rolf Boldrewood. N. Y. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Ghost Camp; or, The Avengers, by Rolf Boldrewood, is a story of Australian and Tasmanian life, partly in the bush, partly at the gold mines, mainly in Hobart Town society. There is abundance of lively interest and movement, a very pretty love story, and an artistic climax. The book will be acceptable as presenting a picture of life in a part of the world that does not enter largely into American literature.

**The Inevitable.** Philip Verill Mighels. Phila. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

The Inevitable, by Philip Verill Mighels, deals with a curious phase of the negro problem. A boy, whose grandmother was a mulatto, "almost as white as any one," is cast off by his mother because he has a dark skin. The whole tale is weird, powerfully told, admirably conceived, and well worked out. The solution will appeal to Americans, but it may be questioned whether Europeans will see the necessity of the ending of the story.

**Fifty Songs by Robert Franz.** Edited by William Foster Apthorp. For High Voice. Boston. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, $1.25. Cloth, $2.25.

**Twenty Original Piano Compositions.** Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth. Boston. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, $1.25. Cloth, $2.25.

These two new volumes of the Musician's Library are edited with the same skill and excellence of their predecessors. Thoroughness and intelligence are everywhere characteristic of them. All devotees of music will regard them as a privilege to possess.

**Silverwork and Jewelry.** *A Text-Book for Students and Workers in Metal.* H. Wilson. N. Y. D. Appleton & Co. $1.40 net.

This is the second number of Appleton's Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks, edited by W. R. Lethaby. "It is intended as a practical guide to some of the more simple processes of the crafts." The book will be found of great assistance and inspiration to all engaged in this type of work.

**The Story of My Life.** Helen Keller. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

It has been years since a book so pulsating with the human cry has appeared. This recital of Miss Keller's life in all its darkness and yet with its wonderful light, with its suffering of affliction, yet its inner vision of joy, is the very passion of patience

book offers a sidelight on another woman's devotion —on the infinite pains and sacrifices made by Miss Sullivan, whereby almost a miracle was wrought.

**Memories of a Hundred Years.** Edward Everett Hale. N. Y. The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $5.00.

These are a series of papers which first appeared in The Outlook, during the year 1901, and a public service has been done by issuing them in this very presentable form. Personal reminiscences are not only interesting, but they are valuable as sidelights on scientific history; and few men of our day are better fitted to offer such than the aged writer of these volumes. His own life, dating back to 1823, covered nearly four-score years of the nineteenth century, while his father was sixteen years old in 1800. It will be readily seen from this how true the title of the book is. No one who takes the work in hand will be disappointed with t, for Dr. Hale's judgments, even should they differ in some respects from the reader's own, must always command attention and reverence.

**The Life of James Madison.** Gaillard Hunt. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

The appearance of a life of President Madison at the moment when the public mind is directed towards the celebration of the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase is very timely. The memory of Madison is apt to be overshadowed by the stronger ones of Washington and Jefferson, and it is well to be reminded how truly great were his services to his country. Mr. Hunt has produced a really valuable and readable life, and has shown excellent discrimination in tracing out Madison's hand in the stirring events of his day. The arrangement of the work according to subjects, rather than according to strict chronology, enables the reader to get a thorough grasp of the various positions in which the man who has been called "the father of the Constitution" was placed. The author is not blinded by any hero-worship, but faithfully and impartially shows Madison as he really was.

**Andrew Carnegie.** Barnard Alderson. N. Y. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

This is an admirable character sketch of the great iron master and public benefactor. It was, doubtless, a disadvantage to the author that the subject of his study is living and that, on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. Carnegie's name is synonymous with princely generosity; but the way in which his vast wealth has amassed in the field of industry is dealt with very fairly and delicately. The personality of the man, his political faith, his ideas of the responsibility of wealth, and his mode of distributing it, are set forth clearly and appreciatively. The volume is a very interesting and timely one.

**Augustus Cæsar.** John B. Firth, B.A. N. Y. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

The series of what may be called classics in history in the Heroes of the Nations is enriched by its latest volume. It is a careful and discriminating study of that strange character, the while appearing to revere the republic, he achieved his aims, are treated with a masterly hand. It may be urged that there is nothing new in the volume as far as records are concerned, but it will assuredly be granted that the picture drawn by Mr. Firth of one of the most puzzling figures in the world's history is remarkably well composed and comprehensive.

**British Political Portraits.** Justin McCarthy. N. Y. The Outlook Co. $1.50.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's long association with Parliament makes his British Political Portraits of great value as he writes with authority on the dozen or so political personages who are treated in his book. The portraits are charmingly and felicitously drawn, and interesting sidelights on Parliamentary procedure are given. If Mr. McCarthy leans unconsciously to Nationalism it is because he has been so long connected with that party. He does not, however, allow his own views to interfere with a just and unbiased criticism of those English statesmen he has sought to portray.

**American Diplomacy in the Orient.** John W. Foster. Boston and N. Y. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.00.

Students of modern history ought not, and general readers can scarcely afford, to omit reading American Diplomacy in the Orient. It is well known that no one is more competent to deal with this subject than Mr. Foster, whose diplomatic services to his country have been varied, important and valuable. The volume covers American relations with China, Japan, Spain, Hawaii and Samoa; and the gradual growth of the United States as a world-power in the Pacific is brought out clearly and emphatically. The book is in every way a valuable acquisition to our national historical records.

**The Citizen in His Relation to the Industrial Situation.** H. C. Potter, D.D. N. Y. Scribner's.

In The Citizen in His Relation to the Industrial Situation, by Henry C. Potter, D.D., we have a series of lectures delivered at Yale by the Bishop of New York on the Responsibilities of Citizenship. To say they are valuable and practical is to say very little. Their real worth can only be discovered by a close and careful study, and such a study would be as beneficial to industrial magnates as to the students to whom they were addressed. Breadth of vision, earnestness of purpose, clearness of diction and keen appreciation of conditions, possibilities and results characterize Dr. Potter's treatment of his subject. One rises from a perusal of the volume with a feeling of admiration for, and of gratitude to, one who can so courageously mark out for his hearers the path of duty and honor.

**Our Benevolent Feudalism.** W. J. Ghent. N. Y. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

This book, of no large dimensions but of great importance, is an enlargement of an article that appeared in the Independent early in 1902. The gist of it may be said to lie in these words: "They

who desire to live . . . must make their peace with those who have the disposition of the livings." The author shows how, by Combination and Coalescence, the power of this disposition has passed into the hands of the industrial magnates. He then describes the magnificence of their modes of living and of their benefactions. Proceeding, he traces their influence on Farmers and Wage-earners, on the Makers and Interpreters of Law, on Molders of Opinion, and upon society in general, winding up with a forecast of the state of the community in the distant future. The volume is a trenchant, and occasionally sarcastic, arraignment of the tyranny of wealth, and, being full of thought will make the reader think.

**Religious Life in America.** Ernest Hamlin Abbott. N. Y. The Outlook Co. $1.00.

The idea of sending out a special observer to study the conditions of religious life in various parts of the United States was a very commendable one, and the observations made and recorded in The Outlook were full of interest. The letters have been revised and we now possess them in book form. The writer, Ernest Hamlin Abbott, brought to his task a liberal and reverent spirit, together with a power of careful investigation, and he has produced a volume which cannot fail to enlighten the reader on many phases of life which lie outside the ken of general journalism. The book can be thoroughly commended to the notice of all who desire to know something about a subject which is seldom touched upon, and one rarely dealt with so tenderly and ably.

**Men and Women.** Minot J. Savage. Boston. American Unitarian Association. $0.80.

Dr. Minot J. Savage has dealt carefully with the most intimate relations of men and women. His treatment of them evinces thorough sympathy with the religious and moral problems which affect those relations at the present day, and there can be no doubt that a careful study of the volume, by both sexes, would lead to a more reverent appreciation by either of the other. To speak of the equality of the sexes is to use a misnomer, for, notwithstanding all the outcry, there are fundamental differences between the male and female natures and temperaments. That each should use its highest and best qualities for furthering the highest and best interests of the other should be the aim of man and woman, and Dr. Savage has gone far toward pointing out the way.

**Mind Power and Privileges.** Albert B. Olston. N. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.

We have in Mind Powers and Privileges, by Albert E. Olston, a work in which the author has laid before his readers, simply and fairly, his conclusions on such matters as hypnotism, telepathy and that personal influence which it is the fashion to call personal magnetism. There is also a timely discussion of the much-debated Christian Science. The book abounds also in wholesome advice which cannot fail to be useful, whatever may be our opinion about the principles said to underlie the methods of training recommended.

**St. Augustine.** Joseph McCabe. N. Y. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

St. Augustine, "the consignor of undipped infants to eternal torments, whom all mothers hate," as Charles Lamb called him, was undoubtedly one of the greatest Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church, but a man whose personality is most perplexing. While we concede his tremendous enthusiasm in the search after truth and his affectionate disposition among his friends and disciples, we cannot close our eyes to the fact of the shallowness of his philosophy and his blindness to all beyond the field of his own spiritual experience. Mr. McCabe has done well to give us a study of the man, based, not upon St. Augustine's own account of his mental processes and his depreciatory estimate of himself, but upon the nature of his training and surroundings. This is done most ably, and the result is one of immense value, throwing a new light upon the Saint's character. Written, as the book is, without any party feeling, the volume is an acquisition for the student of ecclesiastical history.

**The Story of the Churches.** *The Presbyterians.* Charles L. Thompson, D.D. *The Baptists.* Henry C. Vedder, D.D. N. Y. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.00 each.

This promises to be a very useful and interesting series of handy manuals of ecclesiastical history. There is no theological discussion, and only such doctrinal statements are admitted as will enable the reader to identify the denominational bodies treated of. Consequently, while each volume will be of value to members of the denomination with which it deals, the general reader will find the whole series a concise and convenient source of information in studying the steps by which the religious life of the nation has been built up. The two volumes as yet issued are models of this kind of history.

**William Ellery Channing.** John White Chadwick. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.

A Life of Dr. Channing of less scope than the extended memoir by his nephew, first published in 1848, is very acceptable. Dr. Chadwick has done his work well and his picture of the great Boston divine is sympathetic and appreciative. Members of other denominations, in calling Dr. Channing "Unitarian," should remember that his creed was very different from the pure Socinian and Priestleyan doctrine to which that name had been given in Europe and England. Intense spirituality was characteristic of Channing, and his influence, communicated to England largely through James Martineau, greatly changed the tenor of English Unitarianism.

**The Weather and Practical Methods of Forecasting It.** E. B. Dunn. N. Y. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60.

"Farmer" Dunn has put into readable and pleasurable form the details of his science. Though a scientific treatise, the book has much the charm of a novel. In its scope it treats all phases of weather prognostication with a thoroughness that comes only from experience.

In spite of all the indefatigable efforts of modern explorers, there still remain localities and regions unknown to the traveler. In a Land of Deserted Cities, Howard Crosby Butler, in the June Century, graphically illustrates certain parts of the old Roman Empire hitherto unknown. Mr. Butler was a member of the American expedition to Northern Central Syria. In his introduction he speaks of the country visited as follows:

Few people appreciate the fact that to-day, at the dawn of the twentieth century, there are still parts of the old Roman Empire where no traveler of modern times has been; that there are ancient towns which no tourist has seen, temples and towers that no lover of classic architecture has delighted in, inscriptions in ancient Greek that no savant has as yet deciphered, whole regions, in fact, full of antiquities for which no Baedeker has been written, and which are not shown upon the latest maps. There are regions within our temperate zone where no modern European foot has trod, so far as we are able to tell—regions where the civilization of Greece and Rome once flourished, and where fine monuments of classic art, and of an unfamiliar art that supplanted the classic, waste their beauties upon the ignorant sight of half-civilized nomads.

To realize the truth of this, one needs only to cross the ranges of mountains that run parallel to the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, and, avoiding all caravan routes, journey independently about the barren country that lies between these mountains and the Euphrates. Here is a territory which, though not wholly unexplored, is full of most wonderful surprises. Here are cities and towns long deserted, not so great or so imposing, perhaps, as Palmyra, but far better preserved than the city of Zenobia, and giving a much truer picture of the life of the ancient inhabitants than one can draw from those famous ruins. These towns are not buried, like the great cities of the Mesopotamian plains, nor have their sites been built upon in modern times, as those of the classic cities of Greece have been; they stand out against the sky upon high ridges, or lie sheltered in sequestered valleys, presenting to the view of the traveler, as he approaches them, very much the same aspect that they did in the fourth century of our era, when inhabited by prosperous, cultivated, and happy people, or when deserted by those inhabitants some thirteen hundred years ago.

Another interesting descriptive article in the same number is Arthur Schneider's The Sultan of Morocco Journeys Toward Fez. Other interesting features are: The London Stock Exchange, by Henry Norman and G. C. Ashton Jonson; The Salmon Fisheries, by Ray Stannard Baker; Stranded in a Spanish Hill Town, by Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr.; Unavailing Wealth, by Eliot Gregory, and written in that author's charming style; Modern Musical Celebrities, by Hermann Klein; The Ways of Nature, by John Burroughs; and The State Boss, by L. F. C. Garvin. In fiction, Richard Whiteing continues his novel, The Yellow Van. Good and readable short stories are contributed by Abigail H. Fitch, Lewis B. Miller, Edwin L. Sabin, Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, Lillie Hamilton French, and the Baroness Von Hutten.

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The negro has lately received much space in the columns of the Atlantic. In the June number of that periodical, Oswald Garrison Villard contributes a paper on the Negro in the Regular Army. In it he speaks of the splendid characteristics of colored soldiers, their loyalty to the service and their splendid service in Cuba. In The Boston Religion, M.A. DeWolfe Howe writes of some of the great Unitarian leaders associated with the religious life of that city. Henry S. Pancoast, writing of A Forgotten Patriot, speaks feelingly of Thomas Day. Other articles of extreme interest are Changes in College Life, The Cult of Napoleon, The Glamour of a Consulship, Barataria: The Ruins of a Pirate Kingdom, and the Contributor's Club. Arthur Shelburne Hardy's continued story, His Daughter First, comes to an end. There are the usual good short stories and poems. Among the latter Professor Woodberry's Emerson Ode deserves especial mention.

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Edmund Gosse is always interesting, and what he has to say is always worth reading. In the June Harper's he has written an interesting paper on The Patron in the Eighteenth Century. He makes a plea as follows for the miscomprehended patron:

So much ridicule has been thrown on the practice of patronage in the eighteenth century that it may seem a paradox to affirm that in its most consistent form it was a kindly, wholesome, and beneficial mode of protecting what would without it have been helpless. It is time that some one took up the cause of the much-despised, much miscomprehended patron.

The practice of dedicating books to wealthy and powerful noblemen, and of accepting from them protection and money, had been thoroughly familiar to the seventeenth century. It received a sudden expansion in the reign of Queen Anne, when

others that no one who dedicated a poem to Halifax came empty away; and in several cases, most notably in that of Congreve, he used his great position as Chancellor of the Exchequer and afterwards First Lord of the Treasury to find for meritorious poets lucrative sinecures in the public service.

For about twelve years Halifax was in the position of a general Mæcenas; yet, it appears, not in the true eighteenth-century sense. He marks the transition between the old dedicatee and the new patron. Swift helps us to form this distinction when he says that Halifax

For poets open table kept,
But ne'er considered where they slept;

in other words, that he gave them money, invited them to dinner, and sometimes found offices for them at the expense of the nation, but that he did not trouble himself to offer them a lodging. What particularly distinguished the true eighteenth-century patron was that he lifted the whole burden of life off the shoulders of his protégé and gave him the comforts of a home.

Of serious and timely interest in the same number may be noticed the following articles: The Tragedy of a Map, by Collins Shackelford; An Italian Fantasy, a delightful pen picture, by Israel Zangwill; Uncovering a Buried City, by Alexander Macalister; The Tenement Book and Reader, by Norman Duncan; and The Royal Mother of Ants, by Henry C. McCook. Fiction, however, seems to characterize the number. A Lochinvar of St. Cloud is a delightful French story by Robert Shackleton. A Kidnapped Colony is a short continued story by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. The Conspiracy of Arnaye, by James Branch Cabell, is a charming love story of old France. The illustrations are capital. Among other stories of merit may be mentioned those by the following authors: Lizette Woodworth Reese, George Hibbard, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Edward S. Martin, George Buchanan Fife, and Roy Rolfe Gilson. The verse of the number is superior to the general run of magazine poetry.

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Students of sociological conditions in this country and England will read with interest American versus English Working Conditions in the June World's Work. The article is based upon the report of the Mosely Commission of British Workmen to the United States. Mr. Mosely, in his suggestive preface to the report, declares wherein the American advantage consists:

The true-born American is a better educated, better housed, better fed, better clothed and more energetic man than his British brother, and infinitely more sober; as a natural consequence, he is more capable of using his brains as well as his hands. One of the principal reasons why the American he has been more thoroughly fitted for the strugg of after life.

The manufacturers do not hesitate to put in t very latest machinery at whatever cost. A man charge of a large department said to me, "One of t reasons of our success is the readiness of all our me to drop existing modes of production as soon as is demonstrated that there is something bette Labor-saving machinery is widely used everywher and is encouraged by the unions and welcomed b the men, because experience has shown them th in reality machinery is their best friend. It sav the workman enormous manual exertion, raises h wages, tends toward a higher standard of life, an further, rather creates work than reduces the nun ber of hands employed."

I am convinced that British manufacturers, they are to obtain the best efforts from their wor men, must come to an understanding with th unions as to a fair price, from which there shall no "cutting" when the men earn large wages. many trades a joint committee of employers an employees meet periodically to settle rates f piece-work by mutual consent.

The number is largely taken up with article on vacations, travel, and summer sports an pastimes. In Can I Afford an Automobile Henry Norman, M.P., writes of what a g machine costs and the yearly expense of mai tenance. Lawrence Perry writes on Th Business of Vacations, and indicates th immense amount of capital used every summ for recreation. Franklin Matthews contribute an article on a similar subject, entitled Vac tions for the Workers. Sport has its shar also; The Joys of Fresh Water Fishing is b the pen of Edwin Sandys. In The Art Camping, Dan Beard tells what to take alo what to wear and how to manage. In The Comforts of Railroad Travel, M. G. Cunni writes of the great improvement made in single decade. There are the usual articles o industrial conditions which so characterize th magazine. Andrew Carnegie's article, Th Secret of Business is the Management of Me is of great interest.

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Students of art and lovers of Paris and h environs will approach with sympathet interest John LaFarge's article on The Ba bizon School in the June McClure's. Th position of Mr. LaFarge in the world of a gives his statements much authority. Fro his introduction we quote the following e cerpt:

The title of the Barbizon or Fontainebleau S h is a mere expression of the fact that certain c men whose names we associate with that title h pen to have lived for a time within the great beautiful forest of Fontainebleau, and found th sufficient themes for landscapes, or for those

fluctuating matter. Their ideals, their temperaments, were diverse, perhaps even contradictory; and their origin is not separable from the great movement of which they are the results, even when they contradict it. That great movement is a wave of the history of the world; the stormy settling of the waters after the French Revolution and the spread of its effects through the wars of Napoleon. The arts of peace, which had little real expression during the great political and military spasms preceding the settlement of the Napoleonic wars, showed on their revival the moral and intellectual storm already marked in social and political changes. New ideas had been accepted, old ones had faded away, and against the new ideas rose the natural reaction that accompanies revolutions. The desire for passionate self-expression, forced upon the mind by the opening of all new gates of thought, brought up also a desire for peace and reasonableness and ready adjustment.

In the arts which most reflect the aspirations of men there came, besides the expression of passion, of doubt, of interest in all forms of movement, a special admiration of what is outside of man's agonies and anxieties: the peace and beauty and harmony of nature. The melancholy born of failure in fitting the issues of the world to one's own desires turns naturally into the contemplation of that over which we have no control, that nature which continues undisturbed by the vicissitudes of man. The official management of art established under Napoleon continues to this day; but its steady reign began to be attacked as soon almost as the Napoleonic era closed. As often happens, the great leaders of opposition had no desire to make a protest. They only asked to be let alone. They were merely expressing themselves and their likings; likings the result of the real surroundings, and not of academic influences.

In the same number Ray Stannard Baker contributes an article on Peter Cooper Hewitt —Inventor; and Ida M. Tarbell continues her History of the Standard Oil Company. An Ocean Graveyard, by P. T. McGrath, contains many thrilling stories of wrecks and rescues of the Newfoundland coast. Henry Harland, that master of delicate fiction, contributes a short story in his characteristic vein, entitled My Friend Prospero. Eugene Wood, Alice Brown, and Charles B. DeCamp are among the authors who contribute short stories to the number. The Triumph, by Arthur Stanwood Pier, is still continued.

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Journalism is a profession as well as any other serious calling. The sixth article in the series of Making a Choice of a Profession is contributed to the June Cosmopolitan, and treats of this subject. It is from the pen of Albert Shaw. He speaks of journalism as follows:

It is an exacting kind of calling, and it offers little leisure. But if it allows scant freedom *from* work, powerful and journalism becomes, more than ever, the exponent of public opinion.

There is one thing that the journalist must say to himself every day, and, if he is in danger of forgetting it, he should place it in bold letters over his desk where he cannot fail to see it. He may forget all else, but he must not forget this: *the journalist must serve the public, and no other master.* He must not be afraid to print the legitimate news without bias. He must treat all political parties fairly; he must never under any circumstances serve the interests of political bosses or franchise-seeking corporations. He must, in short, keep his self-respect and his independence. In the United States, newspapers rather than politicians lead the public mind in matters of statesmanship and policy. This will continue to be so as long as the newspapers are honest, independent and fair. There is, in the long run, no success worth having in any branch of journalism that does not come by way of honest service of the public, and a fair treatment of all interests, public and private.

The Rose of Yesterday and To-day, Gateways Artistic and Characteristic, Floral Head-Dresses, and the Sugar-Beet Industry in the United States are all articles of interest. Among the Captains of Industry for the month are George Gilbert Williams, William Barclay Parsons, and Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal. The fiction of the number is fully up to the standard always set by this magazine.

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Outing for June appears in its usual attractive form. The illustrations of this magazine are always excellent, and the articles on sport and pastimes are unique in their scope and attractiveness. In the current isssue papers are devoted to Abruzzi, the Man First in the Polar Race, What Golf Means to a Big City, The Pigmies of the North, The Garden of the Small Country Property, and On a Road Coach. There are also interesting short stories dealing with different phases of sport and adventure.

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Country Life in America for this month continues the standard which has ever characterized this periodical. Articles on interesting topics and of especial value are: A Plant-Hunting Vacation, by J. Horace McFarland; The Pacific Salmons, by Cloudsley Rutter; and How to Build a House-Boat, by V. Mott Pierce. The usual notes on gardening are one of the strong features of the number.

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The New Metropolitan for June justifies the promise characterized by the late issues of this magazine. As usual, the articles and stories are concerned with the many phases

of New York life. The Social Recovery of the East Side is an interesting sociological study by Leroy M. Scott. In A Resurrected Bohemia, Thomas A. Janvier gives his recollections of Old New York. William Dean Howells continues his interesting series of Letters Home. The other articles and stories are all fresh, bright and pregnant with the great city which they seek to portray.

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Readers of the short story will find much to occupy their attention in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June. The authors and the subjects they treat are many. S. R. Crockett's The Adventurer in Spain, leads the fiction. Ernest W. Hornung's novel, Denis Dent, is still running. In The Deep Sea Sailor, Broughton Brandenburg continues his fascinating series of articles on the life of a sailor.

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A Lady of Influence, by Caroline Gebhardt, is the long piece of fiction in Lippincott's for June. In Woodland Music, Henry Oldys writes of those birds that fill the woods with melody. Ella Middleton Tybout, General Charles King, Ina Brevoort Roberts, and Prince Vladimir Vaniatsky are responsible for some of the short stories that fill the remainder of the number.

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The principal feature of The New England Magazine for June is The Passing of the Boston Museum, by Howard Malcom Ticknor. In White Slavery in Colonial Times, Annie Nettleton Bourne writes of those imported white bond-servants whose history is in some respects more affecting than that of the negro. In 1619 a large part of the population was formed of these unhappy people:

White bond-servants were of four classes: convicts, indentured servants, the victims of kidnappers and redemptioners. There is little but hardship in the contemporary story of how they fared in this "asylum for the oppressed of all nations." Socially and politically they had no existence. They had no voice in the general or local administration of affairs and were denied the right of suffrage. No servant was allowed to carry arms or to go more than two miles from home without a note under his master's hand. None of these restrictions seem unsuitable as applied to slaves, but we must bear in mind in studying the history of white bond-servants that they included in their class not only agricultural laborers, artisans and mechanics, but also organists, students of the apothecary's art and schoolmasters.

Old Ipswich Town, Each for All and All for Each, by Edward Everett Hale, and Sonnets of Cities, are also very attractive features. There is good short fiction for the lover of stories in the same number.

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In the June National, Joe Mitchell Chapple contributes his usual article on Affairs at Washington. John Hicks writes on Our Island in the Tropics, and Personal Recollections of General Grant are contributed by an officer of his staff. There is the usual complement of short stories and verse, which rounds out an attractive number.

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The Criterion for June presents its usual attractive features. The third paper in Recollections of European Celebrities is devoted to the Duke of Wellington. Stuart Henry continues his A Romance of a French Salon. Ingram Crockett contributes a topical article entitled In June; and among the short stories, A Jaunt in a Prairie Schooner deserves especial mention. There are also the usual verse and other features which characterize this periodical.

# Magazine Reference List for June, 1903

### Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Barbizon School, The ..... McClure's
Dramatic Season, The ..... New Metropolitan
Gateways Artistic and Characteristic. . Cosmopolitan
New Aspects of Art Study ..... Atlantic
Passing of the Boston Museum, The, New England
Patronage of the Arts and Crafts, The, ..... Chautauquan
*Portland Vase, The ..... Chambers's
*Woman and Music ..... Gentleman's

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazine.

### Biographical and Reminiscent

Abruzzi ..... Outing
Anthony, Miss Bessie, Woman Golf Champion, Outing
Boone, Daniel ..... Outing
Hewitt, Peter Cooper ..... McClure's
King Edward, A Theater Goer ..... Munsey's
Man of the Minute ..... New Metropolitan
Parsons, Henry Barclay ..... Cosmopolitan
Personal Recollections of Gen. Grant ..... National
Recollections of Europeancan Celebrities. . Criterion
*Steele, Dick ..... Gentleman's
Williams, George Gilbert ..... Cosmopolitan

### Essays and Miscellanies

*Air and Life ..... Gentleman's
*Annals of Ilium ..... Leisure Hour
Boston Religion, The ..... Atlantic
*Buried Treasures in the West Indies .. Chambers's
Business of Vacations, The ..... World's Work
Can I Afford an Automobile? ..... World's Work
Changes in College Life ..... Atlantic
Each for All and All For Each ..... New England
Fiction for Summer Reading ..... World's Work
Floral Head-Dresses ..... Cosmopolitan
Great Work-a-day Church, A .... New Metropolitan
Historic and Scenic Preservation, in the U. S., ..... Chautauquan
*Impressions of Archangel ..... Chambers's
Italian Fantasy, An ..... Harper's
*Legends of Inverawe ..... Chambers's
Letter Writing ..... Chautauquan
Man Who Runs the Train, The ..... Munsey's
Negro in the Regular Army ..... Atlantic
On a Cholera Ship ..... Frank Leslie's
Patron in the Eighteenth Century, The .. Harper's
*Plague-Stones ..... Chambers's
Point Loma Community ..... Munsey's
Sisterhoods in the Episcopal Church ..... Munsey's
*Some Bunyan Entries in the Register of Stationers' Hall ..... Leisure Hour
*Some Military Duties ..... Chambers's
Stories of Heroic Living ..... Chautauquan
Summer Morning, A ..... Atlantic
Tenement Book and Reader, The ..... Harper's
Unavailing Wealth ..... Century
Way to Larger Culture, The ..... Harper's
Woodland Music ..... Lippincott's

### Historical and Political

Convention of 1787 ..... New England
Cult of Napoleon, The ..... Atlantic
Eastern Siberia and Manchuria ..... Chautauquan
Glamor of a Consulship, The ..... Atlantic
Old Ipswich Town ..... New England
Our Farmer Presidents ..... Frank Leslie's
Our Island in the Tropics ..... National
State Boss, The ..... Century

### Scientific and Industrial

*Clouds as Seen from Cloud Level ..... Knowledge
Comforts of Railroad Travel, The .... World's Work
*Familiar British Wild Flowers and their Allies, ..... Knowledge
Genius of Business, The ..... National
How an Insect Sheds Its Skin, ..... Country Life in America
Human Touch in Industry ..... Munsey's
Lambs' Eye View of Wall Street, A, ..... New Metropolitan
London Stock Exchange, The ..... Century
Missouri-Kansas Zinc District, The ..... National
*Modern Cosmogonies ..... Knowledge
Professor of Journalism, The ..... Cosmopolitan
Railroad Mileage and Wealth ..... World's Work
Royal Mother of Ants, The ..... Harper's
*Scent Distillation ..... Chambers's
Secret of Business ..... World's Work
Sugar Beet in the U. S., The ..... Cosmopolitan
*Some Aspects of Farming ..... Chambers's
Tragedy of a Map, The ..... Harper's
*Typhoid Fever ..... Gentleman's
World Beyond Our Senses, The ..... Harper's

### Sociologic and Economic

American Versus English Working Conditions, ..... World's Work
Civilization Battle, The ..... Chautauquan
Free Religious Association ..... New England
*How Working Women Exist ..... Chambers's
More Conscience in the Consumer ..... Chautauquan
Old Age Pensions ..... Cosmopolitan
Social Recovery of the East Side, The .. New Metro.
White Slavery in Colonial Times .... New England
Women's Clubs in New England .... New England

### Travel, Sport and Out-of Doors

Adventurer in Spain, The ..... Frank Leslie's
*Alpine Accidents ..... Badminton
*Ancient Aegitna and Cannes the Modern . Gentlem's.
Art of Camping, The ..... World's Work
*Berkshire Trout Stream ..... Badminton
*Class Racing in the Solent ..... Badminton
Coney Island's New Wonder World .. New Metro.
Cup Racers Compared, The ..... Outing
Cup Racers, The ..... World's Work
Deep Sea Sailor ..... Frank Leslie's
*Economical Motoring ..... Badminton
Education of a Pig, The ..... Country Life in Amer.
English Garden City, An ..... Cosmopolitan
*Famous Homes of Sport ..... Badminton
*Flowers of Woodland Trees, The .... Leisure Hour
Garden of the Small Country Property ..... Outing
How to Build a House-Boat . Country Life in Amer.
How to Catch Pickerel ..... Outing
How to Manage a Clam-Bake .. Country Life in Am.
Hunting with a Camera ..... World's Work
Joys of Fresh Water Fishing, The .... World's Work
Land of Deserted Cities, A ..... Century
Most Healthful Vacation, The ..... World's Work
*My Visit to Manxland ..... Leisure Hour
Ocean Graveyard, An ..... McClure's
On a Road Coach ..... Outing
On Horseback Through the Yellowstone, ..... World's Work
*Out-of-the-Way English Graves ..... Chambers's
Pacific Salmons ..... Country Life in America
Personal Experiences in Gardening, ..... Country Life in America
Pigmies of the North, The ..... Outing
Plant-Hunting Vacation, A .. Country Life in Amer.
*Racing World and Its Inhabitants ..... Badminton
Resurrected Bohemia, A ..... New Metropolitan
Riding Through Wild Fire ..... World's Work
Rose of Yesterday and To-day ..... Cosmopolitan
Salmon Fisheries, The ..... Century
Shamrock III ..... Outing
*Shooting in Austrian Mountains ..... Badminton
Sight Seeing in the New York Navy Yard, ..... New Metropolitan
*Some Remarks on Cricket ..... Badminton
Sportsman's View-Point, The ..... Outing
Stray Thoughts on Ocean Travel ..... Outing
Summer's Roughing It, A ..... World's Work
Swimming-Hole, The ..... McClure's
To the Arctic in an Automobile ..... World's Work
Two Suggestions for June Traveling, ..... Country Life in America
Uncovering a Buried City ..... Harper's
Ways of Nature, The ..... Century
What Golf Means to a Big City ..... Outing
*Wildfowler, The ..... Badminton

**LOVE** ..F. L. STANTON..... ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

A shelter rude and a crust of bread,
But your hand in mine on the way I tread,
And the red blooms over the roses dead,
And Love, and the Light of Morning!

A Sorrow thrilling the lonely years,
But your smile like light in a rain of tears,
And your sweet, firm faith, and your whispered prayers,
And Love, and the Light of Morning!

And so we mingle, and so we meet,
And shall—till the journey, at last complete,
We rest with the beautiful dreams and sweet
In Love, and the Light of Morning!

**A BALLADE OF PROTEST** ....THEODOSIA GARRISON ....AINSLEE'S

I like full well our modern ways,
Of late inventions fond am I;
These are the wondrous, glorious days;
I'm glad last year I did not die!
To-day great steamships quickly ply
'Twixt this and lands beyond compare;
But for one ancient thing I sigh—
Give me an old-time love-affair.

They sing to-day the modern lays
That none of old had sense to try;
And there are, too, the modern plays,
And buildings tall that reach the sky;
More wondrous is the modern lie,
Unknown to ancient folk; I swear
I love improvement; but, my, my,
Give me an old-time love-affair.

The telegraph, that lifts the haze
From things remote and brings them nigh,
Is something that would make one gaze
Who lived in days departed; why
Should one object that wondrously
His words go hurtling through the air;
Though useful things I'll not decry,
Give me an old-time love-affair.

L'ENVOI.

Sweetheart, forget the modern tie
That binds you in convention's snare.
Forget these modern methods; fie!
Give me an old-time love-affair.

**A BROKER'S BILLET-DOUX**.....FELIX CARMEN.....SMART SET

Myrtilla, since a simple song
Can reach you at a distance,
And since in rhyme love moves along
The line of least resistance,
I leave awhile the dizzy whirl
Around the tape and ticker,
And yield my thoughts to you, dear girl,
And feel my heart beat quicker.

From all the tumult of the Street
I turn, and let my fancies
Go wandering where life is sweet
And earth a green expanse is;
A little while the picturesque—
The woods, the fields, the ocean—
Then back to prosy book and desk
And 'Change's wild commotion.

The stocks and bonds that keep me here
Are things extremely stupid;
Just now my preference, my dear,
Are stocks and bonds of Cupid;
His stocks are firm and sure to pay
Good dividends in kisses;
His bonds—a marriage bond some day—
My dearest dream of bliss is.

Good-bye! I hear a sound that means
The market's growing active,
So Fancy must forsake the scenes
More tempting and attractive.
A million is my goal, and when
The Fates see fit to send it,
I mean to marry you, and then
Ask you to help me spend it.

**THE STUCK-UP GIRL** .....BALTIMORE NEWS

She was dainty and petite,
And her costume trim and neat—
And the town went ogle-eyed
When she rambled down the street;
And this item was described;
Of support she had no lack,
For she'd stuck
twenty pins
in
The middle of her back!

Where her shirtwaist met her skirt,
Marking out a wasp-like girt,
Not a seam or fold was wrong,
And the whole was sweetly pert;
As she lightly tripped along,
Admiration on her track,
And a store
full of pins
in
The middle of her back!

Oh! the joy with which we sent
Up our card, when dusk had lent
To romancing such a charm,
All on winning her intent!
And we slyly placed our arm
In position, but, alack!
We were caught
on the pins
in
The middle of her back!

Never more will we essay
To allow our arm to stray,
When a small inviting waist
With temptation blocks the way!
Lightsome romance is our taste—
Not waists gathered in the slack
With a half
ton of pins
in
The middle of the back!

**THE ECHO GIRL....EUGENIA O. CLARK.....COLLIER'S WEEKLY**

The Echo lives across the way,
She mocks me when I'm out at play,
And every single word I say
That Girl flings back at me.
I cannot find her, for she hides
Away from me, and softly slides
Into the underbrush, and glides
Away where none can see.

When she is fluttering in the breeze,
I think I'll catch her one of these
Days, and ask her—won't she please
Come home and romp with me?
I'm lonely, and I'd like to know
The Echo Girl, who to and fro
Runs, and mocks, and loves me so,
And with me doth agree.

Though, when I'm cross she runs away,
She will not hark, she will not play,
Nor hide and seek that pleasant way—
She never says one word;
But when I'm lively, good and gay,
You ought to see the blithesome way
This unseen friend comes out to play!
You surely never heard

Such shouts of laughter, love and glee.
I think she likes a girl like me.
And, some day, if I'm good, I'll see
Miss Echo in the glen;
For she is shy, and loves the wood,
As every gentle creature should.
So I'll be very nice and good
And I may meet her then.

**"JUST AS IT USED TO BE" ..F. M. MONROE..TOWN AND COUNTRY**

I wish I were a boy again,
That age were but a dream,
That things would change from what they are
To what they used to seem;
That I were but a little boy
And from my mother's knee
Could find that dear old Fairyland,
Just as it used to be.

If wishes only were a horse,
How fast away I'd ride
Across the plains of yesterday,
Bold comrades by my side;
Once more I'd rescue captive maids;
Ah! doughty deeds you'd see,
If I were but a hero bold,
Just as I used to be.

With Beanstalk Jack I'd sally forth
To giants kill galore;
In seven-leagued boots I'd stride away
To that enchanted shore
Where ogres dwell, in castles huge,
And mermaids swarm the sea;
Oh, how I'd love to find them all
Just as they used to be!

My little boy says I'm all wrong—
That nothing's changed at all,
That he can show me ogres fierce,
And giants more than tall;
Then, clasping his dear hands in mine,
He leads me forth to see—
Years drop as leaves; I'm young again,
Just as I used to be.

**ALL HE KNOWS.....ATLANTA CONSTITUTION**

I don't keer what he lackin'—
He don't dress up fer show;
He know his mammy love him,
En dat des all he know!

I don't keer ef he lookin'
Lak a blackbird in de snow—
He know his mammy love him,
En dat des all he know!

En all would be so lonesome
In dis weary worl' below,
Ef his mammy had ter love him,
En his sweet soul didn't know!

**BABY'S FIRST LETTER ..S. W. GILLILAN..BALTIMORE AMERICAN**

Don't go runnin' on me, fellers,
Somethin's stickin' in my throat,
For this letter's from my baby,
An' th' first she ever wrote.

Gen'rally I'm game—you know it,
An' can stand fer lots o' chaff—
Take yer joshin' good an' plenty
An' not do a thing but laff;
But this letter, with its scrawlin',
Strikes a whole lot diff'rent note,
Fer it's from my only baby,
An' th' first she ever wrote.

Wrote it all herself, God bless her;
Took her three, four hours, I guess,
Though they's only two short pages
Filled with baby blessedness:
Starts it out, "I love you, Papa"—
Then th' lines all seem t' float—
Do you blame me? She's my baby;
N's th' first she ever wrote.

'Way off there beyond th' mountains,
By a sunny, summer sea,
Spellin' out her daddy's letters
An' a-sendin' love t' me—
What? Not you big boobies cryin'!
W'y it hain't your baby's note;
It's my own wee girlie's letter,
Very first she ever wrote.

No—no runnin' on me, fellers,
Somethin' choky's in my throat,
'Cause this letter's fr'm my baby,
An' th' first she ever wrote.

An Unjust Aspersion—"Yes, our society's new president certainly is a busy woman, but they say she is neglecting her duties as a wife and mother." "That is not true. I know for a fact that she manages to see her family almost every day."—*Brooklyn Life.*

——Mr. Wredink (the old bookkeeper)—"To-day marks my fortieth year of service with you, sir." Mr. Hides—"I was aware of it, Mr. Wredink, and I arranged a little surprise for you. Take this alarm clock, with my best wishes for your continued punctuality."—*Ex.*

——What to Do in Rheumatism.—A professor at one of the allopathic colleges is reported to have said: "There are two things to be done in rheumatism—grin and bear it, or bear it and not grin". —*Homœopathic Envoy.*

——"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that the poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?" "Well, suh," said the waiter, "de po' man don't want nobody to fin' out he's po', and de rich man don't want nobody to fin' out he's rich, suh."—*Chicago Tribune.*

——Father's Ultimatum.—Father (trying to read) —"What's that terrible racket in the hall?" Mother —"One of the children just fell down the stairs." Father—"Well, you tell the children if they can't fall down stairs quietly they'll have to stop it."—*Chicago News.*

PUZZLE PICTURE OF MAN AND DOG. FIND THE MAN. —FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER.

An Easy One.—Jonathan—"I say, Britisher, can you spell horse?" Englishman—"Orse? Why, certainly. It honly takes a haitch and a ho and a har and a hess and a he to spell 'orse."—*Kansas City Journal.*

——"What is it now, sergeant?" "Sure, 'tis the new recruit, sor. Oi tould him to mark time in th' drill-room till Oi coom back, and he's scratched up th' face of the clock wid a pencil, sor."—*Princeton Tiger.*

——His Early Training.—"A two-cent stamp, please," said the lady at the stamp window of the post-office. "Yes, madam," replied the new clerk, who had just graduated from a department store; "will you take it with you or have it sent?"—*Chicago News.*

——Mother—"You say your husband no longer spends his evenings at the club." Daughter—"I soon broke him of that." Mother—"How did you manage?" Daughter—"Before going to bed I put two easy chairs close together by the parlor fire, and then held a match to a cigar until the room got a faint odor of smoke."—*New York Weekly.*

——Ambiguous—A faithful Irish maid called upon her former mistress, who had recently lost her mother. "Och, mum!" Nora began, "an' the shwate lady's gone; shure, Oi niver knowed it till a wake afther th' buryin'. She wuz loike wan av me own, an'—" with a fresh burst of tears—"there wa'n't nobody Oi'd rather hov seen dead than yure darlin' ould mother."—*Judge.*

——Lizzie—"Does Chimmy know how to make love?" Aggie—"Sure! He haint been a caddie two years for nutt'n!"—*Puck.*

——Inquisitive Person—"What are those peculiar looking things?" Dealer—"Pressed family skeletons for the closets of flat-dwellers."—*Judge.*

——Ascum—"How are the plans for your new house coming along?" Subbubs—"Splendidly. My wife has finally laid out all the closets she wants, and now all the architect's got to do is to build the house around them."—*Philadelphia Press.*

——She Stuttered—He stood in the doorway, hat in hand, and the stuttering young lady was inviting him to call again. "Come around S-s-s-s-s," she began, trying to say Sunday, but the sentence was never finished. The dog thought she meant "sic 'em," and he did.—*Kansas City Independent.*

——Mrs. Bilkins (sweetly)—"Do have another piece of cake, Cousin John." Cousin John—"Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good I believe I will have another." Little Johnnie (excitedly)—"Ma's a winner! Ma's a winner! She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself!"—*Town and Country.*

——Would Help Her Out—Mrs. Hiram—"You may stay until your week is up, Bridget, but when you go I must tell you I won't be able to write you a letter of recommendation." Bridget—"Don't let yer want of eddication imbarrass ye, madam Oi'll write it fur ye, an' ye can make ver mark to it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

BILL: "GO ON, HAROLD, SAY SOMEFINK." (WITH A SUDDEN INSPIRATION) "ASK HER THE TIME!"—JUDY.

Sure of His Welcome—"Let me get at him!" exclaimed the wild-eyed man, trying to force his way through the crowd surrounding the President. "Stop him!" shouted one of the guards; "he's an anarchist!" "Anarchist be darned!" said the struggling man; "I'm the father of twenty-one children!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

——She had risen several times to let a gentleman pass out between the acts. "I am very sorry to disturb you, madam," he remarked apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time. "Oh, don't mention it," she replied, pleasantly, "I am most happy to oblige you. My husband keeps the refreshment bar."—*Tit-Bits.*

——A Busy Day—Hallit—"What's the matter, Klay? You look all tired out?" Klay—"And no wonder. I've had a hard day of it. I don't know when I've worked so hard. I looked at the men clean up the railroad station this morning, and after that I saw three safes raised into four-story windows, and four loads of coal delivered in baskets."—*Boston Transcript.*

——"What on earth is to become of the Sparks family, I wonder?" "Why, what's the trouble with 'em?" "All hit heavy by the new food craze. Went over the other morning and found 'em at breakfast—grandmother eatin' Blank's Food, Sparks' wife tacklin' Dobb's Cereal, and the children divided between ten different brands." "And where was the old man?" "In the stable, eatin' a bale of hay."—*Tit-Bits.*

——Papa—"You saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you didn't interfere. Suppose you had been that little boy?"

Bobbie—"I did think of that an' was going to part 'em, but then I happened to think, s'pose I was the big boy? So I let 'em alone."—*Tit-Bits.*

The new teacher asked of the class the following question:

"John had five oranges. James gave him eleven, and he gave Peter seven. How many did he have left?"

Before this problem the class recoiled.

"Please sir," said a young lad, "we always does our sums in apples."—*Little Chronicle.*

——"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you are a man?"

"Nuffin."

"Nothing? Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because," said the child, "I'm a little girl."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

——Small Boy—"I say, mister, lend me your handkercher; this 'ere little feller 'as' ad a tumble. I'll give it yer back, honest."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

——A Happy Faculty.—Young Tutter (to Hostess)—"I have had a very pleasant evening. But then I always manage to enjoy myself, no matter where I am."—*Life.*

——"Your uncle, the Bishop," remarked the caller, "is becoming famous, isn't he?" "Yes," said Mrs. Lapsling, affably. "He's getting to be quite a celibacy."—*Chicago Tribune.*

——"I was just telling my daughter," said Mrs. Noosens, "that it's really a shame for her to play the piano on Sunday." "Why did you mention Sunday particularly?" asked Mrs. Pepprey.—*Philadelphia Press.*

——Retrograding.—Farmer Ragweed—"Has Bill learned anything tew college?" Mrs. Ragweed—"No; an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he uster know! Says he can't eat pie without a fork."—*Chicago News.*

BRER RABBIT. "I SUPPOSE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SUCH A THING AS A GOLF BALL ABOUT ANYWHERE, HAVE YOU?"—PUNCH

### QUITE SO

The Oak Park girl had just come home from her first Ping-Pong party. She had never played the game before that evening. When she entered the library her father was folding up his newspaper, preparatory to going to bed.

"Do you know, papa, I discovered to-night that I never really cared about anything before in my life," she said by way of introduction. "I want you to know about it."

"Yes?" said the old man with a rising inflection on the word. He was interested, perhaps excited. His daughter's face was serious.

"I have fallen in love with Ping-Pong."

"What!" exclaimed paterfamilias.

His dismay was now unmistakable. Just then his wife entered the room. He turned indignant eyes upon her:

"You are a nice woman!" he shouted at her. "What do you mean, madam, by bringing up your daughter the way you have done? No, don't interrupt—it's matter enough. Owing to your skilful management, our little girl has lost what little sense she was born with. She has fallen in love with a Chinaman."

Five minutes later the old gentleman was apologizing both to his wife and his daughter. As he went off to bed, however, he muttered under his breath:

"Ping-Pong, ping-pong; that's a nice name for a game!"

### JUST WHAT HE WANTED

One of the first men to reach San Francisco with a hoard of Klondike gold was an Irishman named Finnegan, who had been very poor before he struck it rich, and who, consequently, was unfamiliar with many ordinary usages of a life of luxury.

"Oi say, yes kin bring me two dozen eyesters," he said, airily, as he took a seat in one of the finest restaurants in 'Frisco.

The oysters were soon set before him, and Finnegan, looking about him for something to put on them, and hardly knowing what that something should be, spied a bottle of Tabasco, and proceeded to season the bivalves not wisely, but too well.

Impaling an oyster upon his fork, he thrust it into his mouth, then leaped to his feet with a terrific roar of pain, and began dancing about and yelling like a madman.

"See here!" cried the proprietor, rushing to the table, "keep still, or I'll put you out!"

"P-P-put me out, is it? Oi wish yez would put me out!" yelled Finnegan. "Me insides is blazin' loike a match-factory!"

——Merchant (sternly)—"Mr. Clark, I saw you at the ball game yesterday. When you asked me to let you off for the afternoon you said you were going to a funeral."

Clark—"That's so. I'm pretty near a prophet, ain't I? Did you ever see a slower game in your life?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

ECCENTRIC OLD GENT (WHOSE PET AVERSION IS A DIRTY CHILD). "GO AWAY, YOU DIRTY GIRL, AND WASH YOUR FACE!"

INDIGNANT YOUNGSTER. "YOU GO 'OME, YOU DIRTY OLD MAN, AND DO YER 'AIR!"—PUNCH.

# Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

All queries for this department must be short, to the point, and of such a nature that they can be reasonably answered. Queries not conforming to the above rules will be ignored. Correspondence concerning queries unanswered by the department will be gladly received.

971. Who is Pierre Loti, the French writer, and what do you consider his best book?—Constant Reader, Brooklyn.

[Pierre Loti is the *nom de guerre* of M. Viaud, a lieutenant in the French navy. His books are all delightful. Personally, we prefer Madame Chrysanthème.]

972. Please, through your Open Question Department, can you inform me how I can trace up when a certain part of family landed at an eastern port of this country and from what part of British Isles they came? How one can find information of family, aside from the members themselves?
—G. E. M., Okarche, Okla.

[Your use of the word "part" is just a trifle ambiguous. You had better consult genealogical books and records for such information. On this subject they are apt to be more authoritative than we are.]

973. Who wrote the House of Pomegranates, and can it be secured in this country?—G. Haines, San Francisco.

[Oscar Wilde. The book is very hard to procure in this country, and it commands a big price. There is an excellent French translation entitled *La Maison des Grenades*, which may be ordered from dealers in French publications.]

974. Can you tell me the author of the old poem or toast which has one verse beginning as follows:

"I drink to one whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead."

And ends up the toast by alluding to "my mother."
—J. R. B. Van Cleare, Springfield, Ill.

975. Will you please publish the lines, Addressed to a Human Skull, found many years ago on a street in London, and for which a reward of fifty guineas was unsuccessfully offered for the author's name.

And also the one or more verses and the author describing an infant child as wandering about the battlements of heaven anxiously seeking an entrance.

A man on the inside discovers the little one, who now has found and is trying to open the gate; his interest and sympathy call for help, and lifting the infant in his arms is met with a smile of gratitude and the question "What is your name?" Whereupon the man, with a look of tenderness and love, replies, "My name was Calvin once, but I see things better now"—James H. Camp, Delarin, Wis.

976. Will you kindly assist me in finding the title and author of the following beautiful poem:

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends,
To spare for me, if you have tears to shed
That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray,
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

If you have flowers to give, fair lily buds,
White roses, daisies, meadow-stars, that be
Mine own dear name-sakes, let them smile and make
The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me.

For loving looks, though fraught with tenderness,
And loving tears, though they fall thick and fast,
And words of praise, Alas! can naught avail
To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice,
Offered to one who can no longer gaze
Upon their beauty? Flowers on coffins laid
Impart no sweetness to departed days.
"Anon."
—Harry C. Mosher, Dowagiac, Mich.

977. May I ask your help in tracing through your "Open Questions" department, this fugitive newspaper poem—"In Arcadie"? I give the first stanza:

"We two have been in Arcadie,
But it was long ago.
The wild syringa blossomed there,
Gold hearts set sweet in snow,
And crimson salmon-berry bells.
Ah me, so long ago!"

The freedom to use this, set to music, without danger of infringing a copyright, is the motive in this search.—Mary M. Haley, Chelmsford, Mass.

978. Will you please tell me where I might find the following poem, and by whom it was written?

"Upon the valley's lap
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops
To make a single rose.
Thus often in the course
Of life's fleeting years
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears."
—J. S., Toronto, Ont.

979. Could you or any reader inform me as to the name and author of the poem of which this is an excerpt?

"Shall you complain who feed the world,
Who clothe the world,
Who house the world;
Shall you complain who are the world,
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour
You use your power,
The world must follow you."
—E. G. LeStourgeon, San Antonio, Texas.

980. Will some sapient reader please give the remainder of a clever parody on Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, the first verse of which is as follows:

Laugh and we'll tie right to you,
Weep—well, it doesn't go;
The grand old West never dampens her breast,
With the trickle of tears, you know.

Or perhaps the editor himself can oblige. Here is another of a different order and of which I would be obliged if the missing links could be furnished:

Lay my rifle here beside me,
Place my Bible on my breast,

981. Can you inform me where I can get the poem The Sad House in Heaven? I think it is one of Riley's.—W. A. Rogers, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

982. Will you kindly answer in your next issue the question of authorship of following lines, and where they may be found?

I expect to pass through this life but once,
If, therefore, there be any good thing I can do
Let me do it now,
I shall not pass this way again.
—J. R. Mulligan, Newark, N. J.

983. Can you or any of your readers tell me the rest of quotation and who wrote the selection?

Opportunity is a horse saddled and bridled
That stops at our door but once in a lifetime.

This is an old quotation heard in school, and am very anxious to know the entire selection.
—E. L. Rogers, Farber, Mo.

984. Can you tell me the author of the following lines?

A smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.
—Edith T. Edminson, Natchez, Miss.

[While the editor of this department is in a position to trace all fairly well-known verse, it is impossible to follow and find sources for the great mass of fugitive poems daily appearing in the magazines and press. Although we shall continue to publish such queries and answer them when possible, it is the wish of the department that queries more literary in tone and of more general interest should be submitted.]

985. (a) Will you please give me the rank of the United States in the literary world, and how its literature ranks with that of other nations? Also kindly give me the names of most distinguished writers of genius living in the United States to-day. (b) Please send me any literature you have to prove that the United States is the greatest nation the world has ever seen.—L. B. Perkins, Kindrick, Grayson Co., Ohio.

[(a) Critical opinion differs widely relative to the rank this country holds in the literary world. While it by no means holds the first rank, its position is firmly established in letters. Compared with other nations, we are hardly out of our swaddling clothes and have not the example of a glorious literary history as have some of the old world countries. Many and diverse reasons that are obvious forbid us giving the names of the most distinguished writers of genius at present with us. (b) Unfortunately we have no such literature, and cannot comply with your request. The verbatim report of speeches made at Fourth of July celebrations will undoubtedly give you the information you desire.]

986. Who is the author of a book entitled Daboc Dalina, a novel translated from the Dutch, and treating of the conditions in Java? Who are the publishers, and where can the book be procured?
—J. Veale, Mandarin, Fla.

## ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

942. (2) Jane Shore and Jew's Daughter, by Mary Bennett, are for sale by Walker, [illegible]all & Co, 6 Whitefriars street, Fleet Street, London, E.C., in several editions, at one shilling and two shillings each.—W. Emmette Coleman, San Francisco, Cal.

945. Ersilia, by E. Francis Poynter, was published by Henry Holt & [illegible] New York, 1876.—A. M. Campbell, Asheville, [illegible].

947. Replying to query in your March number, I beg leave to enclose a copy of "The Legend of the Easter Egg," which is probably the poem your correspondent desires.—Sr. M Richard, 34 West 26th St., New York.

[Thank you. The poem will be sent to the querist.]

957. In your April issue I note a query in regard to the "World Before the Flood." It was written by James Montgomery, and may be found in his poetical works. I first read it years ago in "Prose and Poetry of Europe and America," by G. P. Morris and N. P. Willis. It is a different poem from the "Earth Before the Flood" by E. H. Bickersteth.
—W. [illegible]rs, 236 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

958. In response to query, the author of "For flowers that bloom beneath our feet," etc., is Margaret Sangster.—E. Bunghardt, Lafayette, Ind.

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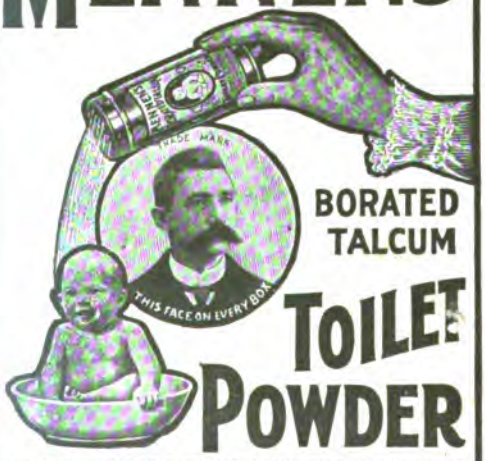


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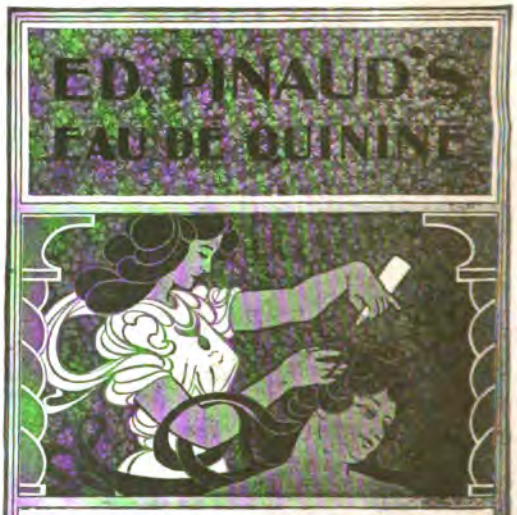


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